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Harper's Magazine

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in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

C. Lester Walker's article on drinking in this issue mentions one of the startling new treatments which have resulted from recent discoveries about the adrenal cortical hormones and how they operate. For a really complete picture of what these discoveries are, and what new frontiers in medicine they are opening up, we're presenting next month ***Leonard Engel*** on "ACTH, Cortisone & Co.," an exciting scientific survey of one of the biggest medical developments of the century.

If you remember ***Joyce Cary's*** article on "The Way a Novel Gets Written" in our February issue, you'll recall that he said he "cut the best chapter out of *The Horse's Mouth*" in the final revision. We're happy to be able to publish that chapter in August, together with a note by the author explaining why he omitted it from the novel. If you liked the book at all, we guarantee that you won't be disappointed by "The Old Strife at Plant's," and may even agree with Mr. Cary's own characterization of it.

Peter Drucker will conclude his discussion of "How Big Is Too Big?" with a formula for "The Care and Feeding of Small Business"; ***William Manchester*** will carry his story of H. L. Mencken on through the great days of the *Mercury;* ***Julian Huxley*** will take up the subject of "Population and World Destiny"; and ***Walter Robb*** will explain just why he says today, "I Weep for the Chinese."

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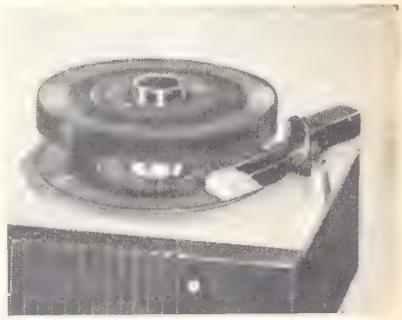
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You have undoubtedly seen copies of Western Union's "Social Telegrams. A Handy Reference of Suggested Sentiments for Many Occasions for Use in Telegrams—the modern, socially-correct correspondence medium." In case you haven't, it is a small time-table-folded leaflet which is enclosed with telegrams to be delivered by messenger or mail. There are suggested sentiments for birthdays, weddings, anniversaries, and deaths ("Condolences," that is), and suitable messages on many classified occasions. (The classifications have their interest, by the way. Would you have expected to find a separate category for congratulations "on opening a new store"?)

Well, there's nothing to say about all this, really. Only, it is a fact that Western Union seems to regard with equal solemnity every chance or mischance which befalls mankind from the cradle to the grave—except one. Apparently, the only event it is socially correct to joke about is your correspondent's getting engaged. And your only "humorous" choice on that occasion is the woe-begone "Cheer up. The worst is yet to come."

Cheer up yourselves, you old thunderpusses.

The Heaven of Invention

Fortunately, "The Economics of Holidays" (p. 82) is a more attractive subject, at this season of the year, when seen from ***C. Hartley Grattan's*** point of view, than it is when examined from the viewpoint of one whose wad of American Express traveler's checks has diminished to a batch of stubs in a limp leatherette folder. For, as Mr. Grattan sees it, the holiday industry in all its ramifications (board, lodging, transportation, entertainment, and so on) is a service industry, and the healthy expansion of the service industries is directly related to general economic health and to a rising standard of living. So, if you are spending more than you meant to at "beautiful Lake Shmoo," you can take what satisfaction you can get out of the knowledge that you are pumping vitamins into the economic system.

Mr. Grattan first described the role of the service industries (as distinguished from manufacturing and agriculture) in a now-famous article called "Factories Can't Employ Everybody!" which we published in September 1944. The point, briefly, is that in countries with a rising standard of living the percentage of people who are employed in service industries increases. In the United States, for example, the percentage of the population so employed increased from about 25 per cent in 1870 to about 39 per cent in 1920 and to 47 per cent in 1930. And as the British economists, Allan G. B. Fisher and Colin Clark, have shown, similar increases have characterized other nations which have raised their living-standard.

All this goes against a widespread assumption that "production" is more valuable economically (and hence more admirable socially) than service. It tends to wither the popular notion that the farmer or the factory laborer is more to be prized as a worker than the short-order cook or the room-service clerk. It serves to remind us, as Mr. Grattan pointed out, that in an advanced economy like ours "full employment" does not and should not require that everyone *make* or *grow* some-



1. John McNulty, Clevelander, having passed his medical exam and been hired, reports for instructions. He is given general working rules, together with his gate badge and Safety booklet.



2. On his way to the Safety equipment department, he pauses to look at the plant Safety scoreboard. It's a constant reminder for steelworkers to be safe and stay safe.



3. Next, John is fitted with a pair of Safety shoes. Their steel toe caps protect his feet from possible injury.

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The minute a man starts, his training in Safety begins. That's the way the steel industry protects its more than 600,000 employees, helps them to *be* safe and *stay* safe. Here, John McNulty gets acquainted with ways of Safety in steel.

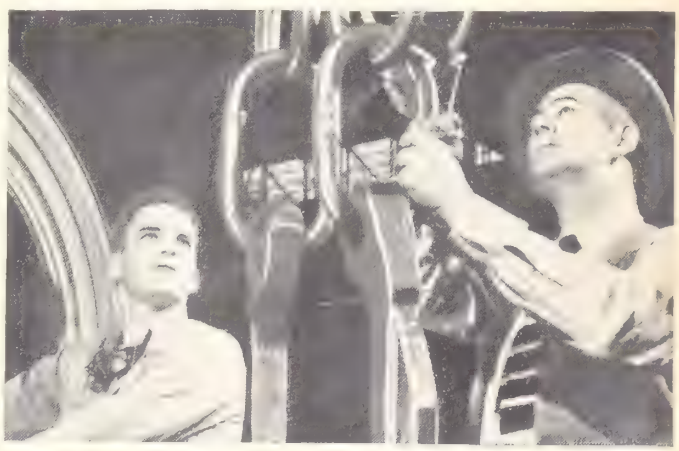


4. John's foreman shows him how to handle his new job safely and efficiently. Right here he is explaining the electric controls of a conveyor which transports 10-ton coils of steel.



5. Here a supervisor is making a periodic check with calipers on the chains and coil hooks of John's conveyor. Evidence of defects or overstrain means prompt replacement to prevent accidents.

6. Department foremen conduct regular Safety meetings. John joins in a general discussion of what steel workers wear for Safety.



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thing. On the contrary, it requires that a larger percentage of the population help us all to use and enjoy the things which a diminishing percentage of the population can produce more and more of.

IT HAS occurred to P & O that, if Mr. Grattan and the other economists are right about the relation between the service industries and the standard of living, we're going to have to change our ideas about other things than the relative economic importance of a radio manufacturer and a hotel operator. For many of our assumptions are tied up with the notion that production is creative but that the services are parasitic.

As long as most of us hold to that assumption, we will tend, for instance, to exalt scientific research and technological invention as the best—if not the only—hope for increased prosperity. For it is to science and technology that we must look for the new products and processes which will stimulate expansion of the productive system. On the other hand, if we recognize the increasing importance of the "non-production" areas of the economy—that is, the service industries—we will inevitably tend to place greater emphasis upon a kind of invention quite unlike that which results, directly or indirectly, from scientific research.

In current usage, "to invent" means to fabricate or make a new thing, usually as the result "of study, thought, experiment, or the like" (as Webster's puts it); one "invents" an electronic method of drying fish, or a television transmitter, or a safety pin. But terms like this take on different meanings in different periods, varying with the prevailing interests and assumptions of the times. Before the industrial revolution, for example, "to invent" meant to create through the exercise of the imagination. The poets were the inventors, as Jonathan Swift indicated in describing the poet Young as one who

> . . . must torture his invention
> To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

But if "the very heaven of invention" was once the abode of the muse, it has since moved to Menlo Park and become the abode of Edison. With the rise of science and technology during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the consequent emphasis upon manufactures as the dynamic element in contemporary life, the meaning of the term shifted to suggest the fabrication of new things as a result of research and experiment.

This is the meaning we still attach to the term, but with increased awareness of the role of the service industries in raising the living standard, the word will presumably shift its meaning again in order to include that kind of creation which contributes to their expansion.

The kind of invention involved is actually common enough already; it's just not usually thought about when the term is used. What it amounts to is the invention of new *uses* for things which have already been invented.

The basic impulse out of which this sort of invention springs is the universal instinct to make do with what is at hand. It stems from the kind of ingenuity which first prompted someone to use a coin as a screwdriver or a bobby pin as a paper clip. But there are abortive manifestations of the instinct; they do not really result in invention. The screwdriver and the paper clip are still better tools for the job, and no one will set about manufacturing either coins or bobby pins to replace them. The same instinct, in what may be called its debauched or perverted form, turns old wooden sap buckets into wastebaskets, makes cocktail tables out of cobblers' benches, and converts calf-bound books (gutted of their text) into cigarette boxes. There is no question of "making do" here. The sap bucket isn't "at hand" at all; it's at the antique store where you have to pay more for it than a respectable wastebasket would cost.

No; the kind of invention I mean really creates a new use, a use which will surpass and perhaps eventually outlive the use for which the thing was originally intended. Take friction-tape, for example. It was invented in the nineteenth century, as far as P & O can discover, to repair bicycle tires, and it was still called tire-tape when we were young. An "inventor" of the kind we are talking about invented the use of tire-tape for insulating electric wire, and the new use took over the product so completely that the original use has been all but forgotten.

Or take Newskin. P & O is old enough to remember when this was something in the medicine cabinet to put on cuts and abrasions, but some woman "invented" its use to stop

runs in silk stockings, and that use kept the product alive until another woman "invented" the same use for what the manufacturers had intended to be nail polish.

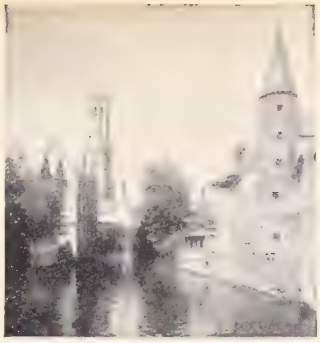
THE list is endless, if you start thinking of such things. Think of the uses that have been invented for tooth picks, for instance. Or for tooth brushes. Or for mail-order catalogues. And sometimes the process goes a step further, starting another round of product-invention. Someone invents a thing for a certain use; someone else invents a new use for it; and a third person invents some new thing to assist people in using the original product the way it wasn't intended to be used in the first place. That is what happened with the razor blades, which were invented into tools for scraping paint and cutting paper, and were then provided with appropriate holders for each of these invented uses.

The kind of inventing which produces new uses is closer to the poet's invention than to the industrial researcher's. It depends more upon inspiration than upon study and experiment. And it is exactly the sort of inventing that prompted someone to buy a battery of automatic washing machines, intended to be sold simply to individuals, and set up shop as a new kind of service industry called the Launderette or whatever. If Mr. Grattan is right, this kind of inventing is in for a big boom, and the people who do it deserve to be admired as "inventors." They are an interesting breed, and they may yet convince us that useful inventions can still be the products of individual initiative, even in these days of subsidized research foundations.

Jon Nielson illustrated Mr. Grattan's piece (which set off these ruminations). He has traveled widely himself (Europe, Russia, Egypt, and South America), but has come home to paint in the Hudson Valley.

Readers, Eaters, Bakers

"WE ARE convinced that your magazine must be read by very intelligent people," wrote Dr. Clive McCay, Professor of Nutrition at Cornell University recently when we asked him about the mail response to James Rorty's article,



BELGIUM—One of the quiet canals in picturesque Bruges, showing the Belfry and typical houses along the peaceful water's edge.



FRANCE—The historic Arch of Triumph on the Champs Elysees in Paris. It is the largest and most beautiful of all triumphal arches.



HOLLAND—Slender mills and graceful steeples in the Province of Zeeland, typical of picturesque scenery in the Netherlands.



LUXEMBOURG—The Square and Town Hall in medieval Echternach, Luxembourg, founded in the seventh century, A.D.



MONACO—The famous Casino of Monte-Carlo situated in luxurious gardens on the sunny shores of the blue Mediterranean.



PORTUGAL—Square outside Monastery of San Jeronimos, showing a mosaic sidewalk, typical of beautiful Lisbon Plazas.

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"Bread, and the Stuff We Eat," in our March issue. Mr. Rorty had described Dr. McCay's work at Cornell in developing a highly nutritious "triple-rich" loaf of white bread, and we had been referring persons who wrote asking about it, to Dr. McCay. There was possibly a trace of weariness in his gallant tribute to the lovers of better food, which we could understand when he sent along to us well over a hundred letters as a sample of the correspondence. Indeed, our readers *are* intelligent; they are up-and-doing people besides—school supervisors, hospital dietitians, county home demonstration agents, university purchasing heads, biochemical laboratory technicians, private and public school nutritionists, public welfare directors; commercial bakers—from the Petit-Fours of Columbus, Ohio, to the Bakitchen of Spokane, Washington; and assorted private individuals who are prepared to start baking in their own kitchens or to gang up on the corner grocer to induce *him* to produce a better bread. There is even that fellow in Ohio who asked Dr. McCay to mail him two loaves of the "yardstick" bread every week: "I am sure it won't matter if the bread is several days old by the time it reaches me—it still will be better than the bread I get here." There were doctors and ministers, an editor of the *Reader's Digest,* and a stage designer in New York. Dr. McCay answered every one, sent the recipe, gave advice on specific problems. (You will find the family recipe in the letters column of our June issue.)

The experience reminded us of an impressive tip we once heard from the lips of John Van Druten, British dramatist, advising young writers on how to interest an audience in the characters of a story: "Tell them," he said, "what they ate."

Getting Down to Business

•••There is indeed, as ***Peter F. Drucker*** implies in the opening paragraph of "How Big Is Too Big?" (p. 23), something nostalgic, if not hackneyed, in bringing up the question of industrial monopoly in the United States. The fires of controversy have been playing over the question for the whole first half of this century; now at last we can begin to rake over the coals to find out what has actually happened in the process. As Mr. Drucker points out, the issues themselves have changed; so should our ideas about them.

Mr. Drucker has earned a reputation as a social analyst of unique acumen. His latest book, *The New Society,* which examines the "true revolutionary principle" of the idea of mass production as an American-made concept of worldwide impact, was foreshadowed by a series of articles by him on the subject which we published last fall. "How Big Is Too Big?" relates to the ideas of that book in that it concedes that during the fifty years in which the struggle over monopoly has been conducted in the courts, in political debate, and in the press, the basic relations among the contenders (business, government, consumers, labor) have altered. In our August issue, Mr. Drucker will carry his argument into the positive stage—seeking to establish methods by which we can ensure the receptivity of the American economy to new business ventures.

•••It's a good year and a half since one of our editors, Russell Lynes, pointed out as one minor item in a memorable article in this magazine, "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow," that your true highbrow's favorite drink "is more likely to be a 'perfectly adequate little red wine' for eighty-nine cents a half-gallon than an imported French vintage." The vulgar (meaning popular) ramifications of Mr. Lynes' analysis of American mores were spelled out some months later in a chart of tastes spread out with colorful caricatures and captions in the glossy journal, *Life.*

So let us be the second to say (***C. Lester Walker*** was the first) that we are not only aping ourselves but actually aping *Life* in bringing to your attention the handy chart of American drinking habits concocted by Mr. Walker as an adjunct of his timely review of "What We Know About Drinking" (p. 29). Alcoholism is a topic dear, and fearful, to the heart of the American reader, drinker and non-drinker alike.

Mr. Walker has written for us something like two articles a year

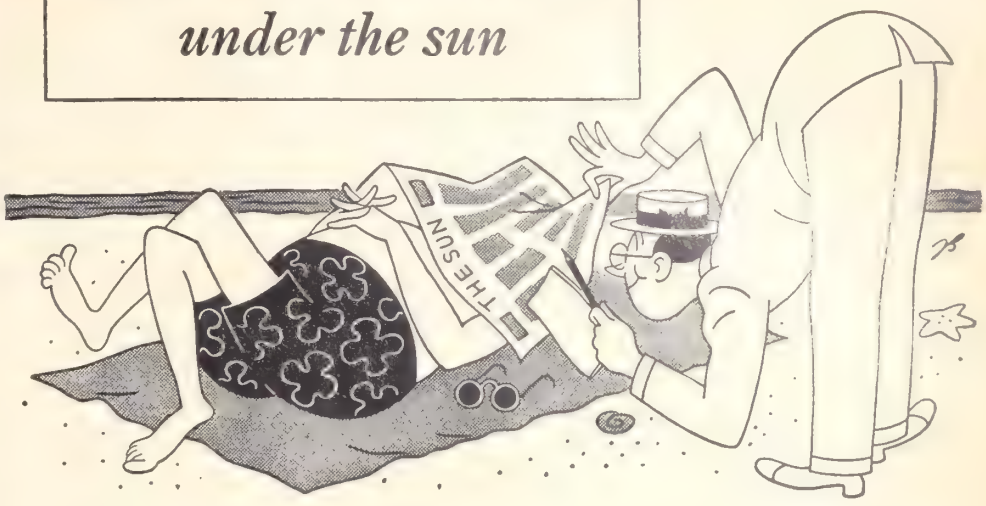
since 1945, when his first contribution, "How We Planned the Invasion of Europe," co-ordinated pieces of information which required clearance from the War and Navy Departments of the U.S.A., the British Army, Navy, and Air Force. He acted during the last part of the war as correspondent for *Harper's* in China, and since then has produced articles on "Where to Find Buried Treasure," "Too Many People," the latest innovations in printing, frozen foods, treatment of diabetes, and, in January of this year (before New York undertook its noble meteorological experiment) an article about the development of rain-making techniques, "The Man Who Makes Weather."

Sam Norkin's drawings are scattered through the chart. Mr. Norkin is a caricaturist well known to our readers and to fans of the New York *Herald Tribune's* drama section.

•••"The Perpetual Refugees" (p. 39) constitute a personal cause with ***Michael L. Hoffman*** whose report of the tragic facts he has seen in Europe shows that he cares about the solution of a problem which affects the lives of millions. Mr. Hoffman is an economist (Ph. D. from the University of Chicago), who worked for the U. S. Treasury Department overseas during the war and who is now a writer for the *New York Times*. With his wife he is stationed in Geneva, Switzerland, at present, living in a villa outside the city. Since his last article in *Harper's* ("The Best Thing in France Today" back in 1947), he tells us, the two things he has learned on which he mainly congratulates himself are skiing and proving that okra can be grown successfully on the shores of Lake Geneva. That final item may be explained by the fact that Mr. Hoffman was born in Salisbury, North Carolina. A green thumb with the okra.

•••"Portrait of the Artist as a Young Grocery Clerk" (p. 47), is the third story which we have published by ***Bentz Plagemann***. "The Best Bread" (February 1949) was reprinted in the O. Henry Prize Stories of that year, and "Full Circle" (May 1950) has already caused a good deal of comment for

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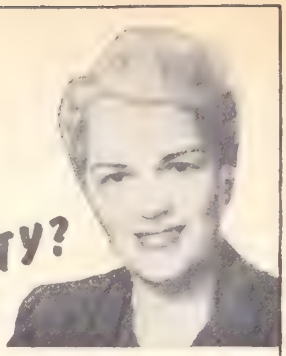
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its picture of the dilemma of parents in our urban-suburban society. Knowing as we do that Mr. Plagemann was born in Ohio and worked in bookstores in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and New York, we can't help thinking his current offering is more truth than fiction.

Bernarda Bryson who illustrates the young artist as a grocer, has frequently produced drawings for us—from political caricatures to stories of city and country life. She is married to Ben Shahn, the painter, and is the mother of three children.

•••There are a number of ideas current in the world which P & O simply can't stand. Suppose those ideas could be suppressed. Suppose in addition that all the ideas *you* can't stand were suppressed. The world gets considerably narrower, doesn't it? It seems obvious that suppression of ideas, in accordance with anybody's aversions, is antisocial, not to mention impossible. But what then are we to do about ideas which are odious to you and me and four-fifths of our fellow-countrymen; maybe even, according to our judgment, dangerous to our national survival? What do we do about these?

This is the subject of ***Horace M. Kallen's*** "The Predicament of the Tolerant" (p. 56). For, in our day of attack and counterattack in the realm of ideas (in "our day" the conflict seems hotter than yesterday somehow), the predicament confronts every thoughtful person. Dr. Kallen's article, which was prepared originally as an address for a birthday symposium in honor of Dr. Alvin Johnson at the New School for Social Research in New York City, is the expression of a personal point of view which the author has developed during a lifetime of study, teaching, and writing in the fields of psychology and philosophy, and of service in the various social causes which have inspired him.

Dr. Kallen was born in Germany in 1882, came to this country as a small boy, and studied at Harvard, Princeton, Oxford, and Paris. Harvard, which was his alma mater, granted him the Ph.D. degree in 1908 and the opportunity to study with William James, whose work he later edited. After teaching at Harvard, Clark College, and the University of Wisconsin, he came to the New School for Social Research in 1919 as one of the original group, and has remained on the faculty ever since.

His most recent books were *The Education of Free Men* (published in 1949 by Farrar, Straus, and reviewed by Richard Rovere in the February 1950 *Harper's*) and *Patterns of Progress* (published by the Columbia University Press a few months ago).

•••Everybody who ever knew H. L. Mencken has wanted to write about him. Knowing the Sage of Baltimore, especially during the Inconceivable Twenties, was the sort of experience nobody could keep to himself. The man was "copy," and he still is.

William Manchester, the author of "Mencken in the Twenties" (p. 62), can almost be said to have made a career of wanting to write about Mencken. It all started back in his undergraduate days at Massachusetts State College, where the professor of literary criticism imparted the dogma of the (then) New Humanism, punctuated with lusty swipes at a fellow named Mencken. It occurred to Mr. Manchester that a man capable of inspiring so much wrath must be worth reading. The first taste of Mencken he had was the essay on "Puritanism as a Literary Force," and the contrast between its vigor and the dullness of the prevailing pedagogy, was enough to set him on the trail he is still pursuing.

While serving as a Marine sergeant during the war, Mr. Manchester read all the Mencken he could get his hands on, and he continued to read him during the five months he spent in a hospital after being wounded on Okinawa. Then, after a year of police reporting on the *Daily Oklahoman,* he entered the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri, determined to write a dissertation on Mencken's early literary criticism.

Mencken saw and liked the dissertation—and its author, who thereupon proposed to write a biography. Mencken agreed, and recommended Mr. Manchester for a job on the Baltimore *Sun* in the fall of 1947.

Since then, Mr. Manchester has been steadily at work on the biography, of which the present article will be a part. The book will be published by Harper & Brothers next January—to be called *Disturber of the Peace.* A second article will appear in the magazine next month.

The cartoons of ***John Held Jr.*** have come to symbolize the twenties in the minds of many people. Mr. Held lives in New Jersey, farming and doing sculpture. He says: "My strawberries are the finest and the younger generation no longer interests me." He can still draw it, however, as his pictures for Mr. Manchester's article indicate.

•••***Helen Mears,*** who contributes, "Japan: Challenge to Our Prestige" (p. 73), has specialized for many years in studying and writing about Japanese affairs. Author of *Year of the Wild Boar* (1942) and *Mirror for Americans: Japan* (1948), she has been recognized as a well-informed, though controversial, critic of American policy in Japan.

During the war, she lectured for the government at the Army-sponsored Civil Affairs Training Schools at the University of Michigan and Northwestern. She has made three trips to Japan, most recently as a member of an official Labor Advisory Committee in 1946. She is now at work on a book about the Japanese War Crimes Trials; she says that she thinks that such a study clarifies the current debacle of the West in Asia.

•••"Her Breath upon the Windowpane" (p. 79), is the work of a writer new to us, ***William Goyen.*** His first novel, *The House of Breath,* which will be published next month by Random House, is a kind of enlargement of the story we present here and is symbolically related to it, as the title suggests.

Mr. Goyen comes from East Texas and has studied at Rice Institute in Houston, Texas. Since the war he has moved about a good deal and done odd jobs—teaching, working as a waiter, tutoring—in order to keep writing. He has had stories in *Horizon, Partisan Review, Mademoiselle,* and other magazines; and verse in *Poetry.* He is working now on another novel and on a collection of stories.

•••***Isabel Gaines*** is the pen name of a woman of mature years and unusual accomplishment who found herself in a situation which all of us hope to avoid. "Old-Age Pensioner" (p. 90) takes up from the victim's point of view the problems of social security which are more often discussed in terms of national policy. For the economic ramifications of the subject we refer you to C. Hartley Grattan's "Social Security Poor" in our December 1949 issue and to Peter F. Drucker's "The Mirage of Pensions" in our February 1950 issue.

•••The poets this month all have distinctions in addition to their poetry. ***William Rose Benét,*** late poetry editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and winner of the Pulitzer Prize in 1942, sent us "Night Study" (p. 46) not long before his death early in May.

Gilbert Highet, who used to be an Oxford don and is now at Columbia, is author of *The Classical Tradition: Greek and Roman Influences on Western Literature,* which was published last year. "Subway" (p. 61) is distinctly of the Western world.

May Sarton's "Without the Violence" (p. 78) is also of the West, but in utmost contrast. Miss Sarton is author of several books of verse and three novels, of which the most recent is *Shadow of a Man,* published by Rinehart in May.

"Three Sonnets" by ***David McCord*** (p. 89) follow his "Oscillogram" which we published last month; their appearance coincides roughly with the publication by Doubleday of his new book, *A Star by Day.* This volume is his third book of serious poems; he has done five volumes of light verse, not counting *What Cheer,* an anthology. Mr. McCord has been officially connected with Harvard University, where he has an office in Wadsworth House, for many years, and is at present, among other things, Honorary Curator of the Farnsworth and Poetry Rooms in the University Library. In March of this year he gave a series of eight Lowell Institute Lectures on the subject: "Edward Lear, a Study of Sense and Nonsense." As a painter of water-color landscapes, Mr. McCord has had a number of one-man shows of his work.

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LETTERS

Cataclysm? No—

To the Editors:

It may be that "a cataclysm threatens California," but surely not from the flood that Alfred M. Cooper predicted in *Harper's* for April. Studies and surveys of the Colorado River delta region by geologists, geographers, ecologists, and engineers, instead of supporting, utterly refute the reasons that Mr. Cooper advanced to support his fantastic idea that the Gulf of California by breaking down its delta may soon inundate the enormously rich below-sea-level agricultural districts of southeastern California.

This barrier is longer than Cooper contended and much higher—about 40 rather than 15 feet. Neither in extent nor height has it been decreasing in historic time. Gulf water will not seep through to create a break. In some thousands of years, if there is a rise in sea-level of 15 feet or more, a thin sheet of salt water might flow over at the highest tides (if a levee were not built), but there is no impending danger.

The vast below-sea-level salt lagoon that Cooper has expanding across the delta toward California does not exist there, but is separated from the delta and the valleys by mountain passes nowhere lower than 150 feet; furthermore, it is now bone dry, save for one seep from hot springs and 7 or 8 water holes not over 10 feet across.

Instead of having retreated northward 18 miles since Hoover Dam was built, the head of the Gulf has scarcely changed since the survey of 1873-75.

The decrease in lower-river silt, due to settling behind the dams, will not lead to a rapid recession of the shore, for with little loss the alluvium merely shifts about in the river mouth and on the broad adjacent shoals; instead of shelving almost at once to a depth of 1,000 feet, into which the soil eroded from the delta would drop, the whole upper part of the Gulf is shallow, reaching a depth of 1,000 feet only in a narrow strip more than 90 miles from the river mouth.

The claim that engineers agree that the flood can be forestalled only by "an earthquake-proof concrete levee one hundred miles in length" is absurd, for (1) the delta nowhere approaches that width and is only 14 miles wide at one place, (2) concrete construction would be unnecessary, and (3) the earthquake scare is unwarranted. The claim that Salton Sea was formed by seepage from the Gulf caused by an earthquake in 1904 bespeaks equal ignorance, for (1) there was no such seepage, (2) the water came from far up-river, (3) engineers say there was no local 'quake in 1904, and (4) the time was 1905-07.

Though the cataclysm predicted by Mr. Cooper is not foreseeable and though the dangers stressed by him are non-existent, the remote possibility remains that a great flood from the Colorado River may again swing across the delta to wreak incalculable loss of life and property. It behooves the American and Mexican authorities to make doubly sure that the river banks are adequately protected at all canal headings, that the present and future levees are kept in good condition, with provision for any hasty repairs that may be needed, and that other engineering precautions be taken, with a wide margin of safety, to forestall the danger of a disastrous flood.

CARL L. HUBBS
The Scripps Institution
of Oceanography
La Jolla, Cal.

To the Editors:

The possibility of damage by the false alarm sounded by Mr. Alfred M. Cooper in his article "A Cataclysm Threatens California" is far greater than that of which he warns. Imagine the mental anguish of the unwary farmer of the Imperial Valley when he reads of this utterly unfounded fear. *Harper's Magazine,* no less than Mr. Cooper, should be admonished for the publication of such undocumented material.

The article is so laden with errors that it is a simple task to select a few for refutation. (1) The Laguna Salada is a salt basin situated west of the delta country and separated by the Cocopah Mountains. It is accessible to water only from the southern end, and cannot imaginably cause flooding of the Imperial Valley. Furthermore, it has been dry since the early 1920's. (2) The tidal bore referred to by Mr. Cooper is but a sad remains of the once great wave that it was. This writer observed it three years ago as a high tide at a point four miles above the mouth. It was then a gentle wave of some 18 to 24 inches in height. Tidal bores require the presence of two opposing forces: a vast stream discharge and a rapid and high tidal range. The high tidal range remains but the stream flow is now reduced, hence the consequent reduction in size of bore. (3) The tidal range at the north end of the Gulf of California is not the 30 feet reported, and never attains the astronomical size of 50 feet. The correct extreme range is 25 feet.

It is here hoped that *Harper's* will print the letters of correction which will certainly be received. By so doing it may repair the harm thus far created.

LOUIS E. GUZMAN
Department of Geography
University of California
Los Angeles, Cal.

We have received a large number of other letters attacking the factual basis of Mr. Cooper's contention, from such people as Evan T. Hewes,



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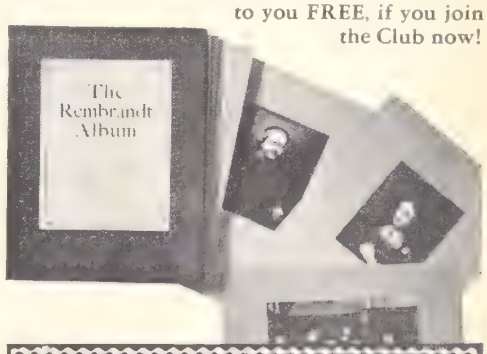
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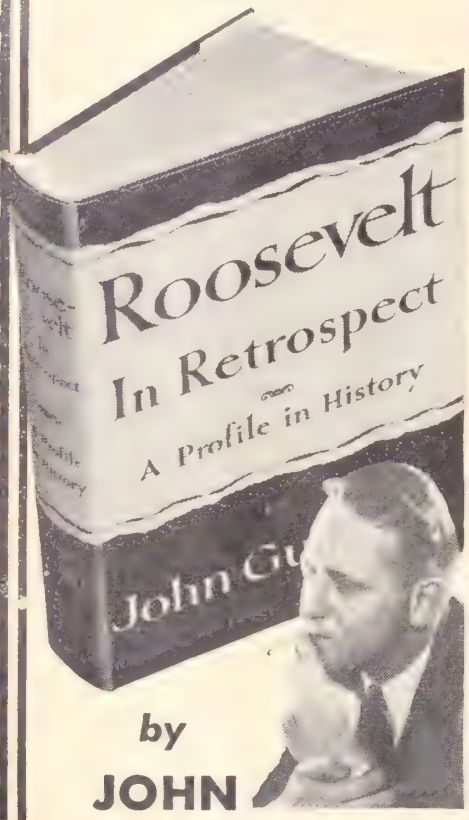
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LETTERS

President of the Imperial Irrigation District, El Centro, California; Randall Henderson, Editor of The Desert Magazine, *Palm Desert, California; J. P. O'F. Lynam of Los Angeles; Mahlon I. Mathis of El Centro; Martin R. Huberty, professor of irrigation at the University of California; and Everett M. Larson, engineer of the Bureau of Reclamation, Denver, Colorado. In general these critics are in accord with the points made by Mr. Hubbs, though there are a number of discrepancies in their testimony.*

I'd Rather Be Ike—

To the Editor:

The article by Richard H. Rovere in the May *Harper's* entitled "The Second Eisenhower Boom" . . . is not in accord with the facts. General Eisenhower is making a brilliant success as President of Columbia University. . . . The General is the most popular university president that I have ever known; and students and faculty are thrilled by his presence on our campus and the part that he takes in our activities. . . . He puts in twice the time at his office that most university presidents give. . . . As Dr. Butler defined the task of the university president, he confined it to Chancellor of the Exchequer and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Both portfolios have been adequately assumed by the General; he has done a first-class job; and in addition has maintained his place as a national leader, greatly to the satisfaction of our university. . . .

WILLIAM F. RUSSELL
President, Teacher's College
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I do not recall any statement that has caused more indignation in Columbia University circles than Mr. Rovere's that "there is intense hostility toward him on the part of the majority of both faculty and student body." Nothing could be further from the truth. . . . Only two criticisms have come to my ears. One is that he is too often absent from the university; but no one has asserted that he has neglected to give . . . general direction and co-ordination. . . . The other criticism, coming from a small group of radicals, the same

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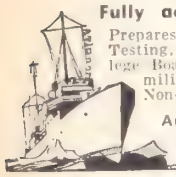
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LETTERS

group that recently "demonstrated" when an eminent foreign guest was given an honorary degree, is that politically he is too conservative. But, as Mr. Rovere pointed out, no one as yet knows with any definiteness what Mr. Eisenhower's political views are. . . .

THOMAS H. BRIGGS
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

When will we Americans get over our juvenile eagerness to hand the highest office in the land to men whose accomplishments lie in other fields? . . . There are reasons (mostly of the General's making) to believe that Eisenhower's popularity has diminished considerably, but even if it has not, we need for the Presidency today a man of great political ability, proven political experience, and eagerness to serve in that office.

As a Republican, I would not vote for General Eisenhower.

GERALD HOLLIHAN
New York, N. Y.

Our Evident Bias—

To the Editor:

D. W. Brogan's article in the May *Harper's* is the clearest, the best balanced, the most comprehensive and satisfying on "The Catholic Church in America" I have read.

By analogy it suggested an expert tightrope walker crossing a yawning chasm on a swaying wire. . . . The Catholic takes his orders from Rome as the communist his from Moscow. The Protestant consoles himself with the conviction that he takes his orders from Heaven, notwithstanding those "orders" which have resulted in splitting the protesting elect into a multitude of factions. Jonathan Swift in one of his cynically savage moods wrote: "Most men have just enough religion to hate their neighbors; not enough to love them." . . .

LABAN LUCY RICE
Ware Neck, Va.

To the Editor:

You have—with the current issue—published two articles on the Catholic Church and the American scene. One was by a Catholic, the other by a former Catholic. While the latter does make some minor criticism of

the Catholic Church, the pro-Catholic bias is evident to the careful reader. When—I wonder—are we to have an article on the same subject which is representative of Protestanism? . . .

MARTIN RIST
Denver, Colo.

To the Editor:

Professor D. W. Brogan's article does not present the truth. We, the Catholics, have the largest religious denomination in the country, and we do not feel inferior. . . . Anyone who has attended a Catholic parochial school will tell you it teaches unity, honesty, and loyalty to our country. . . . You will not find communist teachers (who are the ones causing disunion) in these schools, but it has been proved they are in public schools.

GEORGETTE BOUDREAU
Austin, Tex.

To the Editor:

. . . What disturbs me most is the total absence of this type of fair-mindedness in the nation's religious press. . . . I am bothered by the fact that outside the Church we seem to have more genuine Christian liberality than inside. . . . What a curious situation when a secular magazine demonstrates a better type of religion than the accredited spokesmen. . . .

ROYAL H. DAVIS
Bangor, Me.

To the Editor:

I have enjoyed reading Professor Brogan's article, whose point of view is so detached that it is virtually disembodied. . . . The artist's aloofness from the tensions he describes fits them into a perspective, but to some extent unfits him to assess their force and direction. . . . So long as Americans believe that their fellow human beings are susceptible of change, of being brought to a different way of life and a different mode of belief, they will be incapable of attaining those "minor social arts" that manifest themselves in the resigned acceptance of other men as they are. . . . Anyway, to whom but a Britisher would it occur to lodge the issue of religious conflict in the sphere of good manners?

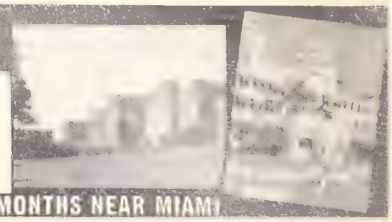
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LETTERS

What Lincoln Said—

To the Editor:

In your May issue you published an important article by Albert A. Woldman entitled "Lincoln Never Said That." . . . Such an article deserves wide circulation, but in his first sentence Mr. Woldman makes two highly dubious statements. He says Lincoln "never had a ghost-writer while he was alive." . . . Now it should be clear on the face of the situation that a President of the United States, especially in wartime, is not able personally to write all the state documents and letters that his position requires. . . . John Hay wrote in 1866 to Lincoln's law partner, William H. Herndon, a long letter in which he said: "He wrote very few letters. He did not read one in fifty that he received. At first we tried to bring them to his notice, but at last he gave the whole thing over to me, and signed without reading them the letters I wrote in his name. He wrote perhaps half a dozen a week himself—not more." . . . Also in his first sentence, Mr. Woldman refers to the Bixby letter as a Lincoln document, when there is at least as much evidence available to prove that this was one of the letters written by John Hay. . . .

SHERMAN DAY WAKEFIELD
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . How long and patiently we have waited for such a debunking. Couldn't you persuade Mr. Woldman to compile an entire book of Mr. Lincoln's correct and complete statements with data concerning the time, place, and occasion they were made? Such a book could and should become required reading for many politicians of all parties. . . .

FRANCES H. ABBOTT
Riverside, Ill.

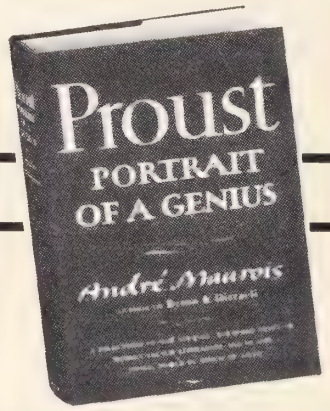
Theater Video—

To the Editor:

Mr. John Houseman's article in the May issue of *Harper's Magazine* ["Battle Over Television"] is disappointing in its failure to treat seriously the new field of theater television. . . .

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new potential of televised programs for exclusive theater consumption, so that the fascination of immediacy can supplement theater film attractions for the public's interest and variety. Among the theater television vistas are the televising in thousands of theaters simultaneously of Broadway plays and openings, the Metropolitan opera, ballets, concert music recitals, outstanding sports and news events, top variety acts, educational items, and special television creations fitted to a theatrical pattern.

From current count, it appears that there may be fifty theaters in theater television by the end of this year, and this is only the beginning.

Instead of recognizing or merely stating some of the benefits from theater television, Mr. Houseman rather has utilized his space for describing a showman's stunt based on home television programs in a single movie theater, which naturally leads to a humorous derision of new soft-drink parlors. This is not theater television, and I wonder whether Mr. Houseman realizes it.

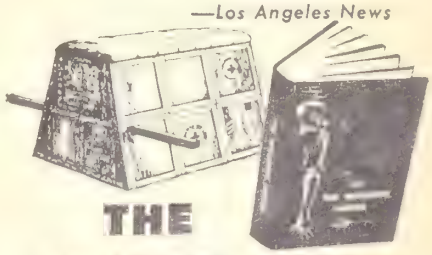
On the other hand, Mr. Houseman is thrilled by the prospect of having films televised in fifty million American homes on private television screens, and compares it with the relative few—fourteen million or so—theater customers for an average picture. Of course, the true comparison of current theater attendance isn't with fifty million homes, . . . but rather with the number of viewers who are likely to see a picture on home television. If the author will take the pains to study the research statistics on the number of radio listeners or television viewers who, on the average, hear or see a program at any given time, he will find that the probable home viewing audience for a single film program is likely to be less than 25 per cent of his overestimated fifty million homes.

Furthermore, as Mr. Houseman seems to imply in his article, it is the economics which pretty much determine the basic entertainment forms. . . . I am sure that if the author had inquired seriously into such economics, he might have devoted more serious thinking to theater television.

NATHAN L. HALPERN
New York, N. Y.

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MAGAZINE

How Big Is Too Big?

Peter F. Drucker

For the first time in more than seventy years the battle cry "Down with Big Business!" has failed to raise the blood pressure of the American public. More anti-trust suits have been started in the past few years than in all the preceding fifty—between the adoption of the Sherman Act and the outbreak of the last war. Congressional investigations of this or that phase of "bigness" have been held year after year, complete with television cameras and klieg lights. Business men have been counter-charging with an all-out campaign of full-page advertisements in the papers and of company statements mailed out by the thousands. And yet the Senators and Congressmen of both parties have conspicuously shunned "bigness" in their public speeches; and although a year ago the Democratic high command definitely planned to make it one of the major issues both in the 1950 congressional elections and in the 1952 Presidential election, these plans have apparently been quietly dropped. The public just wasn't interested.

In one respect the indifference of the American people has been soundly based. The fight has been a sham one. Few people believe any more that we can choose whether we want bigness in business; it is too obviously here to stay. And certainly there is no such choice in a cold war which demands something only very big businesses can furnish—a peacetime production system that is rapidly convertible to wartime production.

The congressional sub-committee that investigated business profits last year heard only one "small" business—a company employing five thousand people, which would have put it practically in the octopus class in Bryan's time. With one exception, every one of the children of the original "octopus"—the eleven units into which the Standard Oil Trust was broken up by the Supreme Court forty years ago—is now larger than Rockefeller's mon-

Mr. Drucker relates the question of monopoly to the changed economy which he has examined more fully in his most recent book, The New Society. *He is a management consultant to several large firms and a former professor of politics.*

opoly ever was; yet only three of them rank among the largest oil companies of the country today. Thus does the scale of business operations expand.

Not only is bigness here to stay, but bigness —including big business, big unions, and big government—is both essential and inevitable in a modern industrial system. Even the small band to whom the fight against it is a religious cause—a very small band but a devoted, noisy, and well entrenched one—have largely accepted these facts; they fight on only to sell their lives dearly.

Yet although the general public is quite right in yawning at the denunciations which issue from time to time from Washington, it is wrong in neglecting the problem of bigness altogether. For it is of vital importance—precisely because the issue is no longer whether we want bigness or not. As soon as we accept the fact of bigness we are up against two more questions. First: should there be any limits at all to bigness; or in other words, "How big is too big?" And second: in a big-business economy, how can small businesses and young businesses come into being, survive, and prosper?

The answers we give to these two questions will determine America's economic and social structure for a long time to come.

THE first question—how big is too big?—we are beginning to know how to answer. For during the past few years a number of students of present-day industry have found new ways of distinguishing normal growth from tumor. They have developed three yardsticks with which to measure the economic health of an industry. These three yardsticks are not precise gauges. There is lively controversy over each of them, and bitter argument as to which of the three should be considered the determining one. But by and large there is wide agreement that they are sound as general principles—which is all the more astonishing because they are all really quite new, each of them represents a pretty radical break with the traditional thinking both of "trust busters" and of business men. Here, in brief, are the three criteria of health:

(1) A business concern is not unhealthily big if it does not interfere with "workable competition."

(2) It is not unhealthily big if it does not prevent newcomers from getting into the industry, or small businesses from surviving in it as independents.

(3) It is not unhealthily big if it does not put undue economic power into a few hands.

II

LET us begin with yardstick No. 1. What is "workable competition?" The gist of the idea—which has taken the economics departments of the universities by storm, though J. M. Clark of Columbia first coined the term only ten years ago—is that traditional economists were quite wrong when they said there ought to be "perfect competition" everywhere in the business world, and if competition was "imperfect" this was a sign that monopolists were at work. The new idea is that "perfect competition" is a meaningless abstraction—you can't get it these days, and it isn't even desirable. If we had "perfect competition" the prices of automobiles, let us say, or overcoats would vary from day to day as shoppers went searching for bargains; and as a result the sort of corporate budgeting and planning on which stable business and stable wages depend would be quite impossible.

"Perfect competition" might work among traders who operate on their own, with few employees and few long-term commitments; it makes no sense in a world of manufacturing plants representing a heavy, permanent investment, on whose stability depends the security of thousands. Competition actually works better if the market is subject to some restraints and controls. The old idea was that if different companies set different prices for the same goods, this was a sign of healthy competition; if they set identical prices, this was a sign of monopolistic collusion. Nonsense, say the new economists: if the prices are identical, what this means is not that there is collusion, but that the communications system is so good in that particular market that every buyer and seller instantly knows everybody else's prices—as in a cotton exchange, let us say. Only where buyers cannot find out what other sellers are charging—or vice versa—will there be differences in prices for any length of time. It may of course be true that identical pricing in a given situation—say in steel, or in gasoline—*may be* the result of price-fixing and col-

lusion; but it may just as well be the result of hard, toe-to-toe competition.

If, then, "perfect competition" is no longer necessary or desirable, and identical prices are not necessarily an unhealthy sign, what is "workable competition"? It is competition that has a healthy and enlivening effect on the industry, say the new economists. Is the industry progressive? Does it push new methods and new products? Does it push toward bigger output? Does it cut costs? Does it give the consumer the benefit of lower costs and greater efficiency in the form of lower prices or higher quality? If these questions can be answered with "Yes" the industry has "workable competition"; for the consumer enjoys the benefits which competition is supposed to give him.

For some industries this is a more stringent test than the old yardstick of monopolistic behavior. According to the old yardstick the building industry is, for instance, a highly competitive one; individual building contractors are in sharp competition with each other for business. Measured by the new yardstick of "workable competition," however, the building industry would hardly pass muster; no matter how competitive in behavior, building does not give the consumer too much of the effects of competition. It lacks the "controls" without which competition is unlikely to be "workable"—in this case, companies large enough to push toward a mass-market, to develop new and better ways of building, and to be able to operate on a low profit margin per unit. By the same token, however, most of the industries in which big business operates give "workable competition."

The new doctrine does not condone monopolistic practices such as cartels, or quotas, or holding prices artificially high so as to keep inefficient high-cost producers in business. Every practice to restrict output or to inflate prices would be as much outlawed under the new doctrine as it has been under the old. But the new concept distinguishes sharply between practices that are monopolistic in their effect, and practices which, like a long-range price policy with its elimination of *short-term* price fluctuations, makes possible the ultimate benefits of lower price and better quality to the consumer—something the old theory never could do. If the industry is lively and inventive and its trend is toward lower prices, the consumer makes out well and the test of "workable competition" is being satisfactorily passed.

III

But the effect of bigness on the *consumer* is not the only test. We also must measure when bigness gets so big as to *endanger the structure of society*. The answer we now give is: when it unduly narrows access of newcomers to the industry, or when it threatens the survival and independence of the efficient small business.

This double yardstick needs no justification. An economy in which new businesses can be started only by members of the billionaires' club becomes a stagnant and, inevitably, a rotting economy. Furthermore, it offends our deep American belief in equality of opportunity and our sense that the man who develops his own business is an asset to the community. And where are tomorrow's big businesses going to come from if there are no small businesses within an industry or if they cannot lead a healthy life? The degree to which access to an industry is open to the newcomer is an index of the economic and social health of our society, and the health of the small businesses within an industry measures the economic health of that industry itself.

There are few, if any, major industries in which both access for the newcomer, and opportunity for the small man, are seriously inadequate. But there are many which meet only one of these two requirements. In the production of raw steel, for instance, the small fellow can hold his own. There are several hundred small companies—some with less than 250,000 tons capacity—that effectively compete with the giants such as U. S. Steel, with its thirty million tons of raw-steel capacity. But a newcomer would need about fifty million dollars these days to get started; for there has been a rapid increase in the cost of steel-making equipment, from eighty dollars a ton of capacity twenty years ago to three hundred dollars or more today—as a result partly of inflationary price increases, partly of technological improvements demanding more expensive equipment. And that is too expensive to rate as "adequate access."

The automobile industry, contrary to popular belief, offers extremely easy access. It is

true, of course, that none but extremely large businesses can engage in the production of the complete car; Nash, Hudson, and Willys are "small" only by comparison with such giants as General Motors or Ford. But there are three areas where the small man with little capital can get in; and in any of the three he can, if capable, make more money faster than as an executive in one of the big companies. He can become a dealer, either of new or of used cars. He can open shop as a maker of high-precision tools and gauges—perhaps the most profitable business for a man of the right skill and one requiring little initial investment. Or he can take up the production of accessories such as the sunshield that became popular these past few years, or the windshield sprayer, or of replacement parts such as piston rings, steering pins, or shock absorbers. In these fields the small independent actually enjoys an advantage over the big fellows, for he can make parts that fit all makes of cars and can thus offer the repair man a complete "range" where the big companies supply only the parts that fit their cars.

Clearly, we need to know more before we can say whether or not there is too much bigness in an industry for the good of society. In the first place, we must screen out those difficulties of access or of smallness that are due to the large amounts of working capital one needs to get started in some industries—as, for instance, in steel making. These difficulties are certainly serious, but splitting up the big units or restricting them will not make it any easier for newcomers to get into the industry. And in the second place, we must keep in mind another question which is not always easily answered. What is the *logical size* of the business units in any given industry? It may be small or it may be large. And if it should prove to be large, that fact will affect our judgment as to the healthiness of bigness in that particular sphere.

Let's take the oil industry as an example. The *transportation of oil and gasoline* should functionally be in the hands of a few big units, and the opportunities to newcomers and for small enterprises should logically be rather limited. For the transportation of oil requires special equipment that cannot be used for anything else—both because oil is a liquid and because most oil products are highly inflammable. At the same time, the equipment is so costly that economic operation requires constant use—and that means large quantities. It is not worth while for even a large railroad, for example, to own tank cars; they have to be in the hands of a specialized agency to be used economically. Oil *exploration,* on the other hand, should both be easily accessible to the newcomer with a limited capital, and be profitable for fairly small units. A well-equipped oil exploration crew represents an investment of half a million dollars or so. Pouring in more money does not necessarily make it more efficient, particularly as such specialized services as geological advice are obtainable on a consulting basis. Oil *refining* should also be fairly open—except for the high capital investment needed for a modern unit. *Marketing,* however, would again be predominantly in the hands of a small number of big units. The product—a highly inflammable liquid—is sold in very small quantities per sale, thus requiring a rather elaborate organization to be efficient. Also, the motorist has no way to test the quality of the gasoline or oil he buys; he has to depend on a brand which he wants to find wherever he goes.

Functionally, therefore, entirely different patterns of concentration would be justified in the various branches of the oil industry. What would be excessive concentration in exploration, or even in refining, would be wasteful splintering in transportation, and vice versa. Incidentally, the oil industry actually follows its functional pattern fairly closely—except that marketing is a good deal less concentrated than one might expect.

This kind of analysis of an industry does not answer the question: is it concentrated or not? It answers the much more important question: is it *unduly* concentrated? Once one has grasped this idea that different industries have different patterns that are "right" for them, one obviously becomes skeptical of such analyses of "concentration" as have been published by the Federal Trade Commission. Suppose the Commission shows that in one industry four companies have half the market, while in another and totally unrelated industry it takes sixteen companies to produce that much. Yes, one says—but let us look at the nature of these industries; actually the first one may well be comparatively unconcen-

trated, whereas the second may suffer from excessive concentration. It is only the concept of a functionally "right" pattern that can lead to wise judgment as to the health of an industry. And this new approach to the problem of bigness has a further advantage. It considers the number and prosperity of the small firms to be as important an indication of the health of the industry as the degree of concentration in the hands of the big firms; the old-style analysis never paid any attention to the small companies at all.

IV

The third and last of the three yardsticks with which we can now measure the healthiness of bigness is political. Does it put undue economic power into a few hands? The phrase has a fine, traditional ring—but it is coming to mean something very different from what it did in the days when "Wealth versus Commonwealth" was its popular slogan. By and large, all sides accept today the idea of a balance between the big power-centers: big business, big unions, big government. There are, of course, diehards in all three camps who are not willing to accept anything short of unconditional surrender. The fight over the exact location of the frontiers is hot and heavy, and the balance is, at best, uneasy and temporary. But the idea of a balance, at least, has been accepted—perhaps the most fundamental effect of the New Deal on American political thinking.

Today the question about undue economic power refers to the power wielded by individual corporations or managements, rather than to the power of business men as a group. The theory behind it is that a management has excessive economic power if its mistakes—or the abuse of its power—could endanger the entire economy. This is the reasoning behind the government's anti-trust suit to force the du Ponts to get rid of their holding in General Motors and U. S. Rubber—of all the suits the most difficult to squeeze into the legal framework of the Sherman Act, and the one most directly aimed at "bigness" as such rather than at "monopoly" or "restraint of trade." One may wonder whether the facts in the du Pont case bear out the government's contention. One may deplore the attempt to legislate against bigness under the guise of a suit against monopoly rather than through congressional enactment—certainly the least attractive feature of the campaign waged by the Anti-Trust Division. But very few economists, even in big business, would disagree with the fundamental idea that there is a limit beyond which the concentration of power in the hands of one economic group must not be allowed to go.

Of the three tests of bigness this last one appears, at first sight, to be the most drastic. This is why it has become the favorite of the Federal Trade Commission and of the Anti Trust Division, the two agencies still largely influenced by the unreconstructed emotional rebels against bigness. But closer analysis makes it look a good deal milder. For to make out a convincing case that such dangerous concentration exists, a corporation or a management group must first be shown to have a strangle hold on an industry or a group of industries. If they are simply guilty of monopolistic practices, they can be stopped anyhow under the old doctrine of monopoly as well as under the doctrine of "workable competition"; we would not need to apply a new and rather vague concept such as "excessive concentration." In addition, the industry must be shown to have a pervasive impact on the nation's economic health, either because of the number of men it employs or because of the importance of its products. There are very few industries or companies of which this would be provably true. The control exercised by the large private bankers, the Morgans and Kuhn, Loebs, some twenty or thirty years ago would certainly be considered "excessive concentration" today. But the attack on them is hardly even good campaign oratory any more. The combination of du Pont and General Motors and U. S. Rubber might be held excessive concentration if the government's facts can be substantiated. The steel industry might offer the only other example—but only if there is found to be collusion between the companies, and if there is such collusion, no action aimed at excessive concentration would by itself be effective.

But the chief reason why the doctrine of "excessive concentration of economic power" is not likely to be applied to business with any great vigor is that it would endanger the big unions. By its very nature, a national union must represent the very sort of concentration

the doctrine attacks. The actions of every one of them—the coal miners, the teamsters, the steel workers, etc.—have that "pervasive impact" upon the entire economy which is the characteristic of excessive concentration. Each one must necessarily strive for complete control of its own industry. In addition, union-membership is necessarily much more concentrated than anything else in the economy. About one-third of all union members are organized in six unions, about one-half in thirteen.

By contrast, the six largest manufacturing companies have together not more than 8 per cent of the country's total industrial employees—fewer than are organized in the one largest union; and the twenty largest companies employ about the same proportion of industrial workers—15 per cent—as are organized in the two or three largest unions.

This has not bothered the Anti-Trust Division and may well have been one of the major reasons for its enthusiasm for the new doctrine; ever since Thurman Arnold first took over, the department has been trying to get at union bigness and union monopolies. But the unions, understandably, do not share this enthusiasm. And it is an open secret in Washington that union resistance has been largely responsible for the cooling of the Administration's ardor to campaign on an anti-bigness platform.

So we can conclude, not only that it is rather hard to prove "undue concentration of economic power" in big business today, but that this third yardstick cannot logically be applied with any severity without raising the question of union power—a wholly different question which involves a different set of issues. In practice, therefore, the chief criterion of industrial health is not likely to be this third yardstick. And of the other two, it is more likely on the whole to be the second one—does the industry offer adequate access to newcomers and adequate chances for small business?

But at this point in our argument we run head-on into a very important fact: that in most cases the chief reason why it is hard for newcomers to get into industry, or for small businesses to prosper in it, *is not the bigness of the big units but the amount of capital which people need in order to operate under the technological conditions of today.* And this and other difficulties which new and small businesses come up against cannot be cured by action against the big units, however drastic.

That is why more and more economists have come to wonder whether we are not barking up the wrong tree altogether in giving so much attention to the prevention of excessive bigness. They feel that, altogether, more companies are probably too big for efficient management—a wholly internal and legally unenforceable limitation—than are too big for social and economic balance. They feel that we need hardly worry about how big is too big, as long as we make sure that there is an adequate supply of young businesses, and that there are adequate opportunities for small businesses. This by itself would prevent the degenerative diseases of the economic body, the arteriosclerosis of big business bureaucracy, the tumor of monopoly, and the dropsy of excessive concentration of power.

In a second article, next month, Mr. Drucker will continue this discussion, with emphasis on what needs to be done to help new and small enterprises.—The Editors

What We Know About Drinking

C. Lester Walker

Drawings by Sam Norkin

Some forty-odd years ago American thinking on the problems of alcohol and inebriety—or, in more everyday terms, on drinking and drunks—was pithily set forth by William Graham Sumner, the great sociologist of the time. Said Sumner: "If a drunkard is in the gutter, that is where he belongs."

No words could better illustrate the revolution in American thinking which has occurred since them. For, of course, we still have the same problem. In fact, according to top authorities, in this year of Schaefer and Schenley 1950, it is a problem which has been increasing rather than diminishing. Our alcoholism rate (that is, the number of alcoholics per thousand of our population) has been climbing for some time now.

True, Americans are not putting away as much alcohol individually as we were in the really roaring years around 1910. Then we were sipping or bottoms-upping drinks containing two and a half gallons of absolute alcohol for every person of drinking age. By 1940 this had dropped almost 40 per cent; then war came and our drinking increased again. Today the grand national imbibement is up some 30 per cent over 1940. And the trend, at this writing, gives no sign of radical or permanent reversal.

Dr. Howard W. Haggard and Professor E. M. Jellinek, of Yale, two experts on the subject, estimate that fifty-one million Americans are drinking today. Of these about forty-eight million rank as just ordinary drinkers—from light-moderate to light-heavy, one might say—and for the moment present no special social headache. But the remaining three million give us our big present-day drinking problem.

These are our chronic alcoholics and excessive drinkers. According to Dr. Haggard's alcohol research laboratory at Yale, a chronic alcoholic is a drinker who has developed a bodily or mental disorder as a definite result of many years of heavy drinking. And excessive drinkers are the inebriates ranging from Jerry, who can stop if he wants to, to Joe, who definitely cannot stop and is, in the common expression, an alcoholic addict. The nation has today about two and a quarter million Joes and Jerries, and close to another 750,000 chronic alcoholics.

For purposes of comparison, the number of chronic alcoholics exceeds all our TB cases, and the two groups of drinkers together account for an out-size proportion of the nation's yearly bill for crime, traffic accidents, wage losses in industry, and medical and mental care. "They make up one-half to two-thirds of our jail population," one authority has declared. And a few years ago it was calculated that they were costing the country—on the above listed items only—over three-quarters of a billion dollars.

C. Lester Walker, whose journalistic interests range over a wide variety of subjects, rounded up the frozen food industry for us last year. Here he does a similar job on all the latest facts, figures, and theories about drink, drinkers, and drunks.

The immediate question is: "What can be done about it?" The answer right now is: "A whole lot," because in the past few years the subject of alcohol and alcoholism has been scientifically studied as never before.

II

WHAT is this substance which "makes" alcoholics? Chemically it is no mystery. The ethyl alcohol of liquor is made of the same ingredients as sugar, starch, or fat: oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon. Remove a hydrogen atom from water, the chemists say, and substitute the carbon-hydrogen "radical" C_2H_5, and there you have it—$(C_2H_5)OH$, the drinker's nectar, ethyl alcohol.

Some of us were taught in our youth that alcohol was a "poison." Actually it is a food which is burned in the body (that is, oxidized) and produces, like other foods, energy as work and heat. Moreover, it is a rich food. Down two highballs, and you're getting surprisingly many more calories than you would from an equal weight of wheaten bread. More in fact than from any other food except fats.

If alcohol is a food, why isn't it good for us? For the same reason, say the nutritionists, that a diet of refined cane sugar wouldn't be. Like sugar, alcohol gives you nothing but calories. No vitamins, minerals, proteins. And man cannot live on fuel alone. That's why we know now that the "chronic alcoholic" who would rather drink than eat, and does so, isn't "poisoned" at all. He is undernourished. He has a nutrition disease, probably beriberi or pellagra, which are many a rum-hound's chief disorders.

Until recently we did not understand too well what happened to the alcohol in a drink after it was swallowed. "It is oxidized," people said. But where? (Recent research has shown that the process begins in the liver.) And exactly what goes on inside one after starting on that first Manhattan? The curious thing is that alcohol is never digested. The moment it hits your stomach it begins to be absorbed through the walls and via the capillaries directly into the blood stream. (The presence of food slows the process, which is why a stiff drink on a full stomach sometimes brings no kick.) Later the intestines also pass it along to the blood. Thence, in due course, it arrives at the brain.

Here and here only your alcoholic drink works its "effect." You "feel" your drink, because, by means which are still a mystery, it is beginning to take over a particular zone of the brain. *How much* you feel it, depends, exactly, it is known, on how much alcohol your blood contains. Today, the amount, and thus your drunkenness, can be measured with some precision. If your blood has less than .05 per cent, you're probably still stone sober. How big a drink does this represent? Two and a third ounces of whisky, for a 150-pound man, on an empty stomach.

Intoxication arrives, on the average, when you have .20–.30 per cent concentration; .40 per cent is the passout stage. If you can achieve over .50 per cent (few can), it will probably kill you. However, .20–.30 per cent doesn't always make *everyone* drunk. Nor is .50 always fatal. Individual topers often upset the statistical averages. At the passout, "the alcohol," scientists explain, "*depresses* the consciousness zone of the brain." When death occurs, the still higher concentration of alcohol paralyzes the brain centers which control breathing; respiration ends.

"ALCOHOL is a stimulant." How many drinkers think that? But they are wrong. Alcohol "depresses" the brain, that is, decreases its activity. True, you drink and feel gay and at ease—but not from stimulant. Tension and inhibition and self-consciousness have been removed, but your faculties of attention, judgment, and awareness have been blunted. Actually you are being anesthetized, exactly as if with ether. Ether too intoxicates, stupifies, and depresses; and you can get a jag from ether which cannot be distinguished from one produced by the finest Kentucky rye.

There is another general belief that alcohol is "habit-forming," that we build up a "tolerance," that the more we use, the more we need to get a given effect. But we know today that that's not true either. A cocaine addict can take ten times what will kill a first-time user. But get .40 per cent concentration of alcohol into the blood of Jones, an old soak, and the same into Johnson, who is having his first drink, and what happens? Jones too is unconscious. Two cocktails today give you just as much kick as your first two ten years ago. The practiced drinker

"handles" his liquor better because, as Dr. Haggard of Yale puts it, "Old drinkers have built up a 'tolerance' toward the drunkenness; they know what effects to expect and have learned to anticipate and compensate for them."

Temperance lecturers used to say alcohol injured the cells of the brain. ("Corroded" was their word.) They would drop white of egg into strong alcohol and when it coagulated, would cry: "See what alcohol does to brain tissue!" The laboratories have proved this too is nonsense. No organic injury to brain cells (or any other cells) results from alcohol. If alcohol is diluted to one per cent, which is stronger than the alcohol content in the blood of any drunk, it will not irritate even the human eye. Of course a lot of alcoholics are addled-brained; but they drink excessively because of their insanity, not vice versa.

Alcohol's *only* acute effect on any part of the human system is in what it does to the cortical (or surface) areas of the brain. Here it interferes with functioning temporarily. Why and how it causes these functional effects remains another of its unsolved mysteries.

Then alcohol doesn't cause any direct harm to the kidneys? Nor cause hardening of the arteries? Nor high blood pressure? Nor cancer? Nor stomach ulcers? It does not. (It will increase the flow of your gastric juices, however, which is good for your digestion. But since gastric juices are acid, they are not good to have around much if ulcers are already yours.) Even in cirrhosis of the liver it has been proved that more teetotalers and moderate drinkers have the usual form of cirrhosis (shrinking and hardening) than alcoholics do. (Moslems, non-drinkers all, have a high number of cases.) "It is certain," Dr. Norman Jolliffe of Bellevue Hospital in New York has averred, "that cirrhosis is not caused by the direct action of alcohol."

However, heavy drinking probably does have "something to do with" cirrhosis. Taking it in all of its forms, the disorder occurs more often in heavy than in moderate and non-drinkers. At the moment the researchers suspect its cause is nutritional. The alcoholic has been drinking instead of eating for years and his long dietary deficiency may have played hob with his liver.

It has long been popularly believed that excessive drinking affects the germ cell (ovum and sperm) and therefore heredity. But researchers have soaked the egg and fertilizing sperm of fish, frogs, and other animals in alcohol thirty times as strong as that in a very drunk drunkard's blood, and nothing happened. There were no three-headed tadpoles, or fish with vocal chords. It required a 25 per cent solution to do any harm. Nine-tenths of one per cent in the blood of the toughest old alcoholic is fatal.

This should mean that a craving for alcohol, and so alcoholism, cannot be inherited; and it does. An "alcoholic personality" can be inherited, and one "predisposed to alcoholism"; but not from any damage done by alcohol to the germ cells of ancestors. The inheritance is an inheritance of emotional and psychological factors—not at all attributable to alcohol.

Children of alcoholic parents do more often become alcoholics than children of moderate or non-drinkers, but the reason is "alcoholic environment." These offspring have seen excessive drinking in the home; they incline to follow suit. Their parents neglected them, or were unstable personalities, or mental cases. The children became alcoholics by "association," as it were.

Finally, what is the truth about alcohol and the length of life? The records show that if you drink moderately, it won't shorten your life. Total abstainers score no better on longevity than conservative drinkers. Indeed one study, by Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins, showed abstainers, age by age, having a slightly less favorable life expectancy than the moderate imbibers. If you drink *excessively* it is another story. Shorter lives are the lot of the too-heavy drinkers.

But the really excessive drinker is usually well into alcoholism, or at least teetering along its borders. Suppose we take a look at him now—now that we have had a little modern background on alcohol itself. Who is he—and what causes him to get that way?

III

The Blenhem brothers, Alfred and Charlie, are twins. They had the same home environment, equal affection from their parents, identical schooling. Their

first jobs were equally good; both took one of the oil companies' executive training courses. Today at forty-five, both drink. One might say their first association with alcohol began at the same moment—it was at the same party together. But today Alfred is the worst kind of alcoholic, and Charlie a moderate drinker who never abuses alcohol. Why?

This "why," in any search for the cause of alcoholism, is the unsolved riddle. We have no fully satisfactory answer. But there are theories, new and old; and the most modern ones contend that the alcoholic is a sick person, as truly sick, physically or mentally, as someone, say, with scarlet fever or schizophrenia.

Perhaps the most commonly held theory today is the psychological: that the alcoholic's drinking is caused by a neurosis—a mental disturbance, which may be slight or serious. As the psychiatrists put it, the alcoholic drinks as he does because he "has a troubled mind—a personality difficulty—is maladjusted."

However, the personality difficulty or "escape" theory of "why a drunk" has by no means total acceptance. Dr. Abraham Myerson, Director of Research at the Boston State Hospital, for one, has pronounced it inadequate. Personality difficulties rising from an alcoholic's environment, he points out, are often not as great as the non-alcoholic's. Also, there are fewer women alcoholics than men. But women have equal if not more neurotic difficulties. And how explain twins, one a model citizen, the other in Skid Row?

During the war Myerson observed at the Boston Induction Center Psychological Screen that draftees who should have had the fewest personality disturbances relatable to their environment had the highest rate of alcoholism. These were the Irish—in Boston cocks of the walk. In contrast, Boston Jewish draftees had almost no alcoholism. Another flaw in the personality-disturbance theory, Myerson believed.

"And why," he asked in effect, "after the psychological conflicts have been removed, if they *are* the cause of alcoholism, cannot the alcoholic drink and drink normally without harm?" Something, of course, the alcoholic never can do!

But critics notwithstanding, the theory is by no means toppling. It borrows strength, it would seem, from the known causes of the alcoholism of psychotics—the psychiatrist's term for the insane. These people drink to banish their imaginary enemies or still the imaginary voices ringing in their ears. They have "conflicts" too, and their conflicts are what drive them to drinking.

ANOTHER theory about the cause of alcoholism is "allergy." According to this theory the drinker has no apparent personality conflicts, but he can't resist liquor. A sip and he's off. His system seems to have an idiosyncracy toward alcohol which most drinkers do not have; just as some persons have idiosyncracies toward chocolate or shellfish. However, this allergic reaction is not a physical but a psychic one and "breaks out" in the form of his abnormal behavior. What is behind the allergy—that is, the cause behind the cause—is no more understood than are the reasons for an allergy to primroses.

Some researchers on alcoholism lean toward the theory that the basic cause may be almost entirely physiological: something wrong with the drunkard's bodily mechanism. For example, perhaps his metabolism is peculiar, like the diabetic's, which cannot handle sugar. Maybe the alcoholic's just can't handle that other kind of fuel, alcohol.

Professor Roger J. Williams, Director of the Biochemical Institute at the University of Texas, is a leading exponent of this idea. He points out how often our metabolism differs from person to person in actual operating details. Coffee works on Olsen's metabolism to keep him awake; on Johnson's to put him to sleep. Anesthetics affect different persons differently. Novocain works easily on Alice, but not on her sister Louise.

So it is with alcohol. A certain study of a thousand drinkers revealed that almost 7 per cent of them were still sober with a .4 per cent alcohol concentration in the blood; but 10.5 per cent who had only .05 per cent concentration were quite intoxicated. The difference, according to Dr. Williams' theory, could be due to the alcohol's different effects upon the metabolism of the brain cortex of the separate individuals concerned.

Recent research at the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center has indicated even more strongly that the cause of alcoholism may be entirely physiological. Extensive tests, made under the direction of Dr. James J.

Smith, have suggested that the alcoholic's trouble may be a disturbance in the functioning of his pituitary gland.

In alcoholics, it was found, the hormones of the pituitary failed to stimulate the adrenal glands (on the kidneys) properly; and further disturbances in the sex glands, which also require pituitary secretions, were also observed in alcoholics. Furthermore, all the evidence indicated that this pituitary abnormality was not really caused by the use of alcohol but existed before the alcoholic ever became a great drinker.

When pituitary and adrenal hormones (including the famous ACTH and ACE) were given to alcoholics in these experiments, some very interesting results were obtained. After ACE and Vitamin C were administered, extreme drunkenness and even D.T.'s vanished in a matter of hours. ACTH and cortisone (which can supply hormones the alcoholic may lack) in a short time killed the drunken addict's craving for liquor, the experimenters found—further pointing to the likelihood that the cause of alcoholism is a pituitary insufficiency or a metabolic, and therefore physiological disorder.

Any metabolism theory, if sound, could have major consequences. It is not the wildest of dreams that a drug or an endocrine extract might be found to enable an alcoholic's peculiar metabolism to *control* alcohol, in the same sense that insulin controls sugar. Further, tests might even be developed which would indicate in advance—before a person ever tasted liquor—whether or not his metabolism was of the potential alcoholic's particular and peculiar type. In other words, some day we might *predict* the alcoholic "disease."

What happens to the psychological factors involved in the alcoholic's progress, if this theory is valid? They remain important still. Suppose you *do* have an "alcoholic's metabolism." You won't become a drunkard in a vacuum. That is, the sort of environment which makes potential alcoholics into actual alcoholics would still be necessary.

IV

If the cause of alcoholism remains in the mists of theory, its signs and symptoms do not. There are plenty of them, and they are solid fact. They have been collected, assayed, classified, until today they can serve as definite warning signs along not only the future alcoholic's but any drinker's road. They indicate the stages, and make possible classifications of different kinds of drinkers and drinking. Not absolutely, but accurately enough for practical, and even medical, purposes, they enable us to answer some highly intriguing questions. Like:

"What is the difference between a moderate drinker and a habitual drinker? Between a consistently heavy drinker and an alcoholic?"

And also: "In what category do *I* stand?"

You may stand half in one and half in another—which is a way of noting that the classifications are not hard and fast. Some overlap; some differ somewhat from authority to authority (hence also differ in name); and all are subject to exceptions. But predictions about any given person rest largely on three important determinants: motive, quantity, and frequency.

Robert Doneur, for example, uses liquor purely as a condiment: he likes the taste of a glass of wine with his food. He seldom drinks except when he is eating, never takes much, and stands almost no chance of ever becoming a heavy drinker. Neither do the Apleys, who drink not for taste but because it helps them relax at the end of a day, or at a party, and who limit themselves to three or so drinks. Endicott Fife, who frankly likes the "kick," drinks regularly and amply, is in a little more danger, but still not near to John Reddington, who rushes for a drink whenever he is tired or worried, usually chain-drinks once he is started, and is often downright drunk. From here it is only a step to Jobson the neurotic, who drinks excessively at every opportunity, to get over deep-seated feelings of insecurity or inferiority. And Jobson, the excessive drinker, is headed straight for the real alcoholic addict class unless he manages to pull himself together or unless he is stopped first by a disease caused by his drinking.

There is no such thing as a "typical alcoholic," each individual case varies a little; not all the symptoms and danger signals are usually present in any single drinker. But as guideposts to the drinking habits of alcoholics and others, general groupings worked out by authorities are valuable and interesting. These characteristics are outlined on the chart on the next two pages.

If You Drink, Place Yourself—

Drinkers	*Motive*	*Quantity*	*Frequency*
LOWER MODERATE 	For the taste.	Small amounts, usually with food and usually wine or beer. 	Not often and not regularly.
UPPER MODERATE 	As a sedative, relaxer, to erase that keyed-up feeling, or to gain self-confidence and overcome shyness.	Never great. Probably considers two or three drinks his quota. 	Fairly often but not regularly. 
HABITUAL SOCIAL 	For the "kick," or to be like one's own social group. 	Appreciably more than Upper Moderate.	Usually drinks something every day. 
HEAVY 	Conviviality, sensation, and the belief that liquor is "good for" one, helps one "work better."	In amounts which would eventually cause bodily harm to most people. 	More often than Habitual Social, and frequently chain-drinks.
EXCESSIVE 	To overcome deep inferiority feelings and provide self-esteem, or to escape from worries, crises, the blues.	More than Heavy Drinker and almost always to limit of individual capacity.	Every feasible occasion. 
ALCOHOLIC ADDICT 	From compulsion: to satisfy an irresistible craving for alcohol.	As much as he can hold until he passes out.	Every possible chance.

—Where Do *You* Stand on the Drinking Ladder?

Intoxication	*Symptoms and Danger Signals*	*Degree of Addiction*	*Prognosis*
Never.	None.	None. Could give it up and miss it no more than a favorite food. 	Will never drink to excess.
Almost never or never gets "high."	None.	None. No fixed drinking habits. Could give it up and not miss it much. 	If he never uses liquor to get away from worries, will probably always remain in this class.
Likes to get "high," does so frequently.	Usually gay when intoxicated; sometimes uses liquor to get over hangovers. 	Could give up drinking but would miss it. 	Most social drinkers remain in this class unless they begin to use liquor regulary to banish worries and hangovers.
Drunk regularly and often. 	Memory blackouts; tendency to "sneak" drinks; frequent use of liquor to cure hangovers.	Would miss it badly but could stop drinking if he wanted to.	Good chance Heavy Drinkers are headed for Excessive class.
Gets drunk as often as enough liquor is available.	Loss of drinking control; continually drinks more than he means to; regular "eye-openers" in the morning; fondness for drinking alone; shaky hands occasionally; sleep and appetite poor; excuses self for drinking.	If really determined to, could swear off drinking and stay off. 	May become Alcoholic Addict but more likely to have physical breakdown and become a Chronic Alcoholic with a deficiency disease like beriberi, pellagra, etc.
Total intoxication; often drunk for a week at a time. 	Long benders followed by abysmal remorse which is overcome by more drinking; has the "shakes;" vacant stare; persecution complex; loss of interest in everything but liquor; D. T.'s.	Of his own volition absolutely cannot stop drinking. One drink and he has to go the whole way to total intoxication.	Permanently alcoholic unless rehabilitated. 

V

CAN real alcoholics be cured? Could their alcoholism have been predicted and prevented at all? Is there a possibility that *anyone* who drinks *could* become an alcoholic addict?

Those are the three inevitable questions, and for only one is the answer affirmative. Anyone who drinks *may* become an alcoholic. "Any normal human being if he drinks enough and long enough can get caught," is how one expert phrases it. How much and how long it would take, however, depends on the individual. I may drink a quart a day for sixty years and not live long enough to become an alcoholic; but for you two ounces every other day may spell addiction by thirty. There is, however, it is generally agreed, a level below which, regardless of how many years anyone drinks, eventual addiction is nearly impossible. But the level is *low,* the amount scant.

As for predicting and preventing—we cannot, up to now. Certain types of personalities make up most of our alcoholics. But no one yet can pre-pick who in these given types will capitulate. And since the *cause* of the alcoholic's disease is still unknown, there is, scientifically speaking, no known way of prevention. Total temperance zealots say: "Never use alcohol."

Nor is there, strictly speaking, any cure for the alcoholic addict. An addict "has" alcoholism, as he might have sprue or malaria. Quinine will cure his malaria. There is no like medicine to cure alcoholism. No known therapy, physical or mental, will clear the alcoholic for good of his compulsion.

But if there is no "cure," there is still a first cousin to it: rehabilitation. The alcoholic can be shown how to batten down his demon and become a worthy citizen again. Today various techniques are successfully treating and permanently rehabilitating seemingly hopeless cases. "If total abstinence is the alcoholic's objective," says one authority, "chances are three out of five he can be cured."

ONE much-used method is called the "conditioned-reflex" or "aversion" treatment (like the famous Keely Cure), and numerous sanatoria are using it with marked success. "Cures" (meaning four years of total abstinence) are reported by some sanatoria in up to 65 per cent of the cases.

The method is tough and dramatic. The alcoholic is first put to bed and sobered up. In a day or so he is given a dose of benzedrine—about two hours before his treatment is to begin. This will keep him wide awake and heighten the anguish to come. He goes to the treatment room, which is *a bar!* A beautiful bar with soft lights, glittering glass, aromas, and all the pleasant associations of drinking deliberately piled on. The alcoholic is offered a drink. He thinks: "Hmm, going to have me taper off." While the drink is being prepared, the physician gives him an injection of emertine. Then the drink arrives. Mm-m-m!—must be fifty years old! The alcoholic is relishing it—taste, bouquet, warmth in his throat—when, *bang!* sudden and violent nausea hits him. (There is a handy bucket.) He is given another drink. At once he throws up again. Another bourbon. Sick again. He is made to drink until (the physician times it) just before the emertine will wear off, then is carried to bed. Next day and for eight or nine in succession, relentlessly, he gets the same again.

After this, many an alcoholic throws up at the mere smell of liquor, some at the mention. However, they return for "reinforcement" in one, two, six, and twelve months. If they believe it *will* cure them, it usually does—provided they accept the *sine qua non* of all the "cures": that they can never, their whole life through, take even one drink again.

A sensational addition to this treatment comes from Denmark. Two years ago Drs. E. Jacobsen and J. Hald, researching for a vermifuge, came up with the mile-long tetraethylthiuramdisulphide. It worked safely on animals; so the doctors took it themselves—then went off to a cocktail party. One drink, and they were almost knocked down. They couldn't breathe. Their eyeballs popped. Their heartbeats jumped to 140, their heads seemed splitting open, and then—they were *very* sick. A teaspoonful of sherry two days later brought on the same terrifying attacks. Three days later they tried three drops of liquor and were hit again.

They named the drug *antabus*—from the

Latin *anti* and *abusus*. In Denmark 15,000 alcoholics have been treated with the stuff, with reportedly revolutionary results. However, antabus is no drug to be played with lightly. Its shattering effect occurs because, apparently, it prevents alcohol in the system from oxidizing. In the United States reports on it are conflicting. It is said to have caused deaths; but very recently this has been denied. One group of physicians has declared it has produced no fatalities and is an invaluable aid to treatment.

PSYCHOTHERAPY is sometimes utilized as an adjunct to the aversion treatment, and is also used successfully alone in some cases. The treatment may begin with hospitalization to get the patient into good physical shape. Then the psychiatrist tries to make the alcoholic understand that his drinking is only a symptom and that it overlies some deep-rooted cause. Probing the subconscious, he tries to bring into the open any personality conflicts and discuss them. Is the drinker afraid he's a failure? Does he hate his job? Has he a mother who tyrannizes over him? Neuroses from such causes, it is explained, can lead him, and the best of men, to alcoholism. It helps if the alcoholic can be shown that his predicament isn't all his fault. "Part of the technique," it has been said, "may be the psychological conditioning of a nagging wife." The recoveries are reported to be about 30 to 35 per cent.

An experimental form of rehabilitation, resulting from the hormone treatments discovered at the New York University-Bellevue Medical Center, has recently been tried with most promising results. Men alcoholics are injected with ACE, ACTH, cortisone, and sometimes testosterone; women alcoholics with pituitary and adrenal extracts and, if they are women who had their menopause before their alcoholism asserted itself, with the female sex hormones, the estrogens, as well.

"Alcoholics so treated," reports Dr. James J. Smith, discoverer of the treatment, "remain sober . . . but even with this treatment [today] the alcoholic cannot drink."

Another way to rehabilitation, currently the most publicized, is the method of Alcoholics Anonymous. Founded in 1934 in Akron, Ohio, by two confirmed alcoholics, a Wall Street broker and an Ohio surgeon, AA is an organization which has "treated" over 90,000 alcoholics and aids 20,000 new cases a year. From four hundred groups here and abroad it reports 50 per cent successful rehabilitations with no relapse, 25 per cent with only one or two slide-backs.

"I was a rum-dumb," an old alcoholic (now an official of one of the biggest corporations) said to me. "Ministers, priests, rabbis, psychiatrists, faith healers, social workers, all took a crack at me. Only AA worked. Why? Because only a drunk understands a drunk—really knows what an alcoholic goes through."

THEREIN lies the magic discovery of the AA method. Hence the organization has always functioned through groups of alcoholics who have clubrooms and meet several times a week to discuss drinking problems and help one another. Any religious motive is disclaimed, but the technique is grounded in religion notwithstanding. The co-founder, "W.W.," speaks of rehabilitation as "conversion" and a "resurrection."

There is a twelve-step *Program of Recovery*. Typical steps are: The alcoholic must admit he is powerless before alcohol; must admit his faults to God, himself, and one other human being; must believe that he can conquer alcohol only through a power that is bigger than himself.

And apparently it doesn't matter what the bigger power is. For the religious-minded it may be God, Jehovah, Brahma. For one AA agnostic it was a Fifth Avenue bus. That worked just as well.

Usually every AA member is assigned another for whom he is responsible. So suppose Fred Bremmer, sponsor for George Glockman, one day slips and goes on a bender. When he sobers up his chief perturbation is not himself but what effect his lapse will have on Glockman. This responsibility for someone else works more miracles than all the preaching and censure ever tried. Losing himself in another, Bremmer finds himself—the old truth. And he, like all other sponsors, is "on call" any time of the day or night if the other member feels that awful compulsion to drink coming upon him.

"If I am in a top executive conference," said my AA friend to me, "and a note comes in from the fellow AA I'm in charge of,

saying he needs help, I get up and leave the meeting, no matter what."

But since there are many types of inebriety and many types of inebriates, and since often each needs different treatment, another and more comprehensive strategy of attack on alcoholism has arisen: the alcoholic clinic of the type pioneered by Yale's now-famous Laboratory of Applied Physiology, where so much outstanding research on alcoholism has been performed. This offers probably the most comprehensive approach there is to an alcoholic's problems. At such a clinic the alcoholic finds all the specialists on his disease and—highly important—the most understanding and most uninstitutional of atmospheres. He is given a diagnostic check-over (something an organization like AA is not equipped to do) on everything from physical health to cultural background, and then is either referred to an outside agency, such as a physician, hospital, or other institution (and often to AA), or is given advice and the most up-to-date medical and psychiatric treatment, frequently extending over several months, at the clinic itself.

A great advantage of this method is, of course, that at the clinic the alcoholic puts himself into the hands of an organization which knows practically everything that can be done for him and has, of itself, no special method of treatment to favor.

Such clinics have been highly successful. Connecticut now has six, state-run. There are others in several states. At Yale their average cost per alcoholic treated is fantastically low —$68. And the record indicates that 80 per cent of the alcoholics who take the full period of treatment there recover. Figures like these become particularly impressive when one recalls that it wasn't so many years ago that only 5 per cent of alcoholics were generally considered capable of being cured. We are still trying to find out what puts the drunkard in the gutter in the first place, but we no longer feel that, once there, it is the inevitable or proper place for him.



The Perpetual Refugees

Michael L. Hoffman

Among the unpleasant realities that the Western world is trying hard to ignore is the fact that the mass migration of people has become a permanent international problem. It is permanent because the condition of the world for as far ahead as we can see is going to put large numbers of people under intolerable pressure to leave their countries of origin and seek new homes. This is well known to hundreds of national and international officials who have wrestled with refugees and migration during these postwar years. But only a few have dared tell the unpalatable truth that the "refugee problem" cannot be wrapped up in a package and disposed of by temporary expedients or that it will not merely fade away when the money appropriated by grudging parliaments runs out.

There have always been refugees. The Normans who swept down the coasts of the North Sea, overran northern France and eventually Britain and Sicily, and blended their genius inextricably into Western Christian culture were refugees from invasions of peoples from the East before they became conquerors. So were the Vandals and the Visigoths who flooded into the breaches in the Roman Empire and founded Mediterranean kingdoms, and whose stormy youth was softened, Christianized, enlightened, and corrupted by the Latin civilization of the lands they made their own.

For every tribe or group that had the energy and luck to turn its exodus into conquest, carrying customs, institutions, and language with it, unnumbered and unnamed millions of human beings have wandered across the earth, going in at the bottom of whatever civilization they penetrated, sometimes surviving, more often not. In the early twentieth century it was thought that the refugee had been pushed out to the fringes of Western civilization, in Asia, where the Christian could have the satisfaction of contributing occasional relief without the inconvenience of having to meet the refugee himself. Suddenly, in mid-century, the refugee was back in our midst, looking not much different from the man next door.

It is important to understand that the present world problem is distinguished from that of any past period by no great difference in the conditions that drive people to migrate even in the face of appalling obstacles.

The main difference is that, on the one hand, the world is fenced off more effectively than ever before into highly nationalistic

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states which have the desire and ability to keep strangers out; while, on the other hand, the wealthiest and most enterprising nations of the world are deeply committed to international co-operation, in the hope of relieving the tensions that in past epochs led to wars and invasions. Today we can neither ignore the migration problem nor permit it to be solved by force.

There are no longer areas of the world into which people can simply wander and settle, with no more to worry about than defending themselves against their immediate neighbors. The machinery of the modern state, with its frontiers, its communications, its armaments, its police, and its concentration camps, has put an end to all that. The only modern example of a movement that might, in retrospect, be considered an approximate parallel to the barbarian invasions of the fourth to the seventh centuries of our era is the Jewish infiltration of Palestine, culminating in the foundation of the State of Israel. Even this movement could never have taken place but for the appreciation in the Western world of the special religious and psychological relationship of the Jewish people to their ancient homeland. If Japan had won the Pacific war we might have seen other cases where such an attitude would have been absent.

The present stalemate in thinking on this subject is due, it seems to me, not so much to a failure to comprehend the "refugee problem" as to a failure to relate it to a larger and more durable problem—the maldistribution of people on the earth's surface, a matter not to be solved by letting nature take its course, as has been done throughout history to date. It is an inescapable obligation of the United Nations to see that permanent international machinery for dealing with mass movements of human beings and their consequences should exist. At present, we are trying to deal with them by a collection of expedients, and people who ought to know better are calling them "solutions."

II

THERE are two broad reasons why people leave their homes in large numbers. One is political, and gives rise to the classical "refugee" who from fear of his life, by action of his own government, or by conviction finds it better to risk survival in a foreign land than to remain among his people, his institutions, and his belongings, if any.

The second reason is, again broadly speaking, economic. It led, for example, to the mass movement of Eastern and Southern Europeans to America in the late nineteenth century, and to the southward migration of Chinese into Malaysia. Famine, land hunger, disease, a plague of locusts, or the drying up of the wells may make people move. All these are still with us today, but the modern economic scourge is unemployment. In Western nations, with their complex monetary economies, the heaving and buckling of economic life that in the past would have led to starvation and mass exodus now show up as a chronic incapacity of the system to provide enough useful work. This is not the place to argue the matter, but I would suggest in passing that this is quite a different thing from the unemployment that persists simply because the economic system does not work well. Rather it exists because the system is faced with an impossible task.

A mass movement of people from Italy and Germany cannot be started today by brave and determined individuals who decide to move as their ancestors did. In the absence of special intergovernmental arrangements there is no place for them to go. Two million Italians would now be "refugees" if the machinery of the state and American aid did not feed them at home and prevent them from trying to go abroad. Their lot just misses being intolerable enough to start them flooding across the frontiers anyway, but that in no way disposes of the problem. They are "refugees" in their own land.

We do not really know how many people there are in either of these two broad classes. Nobody is responsible for preparing such figures or for keeping them up to date. In the nature of things, moreover, it is impossible to know how many people would leave their homes for new ones if the facilities for doing so did not involve varying degrees of unpleasantness.

Nevertheless, we can get some notion of the dimensions of the problem that would face an international body trying seriously to deal with it. It should be noted at the outset that by no means all "refugee problems" could be treated internationally, no matter what

machinery existed for that purpose. Some of them must clearly be regarded as the responsibility of national authorities, even though they must be kept in the picture to remind us of the scale of human suffering in the world today.

Unquestionably the greatest mass of people uprooted from their homes and still unsettled elsewhere is in China. Accurate estimates are out of the question. We don't even know the population of China within fifty million or so. The best figure we have is an estimate submitted by the Nationalist government to the International Labor Office in 1948: from fifty to fifty-five million persons were then in refugee status in China, about four-fifths of them refugees from the civil war. The number may now have been reduced as a result of redistribution under the Communist regime, and by the time this article appears famine may have provided a "solution" to the problems of millions of others. There was nothing the West could effectively do about this problem before the Communist conquest; there is certainly nothing it can do now.

There are eight to ten million refugees on the Indian sub-continent. About half of these are refugees from Pakistan in India and the other half, refugees from India in Pakistan. International help is aiding in the care of these people, but resettlement must be left to the two governments concerned. It is too late to apply an orderly international solution to this vast problem.

The Greek refugee problem is also one to which solutions must be largely national. There were at least 700,000 Greek refugees at the height of the civil war. Resettlement is proceeding rapidly. While a case might be made for regarding the entire Greek population as dependent on indefinite international aid, no major overseas resettlement problem appears here. Greek emigration for economic reasons might become important, but I have been unable to get an authoritative estimate of how large it might be in the years immediately ahead.

ELSEWHERE in Europe and the Middle East the main groups of refugees and stateless persons, according to the best estimates of the International Refugee Organization and other United Nations agencies, are as follows:

	Covered by IRO mandate (but not all receiving maintenance)	*Refugees and stateless persons not covered by IRO mandate*
Germany	333,700	10,000,000*
Austria	49,000	431,000
Italy	34,800	50,000
France	127,200	284,000
Belgium	10,500	175,000
Luxembourg	800	6,000
Netherlands	2,540	18,500
Denmark	1,830	
Greece	3,800	
Switzerland	1,300	
Middle East	4,250	
Far East	9,500	

Approximately 4,000 persons monthly are escaping across the Iron Curtain from various Communist countries. There are, in addition, tragic little pools of a few thousand refugees each in Sweden, the Philippines, and elsewhere about the world.

The potential number of emigrants who are not now in refugee status but whose movement to new areas will almost certainly be an international responsibility is much harder to estimate. The Italian government, for obvious reasons, has done more work in this area than any other. Immediately after the war it had to face the fact that no economic program for Italy made any sense without a plan for large-scale emigration.

The Italian population increases at the rate of about 490,000 yearly. There are approximately 1.8 million chronically unemployed adults in the country and the figure for concealed unemployment (people who are working but producing nothing of value—two doing the work of one) is probably as large again. Italy planned for an emigration of 110,000 in 1949-50, and this figure will apparently be reached, though a reduction in Italy's population of at least two million is considered necessary by the Italian authorities to bring it down to a level appropriate to the over-

* This huge number consists mostly of "Potsdam" refugees, the "Germans abroad" who were to be transferred to the Allied zones of occupation from other countries and German territory east of the Oder-Neisse line, according to the Potsdam Agreement of August 2, 1945. They proved, in time, to be more numerous than had been supposed, and this figure is conservative. They do not fall under the jurisdiction of the IRO.

crowded Italian lands. Once this had been achieved, an emigration rate of 200,000 yearly, in the opinion of Italian economists, would keep the population increase within a range that might be absorbed by industry and agriculture, given a level of investment that can reasonably be anticipated. So we might set the "desirable emigration rate" from Italy at 600,000 yearly for five years, and 200,000 thereafter.

The German problem has not yet been so carefully thought out. Western Germany may or may not be overpopulated in terms of its resources and area. The Western German government has not espoused emigration as part of its economic platform. It may never do so, preferring the traditional German solution of demanding that Germany be given more territory for its people, territory which presumably somebody will have to take away from the Russians.

Nevertheless a potential emigration obviously exists in a region whose population is 20 per cent greater than ever before and whose capacity to profit from international specialization of industry has been drastically reduced by the barrier along its eastern frontier and by the loss of markets in non-European parts of the world. It may well be, whether the German politicians like emigration or not, that the interests of the United States in a peaceful Europe will dictate a mass movement of Germans to other parts of the world, as the only means of cleaning up the festering infection of which two million German unemployed are only the symptom. This has long been the French view.

Representative Francis E. Walter has recently introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives asking the President to form an international organization to promote resettlement of Germans. One must deplore any move to provide special treatment for Germans while millions of others are in similar difficulties not unconnected with German actions in the recent past, but Mr. Walter is certainly right in calling the German population problem a "grave impediment to the peaceful solution of Europe's difficulties." Germany offers an opportunity par excellence for bold and far-sighted measures. Migration on a mass scale needs to be carefully considered as a constructive American foreign policy for the Cold War years.

The Dutch population increases at the appalling rate of 100,000 yearly, or about 1.1 per cent. It is possible that large numbers of young Dutch men and women, as they have in the past, will find employment and opportunity in Indonesia, but it is likely that they will not, despite that country's enormous resources and economic potential. The Netherlands will make every effort to employ its vigorous and capable people in their own tiny land. The barriers to the people of Holland as individual settlers in Anglo-Saxon countries are not as great as are those facing other peoples, however, and even if mass migration from the Netherlands should become an economic necessity, Indonesia may be a second choice.

Leaving out China and India, we have a known total of refugees and stateless persons of roughly thirteen million in Europe and the Middle East. If we eliminate Germany from this category—on the ground that the Germans in Germany are still in what was once their own country—and consider them only as an emigration problem, the total is still nearly three million. This is twice the number that fell within the original IRO mandate, after 750,000 people have been resettled or repatriated by that organization. And the "refugee problem" is now supposed to have been liquidated.

As a rough guess, we may set the minimum annual emigration rate for Germany, Italy, and the Netherlands—consistent with the maintenance of political stability under democratic regimes—at one million a year for the next five years. There remains very little opportunity for resettling people in Western Europe, although France may absorb as many as 50,000 people each year if the economy remains prosperous. Quantitatively this should offset the flow of refugees from behind the Iron Curtain, although the individuals, of course, would seldom be the same. We may reasonably assume that for better or worse most of the 785,000 Arab refugees from Palestine will be settled somewhere in the Middle East. There are few Jews left in refugee status in Europe. Israel is ready to absorb more people but these will mostly be Jews that have not yet left Rumania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, or the old Jewish colonies in Africa and Asia. They do not affect our figures.

Not all the stateless persons in Western Europe are in need of resettlement. Many of them are long established in their countries of present residence. Their problem is one of acquiring citizenship or international legal protection for themselves and their children.

Making all these adjustments on the basis of the best information we have, which is inadequate, I come to a figure of between 1.2 and 1.3 million for the number of persons that ought to be moved overseas from Europe every year for at least five years. They ought to be moved, that is, if we are serious about creating the kind of world outside the Iron Curtain that will continue to compare favorably with the world inside the Iron Curtain.

III

WHERE are all these people to go? At present, largely as a result of the efforts of IRO and the interest in immigrants as economic assets it has aroused among governments of underdeveloped countries, homes are available for perhaps a tenth of this number for each of the next few years (some of the national programs will be mentioned below). But the answer to the question is that most of them won't be able to go anywhere unless somebody is made continuously responsible for hammering at the doors of countries in the Western Hemisphere, Oceania, and, to some extent, even in Europe.

It is clear that planned and existing machinery for dealing with refugees and mass migration is wholly inadequate to the task. The International Refugee Organization has performed the remarkable feat, under great difficulties, of finding new homes for over 700,000 people since July 1947—and, what is more, getting those people to their new homes. Despite its name, the IRO was never intended to deal with the whole "refugee problem." It was established to handle the resettlement or repatriation (and meanwhile the maintainance) of the 1.5 million displaced persons left by World War II. It is to go out of existence on March 31, 1951. It is the only international organization capable of handling the immense administrative task of mass migration and it is being allowed to die on the fantastic theory, officially enunciated by the United States delegate to the fifth session of the IRO General Council, that the "flood tide" of the refugee problem will by then have receded.

In the period of June 1950 to March 1951 the IRO, if it is lucky, will resettle an additional 150,000 persons. It will close its doors, at best, with 66,000 refugees capable of being resettled (*i.e.* not sick, disabled, or over-age) still on its books. These will be forced to fend for themselves in Europe, mostly in overcrowded Germany and Austria. It is significant that as late as the first eight months of 1949 over 180,000 persons eligible for IRO aid and not then receiving it turned up for registration—four years after the end of hostilities in Europe—and these were only refugees eligible under the IRO's restricted definition. They include none, for example, of the more than 10 million refugees of German ethnic origin. The only reason the number of eligibles does not continue to grow, in any event, is that registration was simply stopped on August 31, 1949.

The Vatican, the World Council of Churches, and numerous private relief organizations have repeatedly declared that, if carried out, the plan of the eighteen member governments to liquidate IRO will have disastrous consequences. Even the limited problem IRO is dealing with will not have been solved by the end of March 1951.

The General Assembly of the United Nations, in a resolution of December 3, 1949, decided that the permanent responsibilities of the UN in the refugee field could be discharged by the creation of a High Commissioner for Refugees. This functionary will succeed the IRO sometime next year. He will have a staff paid by the UN but no operating budget whatever. He will have the job of providing legal protection for refugees and stateless persons in whatever countries they may be located. If he finds that there are people in this category dying of starvation he may call it to the attention of the governments concerned. He may ask governments for money to provide care and maintenance for any persons defined by the UN as "refugees" subject to his general jurisdiction, but no government has obligated itself, by voting for the creation of the Commissioner, to give him any money. The United States has already announced, through its representative on the IRO Council, that the Congress would not entertain any request for funds for such pur-

poses beyond March 1951. The High Commissioner may engage in "resettlement and repatriation activities" to the extent he finds possible without any money for the purpose.

The UN High Commissioner for Refugees, under its present terms of reference, is a sham and a fraud, perpetrated by bureaucrats who are apparently unwilling to tell their people the true size of the problem. The World Council of Churches has already said substantially this. Nearly every delegate to the IRO Council has privately told me the same thing. Two successive Directors General of IRO, William Hallam Tuck and J. Donald Kingsley, have warned that leaving displaced persons to find permanent homes in Germany or Austria when IRO closes, which is what will happen to from fifty to one hundred thousand of them, for all the High Commissioner will be able to do about it, means repudiating the commitments the United Nations gave these people (and their own) after the recent war. The High Commissioner, at best, will be a personage whose own prestige may enable him on occasion to intervene effectively and alleviate suffering, to mobilize private charity, or to charm a gift now and then from some government. He will more likely be a worthy civil servant put out to pasture, issuing annual reports about how terrible everything is.

The International Labor Office is trying to deal with another aspect of the big problem. It has drafted an international convention to govern the rights of migrants and to give them protection against exploitation. This is important work, and it should not be belittled. It does not, however, move any people from one place to another. David Morse, ILO Director General, called a conference at the end of April to undertake a much more practical task. He believed it would be possible to get governments who need immigrants (and there are many) and governments with potential emigration to reach a series of independent agreements, somewhat like trade agreements, specifying numbers, dividing responsibility for financing, and incorporating other conditions under which mass movements might take place. The ILO is already giving technical advice to countries of immigration on the best methods of using manpower. But the ILO has, as yet, no authority to operate a mass migration program. Moreover, labor schemes alone won't solve the problem. There are more people to be moved than could ever be absorbed by countries looking only at manpower as an economic factor, and not as basically a population problem.

Australia proposed, at the ILO's Preliminary Migration Conference which took place in Geneva in April and May, that an international body be formed to continue the selection and transport operations of the IRO. Unfortunately, the suggestion met with no significant response, largely because the delegates to this meeting were not people with authority to discuss such a far-reaching proposal but officials concerned rather with the details of migration schemes. The Australian plan made no reference to the continuing refugee problem but was basically similar to the proposals of this article.

There are a number of projects of individual governments or joint government-private schemes that contemplate mass movement and resettlement outside the scope of IRO. Australia, which is prepared to absorb from fifty to seventy thousand displaced persons this year and a total of two million people within ten years, is also encouraging the immigration of English, Scottish, and Welsh families. Brazil has negotiated actual contracts with Italy and the Netherlands under which several thousand families will be resettled on undeveloped tracts of land, the financing to be done by the Bank of Brazil. Private Italian banks are working on a plan combining large-scale resettlement of Italians in South America with a broad capital development program for the entire upper Amazon basin. Canada's demand for farm families will not cease by the end of IRO (Canada has taken nearly 100,000 DP's).

Nearly every region that has been studied as a potential field for economic development under the Point IV program has been found wanting not only in capital but in people. The need for people capable of forming the nucleus of a mechanically and institutionally complex civilization—not just highly-skilled technicians but people who by nature and tradition can fill the needs of rapid social transition—sticks out of every report on economic development that has been issued in the past few years.

IV

On the one hand, we face the fact of a continuing refugee problem and an almost intolerable economic pressure on some of the peoples of Europe to leave their homes. On the other hand, for lack of people, vast spaces of the globe are unsettled and unproductive to an extent that makes even nationalistic governments—which inherently dislike the political, racial, and social consequences of immigration—actively promote mass migration schemes. So far, the countries most intimately concerned with the problem are only pecking at it; individually that is about all they can do. The United States is trying to bury its head in the sand and pretend that the problem will be solved when Congress stops appropriating money for it. Simultaneously, we are proclaiming our intention to conquer communism by proving that the free world, with American help, can overcome poverty, restore stability to Europe, and give hope to millions of human beings. This doesn't make sense.

Surely if there were ever an opportunity for American initiative this is it. Most of the necessary components of a solution—a real solution—are lying around and only asking to be put together. Unfortunately the people in a good position to say what is needed are in the worst position to talk about it. It would be both incorrect and unintelligent for officals in a temporary agency like IRO to press suggestions that might be taken to mean that they were trying to prolong their jobs.

It is the sheerest nonsense to dismantle the one piece of efficient working machinery that we have to do the job. Yet in less than a year the IRO transportation fleet (including several vessels constructed and equipped especially to handle mass movements on a low-cost basis), the IRO administrative organization, the IRO system of occupational classification, and all the rest of the apparatus performing the greatest peacetime operation of mass movement in history will disappear—unless somebody does something about it.

As long ago as February 1949, William Hallam Tuck, IRO's first Director General, had the foresight to suggest that it might be both unwise and uneconomic to dismantle the IRO machinery when the IRO's specific task was done. (He assumed for sake of argument that IRO's task would get done, which it won't.) In a little-noticed speech to an International Labor Organzation conference on migration, Mr. Tuck reviewed the growth of the IRO fleet and the development of techniques for moving and resettling masses of people. As an engineer and business man, Mr. Tuck was impressed with the essential economy of handling mass movements through an international agency which can serve all national governments interested in them. No one country and no private body can do it as efficiently and, what is more important, with as little hardship to the individuals concerned. Let us not forget that at best, migration, under the circumstances prevailing in most of the world today, is a tragedy.

The machinery for mass movement exists. It only needs to be maintained. The ILO exists, a permanent agency of the UN, which has as one of its main functions to assist governments with the many detailed problems of finding and training people to man the farms and machines of advancing economies. This same agency is already charged with the protection of the migrant in his arduous period of transition from refugee to citizen. Is it unrealistic to suggest that these two agencies (both conveniently located in Geneva) should immediately be given authority to merge their functions, so that when IRO goes out as a separate agency the work of mass migration can be carried on?

An alternative would be to give the new UN High Commissioner for Refugees an operating budget and real power. This appeals to many who are experienced in these matters and fear that the tripartite labor-government-employer structure of ILO would make that organization incapable of acting vigorously, since it would necessarily have to press continuously for governmental action unpopular with trade unions and employer groups. This choice of a vehicle can be discussed. What matters now is to get some kind of a contraption that will get us down the right road.

It costs the IRO between $130 and $150 to transport one person by ship from Europe to Western Hemisphere ports, including maintenance and the expenses of embarkation and debarkation. Because it has had to support hundreds of thousands of people in Europe while it was fighting to find them new places

and organize its transportation system, less than half of IRO's budget, over the years, has been used for resettlement work. A migration budget of $75,000,000 would enable a permanent organization to carry on mass migration at the rate of $400,000 to $500,000 yearly, assuming the Europe-Western hemisphere movement would be the main one. A budget of $150,000,000 should suffice to move nearly a million. The limiting factor ought to be the possibilities of resettlement, not the cost of moving people.

I SHALL refrain from making the usual comment about how many bombs or airplanes or potatoes dyed blue we would have to sacrifice to meet our share of the cost of an international mass migration system. Our share would be at least half, although other governments would contribute. It would be several tens of millions of dollars, a lot of money. I would pose three questions to those who think we cannot afford this cost:

(1) How much is it costing us now to maintain the overpopulated economies of Italy and Western Germany?

(2) How much is it going to "cost" us politically if we stop maintaining them without solving their population problems?

(3) How much will it "cost" us to carry the burden of world leadership while in the heart of Western civilization, and in our hearts, there is the sickness whose symptom is the cold, hungry, hopeless refugee?

Night Study

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I CLOSED my door upon the dark
That shut my book of love and war.
Could such tall cold bright triumph mark
The dark tide shuddering on the shore?

World of the mind, how are you high;
O flesh-confined, how clear and pure?
When all this lighted towering sky
Makes trivial that our dreams endure.

Yet in earth-breathing night I stood
Beneath that great constellate crown
And agony of my mortal blood
Cried to those stars and brought them down.

The fiery infinite's wild unrest,
That arcane loneliness on high,
Clutched to the passionate human breast
Became a hearth to warm me by.

Portrait of the Artist as a Young Grocery Clerk

A Story by Bentz Plagemann

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson



I ADMIT it was my own idea to take a Greyhound bus when I ran away from home, but I didn't pack a lunch. A friend of mine did that for me, and I never would have run away except for Mr. Gogarty.

Mr. Gogarty was the manager of the chain grocery store where I worked. I had begun to work for Mr. Gogarty after school when I was fourteen by lying about my age (I was supposed to be sixteen) and I worked for him



"You gave Pat Walsh a dollar more than you gave me."

until I was graduated from high school, on Wednesday and Friday afternoons, and all day Saturday. I graduated during the depression when there were no jobs for anyone, particularly for young men so brilliant that not even their families, much less the world, could understand them, and so there I was, condemned with a cynical smile to weigh butter and potatoes and wait on customers.

When I had begun to work for Mr. Gogarty I was confident that someone would come in some day, some patron of the arts, idly tapping a riding crop against his breeches, and exclaim, after stopping with amazement, "What is this young Voltaire (or Goethe or Shakespeare) doing here?" and forthwith whisk me away to Weimar-on-the-Ohio, or some small principality near Cleveland, where I would begin to pen the great, biting, witty thoughts which foamed in my head like near-beer.

The passing years had disillusioned me about the perspicacity of patrons, and there I was, finished with my schooling, out in the world, still standing behind the grocery counter and smiling with a knowing eye at the people who asked for pink salmon for the cat, or oleomargarine for frying, aware of the sham of the world, its petty hypocrisy. "Where youth grows pale, and specter thin, and dies," I used to mutter from Keats, dipping morosely into the peanut-butter barrel.

But if Mr. Gogarty was no patron of the arts, at least I was forced to admit he was no tyrant. He was a rotund man, with apoplectic coloring, and the manner of a professional Irishman, which indeed he was. And while it was incomprehensible to me in my philosophical detachment, he also took pride in being a good grocer, and he wanted me to be a good grocer too. He had tried, with some pain and embarrassment, to teach me his sales technique. This was in the days before the self-help super-market, and he was concerned with something called the plus-sale. The good grocer always sold the customer something more than she had come in for. Mr. Gogarty's approach was peaty and romantic. "Any cheese, teas, or peas?" he would shout cheerfully when the customer came to the end of her list. "Any leeks, beets, or sweets?"

I was a considerable disappointment to him because I could never master this rollicking technique which always threw the ladies into panic spasms of laughter, although I was a constant advertisement for the goods of the store, my mouth always stuffed with a dill pickle, a marshmallow, a maraschino cherry, or a bit of Roquefort cheese.

Mr. Gogarty tolerated me, I suppose, because I was quick on my feet, tirelessly young, and docile to the point of idiocy. (The great man bows before destiny.) On Saturday morning, for example, I got up at six o'clock, walked half a mile to the street car, rode perhaps ten miles to be there in time to carry in the crates of bread and milk and vegetables before the store opened at eight; fetched groceries for customers, with a break for lunch and supper, until the store closed at ten that night, and then worked until midnight cleaning up and stocking the shelves for Monday morning.

I did not do all of this by myself, of course. I was, depending on the busyness of the season, one of a staff of six or eight pimple-faced contemporaries. It was a large store, with a counter running the length of one wall and

across the back, and each of us had a certain portion for ourselves where our regular clients presented themselves. They were pleasant people of a suburban area and many of their own sons had served or were serving behind the counter. I rejected all of them, naturally, families and sons, as being hopelessly bourgeois (a word I was very fond of but couldn't pronounce), and one of my particular pleasures was dealing with the unfortunate shopper who tried to tip me when I carried the groceries to the car. The disdain with which I rejected this insult, my pained hauteur caused many of them to turn their heads away to hide what I presume was their shame.

Although I am at a loss to understand why, I was not an unpopular member of the staff. I had nothing but contempt for my business associates who, hopelessly inane and immature to a man, were interested in nothing but football, practical jokes, and girls, in that order. I was interested in these things too, but I also had my lofty side. Many of my fellow clerks have unaccountably gone on to greater things; I can count a doctor, a lawyer, a public health officer, and a banker among the boys I worked with there, but only the present public health officer seemed to me then to possess so much as a glimmering of sensibility.

He and I were members together of the Cercle Française, a social group which met on occasional Wednesday nights to discuss the weather in French, and he alone was not amused by my ostentatious reading of Plato or Shaw's *Prefaces* while I ate my lunch in the basement of the store. It was his sister who packed the sandwiches for me when I ran away from home on the Greyhound bus.

It all began with Pat Walsh, one of the clerks who did not, as far as I know, go on to greater things. Pat was Mr. Gogarty's Achilles' heel, a handsome son of the old sod, lazy as sin, the map of County Cork on his face, and the blue of Irish skies in his eyes. The lyrics are Mr. Gogarty's; for his money Pat could do no wrong. Most of us loafed when Mr. Gogarty was not looking; Pat even loafed when he was. And got a smile of indulgence in return. All this did not help him in our esteem, a fact which troubled Pat not at all. He knew which side his bread was buttered on, and I don't suppose it surprised any of us when we learned that Mr. Gogarty had asked Pat to stand as godfather for his new, and first, son.

Certainly it was no business of mine whom Mr. Gogarty asked to be godfather to his son, but it was on Saturday afternoon of that week that I learned (in some devious way I now forget) that Pat had a dollar more in his pay envelope than I did, and for the same number of hours. I was a man slow to anger (timid would be a better word, I suppose) but all the rest of that day my soul seethed with righteous wrath. It had been a bad day from the start. At noon I had telephoned my mother to discover that five of my short-story manuscripts, from my early or Poe period, had been returned without a word by callous, indifferent magazine editors who, I was certain, hadn't even read them, probably because I had no "influence" in their crass world. All day I moved about among the butter tubs, a cheated and misunderstood genius, humming Tchaikovsky's "None but the Lonely Heart" under my breath. I suppose it might all have stopped right there, bogged down in poetic *Weltschmerz*, had it not been for the incident of the spinach can.

After the store had closed that night and I was replenishing a lower shelf on my knees, a number-four, or large-size, spinach can fell from a higher shelf on my head. Friends rushed to my aid and I was helped to the back room where I lay stunned, rather like General Wolfe at the battle of Quebec, on a pile of burlap bags. There the iron entered into my soul.

I waited until all had gone home but Mr. Gogarty. Then I emerged, an apocalyptic figure, to face Mr. Gogarty over the counter.

"You gave Pat Walsh a dollar more than you gave me," I said.

Mr. Gogarty had been working on his perpetual inventory; the large sheets of paper spread out before him. We faced each other in our aprons.

"So I did," he said. "And what of that?"

It seemed to me that he flushed, if it was possible to observe such a phenomenon under Mr. Gogarty's natural coloring, and I began to flush and tremble with my own temerity.

"It isn't fair," I said.

"I decide that," Mr. Gogarty said. "I decide what's fair."



I wanted to play that role myself and not share it with anyone.

Then I played my trump card. I delivered the line I had rehearsed on the burlap bags. "It says in the Bible, Mr. Gogarty," I said, capitalizing as I went, "that one of the Sins that Cry to Heaven for Vengeance is Defrauding the Laborer of his Wages."

There was a moment of absolute, stunned silence.

Then, without a word, Mr. Gogarty flung himself across the counter. He seized me by the neck and shoulders and shook me, as I described it afterward, like a wet rat.

It is difficult to say who was sorrier afterward. I began to cry, and Mr. Gogarty turned away, dabbing at his own eyes with the end of his apron. But I didn't stand there long.

I went into the back room for my sweater and then I ran out of the door, never to see Mr. Gogarty again.

That night I made my plans. My friend, the future public health officer, met me in the dead of night. I would say that I was going to Mass with him, but instead I would take the bus for New York. With my weekly pay, and some money he would lend me, I would have enough for a ticket, and some left over to get me started on my new life.

I wrote a note for my parents before I left in the morning, impaling it, in the traditional way, on my mother's pincushion. They would not find it until it was far too late to follow, since they planned to go on to a cousin's for dinner after Mass. "Like Oscar Wilde," I penned (I always penned in those days), "I must be allowed to make my own mistakes." I think it is fortunate that neither my parents nor I knew at that time the exact nature of the mistakes made by Mr. Wilde, so there could have been no sinister suggestions to follow upon the initial shock of the note. In spite of that, I still think of that note as a unique example of its kind.

My friend was waiting for me at the bus station. He had confided in his sister and she had prepared the lunch which he was holding awkwardly in a brown paper bag. "You can throw it away if you want to," he said. "She made me take it." But I was touched. My friend, his sister, and I all knew that I was moving inevitably toward the kind of messy destiny which awaits all great, misunderstood men of genius, men like Keats and D. H. Lawrence. It might be the last home meal I ever had. I took the brown paper bag with dignity.

Our farewell went off in a satisfactorily high key. Dry-eyed, we clasped hands. On the steps of the bus I turned back and raised my hand, Lord Byron Leaving England Forever.

The bus trip to New York, in itself, was one of those tedious episodes best omitted, for dramatic reasons, from any biographical account. Even M. Gide with his special talent for investing the commonplace with excitement would have been hard-pressed, I think, to write any significance into that twenty-four hour trip. For a while, I admit, I was interested in a young woman sitting opposite me who seemed to carry with her the tawdry glamor of an Iris March, but as the trip progressed her glamor faded and the tawdriness increased. She spent the night with her head shouldered on the convenient clavicle of a traveling salesman, a man who possessed neither my subtle charm, nor my in-

ability to speak to strange women. There was also a largish man with indigestion, and a young man who, like myself, was going to seek his fortune in New York. I avoided him after he confided this to me over a cup of coffee during one of our night stops, because I wanted to play that role myself and not share it with anyone.

We arrived in New York about ten in the morning, a critical time to see New York City for the first time, particularly the Greyhound bus station on Thirty-Fourth Street. But the Sloane House YMCA was nearby, and I headed for it like a homing pigeon, filled with panic, and awe at my own courage. I would just stay there until I got settled, I told myself. And, anyway, it was only fifty cents a night.

I SPENT my days roaming the streets of Greenwich Village, which I found by asking my way to the Provincetown theater. I had to ask a good many people, because there wasn't any Provincetown theater, but I stood in front of the building where it had been, when I found it, cursing the destiny that had brought me too late into the world.

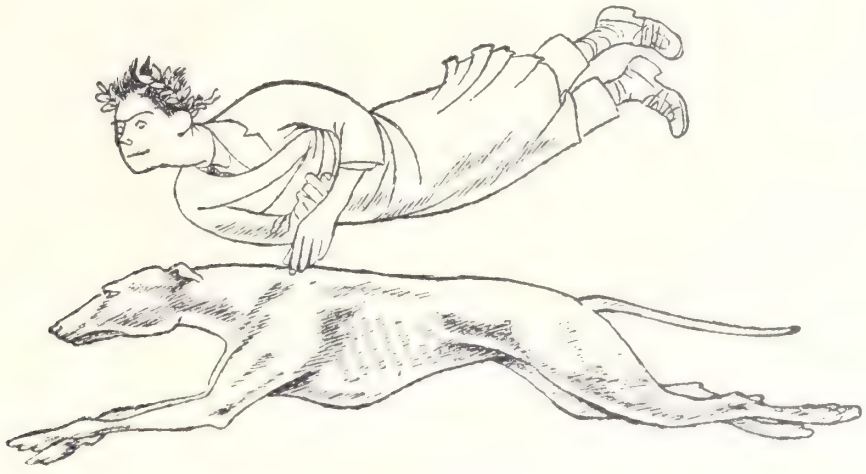
I had fifteen dollars, over and above the cost of my round-trip ticket. (Well, everybody knows it's cheaper to buy a round-trip ticket, and you can always turn in the other half if you don't use it.) At the end of the first week I began to spend most of my time hanging around the general delivery window of the post office, the address I had thoughtfully written in my farewell note, under the line from the wit and wisdom of Oscar Wilde. On Saturday there was a letter from my father. There was no money in it. He just told me to come home.

I took the bus the next morning. A large, comfortable woman who looked like one of my aunts took the seat beside me, and she bought me hamburgers when the bus stopped, "to keep her company," she said. I told her I wasn't hungry, and I wasn't. I had lived on hamburgers and hot dogs all that week, and I could see by looking into a mirror that I was becoming a sort of green in color.

My mother put me to bed when I got home and called our doctor. I had complete intestinal stasis, he said. Nothing functioned at all except my luminous mind. I lay there thinking it all over and, as is so often the case with great men, that illness was a turning point in my career.

In a flash of revelation I knew what I must do, I realized where I might best take my peculiar talents.

When I was well enough to get out of bed I went into town and got a job as clerk in a bookstore.



Lord Byron Leaving England Forever.

The Easy Chair

Research by Air

Bernard DeVoto

THE annual Western Number of the Easy Chair brings me before you in a new role, that of transcontinental air-traveler. The role is by courtesy of the U. S. Army and Air Force which, learning that one of their routine flights could incidentally fulfill a dream that another elderly student of Western history and I had long cherished, invited us to hitch a ride. I write this at Great Falls, Montana, where the Air Force has just said goodbye and left us to begin a second chapter on our own. My companion is A. B. Guthrie, Jr., and he was airborne some forty-eight hours before we started by being awarded a Pulitzer Prize for a novel about the Oregon Trail, *The Way West*. We have flown the way west, the Oregon Trail, from Plattsmouth through South Pass to the Green River and back through the Pass again. From the eastern end we flew straight to Great Falls, a memorable interlude between chapters. The rest of our journey will be along the Missouri River, and not by air.

Traveling by military plane has become a commonplace for many civilians, and a flight from Washington to Great Falls in a converted B-25 is a microscopic event compared to the globe-girdling trips which so many writers have described. Comparatively, ours has been a trivial adventure but Mr. Guthrie and I have not found it trivial: yesterday's flight through the Pass and over the mountains which both of us have written about at great length was a concentrated and tremendous experience. We will need time to understand it and a longer time to determine its angle of incidence on our conceptions of Western history, but we already know that it is beyond price.

We came innocent and ignorant to the world of military aviation. All of it was absorbing, the system of clearances and reports which had us pinpointed throughout the flight and would have focused on us a search-mechanism almost incredible in its planned foresight if we had gone more than an hour unreported, the weather service which grounded us a couple of hundred miles short of a storm that it would have been inadvisable to cross, the complexly quiet attention paid the plane at fields where we landed, the two boys who flew it with casual mastery.

They most of all. I have known a good many military flyers but had never seen them at work. It was impressive but enough writers have analyzed that impressiveness and I will not try. What struck me most forcibly was the education they must have in order to fly at all for the Air Force: the expert knowledge of so many sciences and technologies that is the basis of their skill. Marveling at it, Mr. Guthrie remarked that he and I had outlived our world. Since he is a devotee of horses, which I assuredly am not, I consider that my adaptation to the automobile gives me a somewhat greater survival value. But it was humbling and rather ominous to observe the difficulty our pilots had in finding concepts sufficiently simple and familiar for the earthbound mind to understand, when asked to explain some phrase of their professional idiom or shop talk. They think in a world so alien that communication with ours must be by symbol and at a distance already great and rapidly increasing. With this to ponder on, it was touching to find that they both had history textbooks in the

plane and to observe their intentness when we fossils got off on our own shop talk. Both war veterans and both on full-time flying duty, they were taking night courses at the University of Maryland, and one of the courses was American history.

We left Bolling Field in a local thunder shower. We flew across the Alleghanies, which I reminded my companion were frontier history too, and over Fort Pitt, which was that and geopolitics as well, and on to Lake Erie. Put-in-Bay was military history and Camp Perry was personal military history, for I had spent five or six weeks there learning to use the now antique weapons of that other war. We quartered across Indiana and were to land at Des Moines to refuel. But there were violent gales ahead, eighty miles an hour or more at Des Moines, and instead we landed at O'Hare Field, a little northwest of Chicago. The ground-wind there was upward of fifty miles an hour and aloft it had been stronger; the boys had been handling the plane so smoothly that we had not known there was any wind and they had seen no reason to tell us. (Planes I have traveled on were violently shaken about by much gentler winds, and there is some technical explanation but when one of our pilots tried to make me understand it my earthbound mind could not take it in.) We had expected to be much farther west by evening but no planes left O'Hare Field that afternoon and we spent the night in Chicago.

But yesterday is what counts. The equator of the Missouri River, for historians of the frontier, is the mouth of the Platte River. When you were taking boats up the Missouri in fur trade days, you crossed a psychological border at the Platte, and you held ceremonies of celebration and propitiation. Neptune did not come aboard but darker and more frightening gods did. Now you were an upriver man, you had joined the company of the most resolute and bold, you would be a mountain man. There have been those unmarked boundaries along all our frontiers, at Grand Portage, for instance; the lesser breed turned back there toward Montreal but the elect went on into the farther wilderness and would be *hivernans,* winterers.

But we were following a different breed of frontiersmen and a land trail, not a waterway. Wagon trains bound for Oregon sometimes jumped off from Plattsmouth but not till the later years of the emigration, and though we flew straight up the Platte we considered that we did not reach the Oregon Trail proper till just before Grand Island, where so many trains came angling in from the Blue River. And right there our new tool of historical research performed its first service, for we could make out what the island was and what it had been, which neither of us had ever been able to do from maps or on the ground. In a minute of flight the Air Force unlocked a mystery which we, being practical historians after all, had delicately avoided mentioning in our books. . . . And why is it that the local inhabitants never know their own geography? Sometimes you will be able to locate a local historian or antiquarian and he is the blessing of providence when you do, though he is likely to set you right with what seems extreme roughness. But no one ever knows the geography of his home town, still less the historical geography. Last year Mr. Guthrie did thoroughly what I once did superficially, he studied Grand Island on the spot, but he was unable to find anyone in the neighboring town of the same name who could answer the questions we answered easily from the plane. The book he is working on will be the better, courtesy of the Air Force.

The Oregon Trail is his story and I must not squat on his claim. We were flying above country thoroughly familiar to us both and the pilots came down from their favorite altitude, ten thousand feet, so that we were only some two thousand feet above the ground. We had wondered whether we could identify landmarks of the Trail from the air, which shows the innocence of the earthbound mind for we knew how sharply a silo stands out and remembered that we knew as soon as we saw our first objective, Courthouse Rock. It was of course sharply silhouetted, unmistakable, identifiable at sight. Two minutes later we passed Chimney Rock and got a vivid lesson in the relativity of plains travel. Courthouse Rock and Chimney Rock were favorite camping places for the emigrant trains: they were a laborious day's journey apart and we had come a day in two minutes.

Here was an equation in time scales, one which we kept on repeating as the creeks and buttes flowed by beneath us and we checked them off against the journals of trade caravans and emigrant trains in our minds. Time in relation to geography—an alert sense of that relationship and ability to use its implications are necessities for any historian, and an hour and a half by plane gave me an additional set of calculations. They add a new dimension of reference or appraisal; they refine the familiar instrument and make it more precise. I had traveled this country by car, on horseback, and on foot, but the seamless dome of the sky bound all the relationships together and unified them. Let Scott's Bluff illustrate another new instrument. Both of us had pretty exhaustively covered this area, which is one of the focal points of the Trail experience. We had its geography well in mind, together with the records of many parties that had had to find their way across or around it. But now we saw it as a whole, all the sharp-sided gullies, all the cliffs, all the dead-ends, all the passes—all the possible routes and the routes that had seemed possible but turned out not to be. We saw the problem of that passage instantaneously and as a whole, as we had not been able to put it together part by part. It was a new way into the substance of history, the experience of our characters. It was dramatic for us but the point is that, again, the view from the air refines and makes more exact the reconstruction of the past; it strengthens the historical imagination. And flight as a research tool also confirmed the historical imagination by visualizing in the space of a few minutes the transition from the High Plains to the badlands country, and by giving the Coasts of the Nebraska, the shallow valley through which the Platte flows, a coherence that neither of us has ever been able to perceive from the highway.

South Pass is my story but this is not the place to tell it. The aerial research-instrument served us well here. We were above known ground, had examined it minutely, had read all the journals and all the surveys, had written painstaking studies of it. It was like flying above a map we had ourselves drawn. But as we flew through the Pass a second time, with the new images of the westward flight superimposed on the map, both of us were simultaneously aware of an incongruity and wondered aloud why the emigrant trail crossed from the Little Sandy to the Big Sandy. The question had never risen in our minds as students or as motorists, so far as we could remember no historian had ever asked it, but from the air we could see that it was a question which must be asked and answered. Why not stick to the Little Sandy? We didn't know, so far as we could tell without our notes no one knows, and we have got to find out. It means a dreary research but the Air Force had impelled us into historical criticism. Mr. Guthrie needs to find out before I do; since we have declared this expedition a co-partnership, I will be able to coast while he labors.

We had been afraid that the Pass might be deep with snow. It wasn't; though the distances seemed an unbroken white, actually there were only isolated and usually small patches of snow and we recognized everything, down to stretches where the ruts of the old trail still show. To the north the Wind River Mountains showed the abrupt termination in diminishing pyramids which determined that the Great Divide should be crossed just here. From the air they are even more visibly than from the ground the backbone of the continent. Clouds boiled up the canyons that gash their sides and joined the still, luminous gray curtain that cut off their summits. They were the Great Wall of the West, history had flowed round them in the channels they forced it into, and as the sun through broken clouds momentarily picked out immense abutments which were at once hidden again behind floating striations of gray and black, they seemed a striking symbol of the westward passage of our countrymen to which Bud Guthrie and I have devoted our lives.

We passed them and turned north, above the Wind River and its junction with the Popo Agie that makes it the Big Horn. Below us was the site of events we have both used and, the principal objective of the trip achieved, I felt a sudden release from tension and realized that I had been under strong excitement. Now my mind fell away into reverie. I had wondered whether the speed which telescopes days into minutes and the lifelessness of great height might not dilute the historical reality, might

not lessen or diminish the experience of plains travel that has long been as vital to me as my own life and sometimes more so. Quite the contrary: it had been intensified, I believe for good. Independence Rock to Green River, Tom Fitzpatrick or Narcissa Whitman or the strained, anxious, tired people of the wagon trains, I was with them more completely than I had ever been before. The short, tremendous passage had timed my pulse to theirs more identically, and the Air Force had given me, as a historian, an experience that was climactic and inestimable.

One of our pilots had let me have his seat in the nose, while he stood behind his partner and with the reflexes of the new breed he belongs to chose a route along the invisibly charted highways of the air. There was that feeling of immobilization, of standing still in emptiness above a world that drifted its monuments toward us. We were steady at 11,000 feet and the pain of height was in my ears. To the westward the Wind Rivers were now hung with rain, gauzes that shimmered black and gray and yellow and pale green. East and northeast blue immensities were blurred by the broken light but not so much so that they were not unmistakably the Big Horns. Beneath us was an eroded tableland of gullies, whalebacks, flattened ridges, shapes without form, which I had known from below as summits supported by columned buttes. We traveled by no path possible to my thinking till now. Thermopolis was at our right and I could look straight up the narrow canyon of the Big Horn I drove through four years ago. As we turned more to the west the full sun came out and now it was not the Wind Rivers at our left but the Absarokas, gigantic and almost free of clouds, laved with the full spectrum of pure, cleansed colors. I could pick out familiar peaks and canyons, highways I had driven, Cody, Greybull, the Shoshone River that used to be less elegantly the Stinkingwater, the Stillwater, the Yellowstone.

It was here, with the familiar Egyptian frieze of Yellowstone Valley below me and the Absarokas making the westward curve back of my left shoulder, that I got, belatedly, a sense of the speed we had been traveling and still were. The lieutenant figured our ground speed for me at about 220 miles an hour, but the figures are mere digits and carry no charge from the reality. We were flying Montana; its mountain ranges, valleys, river courses, and highways were in my mind as map knowledge and in my memory as experience. But we were taking the crosslots of the sky, our motionless velocity was from here to there, across ridges I had often had to drive fifty miles to double and fifty more to get back and make my landfall. The wheat country came at us, strip-cropped in endlessly repeated oblongs or showing the S-curves of contour plowing. Sometimes a pastel color would mean a strip of clover that had already come up. Then rain squalls ringed us in a vast circle and all the light turned green. One swept toward us and the captain had us fasten our belts but he flew round it without a bump.

Ahead of us was an unmistakable fold and fissure: a canyon of the Missouri River. When we turned back from the Green the captain had said that we would make Great Falls at about 4:00 P. M. It was six minutes to four when the smelter stack showed dead ahead and we could see the landing field. We had left Chicago at 8:00 A. M. . . . Curtains of rain were closing in again when we let down. The captain said automatically, "Damnedest roughest runway in the United States," and just as automatically the lieutenant said, "Forgot you had three wheels, didn't you?" They were speaking the raillery of their trade, in the idiom and out of the thinking of the new world. The plane stopped at the administration building and our venture in that world was over, behind us, pure sensation still, to be worked into our understanding, over a long time. Though still suffused with the tremendous, we were back in our own world. In our own world we climbed down out of the bomber and ran through a gust of rain to the edge of the airstrip, where friends were waiting.

The Predicament of the Tolerant

Horace M. Kallen

Free society, as modern men think it, is a recent and precarious pattern of human association. Although it has become a global ideal, it is embodied in institutions, channeled in folkways and mores, and expressed in law among a relatively small proportion of the human family.

A society is free when freedom is central to the means, the methods, and the ends of its members. The generic assumption of such a society is that human beings are different from one another, and that as different they are equal in their rights freely to believe, to inquire, to think, to speak, to write, to read, to listen or not to listen, to work, to play, alone or in companies of their own choosing. A free society is characterized by free enterprise in all things spiritual and material, especially spiritual; its first freedom from which all others derive is freedom of the mind.

Hence, in a free society, the credentials of an idea, principle, or program are not *who* thinks it, nor *what* it is, but *how* it is established and warranted in equal, open competition with alternatives offering to do the same job better. Truth accrues to it, not by attribution from some absolute and exclusive authority claiming to be infallible, but as an experimental achievement, in honorable competition with its different challengers. As John Stuart Mill urged nearly a hundred years ago, most warranted beliefs stay so only as they keep open to disproof. The one certainty we have, even of mathematical axioms, is the failure of disproof. Freedom to disprove is the insurance of certainty. No belief, hence, can rely for its truth on its self-evidence, or on its authoritarian assertion, or on suppressing, persecuting, or destroying the alternatives to it. Where such reliance is involved, truth is made a parasite on force; it is prevented from establishing itself by its own powers with its own works. To do the latter, it must accept the rivalry of the different on equal terms and do the same job better than its rivals; it must refuse handicaps and privileges. A free world of ideas cannot justly have pets or favorites, whether in religion, politics, business, art, or science, and remain free.

The ways of a free society are, it follows, to safeguard the right to be different by insuring equal liberty for the little with the great, the weak with the strong, the heretic with the orthodox, the new with the old, the variant with the conformed. They will be ways of change in which majorities become minorities without any loss of rights or freedoms; minorities become majorities without any accrual of privilege or power. The safety of freedom consists in the numbers and diversity of the free. The unity of a free society is created by the union of the different—*e pluribus unum*. Its wholeness will be that of free

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inner orchestration. External authority seeking to set up totalitarian conformations will be always a foreign body that it must either assimilate or excrete. As Alvin Johnson wrote back in 1940: "Totalitarianism acknowledges no limits. It can never be secure so long as liberty survives in any corner of the world."

II

What I have just set down already presents the predicament of free society with respect to tolerance. Everywhere on the globe we note, as indwellers of the more inclusive greater Society of Tolerance, authoritarian communities whose faiths and works call for an aggressive intolerance toward tolerance. And the globe itself is currently divided into two worlds, one centered upon a power which builds and defends itself by means of intolerance, and the other upon a power whose working principle is tolerance. But among the foreign allies of this society of tolerance are powers whose vital principle is intolerance.

That principle is of ancient and aristocratic lineage. It is the principle of the oldest as well as the most recent of the globe's great authoritarian powers, whether secular or sacerdotal. Until the democratic revolution its faithful have been able to exercise preponderant force everywhere in the world, claiming for it a legitimacy fathered on metaphysical sanction or divine right. Consider the doctrinal and political shifts of such societies as Russia, Rumania, Poland, Bulgaria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, South Germany, Austria, Italy. Their intervals of tolerance have been transitory. Only a few lucky regions of Europe—such as England—have, over the much briefer period since that democratic revolution, been able to implement tolerance as a living faith, confirmed by works.

And even in America the pioneers were by no means unanimous in accepting tolerance as a way of life. The privileged and powerful feared the free mind and the free conscience and their free expression as they feared little else, and that fear has remained a heritage of unfreedom which takes possession of men in power. It confuses their reason and blinds their wills at times when their responsibilities most require clear thinking and enlightened action. Each generation has known some panic outcries and hysterical conduct evincing anew the defeatism of the Alien and Sedition laws of the 1790's, which were a creation of that fear of freedom.

On the other hand, when Thomas Jefferson succeeded to the Presidency, he advised the nation in his great First Inaugural: "If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this union, or change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." And during his entire administration and all his life thereafter, in spite of the most vicious provocation, he trusted the freedom of thought which is the fighting strength of the society of tolerance and won his fellow-citizens to committing themselves to its ways.

Somehow, faith in this freedom has come to dominance in the nation's spirit. Indeed, it might be said that the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which the General Assembly of the United Nations adopted on December 10, 1948, offers this faith in the equal liberty of the unlike to be the common religion of mankind. Should it ever become embodied in the ways and works of the peoples of the earth, it would establish them as a global society of tolerance.

III

In so inclusive a society there could not help being many varieties of lesser associations (as is, indeed, the case in the United Nations) whose structure is totalitarian and hierarchical and whose vital principle is intolerance. How, on what terms, can such societies live and move and have their being in a society of tolerance? On what terms do such societies in fact live in any society of tolerance?

The logic of the problem is clear enough. In the course of a long history of conflict and adjustment between secular and sacerdotal societies it has been pointed up, again and again, by spokesmen of the sacerdotal interest. "So far as heretics are concerned," wrote St. Thomas Aquinas, "heresy is a sin by which they have deserved not only to be separated from the church by excommunication, but also to be put out of the world by death." In a more inclusive statement St. Augustine de-

cleared, in *The City of God,* "That persecution is wrong which unbelieving men inflict upon the Church of Christ, but that persecution is right which the Churches of Christ inflict upon unbelieving men." Louis Veuillot, writing fourteen and a half centuries later, and addressing himself to champions of tolerance both within and without his church, squarely defined the predicament of every society of tolerance. He stigmatized the terms of this tolerance—the freedoms of thought, inquiry, belief, expression, and communication—as "the liberal illusion," and he advised the holders of this illusion: "Upon your principles you are bound to tolerate us; upon ours we are right to persecute you." That is, if the tolerant tolerated the intolerant, the latter would put an end to tolerance; if they suppressed the intolerant, they would themselves put an end to tolerance. In either case, tolerance would be *kaput.*

One exposition of the predicament was made to Americans by the late Monsignor John A. Ryan. "A state that is favorable to religion," he asserts in his *Catholic Principles of Politics,* "cannot foster all religions on equal terms." It is bound to "recognize the true religion. This means the form of religion professed by the Catholic faith." All others would be proscribed, since "error has not the same right as truth." Therefore Catholic truth claims from American government, as Pope Leo XIII wrote in his encyclical on Catholicity in the United States, "the favor of the laws and the patronage of public authority." Since, however, the communicants of this church are still a religious minority, its hierarchy will concede to the Constitution and suffer others' errors alongside their own truth. But, adds Father Ryan, "constitutions can be changed, and non-Catholic sects may decline to such a point that their political proscription may become feasible and expedient." Once a Catholic majority is created, it "could not permit non-Catholic sects to carry on general propaganda, nor accord their organization certain privileges that had formerly extended to all religious corporations. . . ." Many American non-Catholics have been alarmed by the threat to the principle and practice of toleration embodied in this statement: according to Dr. George N. Shuster, American Catholics, too, have been "deeply shocked," and Monsignor Ryan's views "are now given little if any support," though "Catholic moral teaching on the major issues has not been made sufficiently explicit." Yet in any case the statement throws into sharp relief the dilemma of tolerance. For non-Catholics could not undertake to suppress Catholics as a danger to free society or as an enemy to tolerance without violating their own principle of private judgment—*i.e.,* of tolerance.

IV

At the moment, no instance of the predicament of tolerance is so vexatious, so confusing, so fertile of wild anxieties as that in which the communists have put us. In so far as we hold the world to be divided we also hold them to be the willful cause of the division. We are at war with them on all fronts but a battlefront.

Such are the tensions produced by this war that although the United States is the strongest, the best-informed, the richest, the freest, and the most stable of the nations of the world, too many of its agents and spokesmen —including persons whose own hands are not clean—speak and act as if their country were the weakest, the most deceived and endangered, the most impoverished and servilized. It is not upon the genuine unfriendly power abroad that their fears turn. Short of war, that is more or less out of reach. Their fears turn most readily upon the servants of that foreign power here at home—and also, indiscriminately, upon the honorably democratic, independent-minded Americans who are too little or too poor or friendless to be able to defend their loyalty and liberty effectively against secret and irresponsible accusation. In their ardor to hunt down subversion, some hunters have degraded freedom of association into a form of wickedness; others violate the law they have sworn to protect; others demand of teachers that they shall neither seek the truth nor communicate it. Others demand that public servants shall segregate themselves into ghettos where they may eat and sleep uncontaminated by any ideas different from those of the Un-American Committeemen, the American Legion, the Ku Klux Klan, the DAR, or the secret police. Still others emulate a policy now known to have been falsely attributed to the ostrich,

and identify security with concealment instead of with strength. All these fantasies of opinion and action are part of an associative complex whose nucleus is the word "communist" or one of its substitutes.

And it is true that there are in the country men and women committed to the service of intolerance as implemented by a foreign power defining itself as communist, living under a discipline and conforming to a doctrine defined by Lenin and implemented by Stalin. "Liberty," Lenin asserted, "is precious, so precious we must ration it. . . . All phrases about equal rights are nonsense. . . . The Communists must be prepared to make every sacrifice, and if necessary, even resort to all sorts of cunning, schemes, and stratagems, to employ illegal methods to evade and conceal the truth, in order to penetrate into the trade unions, to remain in them, and conduct the communist work in them at all costs. . . . There are no morals in politics; there is only expediency. . . . If war is waged by the proletariat after it has conquered the bourgeoisie in its own country, and is waged with the object of strengthening and extending socialism, such a war is legitimate and holy."

So it comes about that some Communists secretly infiltrate trade unions; others, the public service; others, the nation's schools; others, its arts and letters. When they are brought to book, they assert that the laws of our society of tolerance protect them in their enterprises against tolerance. They acquiesce in the judgment of the courts when it is directed against beliefs they reject, as when Trotskyites were tried and convicted in Minneapolis under the Smith Act; they denounce that same Act as fascist and the trial a miscarriage of justice, when under it their own leaders are convicted on the same charge. They demand for themselves that protection of the law on our principles which they refuse to others on their own. And they have been causing a great commotion; they have brought on what at the end of the first world war was called a red hysteria.

Yet communist practices appear, when analyzed with respect to the commotion they occasion, so entirely too insignificant to account for the commotion, that one cannot help thinking of Dr. Samuel Johnson's definition of patriotism. For the nation stands secure in its strength of tolerance. Our courts abate not a jot or tittle of the equal liberties granted the intolerant, and the Supreme Court keeps a steady though not consistent watch over the basic rights which contribute the dynamic nucleus of tolerance.*

In this country, voluntary societies like the American Civil Liberties Union hold fast the vital center of freedom and defend it alike in the person of the unspeakable Terminiello of the obscene right and the person of the unpalatable Paul Robeson of the blatant left. In the academic world, institutions of higher learning as diverse as the Jefferson Military College in Texas, Lafayette College in Pennsylvania, and Harvard University in Massachusetts refuse to trade their heritage of academic freedom for dollars of oppression and intolerance. Grenville Clark, replying to an intolerant alumnus for the Harvard Corporation, quoted Charles William Eliot's inaugural address of the year 1869: "A university . . . above all must be free. The winnowing breeze of freedom must blow through all its chambers. This university aspires to serve the nation by training men to intellectual honesty and independence of mind. The Corporation leaves them [the teachers] like their pupils free."

In Japan General MacArthur, as the representative of our society of tolerance, released the Communists whom the fascist masters of the Japanese had had thrown into prison, and restored to equal liberty under the law the Japanese Communist party which the fascist imperialists of that country had declared illegal and banned. Under the freedom of the laws, the Communist party of Japan recruited a membership of 150,000; they added, in the 1949 elections, thirty-one to the four representatives they had formerly elected to the Diet. They took every advantage of the rule of tolerance to advance their theory and practice of intolerance. The people of Japan, however, rejected them, and in July of last year General MacArthur felt forced to raise the question whether the Communists should

* See Mr. Justice Jackson's dissent in the 4-3 decision in the Knauff case, which upheld the power of the Attorney General to exclude an alien without a hearing. "Security," wrote the Justice, "is like liberty in that many are the crimes committed in its name. The menace to the security of this country, be it great as it may be from this girl's admission, is as nothing compared to the menace inherent in procedures of this pattern."

be given the "validity of sanction and protection of the law." They had confronted him with the predicament of the society of tolerance, but they continue to enjoy the equal liberty which such a society affirms for all.*

The point is that freedom is the *sine qua non* of intellectual honesty and independence of mind. Intolerance, demands for conformation, are necessarily their foes. Where an institution—be it a university, a corporation, a church, a state, or a learned society—penalizes variance, it converts opinion into dogma, the search for truth into the iteration of creed, and honesty into hypocrisy.

V

Shall then a free society tolerate only those who are not themselves intolerant? This was the issue presented to the world of letters by *l'affaire Ezra Pound.* This is the issue which the Roman Catholic hierarchy presents in requiring the screen, the stage, the press to conform to its dogmas regarding marriage, divorce, birth control, and the exemption of persons in authority from ridicule. This is the issue which the censors of Memphis, Tennessee, present in barring the film, "Curley," on the ground that "the South does not permit Negroes in white schools, nor recognize social equality between the races, even in children."

In the chapter from *The God that Failed* that appeared in the November *Harper's,* Ignazio Silone tells how he turned from the infallibility of communism to the hazards of tolerance after he had seen in Russia the ways and works of that faith. "Liberty," he once explained to an editor in the Soviet publishing trust, "is the possibility of doubting, the possibility of making a mistake, the possibility of saying 'no' to any authority—literary, artistic, philosophic, religious, social, and even political."

"But that," the horrified editor replied, "is counter-revolution." Tolerance is "counter-revolution." It is having, under the protection of the laws, the right to be wrong even about tolerance. That the law, so conceived and so administered, protects threats to the very existence of tolerance; that it extends a suicidal invitation to its enemy to use it as the means of its own extinction, those to whom freedom is the fighting faith well know. They accept the risk. They choose to bet on their power to contain the enemy on their terms, rather than to guarantee their own survival on the enemy's terms.

The late Mr. Justice Holmes was speaking for them when he declared in the famous opinion involving communist propagandists: "If there is any principle of the constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other, it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought that we hate."

This is the opinion which designated a conception by which a free society might properly set limits to toleration. It was in this same opinion that the Justice declared: "I think that we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country."

VI

There we have the principle of "the clear and present danger" which has entered into the tradition of our society of tolerance, and is a more or less pervading component of its climate of opinion. Unhappily, "clear and present danger" is as much

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* Since this article was written, General MacArthur has found it necessary sharply to call the attention of the people of Japan to the dilemma in which intolerance places tolerance. His statement on the occasion of the third anniversary of the Japanese Constitution concluded as follows:

"The issue is therefore clear and unequivocal—how far may the fundamental human rights be exercised unabridged without becoming the instrument of their own destruction? It is an issue which confronts all free peoples, forewarned that others have lost their liberties because, blindly following an ideal, they have failed to see the dangers inherent in reality. While it is the universal desire of all free men to preserve unabridged the exercise of their personal liberties, there is thus an issue projected into every law-abiding society which may not be ignored without hazarding the survival of liberty itself. I have the utmost faith that should coming events presage the need for definitive action here to preserve the public welfare against the destructive potential of this form of insidious attack, the Japanese people will proceed with wisdom, serenity, and justice, without failing the integrity of their Constitution."

an ambiguity as tolerance is a predicament. The Supreme Court itself divides—as in the Terminiello case—on the applicability of the concept. And each public agency, each private organization makes its own specification. Perhaps the import of that specification must be its consequences to the strength and range of tolerance itself. Just as no man may lawfully contract himself into servitude—since such a contract, as John Stuart Mill says, is an abdication of liberty, an end to it—so no action taken on a judgment of "clear and present danger" in order to limit tolerance can be acceptable which renders unlikely or impossible the persistence, the spread, and the strengthening of tolerance.

In the end, where can the decision be but in the will and wisdom of the actor, as these are formed by education, guided by reason, and sustained by an indomitable belief in tolerance? These, however, seem to be functions of a social atmosphere, a climate of opinion, a consensus, in which tolerance has become dominant. But again, social atmosphere, climate, and consensus are creations of a firm belief, embodied in works, among people who are different from each other and have learned to live together with each other in equal liberty, also for the intolerant. So the circle comes full swing and swings us back to the predicament which seems constitutive in societies of tolerance.

I do not know of any device of law or government which can save the society of tolerance from its predicament and still keep it a society of tolerance. In action, a free society always hazards its future on a faith which does not guarantee the outcome in advance. Faiths, William James tells us in *The Varieties of Religious Experience,* are hypotheses and may not make "rationalistic and authoritative pretensions." There is "no scientific or other method by which men can steer safely between the opposite dangers of believing too little or too much." This is the predicament of all belief. It is particularly the predicament of belief in tolerance.

Citizens of a society like ours, which is grounded in this faith, must needs live with this predicament as the condition of their freedom. The price of their liberty is not only the well-known eternal vigilance; it is also the courage which Plato calls wisdom concerning dangers.

Subway

GILBERT HIGHET

The enemy, the stranger, and the fool
enter the rattling cage to be alone,
worrying their way through artificial night.

Miss Rizzi with the book resumes her trite
pursuit of art. With troubles of his own,
Frank Flanahan plans to burn down the school.
The lovely Marguerite, debauched and cool,
thinks of betrayal on the telephone.
Old Mrs. Glick trembles with chronic fright.

Before the squirrel-cage has whirled another
dutiful round, one will betray his brother,
one sell a gift, one take the worst decision.
The iron pulse, with clinical precision,
travels the veins of the rock-hearted mother.



Mencken and the Twenties

William Manchester

With Decorations
Characteristic of the Era
by John Held Jr.

LATE summer, 1918. In an officer's club full of smoke, conversation, and rattling newspapers, Lieutenant F. Scott Fitzgerald worked away at *The Romantic Egotist,* preparing another chapter for shipment to his Princeton typist. . . .

In a jammed little Italian hospital, young Ernest Hemingway shifted his smashed leg and reread the slip of paper on which a British officer had written for him: "By my troth, I care not: a man can die but once; we owe God a death . . . and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next. . . ."

At Chaumont, France, Sergeant Edmund Wilson stuck pins in G.H.Q. maps and reread *A Book of Prefaces.* . . . E. E. Cummings sweltered in a French concentration camp. . . . Private John Dos Passos of the U. S. Medical Corps, notebook in hand, wearily traced his newsreel of death and terror back through the years in Italy, at Verdun. . . .

Late summer, 1918.

In Baltimore, that morning's *Sun* had carried five and a half columns of death notices, and even now, as twilight deepened, the mournful roll of army trucks could be heard outside, carrying the day's dead to outlying cemeteries. The great influenza epidemic of 1918–19 was at its height. The week's toll for the city approached fifteen hundred.

But if the disheveled man upstairs at 1524 Hollins Street noted this, or even heard the muffled rumbling outside, there was no indication. Hunched over his tiny portable, hands well scrubbed, he studied the blank sheet before him. Restive, he glanced at the completed typescript on the pivotal bookcase, then swigged lustily from the glass of tap water beside him. Now the last truck rolled down Lombard Street into the gathering darkness. Now the house lay quiet beneath him. Now he pulled long and heavily at the cigar in his well-muscled jaw, the lengthening ash approaching his face at a quarter-inch clip. And now two fingers shot out toward the waiting keyboard.

> The aim of this book is best exhibited by describing its origin. I am, and have been since early manhood, an editor of newspapers, magazines, and books, and a critic of the last named. These occupations have forced me into a pretty wide familiarity with current literature, both periodical and between covers, and in particular with the current literature of England and America. . . .

Wounded on Okinawa, Marine Corps Sergeant Manchester studied the writings of H. L. Mencken as convalescence fare. Now a reporter on the Baltimore Sun, *he has written* Disturber of the Peace, *a biography of Mencken which will be published next year.*

He stopped, swore softly, and, laying the cigar aside, wrote *"into a familiarity* with the current literature" over the line. Then, settling back, he wrote on.

> . . . It was part of my daily work, for a good many years, to read the principal English newspapers and reviews; it has been part of my work, all that time, to read the more important English novels, essays, poetry, and criticism. An American born and bred, I early noted, as everyone in like case must note, certain salient differences between the English of England and the English of America as practically spoken and written—differences in vocabulary, in syntax, in grammar. . . .

He had been greatly interested in these differences for over a decade. Words of the vulgate, words with which to spice his reviews and columns, had become a sort of hobby, and shortly after the establishment of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* it had occurred to him that others might have a like interest. Stuck one afternoon for a column to plug the editorial page he wrote "The Two Englishes." The subject proved surprisingly popular. Early in 1914 he actually wrote Ellery Sedgwick, asking an opinion on the *Atlantic Monthly's* hospitality toward an article "on certain peculiarities of the American language." Some time in late 1915 or early 1916 he wrote a long article and now he was rewriting it into book form. In the beginning the work was desultory, but as the summer came on he sank into a sort of pedagogical coma. He had, in his furious manner, wolfed down most of the existing books on the subject, and as autumn neared he traveled far into the lands of scholarship, exploring the wherefores of the nation's language: the historical move to the West; the preservation of Elizabethan verve in speech and the paralleling triumph of Puritan dogmatism in England; the development of Americanisms; the powerful influence of regionalism on American speechways. On October 14 he had finished the draft of his text. The following year *The American Language* was published.

The impact of the book was terrific. With one powerful stroke H. L. Mencken had hewed in half the umbilical cord which philologically bound this nation to England. Later strokes were to come—and he was to deliver them—but the immediate effect of that first edition, coming as it did with the dying echoes of rifle fire in France, was tremendous. Even the pedagogues were stirred. The New York *Sun,* alarmed, asked, "Can English be saved?" "Never," said the *New Republic,* "has the flourishing personality of H. L. Mencken been so happily exercised as in this big book on the living speech of America." In the circles where language is written and taught, the battle was on. Nor did the storm blow over; as late as the fall of 1924 a convention of the National Council of Teachers in St. Louis resounded with denunciations of *The American Language.*

Mencken was astonished. He had conceived the book as an innocuous diversion during troubled times; once it was off his hands, he thought it "a heavy indigestible piece of cottage cheese. . . . I thus purge my blood of inherited pedantry." He heartily agreed with Alfred Knopf, his publisher, that so small a public awaited such a work that the edition should be limited to fifteen hundred copies. When the bookstores, their stock exhausted, demanded more; when the resale price soared from five dollars to ten dollars to twelve-fifty, he was bewildered. Why the uproar?

"I have never been a scholar and have never pretended to be one," he protested. "I'm just a sort of scout for scholars. I accumulated the material and tried to put it into a readable form, so people could understand it, and dug out of it whatever human juices there were, and there were plenty, and my hope and idea was that the material I had accumulated would be used by actual philologists." Information poured in from all over the world—notes for the revised work his correspondents were sure would follow—and Mencken, dazed and confused, began organizing against the new edition Knopf was trumpeting in New York. But he couldn't understand it. Something had happened.

II

Something had happened. A war had ended, but more: a new era had begun. The day of the American Protective League, of the war saboteurs, of Mencken's antipathy to the war President, the day when to be German was to be suspect—that day had passed. Its last vestiges were fading that



summer as the *Language* mail flooded Mencken; fewer were the parades down North Charles Street, with bayonets gleaming in the sun and the bands playing "There's a Long Long Trail A-Winding"; fewer were the flashes of khaki and French blue along Baltimore Street. A war had ended, but the nation's appetite for excitement had not, as the success of Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise* was presently to testify. Skirts were going up; young women were painting their faces and puffing defiantly, if awkwardly, on cigarettes; and on the horizon was heard the harsh, plaintive wail of the saxophone. Along the streets of many an American town a discharged soldier, haunted and lonely, tracked down an elusive job. It was 1919. The twenties were on the threshold—and so was H. L. Mencken.

Mencken voted for Harding the following November and sat back to enjoy the show. It looked like farce, and farce was to his taste. He voted for Harding—and then, through the few years that pathetic figure had to live, subjected him to a merciless and withering fire. On March 4, 1921, he rode over to Washington, and sat perched on a folding chair for the opening act of the comedy. Back in Baltimore that evening, he squatted before his littered desk, and began the overture: "No other such complete and dreadful nitwit is to be found in the pages of American history. . . ."

That year the lines were drawn. All over the nation the forces of ignorance rallied to put down the threatening insurrection they had successfully throttled during the war. The censors stripped off their masks. In Knoxville, Tennessee, Miss Mary Boyce Temple advocated the suppression of *Rain*. She had, she admitted, never seen it, never read it—had, in fact, never heard of Maugham's short story. But, "We of the D.A.R. and the United Daughters of the Confederacy have had the advantages of education and travel and have been prepared for such things. . . . It is our duty to protect those who have not had our advantages." On the floor of the Senate, Reed Smoot, of Utah, cried, "I would rather a child of mine take opium than read one of these books. . . . I would rather keep out a thousand, than have one mistake made."

But this time the revolt was not confined to the literati. Insurgents were popping up in almost every household, mascaraed, half dressed, and nicotine-besotted. Everywhere —ideologically, socially, sartorially—a generation was in revolt. Fanned by warmed-over war fevers, the alarm against the threatening revolution spread. Designers of the "moral garment" began their bizarre campaign for modest dress among women. Preachers took the stump for celibacy. And everywhere—in Centralia, Washington; Albany, New York; and South Braintree, Massachusetts—an indignant citizenry moved against the Reds. Something, quite definitely, had happened.

Mencken certainly did not approve of the younger generation. The new freedom of American women scandalized him quite as much as it did his neighbors. Companionate-marriage advocates, he felt, should be hanged. "I lament the spread of carnality in the fair republic," he wrote Burton Rascoe. "Even the great city of Washington, I hear, is full of fornicators." But the contest lured him, all the same, and his principal target, as always, was the established and accepted, not the new and insurgent. He had been opposed to the established order for too long to line up with it.

It was not a question of choosing sides.

There had always been just two sides: Mencken's and everyone else's. It never occurred to him that his fight against intolerance would be interpreted by the victims of that intolerance as a friendly act. Had anyone told him he would be considered radical by the Mary Boyce Temples and Reed Smoots, he would have agreed instantly; but had he known he would be considered a liberal by the young flappers in shortening skirts and their baggy-trousered escorts, he would have been amazed. Not even his friends thought any such thing in that first year of the Harding regime, and certainly he was far too busy to reflect on it himself.

Now the pages of the *Smart Set,* the magazine he and George Jean Nathan edited, were set humming with the accumulated horsepower of the war years. Free as he had never been before, liberated quite as much in his way as were the flappers in theirs, he let go one mighty blast after another, leveling, for his readers, everything which had been sacred. It was not revenge he sought: Mencken's compulsion was not that simple. Revenge implies a personal relationship which never existed between him and his enemies. His billingsgate was surely personal enough, but the motivation turned on an abstract hatred of what they represented, not a man-to-man dislike. He preferred, indeed, not to know his targets; better, he felt, they should remain to him the caricatures they became to his readers. He was, it seemed, afraid he might, knowing them, get to like them.

The end of the war meant more than a super-charged Mencken. It brought also a rechanneling of his energies. His prejudices—he began thus to describe his attitudes—broadened immensely. He began, as he wrote Carl Van Doren, to "sicken of belles-lettres" and became entranced with general imbecilities of the American people. He peered out across the country, took in every aspect of the developing era, and gloated. When Harold E. Stearns began the exodus of American intellectuals in 1922, Mencken obligingly wrote a section on politics for *Civilization in the United States;* yet he himself remained, "on the dock, wrapped in the flag, when the Young Intellectuals set sail."

> . . . Here, more than anywhere else that I know of or have ever heard of, the daily panorama of human existence . . . is so inordinately gross and preposterous . . . that only a man who was born with a petrified diaphragm can fail to laugh himself to sleep every night, and to awake every morning with all the eager, unflagging expectation of a Sunday-school superintendent touring the Paris peep-shows.

As the nation turned toward normalcy, Mencken greased his long idle bore, primed his high-explosive shells, sighted in, and . . .

WHAM!

"Wilson: the self-bamboozled Presbyterian, the right-thinker, the great moral statesman, the perfect model of a Christian cad."

WHAM!

"In so foul a nest of imprisoned and fermenting sex as the United States, plain fornication becomes a mark of relative decency."

WHAM!

"The mob delight in melodramatic spectacles, thus constantly fed and fostered by the judicial arm of the United States, is also at the bottom of another familiar American phenomenon, to wit, lynching."

WHAM!

"It is still socially dangerous for an American man to have the reputation of being vir-



tuous. Theoretically, he who preserves his chemical purity in the face of all temptations is a noble and upright fellow and the delight of the heavenly hierarchy; actually, he is laughed at by women and viewed with contempt by men."

WHAM!

"All government, in its essence, is a conspiracy against the superior man: its one permanent object is to oppress him and cripple him."

WHAM!

"On the evening of that same day that an American Legionary has his wages reduced to 40 per cent and his hours of labor increased 25 per cent, he goes out at his own risk and expense and helps to tar and feather some visionary who tries to convince him he has been swindled."

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

LIKE a great peal of thunder, his invective rolled across the nation and broke with a tremendous roar, sending the self-appointed policemen of our moral and political standards scampering about to see what was the matter. He lumped the Ku Klux Klan, the American Legion, the Anti-Saloon League, and the Department of Justice together—"all great engines of cultural propaganda"—and spread before them the proposition that the one way to find the truth of anything in America was to take a vote on it.



Criticism and progress, he had written a friend, "must be done boldly, and, to get a crowd, a bit cruelly." Certainly he was cruel enough. The crowd was not far behind. In the newspapers, in the pulpit, and from the lecture platform, he was denounced as a mangy ape, a dog, a weasel, a maggot, a ghoul, a jackal, a tadpole, a toad, a tiger, a howling hyena, a bilious buffoon, a cad, a British toady, a super-Boche of German *Kultur,* a cankerworm, a radical Red, and a reactionary. "Shocking," editorialized the Brooklyn *Eagle;* "Improper," said the Nashville *Banner;* "Insulting," wrote "Outraged" to the Chicago *Tribune.* A North Carolina woman cried, "Away with the inhibition of inferiority this clever Hebrew would wish upon us!" G. K. Chesterton summed him up as "a clever and bitter Jew in whom a real love of letters is everlastingly exasperated by the American love of cheap pathos and platitude." His philosophy, to believe Chesterton, was a sort of nihilistic pride which belongs "to a man with a sensitive race and a dead religion."* In Chicago a college professor demanded of his simpering class, "Cannot America produce someone who will knock Mr. Mencken into a cocked hat, or at least smack his sassy face?"

In the midst of all this pother, Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate of Great Britain and a philologist, arrived in New York to take a chair at the University of Michigan as professor of English poetry. He was received by an august deputation from the American Institute and the American Academy of Arts and Letters at the dock, seen to his quarters, and asked, as a point of etiquette, if there were any names he cared to add to a prepared list of greeters. Bridges waved away the lists. "The only man I want to meet in America," he said, "is H. L. Mencken." As Burton Rascoe noted, from the expressions on the

* The delusion that Mencken was Jewish persisted throughout the decade, and he did nothing to correct it. He was, for many years, listed in the Jewish *Who's Who* and was seized with a fit of mirth whenever the book came out.

hosts' faces, Bridges might just as well have said, "I am badly in need of a whore. Will you please get me one for the night?"

III

The medal had another side. The very violence of the attack on Mencken stemmed from concern over his widening and sympathetic audience, and if he had more vilifiers than ever he certainly had more admirers. The editors of the *Liberator* and the *Yale Review,* for whom Mencken had never before existed, now quoted his praise of them freely; the *New Republic,* despite editorial disclaimers, was delighted to get his copy; Villard's *Nation* made him contributing editor, with no duties beyond holding the title. A swarm of writers hustled to review his precepts—Vincent O'Sullivan in the *Mercure de France;* Frank Harris in *Pearson's Magazine;* Lawrence Gilman in the *North American Review;* Percy Boynton in *Freeman;* J. E. Spingarn in the London *Nation;* Ernest Boyd in the *Athenaeum* and *Freeman;* and Edmund Wilson in *Dial* and the *New Republic.*

Why the hubbub? Had Mencken changed so greatly? He had not. He was, as noted, bolder than before, but neither his style nor his basic tenets had shifted appreciably since 1908. It was intellectual America which had changed. Just as the Civil War had directed all the reform movements of the 1840's and 1850's into a crusade against slavery and secession, so had the war just past channeled the idealism of Roosevelt and Wilson into a noble battle for democracy. When the defeat of the League of Nations—"the old Peruna bottle," Mencken called it—came, and the wartime patriotism turned into normalcy, the jailing of Debs, and the rewriting of schoolbooks to conform with the fiats of the Ku Klux Klan and the D.A.R., the reaction set in. Doughboys returned to a culture whose hero was Theodore Roosevelt, whose philosopher was William Jennings Bryan, whose high priest was Comstock, and whose religion was Don't. And they rebelled.

Thus did the twenties come to Mencken. The champion of intellectual unrest, of disillusion, he tapped this new vein with a flourish and a zeal which staggered the Philistines and brought the jaded literati flocking. In the gaudy-covered *Smart Set* and in his stream of books and magazine articles, they found their unspoken thoughts brilliantly couched. When he beheld, "sweeping the eye over the land . . . a culture that, like the national literature, is in three layers—the plutocracy on top, a vast mass of undifferentiated human blanks bossed by demagogues at bottom, and a forlorn *intelligentsia* gasping out a precarious life in between," the raccoon-coated aesthete saw himself perfectly described. When Mencken ascended to the levels "where ideas swish by and men pursue truth to grab her by the tail," the raccoon coat floated up with him. And when he cried, in his introduction to the revised *In Defense of Women,* "If I knew what was true, I'd be willing to sweat and strive for it, and maybe even to die for it to the tune of bugle blasts. But so far, I have not found it," the raccoon coat, mournfully sipping bathtub gin, sobbed, "Neither have I."

He was compared to Juvenal, Dryden, Swift, Voltaire, and, in the Glasgow *Herald,* to Sam Johnson. Overnight, it seemed, his fame became international. The Sydney, Australia, *Times* praised his honesty, the *Deutsche Rundschau* his satire, the Caracas, Venezuela, *El Universal* his power, and the Cartegena, Colombia, *El Porvenir* his erudition. Defenses of Mencken came from the famous—Hugh Walpole and Aldous Huxley—and from the obscure—a Chicago business man and an editorial writer on the Fargo, North Dakota, *Tribune.* He was translated into Spanish, German, Russian; in Moscow an article telling of his fight for Russian realism was accompanied by a sketch of a square-jawed giant bearing the caption, "H. L. Mencken." In Greenwich Village a red-haired girl gained great favor by announcing she had been sleeping with Mencken for six years.

All this delighted him, though he took it with small seriousness. The terrific publicity he welcomed as advertising—an author, he noted, was most admired by those who had not read him but had merely heard of him. In 1922 he began subscribing to Romeike's clipping service, carefully pasting the sheafs of newspaper articles in numbered scrapbooks. His audience he carefully cultivated. The name "H. L. Mencken" he cherished as a trademark; his friends were

advised that "Henry L." was proper only in indictments, income-tax returns, passports, "and other criminal documents." His early *Ventures into Verse* became something of a problem: the popularity of his first editions swept it into the first rank of rare books, and its harmless Kipling imitations, agreeable enough from an adolescent poet, became embarrassing to a famous critic. All requests for it, even from his closest friends, were turned aside with vague references to the bank vault where it was supposed to be kept. The *Sunday Sun,* when it began reprinting poems from it, received a cease-and-desist order from Hollins Street. In later years he strenuously protested that he never bought up copies in the second-hand book market, but at least one New York dealer who knew him remembers that he did. Inexplicably, one of the two copies in the Library of Congress disappeared.

As a celebrity, he was subjected to certain annoyances. He generally took them good-humoredly; even the spurious Greenwich Village mistress amused him, and the persistent reports of his coming marriage, always attendant on a bachelor's entrance into the limelight, delighted him. He usually admitted there was some truth to the story—in these years, there was none—or turned it off with protests that it had killed his chances with another "fair creature" whom he had wooed to the brink of the altar. ("After all," he told Joseph Hergesheimer, "it is hard to prove that one is *not* married. I'll have to hand her lawyers' transcripts from every parish register in the United States since the year 1886, when I attained to puberty.") There were many women in Mencken's life in these years, but their position was sharply defined and almost extra-human. They provided admirable decoration—bright, waxen figures who might stay only if they giggled appreciatively and kept their mouths shut—but they did not alter his flippant view of love and marriage.

IV

WHILE the storm raged about H. L. Mencken in many a far-flung pulpit, H. L. Mencken laid bricks and played with pet turtles. His back yard in Baltimore —that narrow stretch of ground between the rear door and the old pony stable—had become, late in the war, a sort of private pasture to which he might retire with his thoughts, and he was now engaged in throwing up a sturdy brick wall on either side to insure privacy. The wooden fence on the north side of the yard was first torn down, and Mencken, trowel in one hand and cement can beside him, dug into a pile of bricks while his mother watched anxiously from the window. With the thoroughness which touched everything he did, he took to dropping in evenings at nearby Linder's Saloon, the hang-out of Baltimore's bricklayers; now, with the information there gained, he went about the simple business of laying one brick on top of another.

At first he did the thing very badly. His square, chunky hands—bricklayer hands, they had told him down at Linder's—were forever getting in each other's way or beneath a falling brick and became, under this constant mauling, all but unfit for weekly piano playing. After a few weeks he got to be expert, however, and slowly the wall rose, solid and erect, not an inch out of line. Still he was unsatisfied. He decided to become fancy; Persian tiles were set into the brick, and a concrete fountain, his masterpiece, was lugged in from the back alley and installed. Visitors to Hollins Street were first shown the slackening of his convex waist, then led through the house to the back yard to see the fountain—"It actually works. Isn't that amazing?"—and the wall which would be standing "when the rest of Baltimore is dust," the long mass of bricks which was walling Mencken in and his neighbors out.

The turtles came in 1921, when his brother's dog Tessie, "fifteen years old, and a virgin," died. Mencken mournfully buried her in the yard, set a bronze plate in the wall overhead, and bought the new pets. Of an evening, before beginning the night's work, he would squat in the back yard with his prize, General Sawyer, escorting him in and out of his little pen. A month or so after his acquisition, and to the great embarrassment of his owner, General Sawyer scandalized the family by laying three eggs. Next day he was renamed Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy.

MENCKEN'S income had now stabilized at six thousand dollars a year, and much of it was sunk into improving the home he never intended to leave. In the early 1920's he had the house virtually rebuilt.

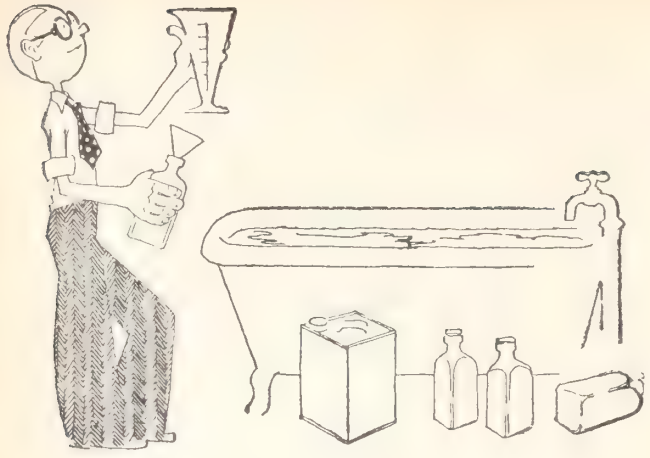
New floors were put in, a larger kitchen was built on, the heating system was replaced, every new appliance which would lessen the burden of housekeeping for his sister and mother was installed, and in the third-floor workroom a washstand appeared, to facilitate the furious hand-washing sessions which always punctuated an evening of writing. Mencken particularly admired new plumbing: "I wouldn't swap an American bathroom for the Acropolis," he wrote.

Anna Mencken, now in her sixties, erect and dignified, presided over the house as matriarch. All her sons, and particularly her eldest, adored her. After a stag party downstairs, before going to bed, he scrupulously swept the floor, dusted the furniture, and washed and dried the dishes that she might not be annoyed in the morning. To his everlasting amusement, both his sister and his mother maintained that he was like all writers—absent-minded, careless, and quite without ability to cope with the smaller businesses of life. "They never speak of my workroom save in terms of horror, though it is actually the most orderly room in the house. Weekly I am accused of having lost all my socks and handkerchiefs, though they are in my clothes-press all the while." Monthly, plans were made to organize his life, and he solemnly went along with the scheme, vowing to behave himself in the future—to keep a record of where he left his undershirts, to abstain from dropping cigar ashes on the floor, to keep the floor visible in his office. "On my death-bed, I daresay, I shall carry on the masquerade. That is to say, I shall swallow a clinical thermometer or two, upset my clam-broth over my counterpane, keep a ouija board and a set of dice under my pillow, and maybe, at the end, fall clumsily out of bed."

To the third floor each morning now came his secretary, Miss Alice B. Deering, crisp and neat, notebook and pencils in hand. His enormous correspondence and the self-imposed need for answering each letter, no matter how absurd, in the return mail had made her necessary. The study had changed little: all four walls were lined with books now, and pictures of James Branch Cabell, Bismarck, and Mencken's Leipzig ancestors—the product of two years' research by a firm specializing in tracing ancestry—stood behind his desk. The letters were shorter now, however close a friend the correspondent; there were too many, even with dictation. Otherwise, they had changed little. He voiced the usual imaginary physical complaints: a tumor had been dug out of his foot, he was off to St. Agnes Hospital to have a folded membrane in his rectum investigated, or, depressed, was merely shipping out samples of his urine to all known pathologists. (A note of desperation here: "I begin to believe that in the end, as the hearse approaches the crematory, I shall rise up and give three cheers.")



Preposterous flights of fancy had long been his chief refuge in moods of artistic depression; now he brought them up to date. He organized a spurious golf club, placed it near Richmond, had stationery printed, and recruited prominent Southerners to membership. The organization over, he sent out word that the club's pro—previously referred to only as "Sandy McTavish"—was a Negro. He spread the rumor that Knopf was investing his money in taxicabs, chrome yellow, with green stripes and purple spots and a douche bag in every cab. And when, during the course of the Fatty Arbuckle case, the history of Miss Rappe's bladder was spread throughout the



land, Mencken wrote all his friends he understood they were involved, asked them to write and tell him all about it, and promised, in any event, to do his best to keep their names out of the papers.

He made small concessions to fame. Invitations to speak—even a thirty-thousand-dollar, six-week lecture tour offer, made jointly to Mencken and Nathan—were spurned. In Baltimore he consented to appear twice yearly, at City College, a public high school, and at Goucher College for women, and then he agreed only with the understanding that the talks would approach the absolute in informality. His addresses at Goucher, which began in 1923, were advertised among the students as esoteric comments on this or that philosophy, but the topic was always the same: How to Catch Husbands. He treated such occasions far more lightly than the least of his family obligations. Life at home had stabilized for the first time since his father's death, and Mencken, a strong believer in the family circle, meant to see that the wants of each member were attended to. He brought them presents, held forth at the table, and entertained them with stories of the morons in New York. Once, he almost blew them up.

The explosion—it seems no exaggeration to call it that—came as the climax of a long series of events, directly connected with, and in flagrant violation of, the Eighteenth Amendment. The great drought, or, as Mencken was pleased to call it, the Horror, began on January 16, 1920, but his concern with it began long before that. To one so given to the pleasures of good liquors, the approach of the noble experiment loomed as a ghastly and indescribable thing. He kept mum in the *Smart Set,* unable to find words apt to the crime, and watched the distillers like a cat.

Presently he headed north to rally Nathan and Tom Smith of the *Century* for the trying days ahead. Smith hired the biggest automobile he could find in Greater New York, and he, Mencken, and Nathan toured the liquor stores systematically, buying everything in sight. Smith stocked his flat, Nathan his apartment, and Mencken, back in Baltimore, filled the house so completely "that the bottles clink every time I walk across the floor."

He did more. One corner of his cellar was set aside for wines, and he began at once to import the cheap synthetic stuff which already issued from Hoboken, New Jersey. In late January 1920 a Baltimore wine dealer went out of business, and Mencken, who arranged to be on hand at the right moment, bought up his stock of Rhine wine and French red wine labels. These were pasted on the Hoboken sewage, giving him a cellar with an imposing look, if a metallic taste. The Saturday and Sunday Night Clubs of his Baltimore friends met in joint session at Hollins Street to mourn the closing of the bars and debate the future. A rapid inventory disclosed they had enough gin to last two years and some seven hundred bottles of beer. They decided to go underground. Future meetings would be held at the homes of individual members, with shades drawn and each host responsible for the evening's refreshment. Did anyone know how to brew beer? Everyone looked at Mencken. He was the great hymner of Pilsner. Besides, he was a graduate of the Polytechnic where, someone vaguely suggested, you learned how to do things. Well, *did* he?

Sure, he blustered. Nothing simpler. Leave it to Heine. Forthwith he bought a vast number of bottles, retired to the kitchen, and began mixing and stirring, mixing and stirring. When the beer had fermented for what seemed a reasonable time, and after an examination by "Gustav Kabernagel, the well-known urinalysist," he bottled it and—this from a graduate of the Polytechnic, mind you—and put it *out in the back yard.* He had, his brother August told him later in a post-mortem, made two major mistakes: he had bottled it too soon and had left it precisely where the early summer sun would strike it most sharply. The day of the catastrophe, he

alerted all members of the club to be on hand for a swell treat. Later in the day, the first thirsty arrivals rang the bell by the old brass door-plate. As they entered the vestibule, a muffled thunder, followed by a tinny rattling, as of shrapnel, came from the back yard. Everyone flinched. Mencken stood motionless. Then, as he turned toward the inside of the house, another explosion followed, and then another, and then another. Hard by Tessie's memorial, a few feet from the wall fountain, all hell had broken loose. Everyone took cover; then, as the sounds of battle rolled away, August, wearing boxing gloves and carrying a screen before him, went out to investigate. The entire batch, except for a few bottles, was ruined. It was on this evidence that Mencken, in his memoirs, claimed, "I was, so far as I have been able to discover, the first man south of the Mason-Dixon Line to brew a drinkable home brew. . . ."

Steadily, his liquor stock dwindled, until in January 1922, after a devastating visit by Sinclair Lewis, he had touched bottom. No more did the bottles clink as he walked across the floor; indeed, it took long, awful minutes of persistent searching to turn up anything at all. Then it was he decided to build a *real* cellar, fit to cope with any emergency. Concrete, a foot thick, was poured; the walls were covered with skulls and crossbones, and on the door was written the legend: "WARNING: Tampering with this gate will release chlorine gas under 250 pounds pressure." In desperation, he spent his mornings building shelves inside and his afternoons decanting, filtering, doctoring, labeling, and tasting the precious little that was left.

Mencken contacted every reliable bootlegger in Baltimore and set up a satisfactory arrangement with a Philadelphia author for shipments of bathtub gin. He seemed to get a tremendous pleasure out of guarded telephone conversations with his suppliers, and went so far as to procure a false nose for security while trafficking with their agents. In the *Smart Set* and *Prejudices,* he waged a campaign to solve the problems of the human race by getting everyone gently stewed. The bootlegger became a mock hero to his readers. "Think of him," he wrote,

> creeping in his motorboat on Christmas Eve, risking his life that the greatest of Christian festivals may be celebrated in a Christian and respectable manner! Think of him soaked and freezing, facing his exile and its hardships uncomplainingly, that his mother may escape the poor farm, that his wife may have her operation for gall-stones, that his little children may be decently fed and clad, and go to school regularly, and learn the principles of Americanism! . . . On the roaring deep there are still men who are colossally he, and when the bugle calls they will not fail.

V

His formal adjustment from war to post-war tempo had come late in 1919, when he had rejoined the Baltimore *Sun*. Deeply hurt by the hands-off treatment he had received from the paper during the war, he spurned all overtures after the Armistice, including an offer to return full-time at one hundred fifty dollars a week—just three times his salary in 1916. He believed he had outgrown his old paper, and in this he was quite right. But powerful forces of habit were working on him, and his old cronies at the *Sun* were anxious to please. After some haggling, he agreed to act as general editorial adviser, with a fat retainer and the understanding his work would involve no more than a few hours a month. Successful in this, the *Sun* pressed him to write some articles. Mencken wobbled slightly; he was finally won over by the prospect of Wilson's retirement from the political scene and the consequent reversion of the *Sun* to an anti-administration organ, a role far more suited to Mencken's liking.

He began writing essays for the Monday editorial page of the evening paper after the manner of his *Smart Set* editorials and in the vein and style of his old "Free Lance" column, and when Paul Patterson, the publisher, determined to cover the 1920 conventions as they had never been covered by any other paper, proposed to send him along with the crew of *Sun* men, he was quite agreeable. He was—but of the rest of the crew, it developed, many were not.

Woodrow Wilson lay broken and dying in Washington, but in the offices of the *Sun* he remained to some the same warrior of idealism who had triumphed so splendidly in Baltimore eight years before. Men like John

Owens and John Haslup Adams of the *Sun* staff were extremely sensitive about the President's defeat in Congress and viewed the return of so rude and outspoken an enemy of the New Freedom as Mencken with grave misgivings. They were willing he should come along to Chicago for the Republican convention, however, until the week before the trip was to begin. On that Monday, Mencken, with sublime indifference to the feeling against him, wrote a bitter piece describing the President as a "congenital liar." For Owens and Adams this was too much. They stormed into the front office, white-faced, and threatened to resign unless Mencken's name were withdrawn from the convention roster. Open rebellion seemed at hand, and Patterson called Mencken to talk it over. Mencken offered to retire from the trip—pointing out, however, that the *Sun* had been under no obligation to print the piece—but Patterson would have none of it. Everyone, he decided, would go along. In addition, he would send a case of 100-proof hooch. An armed truce arranged, Patterson left for the convention. The others were to follow.

The booze turned the trick—that and an absurd little jingle Mencken chanted in rhythm with the humming of the Pullman's wheels. On the train Owens refused to speak to him at first, but once the suitcase was opened and the singing begun, Wilson, the treaty, and the New Freedom were forgotten. Mencken, the battered old portable by his seat, his shirt open, threw back his spherical head and let go:

Sing, Oh Sing! Of Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham, Pinkham
And her love of the human race, race, race
She can cure all female weakness
And the pimples on your face.

In Chicago Patterson called the hotel to find out what had happened on the train. Owens answered the phone. "Is everything quiet?" asked the publisher. "Quiet!" came the answer. "My God!" And in the background came the swelling refrain,

Sing, Oh Sing! (Yes, singosing!) of Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham, Pinkham
And her love (altruistic love!) of the human race, race, race
She can cure (bio-log-i-cally!) all female weakness
And the pimp-les on your god-damned dir-ty face.

Wilson lived three and a half years; but so far as Mencken was concerned, he died in that boozy Chicago hotel room.

Mencken returned from the Chicago convention on the same car with Henry Cabot Lodge, whom he admired enormously, and laid away whiskey against the Democratic show in San Francisco. As it turned out, this was unnecessary. The San Franciscans had taken care of that and everything else admirably, and his week there, for Mencken, was a superb circus. The weather was delightful—it had been terribly hot in Chicago—the liquor was abundant, and the women were most amiable. His most remarkable adventure while there was to wake up one morning in an unfamiliar bed in the same room with a strange but not unlovely woman. Thinking her to be a cheap tart he must have picked up during the hazy evening, he jumped into his spacious pants and fled down the stairs. Later in the day, however, he discovered her to be a respectable San Franciscan, a Democrat who had seen him floundering in a pitiable condition and had decided to care for him "in a Christian manner." Mencken promptly betook himself to the nearest florist's shop and sent her a large and fragrant bouquet.

At the climax of the convention, the band broke into a series of tunes honoring Al Smith, and Mencken, singing with the convention, pounced up on a chair, grabbed a baton, and waved time enthusiastically to the strains of "East Side, West Side," "Little Annie Roonie," and "Tammany." The breakdown of reserve in the midst of political chicanery was to him a wonderful thing, and those in attendance remember him best on that chair, waving the baton, tremendous joy written on his face. All, that is, save the respectable woman Democrat who cared for him in a Christian manner.

Next month Mr. Manchester will trace the development of the publishing venture in which H. L. Mencken's personal impact on American writers reached its climax.

Japan: Challenge to Our Prestige

Helen Mears

In December 1948 the United States government issued an interim directive to General MacArthur announcing a new objective—the economic rehabilitation of Japan. This objective, largely lost sight of among the more dramatic happenings in China and Formosa, presents us with one of the most difficult problems American planners have to solve, and one of the most important.

Our policy in China has failed. In the long run, however, this failure may be less damaging to American prestige and leadership in Asia than a failure of our policies in Japan would be. For we did not have dominant power in China, nor did we assume responsibility in China, as we did in Japan. For almost five years we have controlled every aspect of Japan's national life. General MacArthur and other Americans in positions of authority have repeatedly stated that we were guiding the Japanese toward "human dignity" and "free enterprise." And Americans wrote a new constitution for Japan which guarantees the Japanese people "minimum standards of wholesome and cultured living."

This means that what happens in Japan will seem like an unequivocal test of American sincerity and American capacity for constructive leadership. We can argue, of course, that the destruction wrought during the war had a shattering effect, for which the responsibility rests upon the Japanese leaders who decreed the Pearl Harbor attack. But regardless of such arguments, and of our high intentions, we shall inevitably be called to account; and economic chaos in Japan will not be much of an advertisement for our American way, either among the Japanese or among the people of Asia in general.

The situation in Japan today is critical. Although, considering the difficulties, production has risen remarkably since 1946, it is still well below the depression level of the early nineteen-thirties, when Japan's population was smaller by sixteen million people. SCAP—our Supreme Command in Tokyo—can point with pride to the gradual rise of Japanese exports. Nevertheless in 1948 they amounted to considerably less than half of her permitted low-level imports; and although the figures for 1949 were better, Japan was again in the red, for another $390 million. In the meantime the ordinary Japanese barely exist under conditions of semi-starvation and general squalor, and are faced with the prospect of widespread and increasing unemployment.

So far, Japan has been kept going by American tax funds. The job of helping the Japanese to become self-supporting again—of getting them off the American taxpayer's shoulders and on to their own feet—offers a major challenge to American leadership. It is difficult not only because conditions in Japan and the world make it difficult, but also be-

Helen Mears' two books about Japan, Year of the Wild Boar *and* Mirror for Americans: Japan, *inspired critical admiration and fire. She is now at work on another, in which she will take up the question of the War Crimes Trials.*

cause so many people simply won't believe that things are as bad as they are.

SINCE the beginning of the Occupation, we Americans here at home have had our attention focused on the political and social programs we initiated in the islands. We have largely ignored the frame within which these policies were carried out.

Whatever we could do in Japan after 1945 was circumscribed not only by Japan's critical postwar economic plight but also by basic Allied policy. Americans have taken such conspicuous responsibility for the Occupation that we tend to forget that in Japan we are acting as agent for the Allied Powers. The major directive given to SCAP—as Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers—was to enforce a stern economic policy which was designed to insure the total destruction of Japan's war-production potential; this directive was very broadly interpreted as meaning that *all* industrial production should be curtailed. At the beginning of the Occupation the United States concurred with this policy. The first detailed American blueprint for Japan's economic future—"Report on Japanese Reparations to the President of the United States," by Edwin W. Pauley—was extremely repressive. Since then, the Americans who have been charged with carrying out the programs in Japan have considerably changed their minds as to what needs to be done. So far, however, practically every move made by SCAP or by Washington to lighten the economic restrictions has been resisted not only by the Far Eastern Commission, which represents the Allied Powers, but also by numerous Americans who have failed to understand how greatly American prestige in Asia is involved in the outcome of our Occupation.

II

FEW people realize to what an extent the war and Allied policies have changed Japan's situation. Up to 1941, Japan was a Great Power with the only important industrial plant in Asia and the highest standard of living among Asiatic nations. Today Japan is a group of small, impoverished, defenseless islands off the coast of China; wholly disarmed, even as to small arms and coastal defenses; and economically so weakened that General MacArthur has expressed the opinion that she could not "rearm for modern war within a century."

The war virtually ruined Japan. By converting to war production the Japanese crippled their peacetime manufacturing plant. Our blockade and our fire-bombings of some sixty-five cities destroyed stockpiles of industrial and consumers' goods, and wrecked homes and factories. When we went into Japan we learned that Japanese production had fallen to about 13 per cent of their low 1930-33 level, and that not only Japan's war machine but the whole economy of the country was close to total collapse.

This surprised us. For during the war we had greatly overestimated Japan's industrial strength; and our war programs and postwar plans had been worked out when it was believed that only the most severe repression would prevent rapid postwar recovery of Japan's aggressive potential. Those who went into Japan described the complete collapse of Japanese military and industrial power, noted the severe economic crisis and rising inflation, and recommended a program of rehabilitation. But the high-level policy of the Big Four (including the United States) was committed to the original idea; and the basic directives to SCAP, therefore, both from the United States and from the Far Eastern Commission, recommended severity.

The basic Allied objective was the complete reshaping of Japan's world position and economic life. Before the war her position had been, on a small scale, analogous to Britain's: that is, she had been an island nation and empire whose prosperity depended upon economic ties with her overseas possessions, upon foreign trade, and upon various overseas enterprises including the operations of her merchant marine. The Allies planned that she must surrender not only all her overseas territories but also all her industry and investments in those areas, and must break all her ties with them. Her foreign trade must be reduced to the lowest level that would supply the minimum needs for survival. She must have no ships on the high seas. Her fishing grounds must be restricted to nearby waters. And her factories, shipyards, and power plants must be considered available for reparations, except for whatever minimum the Far Eastern Commission should consider necessary for

production for "peaceful needs." In determining "peaceful needs" it was decided to use the yardstick of Japan's production during the period 1930-34, though in those days the population had been much smaller and had had considerably more territory on which to support itself.

To get the picture clearly we might make a comparison: by taking away its overseas possessions, Allied policy reduced Japan to a group of islands about the size of Montana, with limited natural resources and only fifteen million acres of farm-land. Montana has a population of around 560,000. Japan's population today is some 82 million, and is increasing.

In short, the Allies decreed that these 82 million people must support themselves on about half their prewar land (not including Manchukuo); on about 30 per cent of their prewar wealth, and 25 per cent of their top-level prewar production and foreign trade. And that they must do this without deriving any additional income from overseas investments or a merchant marine.

This policy, though frankly punitive, was thought to be workable. In theory, as General MacArthur explained in mid-1947, it prescribed for the Japanese people "lower standards but the opportunity of life." The trouble was that it was based upon such a serious misjudgment of Japan's real economic situation as to jeopardize her very survival.

AMERICANS in Japan soon learned that the policy was not workable. Take for instance the problem of food. According to Japanese statistics, the Japanese people had been accustomed to import some 20 per cent of their foodstuffs. Our planners decided that if calories were reduced, they could get along without these imports. The Pauley Report concluded that "through energetic measures for rural reform and improvement of agricultural techniques, Japan can maintain an adequate and healthy diet in 1948 without any imports of foodstuffs." This analysis proved to be so over-optimistic that in 1948 American taxpayers had to spend over $313,700,000 to send food supplies to Japan. Not only had the Japanese not become self-sufficient in food, but the problem of preventing starvation had become a major drain on Japan's entire economy.

What had happened was that our planners, in making their calculations, had overlooked certain facts and misinterpreted others. For instance, they had failed to allow for Japan's reliance on her former colonies for food. Formosa, for example, had been an integrated part of Japan's economy for a half-century. About 87 per cent of Japan's sugar and considerable percentages of other necessities such as rice, salt, fruit, and tea had come from Formosa. These were considered part of Japan's "domestic production," just as fruits and vegetables from California and Florida are domestic production to a New Yorker, and so they did not show up in Japan's import statistics. At the end of the war when Formosa was turned over to China, and all relations with Japan were broken off, the Japanese lost important food supplies that had not entered into our calculations. In addition, the Japanese had also counted on food imports from Korea and Manchuria; for instance, they had got two-thirds of their essential soy-beans from Manchuria. These supplies were cut off. Since they had had no room to raise animals for meat, they had counted heavily on fish; but the Japanese fishing fleet had been virtually annihilated, and moreover it was restricted to coastal waters. Japan's actual losses in food were therefore vastly greater than one would have guessed from statistics showing how little they had imported.

Furthermore, our planners had assumed that the Japanese must have reclaimable and unused land which they could put into production; they had virtually none. Our planners had assumed that because Japanese farming techniques were primitive compared to ours, they must be inefficient; on the contrary, the Japanese farmers got two and sometimes three crops from the same acre. The Japanese food problem boiled down to the fact that it is impossible to feed 82 million people on 15 million acres of farm land.

It is hard for Americans to grasp the full significance of these figures. Let us make a comparison. Last year, in the United States, we planted almost 88 million acres of corn, another 83 million acres of wheat—and these were only a small part of our food supplies. The Japanese, with over half as many people to feed, have only 15 million acres *for everything*. Here in the United States we can even give to a minor crop like peanuts a third

as much land as Japan has for all her farming!

As soon as we realized that Japan's food situation was genuinely desperate we released food from army supplies, and then arranged for additional imports from the United States.

This, however, brought up another major problem. How was Japan to pay for food imports? The obvious answer was, by exports to the States. But what exports? Our first thought was raw silk. In the prewar period we used to buy some nine-tenths of Japan's exports of raw silk; so a system was worked out by which some stockpiles of raw silk could be sent here for sale. During the war, however, American women had come to prefer nylon; and so the bales of silk piled up in American warehouses.

Well, then, what about exports of manufactured goods from Japan? We had assumed that they must have exportable surpluses of some goods. We found they had virtually none; and furthermore, they were short of many materials vital to any sort of normal peacetime manufacturing. Even to make pencils they had to import varnish, and before they could import varnish they had to have credit or foreign exchange or arrange a barter deal. To build modern transport, to repair or build factories, they had to have steel, and from their own materials they could produce only 1.5 million tons a year; so that without large imports of materials such as iron ore, coal, scrap, or finished steel, even a needle became a rare item. The lesson became clear: foreign trade is the very lifeblood of the Japanese economy.

In brief, Americans learned that no amount of "reforming" can alter Japan's dependence upon foreign trade. The prewar Japanese had their empire and their "yen bloc" areas from which they could buy using their own currency. Postwar Japan is strictly on her own. The Japanese must have foreign exchange for everything they buy abroad. This means that they must produce more, rather than less, than they did before the war—must export more, rather than less, than they did—to get the materials with which to work and the food they are so desperately short of. Whether they can ever do this depends less on them than on our decisions and the decisions of the other exporting nations.

III

It is only in relation to this basic policy that the situation in Japan can be judged. By directive, Japan's economy was to be kept going on a "survival" level, and it is no easier to brake an economy down hard and run it without stalling, than it is to do the same with a motor car.

For nearly five years we Americans have managed to keep the Japanese people at work and fed; have enabled them gradually to raise their production and slowly to increase their exports. SCAP in Tokyo deserves great credit for this. General MacArthur has at times seemed inclined to overestimate the constructive results of the "democratization" programs, but he has been extremely realistic about Japan's economic plight.

No country, however, can be kept in dead storage for nearly five years without disintegration. Despite the improvement shown in the figures Japan's basic situation becomes more unstable every day, and individual Japanese who at the beginning accepted American occupation co-operatively now face continued squalor and impending unemployment with increasing restlessness. Strikes and threats of a general strike are recurrent, and government measures against such protests serve only to disillusion labor—while the Communists await their chance to profit by this disillusionment.

Our financial help has been impressive, but it has been for "relief" and not for recovery. Up to the end of last year American taxpayers had supplied some one and a third billion dollars to send food, medicine, and other civilian necessities to the Japanese; but as our Department of Commerce explains, these funds were made available because the Army found them to be necessary "to prevent disease and unrest that would endanger the occupying forces." They are not gifts; the Japanese government is charged for them and pays us back in land, supplies, and services to our occupation forces; and the people who get the commodities pay for them in their own currency. The Japanese are grateful for these supplies, of course. They have prevented widespread starvation. But they do not solve Japan's basic problem.

We have also assisted the Japanese to finance imports by setting up some small-scale

self-liquidating loans to supply raw cotton for the textile industry. (These have gone smoothly; for instance the first cotton loan was totally repaid by the end of 1948, with $5.5 million interest.) We have also appropriated less than $150 million for essential industrial supplies to be purchased in the United States; and we have helped work out barter deals, and other arrangements, by which some raw materials and industrial supplies have been obtained from other countries. Total control of foreign trade by SCAP was relaxed in 1949, and now private trade is permitted with certain limitations. All this, however, represents a delaying action—survival, not recovery.

One result of Japan's low production and of her desperate efforts to find goods for export has been widespread privation. For example, the annual ration of textiles was, until very recently, under two pounds per person —to include not only clothes but all domestic needs. (Before the war ten pounds was considered normal.) Another result is that the inflation which had already begun when we went into the islands has continued to soar. The statisticians report that the official price index for all commodities—taking the average of 1934-36 as 100—rose from 74 in 1934 to 20,299 in June 1949, which is as serious for the Japanese as life would be for an American who had to spend $200 for a loaf of bread or $100 for a cup of coffeee. A Japanese family that could get along in Tokyo in modest comfort for fifty yen a month in 1935 now spends more than 12,000 yen just to survive. Naturally wages and salaries have climbed too, but even so, more than 60 per cent of a family's earnings must go for their inadequate supplies of food.

Last year a considerable number of commodities were decontrolled, supplies of certain goods began to fill the small shops, and black market prices stopped rising. Instead of being a hopeful sign, however, these changes meant that an extremely dangerous situation was developing. For if goods appeared in the shops it was generally because goods made for export had failed to find markets; and if black market prices halted it was because official prices had gone so high that people had nothing left over after buying rock-bottom necessities.

The inflation has been ruinous for Japanese business, which is thereby high-priced into an extremely precarious position in world markets. And business is further handicapped not only by shortage of capital, the bad condition of factories, and shortages of raw materials, but even by continued suspense over the possible future dismantling of factories for reparations. This problem still hangs heavy. In the spring of 1949 the United States announced a decision not to remove any more factories during the Occupation. The Far Eastern Commission, however, has not agreed to this as a settled policy and the final decision must await the long-postponed peace settlement. When the American decision was made, a large share of Japan's currently low production was being made in factories which had been earmarked for removal. For instance, 61 per cent of the thermal electric power in the country was produced by plants which were to be dismantled; 20 per cent of the spinning machines; 39 per cent of the sewing machines. In short, if the dismantling had gone on, Japan's inadequate production would have had a knock-out blow.

IV

The problem of Japan's revival—indeed of Japan's survival—is obviously complex. It cannot be solved by the Japanese without international help. The United States has already taken an official stand not only against the exaction of more reparations, but also against holding down levels of production; and in favor of permitting the Japanese to have a merchant marine, both to reduce the cost of their imports and to earn foreign exchange. Final decisions on these matters, however, must be made at the Peace Conference. And even if these matters are decided in Japan's favor, this will be only the equivalent of taking off the brakes; there will remain the problem of providing gas and oil to get Japan's economic machine running again. Long-range programs covering such vital matters as migration, financing of imports, and free access to markets will have to be worked out by international agreement if Japan is to become truly self-supporting.

Obviously all these questions are greatly complicated by the Cold War. Take the matter of trade between Japan and China, for example. Historically they have been trading

areas for each other. Much of Japan's wealth went into developing Manchurian industry and the output of raw materials in Manchuria. The geographical position of Japan makes close ties with the Continent almost inevitable. Without economic relations with her nearest neighbors her economy is bound to be artificial. During the Occupation we have been unwilling to make trade contracts for Japan with the Chinese Communists. This has been hard on Japan, for it shut her off from doing business in an area where there was business to be done; the Chinese needed industrial supplies to repair factories in Manchuria and North China, and since much of the industry in these areas was of Japanese construction, Japan would be the logical supplier. Now that most of China is in Chinese Communist hands, Japan's difficulties are increased. If she were once more an independent nation, she would probably choose to resume trade with China, putting economic consideration before political ones; and China might make a similar decision.

Here is a tough problem for us to consider. If trade relations are re-established between Japan and China there is of course the possibility that Japan may develop increasingly toward communism and become part of the Soviet sphere of influence. On the other hand, there is the possibility that if we could regularize the relationship between China and Japan, and simultaneously arrange for long-term generous economic programs for both countries, we might help Sino-Japanese relations to develop as a stabilizing factor not only in the Far East but throughout Asia. We think of communism as chiefly a political problem; but the Chinese and Japanese see it as an economic technique. The fact that the U.S.S.R. is a communist country is—for the Japanese—an argument against communism; but communism as an economic system appears to many of them to offer a solution for critical conditions; and if we Americans fail to find solutions for these conditions, communist propaganda will be enormously strengthened, not only in Japan but throughout Asia.

However this dilemma may be resolved, we must remember this: that in choosing which sort of leadership they will co-operate with, the peoples of Asia are likely to apply first of all the down-to-earth criterion: which sort of society best fills the rice-bowl? In Japan we Americans have not only a responsibility but an opportunity to demonstrate our capacity for constructive leadership. Our task is to gain international co-operation for a long-term program which will restore Japan to early independence, permanent neutrality, and—above all—real economic well-being. To work this out will require all the patience, statesmanship, generosity, and common sense we can command. If we can't do it, we had better just forget Asia.

Without the Violence

MAY SARTON

Without the violence, the major shift,
The shudder of the earth's foundations torn,
Without the great upheaval which could lift
That fiery core, it would not have been born,
And yet when chaos cooled, this land was here,
Absolute and austere—
Then, not before,
It snowed.
Later, by centuries and centuries
The saving water flowed,
The grass arrived, dark little trees.
After a terrible and rending war,
This land took on its fearful peace,
After, and not before.

Her Breath upon the Windowpane

A Story by William Goyen

After a business course at Miz Cratty's Select Business College in Jacksonville, where I learned Gregg Shorthand and comtometer and typin, I came to the city, got this job with the S.P. rayroad, been here twenty-five years.

O my folks! Never should a left that town of Charity, I guess, but helped em there, every paycheck I got sent a tithe of it home to em, Mama and Papa and Willadean and Gilbert and Thrash.

Got Willadean through high school, struggled to get her finished only to see her marry a widower from up at Sanderson with three children.

Somethin in Charity ruined Willadean, prissed her all up and sent her straight to ruination. It was that CCC Camp out at Groveton did it; made a wicked girl out of Willadean. Then she worked at the C.O.D. Café, met all the wrong kind, the sawmill boys and the roughnecks from the oilfields and the just plain tramps of Charity.

Willadean O Willadean, I nursed you like my very own when you was little, washed you in winter by the cookstove, wiped off smut from your little hands twenty times a day, washed you and fed you and played with you under the shadetree and swang you in the tireswing, shook down pussimons and called doodlebugs and picked goobers—anything you wanted. Carried you on my hip round the place day in and day out till I pulled my side loose, made me slouched like I am today. Can still feel you astride my hip, clingin there like a little warm possum on to me wherever I went. Sometimes you was as heavy as a croakersack of roastinears, but I went on totin you, pullin my very insides out for you.

Guess I made a mistake in leavin em there in Charity, but it was up to the boys to help make the livin and I had this chanct for this job in the city. What in the world would they have ever done without me? It was always Hattie Hattie kin you come home to Charity this weekend cause the front porch is fallin in and we got to get it fixed and Papa is drawn double with rheumatism and Mama cain't squat even to gather eggs from the henhouse. Or Hattie Hattie come home on the bus soon as you get off on Saturday noon count of Willadean's in trouble by a drummer that came through Charity sellin Watkins Products.

Never had a life of my own, always workin and doin for others, till suddenly I'm an old woman, fifty, and an old maid, kissed once at the Charity Chatauqua by the best-lookin man of Charity County but never had time to follow it up, never had time to give to kissin and courtin, had to let him go, Huck Chandler uz his name.

Remember once I went in the C.O.D. Café after Willadean and what did I see but that young priss standin on her tiptoes on some scales that said upon them "Your wate and fate" and a young roughneck graspin

her round the lower waist and both of em gigglin to beat the band. I could see Willadean's fate right there, didn't have to putt no penny in no machine to ask *her* fate. Well, I said to myself, Hattie you're a Christian and like a mother to Willadean, raised her from the cradle, nursed her and washed her and fed her and toted her like your very own, it's up to you to get her home and do some talkin to her. But I decided to just set down first without makin any fuss that might let her know I was there and to just watch this Miss Willadean. The C.O.D. Café was just full, people at the machines, all at the counter, ever seat at the tables was filled with somebody from the Charity sawmill or the CCC Camp out at Groveton or the oilfields, smokin and drinkin their beer and bottles of whiskey under the tables; and the nickelodeon was on the rampage, playin at the moment Ding Dong Bells. Miss Willadean was in her glory, I could see that; prissin in and out like a prissike at the tables, switchin here and there, laughin and cuttin up with the rowdies and singin right with the nickelodeon as she waited on them, "Ding Dong bells are ringin, but not for me . . ." I was standin way back in a corner, alone in a corner of the whole world, and my heart breakin to see this Willadean I never knew about.

After a while I sneaked out and went on home with the dingdong bells ringin in my head.

Well when Willadean got off work and came home I took her to task for her actions in the C.O.D. Café and we had a family ruckus good and proper, Willadean shoutin "I've got a right to do as I *damned* please. When *you* start tellin *me* what to do, the fat's in the fire. Got me some good men friends here, as good as any you'll find in Houston or anyplace else—*you've* never had any, but *I'm* goin to—and right now my special one is Mr. Steve Cavanaugh who is an oil man with lots of money and a big Packard . . ." And Mama said, "Hattie Hattie Willadean's pretty and popular in the town, not like you was, goin to church and Sunday school and doin all the chores on the place. Why are you so hateful? Times have changed and ways have changed in Charity, and Willadean has to have her some men friends, she's no little girl anymore . . ."

That was all the thanks I got.

Well, when Willadean got married to the widower from up at Sanderson I never heard from her much anymore. And there was Gilbert to handle, pore crippled Gilbert up and grown and needin to have braces on his legs so he could walk, since he was paralyzed when just a little boy by the paralysis plague that hit all the children of Charity so hard and killed quite a parcel of em back in the woods. Sent Gilbert to doctors in Houston, paid for his braces, by the month, then sent him to a school up north in Illinois to learn watchmakin.

But there was nothin I could do with Thrash, just hung around Mama and sat on the front porch, never would do a lick a work, like a child, cuddlin close to Mama, warm and close in some dream.

O Mama and Papa and Willadean and crippled Gilbert and pore old Thrash, ever time I punched the timeclock at the S.P. it uz for you.

What of my time and life I didn't give to all them in Charity I give to the Church and the Young People in Houston. What times we had! Wienerroasts and barefooted hikes and hayrides and New Year's Watch Parties. Oh the programs we put on on Sunday nights at Epworth League! The fine speeches made by my boys and girls and the readin out of the Bible verses. The hymns we sang, all of em settin before me, young and bright, Clara Lou Emson, Joe David Barnes, Folner Ganchion, Conchita Bodeen, and all of em, singin loud and joyful "He Leadeth Me" and "I Will Be True, For There Are Those Who Trust Me" and our very favrite of all, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." Just for a little while, not long, but just for a beautiful wonderful little while, they were all mine, bound to me and bound together, the only thing I ever had, in Fellowship Hall.

And then they all began to fall away. What ever stays, in this world? One by one, and in such a little while, they drew away and turned from me—to somethin they had found beyond me and the Epworth League that I could never find—and the Epworth League at the Methodist Church was never the same again.

It was, I am sure, because all of em went to college and I never had more'n a high school diploma and a business course. This made em take to other interests, the symphony concerts and college clubs, talkin

atheism and biology and historical learnin that I never had. I knew they was thinkin "Hattie we've outgrown you," and on Sunday nights they went to dance at the Rice Hotel instead of comin to League, and on New Year's Eve they was all at the night clubs, and I watched alone. Except for a few old reliables like Sarah Elizabeth Galt who had a harelip, pore thing, and that kind of a sissy Raphael Stevenson, but both good Christians.

And then a college class was formed at the Methodist Church with Mr. Smart, a college graduate and a prominent lawyer, teachin em. Oh I'm sure he did a good job—but I ask you, is a college graduate a better Christian? Was Jesus a college graduate? These are some things to think about.

And now there's no one else to help or to call Hattie Hattie kin you come home, Hattie Hattie this and Hattie that. Mama and Papa's dead and buried away in Charity and Willadean's raisin her heathen family up in Sanderson and Gilbert's got a good watch-repairin business up north in Deetroit Michigan. And pore old Thrash is in a State Home in Orange where he is taken good care of but don't know nothin, nobody. I send things up to him and once I went up to see him on the bus, but he never knew who I was, he's gone, in another world.

I never go anymore, just cain't stand it.

Now all this has passed like a dream and I never go to Charity anymore, cept onct in a while for a funeral of an ole-timer and hear em all say to me, "I swan if tisnt Miss Hattie Clegg—Hattie, remember the old days?" As though I'd just come *home* to remember em on a week-end. . . . That bus I ride home to Charity on, to put flowers on graves at funerals, is a long ride between rememberin and rememberin with nothin but rememberin in between. Here I set in a room I rent from old Miz Johnson in East End, an old maid left with a twisted face from the Bell's Palsey that struck me like a curse of the Lord six months ago when I was ridin the S.P. on my pass, goin to the Grand Canyon on the first vacation I ever took for myself past Charity Texis as a result of the three weeks they give me at the office for workin twenty-five years with the Southern Pacific. (I get to wear a gold button, now, with a 25 on it.) I don't even own my own washrags, everthin round me is rented.

Why? Why? Been a Christian all my life. Why, after all this, should I be twisted with a twisted face and no one in the whole wide world to call to me Hattie Hattie . . . This is my reward.

There is a pane of glass between me and the world, seems like, and nothin in the world can ever get to me anymore, only press its nose up against the pane and look through at me. All the world seems flat-nosed against this glass (what breath blows this fog upon my pane?) and I am separated from everthin in the whole world and feel alone and lost and afraid, with no one needin me for anythin, useless and twisted and no one dependin on me, callin Hattie Hattie Hattie.

Well, Time Answers Some *Questions*

SOMEWHAT heavy-looking, ambitious, hard-working, with a touch of mysticism that attracts the mob, a born orator, with power to move people as he wills, Winston Spencer Churchill must go far. Today he is only twenty-six. How long can he keep up his present pace? Already one hears mutterings from young men, tired of the older political parties, who look to him to lead them in a new political movement. Is his star to shine clearer and clearer, or is it to burn itself out by its very vehemence? Who can say?

—From an article by Fred A. McKenzie on "English War Correspondents in South Africa," *Harper's Magazine,* July 1900

The Economics of Holidays

C. Hartley Grattan

Drawings by Jon Nielson

OFFHAND it may seem to you a tawdry enterprise to try to subvert your holidays, dedicated as they are to getting away from it all, to the purposes of those prime representatives of everything you may be trying to escape, the economists. To you it may seem sufficient to know that you can afford to apply some of the fat of your income to a good time or a good rest. But my chore is nevertheless to try to discover what this means, in more or less economic terms. I do not aim to cast a pall of gloom over your fun or your ease. But with *x* millions of people going on holidays at home and abroad every year, still mostly in the summertime but increasingly also in the winter, and spending *y* millions of dollars to implement their leisure (to invent a bit of jargon), what does it all signify, not in terms of fun and games—with which Mr. Harper is better fitted to deal than I—but in terms of—let's face it—economics?

AS IT happens, we know a lot more about the economic meaning of holidays abroad than of holidays at home, largely because so much careful study has been undertaken on the balance of payments problem. When an American goes abroad on a holiday the goods and services he purchases outside the United States for his enjoyment figure in the American balance of payments as "imports." Conversely, they are "exports" of the country in which they are bought and (mostly) consumed. This is true in spite of the fact that the operation takes place beyond our borders and within foreign countries. Ordinarily we think of an import as something tangible transported from foreign soil and laid down on our own soil for consumption here. This is an accurate description of merchandise imports of every kind (including the English tweeds and Paris dresses and assorted souvenirs that tourists actually bring home). But not everything we import is as tangible as merchandise. Some imports are services of which the evidence is mostly records on pieces of paper, like insurance protection and charges for moving goods in foreign vessels; while travel as an import has to do with even more elusive realities such as the use and enjoyment of foreign-sited natural or man-made objects of veneration, admiration, or pleasure, like St. Peter's in Rome, the Alps of Switzerland, or the sidewalk cafés of Paris. These things we have never yet succeeded in importing into the United States to use and enjoy here, so if we conceive a desire to use and enjoy them, we must go to them. Mahomet must occasionally go to the mountain. What we spend in doing so is a payment we make for an "import" which nevertheless remains beyond our borders.

On the other hand, the goods and services which foreigners sell us while we are admiring their scenery, picture galleries, churches, and historical monuments, not to mention their

Mr. Grattan's travels have taken him many times to Europe, Australia, and way stations in Africa and Asia, but he disclaims the tourist role. As an economic observer, here he balances the tourist budget in the national interest.

cookery, etc., are to them exports in spite of the fact that they never leave the country. All this is true whether the American visitor carefully budgets his money for spending on what the guidebooks recommend (thus allegedly educating himself out of his congenital barbarism), or frivolously wastes it on those miscellaneous but beguiling goods and services I have decorously hidden behind an et cetera. One can view Americans on holiday abroad with magnificent impartiality if one sticks to economics. About all one really wants to know is how much they spend. What they spend it on can safely be left to observers of different interests, like moralists, litterateurs, and communist agitators who will, at the drop of a hat, find meanings tragic, comic, or sinister, as the case may be.

A WHOLE lot gets spent. In 1949 "travel expenditures [abroad], excluding fare payments to and from non-contiguous areas, amounted to $695 million . . . and were larger than any single commodity import except coffee." This makes holidays abroad an extremely important contribution toward closing the dollar gap or, if you prefer, toward helping the foreigners balance their accounts with the United States. But however magnificent the sum Americans spent abroad in 1949 may appear, it was not enough to satisfy the urgent needs of the foreigners, especially the Europeans. The clamor, of course, was for our folding money, not our shining faces. The great American dollar is the currency coveted by all tourist "industries," for no other currency offers anything like as much in total or in intrinsic value for purposes of trade.

In approaching the American public foreigners do not, of course, put it quite so plainly, though they often do so in the privacy of their domestic publications. Englishmen, fully seized of their need for the American tourist's dollar, even to the point of talking of improving their hotels, especially their menus, often wonder audibly if it is only to be had at the cost of acting like French or Italian waiters or Swiss innkeepers. Rather than act like people resident beyond Calais, they exclaim, let us starve in traditional dignity. As one who believes that a sharp rise in American imports is needed to underwrite international economic health, my sympathies



Acting like French or Italian waiters.

are all with the foreigners. I have a strong feeling that travel is an import that can be expanded markedly without seriously arousing any domestic vested interest to protest. If the American holidaying public could be induced to spend abroad as large a proportion of the prospective national income of the nineteen-fifties as it spent in the nineteen-twenties and -thirties, Europe would indeed have cause to rejoice. But thus far in the postwar period this has not happened. The Department of Commerce study of travel expenditures shows that there was still in 1949 a wide gap between the "extension of the 1923-37 relationship" and actual expenditures.

This is, in some part, a cost of the war for Europe. The French in their *"Évaluation des Dommages Subis par la France 1939-1945"* put *"l'industrie hôtelière"* at the top of the list of *"les principales victimes des spoliations allemandes. . . ."* The loss of passenger ships in the war figures here too. And political uproar is a continuing handicap. If Europe can settle down to a degree acceptable to nervous Americans and restore its tourist facilities at least to prewar standards, it may rightfully contend and hope for a much larger share of our holiday money than it has recently received.

Plainly I am not talking about Eastern Europe, but only the West. Sixty American dollars out of every hundred spent in Europe go to France, Italy, and the United Kingdom. In order of American dollars spent in 1949, the countries lined up as follows: France, United Kingdom, Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, Netherlands, Belgium, Norway, Eire, Germany, and Denmark. These countries received about $170 million in sums ranging from $50 million for France down to $3.5 million for Denmark. Additionally, Americans scattered about $15 million elsewhere in Europe. France is by long odds the favorite country for American tourists, a sentiment which has survived two wars and a vast depression. Over half the Americans who went to Europe in 1949 spent some time in France. As Hendrik Van Loon once so justly said, "Galeries Lafayette, we are here!"

Since the Great Depression Europe has felt the keen competition of countries nearer the United States. Back in 1920 Europe got 53.7 per cent of the American travel dollar spent abroad, but in 1949 only 26.6 per cent. Since 1920 the Canadian share has risen from 27.4 per cent to 40.3 per cent and the Mexican from 3.1 per cent to 19.4 per cent. The share of the West Indies and Central America fluctuates between 8 and 10 per cent, while "other countries," a category covering all the rest of the world, get just short of 6 per cent. These are our "lines of tourist travel" abroad: to Canada, to Europe, to Mexico, to the West Indies and the Caribbean. By the time we have covered these we have, as a people, spent $84 out of every $100 we have to devote to holidays abroad. Those adventurous souls who will accept the invitation of the government of North Rhodesia to spend $280 on a fortnight hunting zebra, wildebeest, hartebeest, wart hogs, buffalo, water buck, impala, rhinos, and crocodiles in Luangwa Valley, will long be a tiny minority. Currently those Americans who are trying to get out of the established tourist ruts are going to South America.

II

The expression "lines of tourist travel" implies, I believe correctly, that tourists have a strong tendency to follow one another in established rounds of pleasure. They travel but they are not travelers, to coin a paradox. Conversely, travelers are ordinarily extremely poor tourists. This distinction is elusive and the statisticians, of course, do not attempt to make it. They count all persons who go abroad in a calendar year no matter where they are going or why, excluding only military personnel, employees of the government and international agencies, and persons normally working abroad.



A strong tendency to follow established rounds of travel.

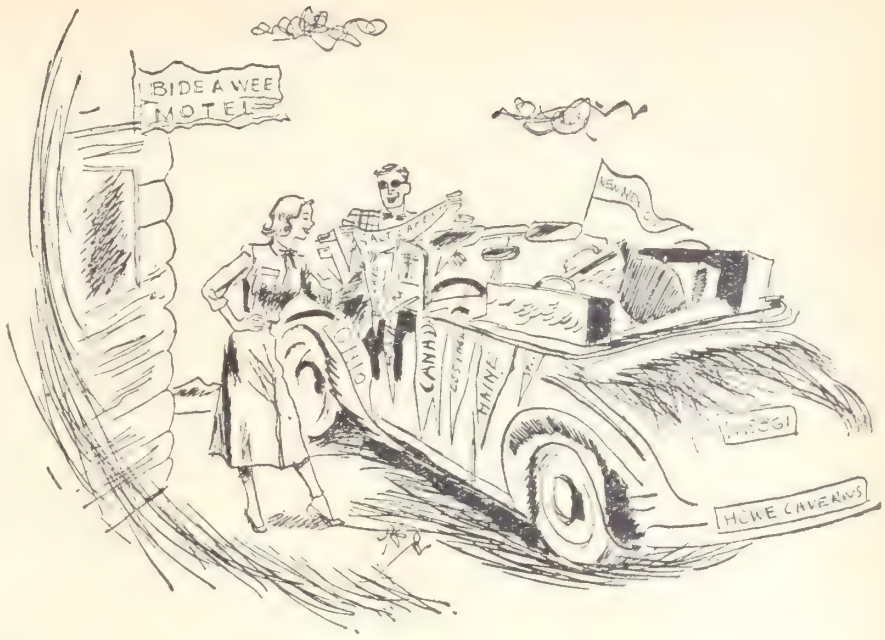
The people who get called "travelers abroad" (a courtesy title when they are tourists, I say) are mostly from cities east of the Mississippi river and north of the Ohio.

In 1949 they were in Europe an average of sixty-three days, spent an average of $624 on round-trip fares, and $771 on other expenses.

The range of differences within these averages is fascinating, especially as it works out by classes of sea travel. Why, for example, should per-

sons traveling first-class by ship spend fifty-five days in Europe, while those traveling tourist spend eighty? One can only guess.

Perhaps most first-class passengers go to Europe for reasons of fashion and fairly frequently, while tourist passengers are either one-shot visitors or those numerous persons—about half of all persons visiting Europe from the United States—who are bent on visiting their relatives in their old home towns. The foreign-born citizens and residents of the United States contribute disproportionately to the traffic to Europe. No figures currently available allow one to separate out those persons who were tourists and only tourists. Perhaps they constitute four out of every ten travelers, but that is an extremely risky statement.



Total cost, roughly two weeks' pay, or say $100.

What proportion they are of the total matters for only one reason: that if the total number of visitors abroad is to rise, it is the tourist type which must supply the addition. The foreign-born population, now so important in this traffic, is declining and will account for a decreasing proportion of the visitors in the future.

All those enticing advertisements you see attempting to lure you across the Atlantic are addressed primarily to tourists. That is why they emphasize "the sights," to the viewing of which tourists are incurably addicted. The idea is that if the average tourist parts with around $1,500 for a trip to Europe, of which at least half is certainly dropped abroad, x times $750 represents the dollar income from tourists and the resulting sum can be spent on coveted imports from the United States. If these people travel to Europe in foreign-owned ships or planes, so much the better for the foreigners. That is why those attractive advertisements are placed in the newspapers and magazines and those multi-colored folders are distributed to anyone energetic enough to ask for them. While a new generation of tourists larger than any previously known may possibly be created by advertising, it still seems unlikely that the proportion of the American national income spent for recreational travel in Europe will ever again rise to the prewar level, though the number of dollars spent may still be far greater. Most American holidays abroad will in the future be spent in Canada, Mexico, and the Caribbean. However, the Marshall Plan economists are hoping that by 1952 at least 60 per cent of the Western Europe dollar deficit on merchandise trading will be covered by tourist expenditures: that means a lot of tourists.

III

WHAT a government publication calls "the servicing of recreational travel" within the United States is plainly an enormous industry, of immense importance economically. Moreover, it is a growing industry, and this makes it all the more significant in an economy in which constant growth is absolutely required for general economic health. Its growth is based on two factors: a very large number of personal incomes big enough to allow the annual spending of at least two weeks' pay on vacations; and the possibility of taking out a considerable proportion of our rising productivity in increased leisure for active workers. As matters stand, however, we lack the facts and figures to paint an accurate picture of what the industry amounts to today. We have at hand only a conglomeration of bits and pieces, many to be



All the way West to sit in a movie.

viewed with skepticism as products of the enthusiasm of promoters. We can only accept on faith the National Park Service's opinion that the popular theory that "it is the third largest factor in our national economy in terms of money spent on it" is probably true.

On the existing evidence, some three out of four of the "recreational travelers" spend little and travel relatively short distances from home. These are mostly people on two-weeks-with-pay vacations (an increasingly common perquisite in industry) and their dependents. The vacation thus made possible is the occasion for a family automobile trip, either spent tearing along the highways day after day, two to three hundred miles a day, eating at wayside "joints," and sleeping in motels, tourist camps, and other low-cost places or, alternatively, driving to a pre-selected, inexpensive objective, staying a few days, and then driving home by a different route. Total cost. roughly the two weeks' pay, or say $100. It is on this broad foundation that the vacation industry is built up to the heights reached by the vast luxury hotels of Florida, Sun Valley, California, or Maine where the better-off folk and the rich enjoy holidays running to a month or more.

Most figures about the domestic vacation industry that reflect lines of travel—points of origin and destination—are based on automobile license tags. This index is a reasonable one since probably seven out of ten vacationists of all income levels in this country now travel by car (and also a high proportion of those visiting Canada and Mexico). If these figures were distributed by state of origin in every case they would be useful, but unfortunately they are not. They are all too often simply reported as "out-of-state," which may mean from a contiguous state or from the opposite side of the country. From other evidence, however, it is a sensible conclusion, I think, that they are mostly from states close by—from within the same section as the state of destination, or from an adjoining section. Long-distance travelers appear to be in a minority anywhere—except perhaps in some parts of Florida and California—and each section of the country appears to take care of its own vacationists in large measure.

When it comes to spending, the evidence is equally conclusive that money spent is mostly as limited as distance and time. We are told, for example, that the average tourist visiting the San Francisco Bay region stays 8 days and spends $65.20 . . . in Colorado he stays 9 days and spends $94.41 . . . in Georgia (a transit state to Florida) 1.6 days and spends $16 . . . in New York 11 days and spends $80.44 . . . in West Virginia 5 days and spends $31.75 . . . and so on. The total amount spent per car varies, of course, with the number of passengers. The average appears to be three passengers per car. The grand total spent in this country on travel by car probably runs to ten or twelve billions annually. What is spent by vacation travelers by bus, train, and plane cannot be stated.

What is this money actually spent on? Again we must take the spotty figures and use them to give what appears to be the correct impression. In Southern California, out of every dollar spent by tourists, 23 cents goes for food, 19 for lodgings, 12 for automobile servicing, 13 for clothing, and 11 for recreation (including, apparently, assiduous attendance at the movies—imagine traveling to California to sit in movie houses!); and the balance is spent on a wide variety of goods and services of which reading matter is a poor last. A Kentucky estimate has distributed the money a bit differently; 28.7 per cent on the maintenance of automobiles, 20.5 per cent on food, 17.3 per cent on lodgings, 8.5 per cent on recreation, and 25 per cent on merchandise.

All this is notably unsatisfactory as an analysis of such a vast industry as "recreational

travel" undoubtedly is. But some useful generalizations can be wrung from the scattered facts nevertheless: (1) that as one would expect from a knowledge of the income structure of the country, the vacation industry rests on a fairly broad base (which nevertheless excludes millions) and rises in a steep slope to a narrow peak where the luxury resorts are found; (2) that for this reason "servicing recreational travel" is a congeries of local, or perhaps better, regional industries, in each instance most highly developed within easy driving distance of the principal cities; (3) that as income rises to the middle groups (both sides of $5,000 annually), more time and money are spent on domestic vacations and these people also contribute substantially to foreign travel; (4) that the luxury "servicing" of the very well-to-do minority gets publicity out of all proportion to its significance in the national vacation picture; and probably only the top fraction of this group regularly travels long distances for its fun.

Adding our slapdash national picture to the more precisely outlined foreign picture, we can make a fifth generalization: (5) that the domestic part of the holiday industry is overwhelmingly more important—perhaps fifteen or sixteen times more important—than the foreign part, the part which is classed under "imports." (On the other hand, we "export" very little travel; foreigners traveling in this country are not very numerous.)

IV

The essential economic character of the whole operation is accurately reflected in the phrase, "servicing recreational travel." Readers of this magazine may perhaps recall my frequent references to the "service industries"—meaning all occupations not classed as farming or manufacturing. The travel business in all its ramifications is a service industry par excellence; and that it is expanding year by year is in harmony with the analytical expectation that the services in general will and should grow in an advanced economy like ours here in America. The travel, or vacation, or recreation industry will undoubtedly continue to expand as long as commodity production in this country is in a healthy condition and we take out more and more of our economic progress in viable leisure (which is the opposite of unemployment, or "dead" leisure). In this sense there is no reason for moralists to bring up such fearsome notions as that we, like the Romans before us, are going in for circuses in a big way—even though to some of us, some other people's vacations may seem much like circuses and as unprofitable. The Romans, you may recall, allowed the unemployed free admission to circuses to keep them from rebelling. The leisure of the Roman unemployed was unearned and therefore rotten, and the Roman circuses merely gilded the social rottenness. The American holiday is nothing like that. Increased *earned* leisure is a desirable by-product of a sound economy; it may even be regarded as a sound product in itself. An industry servicing that leisure is a logical development. If moralists want to take a hand in it, they should confine themselves to advocating improvements in the tone and quality of the servicing.

In some areas of America the holiday industry plays an impressive part in the local economy. Many New England farmers, for instance, call tourists their most



Servicing leisure is a logical development.

profitable "crop." The Southern Californians rate their tourist business as the second most important "export" trade the region possesses. It is vital to such cities as Miami and Atlantic City and important to others like San Francisco, Chicago, and New York, especially if conventions are looked upon as part of the vacation industry. But I believe it to be true nevertheless—in fact overwhelmingly true—that most of the money spent by vacationists simply adds to the revenues of business which would be functioning in any case, even if there were no tourists about. Enterprises catering exclusively to vacationists are certainly conspicuous on the landscape and include the most spectacular of all objects attracting the tourist dollar. But I support the impression that most tourist dollars add to a flow of money in channels already established.

The expenditures of vacationists may make the difference between profit and loss and in some measure determine the variety, quality, and quantity of what is offered, but they do not explain the establishment of the facilities in the first place. Plainly (to revert to evidence cited earlier) the residents of Southern California and Kentucky would support restaurants, lodging places, garages and filling stations, retail stores and recreational facilities, in any case. What the tourists do is to assure them slightly better ones (maybe) and perhaps a few more in locations otherwise not occupied. But it appears to me that an English writer, Mr. R. Pinney, is as correct for American conditions as for English when he writes:

> The tourist industry, then, is a heterogeneous affair; moreover no single component unit of it emerges as a natural leader, for although all stand to enjoy some profit from tourists' expenditure, none receives an especially large share of it. . . . Moreover, it is seldom, if ever, that tourists provide the major part of any undertaking's receipts. . . . Shipping lines, for example, usually derive a large part of their income from carrying freight, mail, migrants, etc., and, of passengers carried, the traffic representing the conveyance of residents in other countries to and from the homeland [*i.e.*, tourists] is but one class. . . . Conditions naturally vary country by country, but, generally speaking, the expenditure of tourists is . . . spread out over a country's industries (which, in any case, exist primarily for other customers).

An odd incidental confirmation of my point is a bit of advice to hotel keepers by Conrad Hilton, "the man who bought the Waldorf": "Whenever you see an offer of a 'Hotel in the Pines,' stay away from it."

Allowing for the exceptional "attractions" which have no other excuse for being—and which often lead a most precarious life—tourist dollars supplement dollars already rolling. Or to put it differently: this terrific business of holidays best succeeds as a service industry when it is an integral part of what is, in all its phases, a sound economy.



We "export" very little travel.

Three Sonnets

David McCord

Reception

All afternoon he searched among the faces,
Shifted his ground in sandwiches and tea
The way a lonely man, in rootless places,
Might cross the mountains to an alien sea.
He said a word in kindness, joined discussion
Remote from all his sickening sense of loss;
Begged once to differ; though he knew no Russian,
Spoke up for Pushkin; gathered little moss
From any rolling stone of chatter, chatter,
Chatter.
The wheels of reason disengaged,
As someone or someone else, it didn't matter,
Smiled at the little boy in him: the caged,
Imprisoned other self that starved and wrote.
And he rushed out and found his hat and coat.

Black Road

Mist rose and filled the broad New Hampshire bowl
That lay below. Stars flickered in the Notch.
He passed a lake. Across the road a vole
Bounced like a rubber ball. Two eyes on watch
Dilated into empty cans. Such queer
Wings fluttered in and out of the deep wood.
He turned the wipers on and in the clear
Lunettes observed how white the birches stood.
Whiter for blight, he thought, and settled back
In second to begin the damp descent,
Like a lost bomber fearing homeward flak
And crowding dirty weather as it went.
He wrote the letter S and heard a train
Whistle for comfort near the State of Maine.

Simple Theology

A big barred owl took passage from his wood
One wintry day and came at last to perch
Within the belfry of the village church,
Like Calvinism in his hodden hood,
And settled there for Sunday—or for good.
As dusk he made a swift but ordered search
And packed a public pigeon home with him;
The crystal morning found him far above
His flock of flocks, a dozing cherubim.
No parish ever rightly understood
How pure a belfry is a natural birch,
How pale a pigeon the unnatural dove.
The moral that I must be thinking of
Will come in time—the way a moral should.

Old-Age Pensioner

Isabel Gaines

For a brief period recently I was an old-age pensioner in New York City. It was something I had never expected to be. I have earned a good living most of my adult years.

When I went to work forty years or so ago I had no thought of a career. Simply, in my middle twenties I was faced with a man's responsibilities and I had to meet them in a man's way. By the time I was thirty-five I had an executive job in a New York office. As my work increased in scope and pay, I invested my savings in what I was advised were reliable securities. In November 1929 they went the way of the Stock Exchange. When our firm failed to withstand the depression which followed I opened an office of my own, earning enough to do what I had to do by reducing my living expenses and cutting down on savings.

Shortly before the late war I was taken with a physical illness which became so severe that I had to close my office. When I was able to resume work the war was over. Doctors' and hospital bills and expensive dentistry had depleted my bank account. Coming back in a changing world was not easy. Youth was in the saddle and riding high. New techniques and devices weighed against those trained in an old order. By patient study and practice I succeeded in getting enough work to live on and to keep a bit ahead of the first of the month. But when an order on which I had put in several months without pay was canceled I found myself penniless and in debt.

Seeking public assistance is abhorrent to me. It is inherent in me to be self-sustaining. But here I was, sixty-five and strapped. What was I to do?

I was determined not to borrow any more money that I might not be able to repay. Rather than lose my self-respect by becoming a sponge and a dead-beat, I sought the assistance to which I had been a contributor by way of taxes.

It was an unseasonably hot, spring morning when I entered the shabby headquarters of the district branch of the City Department of Public Welfare. Crowding the floor a constantly increasing stream of humanity made its way up the stairs to a clamor of many tongues, with Caribbean Spanish in the ascendant.

In a glassed-in corner, a woman at a desk was talking to two men who stood beside her. She beckoned to me.

As I came to the doorway, her pale-blue, accusing eyes looked me over from hat to shoes. "Yes?" she questioned in a sharp staccato.

The men started to leave the cubby-hole.

"Don't go," she said smiling and holding out a detaining hand. "Nothing private." Then turning toward me she repeated her question.

The voice you almost never hear in the thunderous cross fire of public criticism of the administration of relief and old-age assistance in our large cities is that of the person for whom the "welfare" was set up. One gives her story here.

I asked if I might have a word with her.

"That's not necessary," she replied, jerking her head to one side and appraising me with a truculent eye. "Just tell me what you want."

When I had told her, she penciled a number on a slip of paper and handed it to me. "One flight up," she said, smiling at the men.

"One flight up" was a loft that had been partitioned into a narrow hallway and an office-waiting room which ran the length of the building. At one side, close to the windows, were the desks and chairs for the staff. Except for a narrow aisle on each side, the rest of the room was occupied by rows of relentless seats, nearly all of them filled.

The woman at the information desk looked at the slip of paper in my hand, jotted down the number on it, and told me to sit down and wait until I was called. As the occupants of the seats were preponderantly young I thought I had come to the wrong place. "I'm looking for the Old-Age Pension Bureau," I said.

"That's been out of the picture for some months. Relief applicants are all bunched together now." She raised her eyebrows and with an indicative smile added, "The new economy."

I joined a small group of elderly men and women in the back row and waited while a large number of people who appeared to be Puerto Ricans were called. They answered singly, in couples, or in families, some of which rose in steps from toddlers to grandparents. All were flanked by interpreters. They were a merry lot given to much laughter. Whatever their troubles may have been, they were disposed of with dispatch and the seats they had vacated were promptly refilled from the standing crowd in the hall.

As the hours wore on from nine until half-past twelve, the air grew stifling with the increasing heat and the fetid odor of unwashed bodies and cheap perfumery. Sitting beside me, a wrinkled and arthritic colored woman, immaculate in a stiffly starched cotton dress, whispered behind a discreet hand, "This seat sure hurts my bones right hard. How do you stand it to sit so straight?"

A finely featured, neat, but shabby man sat on my other side. He appeared to be in the late seventies and his face had that pinched look which comes from an inadequate diet. Getting up to walk around, he complained of the pains in his hands and feet caused by sitting too long in the same position.

One articulate and gregarious old body punctuated the long wait with frequent changes of seat, the better to air her view on the precedence given the youthful applicants in the front rows.

"They get the best of everything," she said to me. "You know why?"

I shook my head.

"Politics—they's thousands of 'em—and they all vote for him!" She mentioned the name of a district boss.

At this point a pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman at a desk across the aisle came over to me. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long. What's your number?" Looking at it, she said, "Come with me."

Taking a chair from the line she placed it by her desk and told me to be seated. "Now what can I do for you?" she asked, interrupting me at the first comma. "But you don't look old enough! That's bad—unless you have absolute proof."

I said that I had.

On her desk was a pile of printed sheets. She took one, dated it, and asked my full name, the place and date of my birth, whether I was single or married, widowed or divorced. Next came the same questions about my parents and the husband I had divorced forty years previously.

Have you any money or property of any kind? Any insurance policies? Where was your last job? Have you anyone to help you? Can you give me responsible references? These, of course, were necessary items of the categorical routine and I was prepared to answer them. When she questioned me about my religion, I paused for a split second.

"You don't have to answer that if you don't want to," she said.

"I don't mind. I'm a Christian and a Protestant. But I'm wondering what my religion has to do with the pension."

"Nothing, really, except that we can send you a social worker of your own faith." This never eventuated.

She filled in some blank spaces on the application, glancing at me between lines. Her quizzical eye made me self-conscious about my appearance, and I explained that I knew how

to sew and trim hats and could therefore make do on very little.

She hastened to reassure me. "You're not the kind who would ever look poor." She hesitated, then went on. "Don't be sensitive about this. You're only asking for something you've paid for in advance . . . ."

I interrupted her to say that I did not expect to remain a pensioner as I had work in prospect for the fall.

"You're entitled to it as long as you need it. And don't think you're one of a kind. You'd be surprised at some of the names on the list."

Handing me the application, she told me to come back at nine o'clock on Friday the following week. "Be sure," she cautioned after naming the woman I was to see, "to bring every proof you have of your birthplace and parentage, your passport if you have traveled, a list of responsible references, all the bank statements and canceled checks in your possession, together with your doctors', dentists', and hospital bills, and the names of friends or relatives who can help you."

II

I DID as I was told. Arriving at the tick of nine in the morning, I was put through the same routine of overcrowding and waiting as on the previous visit. My number was called at twelve-fifteen.

The interviewer to whom I had been assigned was a painstaking and efficient woman of fifty or so. She greeted me with an apology. "Some of my questions may be embarrassing to you. And they may seem unnecessary. But they are regulation. If you will co-operate with me, I shall do my best to expedite your application."

The inquisition took over two hours. To set it down verbatim is scarcely possible. The following is a resumé of the most revealing questions and answers.

"Was your father well-to-do?"

"I suppose you'd call him so."

"What became of his money?"

"He died over forty years ago. His will left everything to my mother."

"What happened to her money?"

"Like many husbands, my father didn't believe that a wife should know anything about business. My mother was defrauded of her fortune by unscrupulous agents. She died twenty years ago."

"How did she live for the other twenty years?"

"An older relative and I took care of her."

"How much money did you have in the bank when you were taken ill? How much did your illness cost you?"

I told her to the best of my ability. The bank account had been closed out long ago. The receipted bills for my illness had been turned in with my income tax returns several years back.

"Have you anything you can sell? Jewelry, furniture, a piano, articles of value . . . or furs? . . . Furs are important. It was a lady with a mink coat who made it difficult for women of your kind."

I explained that I had sold my furniture, piano, silverware, and wrist watch some time ago and that I had no furs—nothing in fact but my clothes, some books, and a few family momentos of no value to anyone but myself.

Next I was asked for the names of my former employers, my creditors, and all banks with which I had ever done business.

I gave them to her, handing her the statements of the last bank in which I had had a running account.

We sat at her desk until half-past two, while I was asked to explain every check I had drawn over a period of six months. I could not remember how I had spent the money from some small checks made out to cash.

"I wish you could," the interviewer said. "They'll insist upon knowing, I'm afraid."

When all questions had been answered to the best of my knowledge, I was told to return on Tuesday for another interview, this time with a young woman in the finance department, who asked me practically the same questions as those submitted by the previous interviewer and gave me the name of a woman whom I was to see on Friday.

On Friday a girl in her early twenties returned my credentials and said that a social worker had been assigned to call on me "some time next week."

I asked her if she knew what day that would be, as I wanted to be home.

"We never tell that," she said. "This is an investigation. They just drop in on you." She smiled wryly and added, "In case of a mink coat."

III

After ten days of waiting, a young girl presented herself as the social worker assigned to my case. Intelligent and affable, she, too, apologized for the questions she was bound by her job to ask me. She began by saying that if I would co-operate she would do her best to get me the "assistance." She explained that it was not really a pension in the sense in which the word was used in other states, but a combination of federal, state, and city relief.

Her cross-examination began with, "Have you any friends with money? If so, won't they help you?"

I replied that some of my friends were well-to-do, but that I had no claim on them; and that like many people today they felt that their high income and excise taxes, together with their contributions to private agencies and the general community funds, more than fulfilled their philanthropic obligations.

"But what about that older relative who helped your mother? Wouldn't he help?"

"He might," I chuckled, "if I wait until his resurrection from the dead."

"Maybe we could write to your former husband? Perhaps he would help out . . . ."

To clarify my refusal, I was forced to open up old wounds and, among other things, explain that he had never been able to support himself.

"Do you know his address?"

I didn't know. I had heard that he was tragically ill and entirely dependent upon his present wife.

Then, "What about her? Would she help you?"

"Even if she were in a position to do so, I would not think of asking her," I replied. "We have never met; and they were married years after I left him."

Well, then couldn't "they" call upon some of the firms who had given me work from time to time?

In a small and highly competitive field there are few secrets; and if word were to get around that I was "on relief," I feared that I would be branded a failure and would be unable to get further work. I told her this.

"I'm afraid 'they' will think you most uncooperative."

I asked her if all applicants for old-age assistance were put through the same catechism. She answered that she had to be sure that I had nothing. "Most applicants have not and they look as if they hadn't. You look as if you might have."

Three days later she dropped by to say that she had interviewed several friends whose names I had given as references. "I never met such wonderful people in all my life. I've talked so much about them at home that my mother and father are fed up. I've recommended the acceptance of your application and you should receive a check within a few days."

A fortnight went by. No check arrived. There were days when I went hungry. I ran farther behind in my room rent and borrowed small sums from long-suffering friends. Called on the telephone, the case-worker said she could do nothing further. "We used to have a special cash fund for such emergencies," she added, "but the new Commissioner has cut it out."

The next day she telephoned me that she was mailing three printed slips for me to sign, authorizing the banks with which I had done business at various times to give the department whatever information they might have about me. One of the accounts had been closed in 1930 and another in 1944. When the slips arrived the line on which the names of those for whom they were intended was blank. I called the case-worker to say that this was rather like signing a blank check, and asked her whether they were really meant for the banks.

"That I can't tell you," she said. "All I know is that if you don't sign them your application will be denied."

I was desperate. So I signed. As the mailbox closed upon them, I felt as if a rope were tightening around my neck. The procedure seemed to me so wholly authoritarian in manner and spirit that for the first time in my life I felt unsure of myself and my country.

IV

Seven weeks from the date of my application, I received a check of eighty-three dollars to cover my expenses for the coming month. Itemized, these were sixty dollars for rent, gas, electricity, cooking and laundry

facilities; six dollars and seventy-five cents for clothing; sixty cents for "cleaning things"; and one dollar for "extras attendant upon old age." The difference, added to the unexpected payment of an ancient loan (which I had carefully reported), made up the food allowance of twenty-seven dollars for a thirty-one day month.

Prices in New York City being what they are, the food allowance was scarcely adequate for a bare subsistence. The gerontologists tell us that from fifty years of age on, a diet rich in proteins is imperative with a special emphasis on meat. It was such a diet that had restored my health.

The case-worker, while admitting that the allowance was just about enough to keep one from starvation, said that it had been worked out by experienced welfare officials.

"Doctors?" I asked.

"No," she said. "Just domestic scientists."

I told her that such foods as starches, lentils, dried beans, and peas, cabbage, onions, milk, all salty and synthetic foods were dangerous for me and that I was supposed to eat a good deal of meat.

"You can have it once or twice a week—or maybe three times, if you're careful. It would be easier, of course, if there were two of you . . . ."

As a result of having to rely on the prohibited foods to keep going, I was eventually troubled by an old and painful symptom from which my previous diet had freed me.

The absence of a carfare or recreation allowance did not affect me. I like to walk and can take three or even four miles at a good pace in my daily stride. I can be happy with good books and music. The books I can get from the public library. For music I need only to tune in on my radio. But I wondered about the old who are ailing and cannot walk to the library; and the uneducated to whom books bring little solace. What of those who do not have access to a radio and who have no inner resources? How do they get along without carfare or entertainment? Are they in their last years to be denied all of the amenities of a decent living?

I found my answer to one of these questions at the bank where I cashed by first welfare check. The case-worker had told me that all city checks were negotiable at any member bank of the Federal Reserve System. So I took my identification card and presented it with the check at a neighborhood bank. The teller told me that an order had come through from the Welfare Department that all New York City welfare checks must now be cashed by their holders at the branches of but one bank.

THE first of the month was an unseasonably hot day with the thermometer registering 95 degrees and a humidity that was appalling. The branch bank to which I went made no special provision for the holders of relief checks who were crowding the floor. They must stand in long lines of city employees, commercial depositors, and workers from the nearby stores—it is not permissible to make such checks over to anyone else for collection.

Immediately in front of me was a very old woman who grew faint from the heat and the pain in her misshapen feet. I asked a floorman to take her out of the line and help her to get her money.

His response was, "Sorry, lady. I nearly lost my job last month when I did that for an old man."

"But at least," I persisted, "you can get her a chair so she can rest until her turn at the window."

He was embarrassed but firm. "Not allowed. Gotta treat everyone alike."

When I resumed my place in line, the old lady told me that the grand-niece with whom she lived had to go to work before the bank opened for the day and there was no one else to come with her. As I took my place at the window I saw that two other not too sturdy elderly people were waiting to help her up the street.

The next pay-day I talked with an aged arthritic who could not spare the carfare from his food allowance. He had to hobble seven blocks both ways with the help of two canes. On the two occasions when I cashed my checks I saw, going and coming, many of the aged whose legs were bowed and whose backs bent from years of hard work. It seemed needlessly cruel that no measure had been taken to ease what for me was merely a discomfort but for them a painful ordeal.

When I asked the case-worker what would be done for one who was too ill or infirm to make the trip, she replied that there were public homes and hospitals for such people.

On one of her visits to me, I spoke to her about a tooth which was causing me intervals of considerable sleeplessness and pain. She suggested the City's dental clinic and said she would make an appointment for me. I heard nothing from her until three weeks had passed, during which a nagging toothache had become my constant companion. I called her up and she said she had requested an appointment for me the day I had spoken to her about the tooth. She informed me that "all dental work is under the jurisdiction of the Department of Health and the clinics are so over-crowded and short-handed that an appointment has become a 'pearl of great price.' "

The next morning I received notice of an appointment for the following day from a clinic in a borough five miles from where I live. To get there meant taking the subway which, because of the stairs, is not advisable for me in hot weather. Getting in touch with my case worker, I was told to call up the Medical Division which would switch the appointment to a more convenient clinic.

I could hear the girl who answered the telephone at the Division shouting that I "had the arthritis and couldn't take subway stairs." (The arthritis is something of which I have as yet had no twinge.) After a few minutes she gave me an appointment in a village of another borough which I could reach by bus. I had never been in this section and I asked the girl what bus I should take. With a loud laugh, she shouted, "That woman is so dumb she doesn't even know how to travel."

Eventually the receiver was taken out of the girl's hand and a soft-spoken medical worker apologized for her assistant's rudeness and gave me the necessary directions. "There's no public dental clinic in Manhattan," she informed me. "Otherwise I would have sent you to one."

The clinic, a dismal loft in a dingy neighborhood, was divided by wooden partitions into a waiting room and several operating cubby-holes. My appointment was for two o'clock. Seated next to me, an elderly woman complained that she had been back five times to have her plates readjusted. A young woman with a small boy complained that the child's tooth had been aching for over a month and this was the first appointment she had been able to get for him. "What you have to take when you're up against it!" she whispered. Others on the benches nodded in agreement.

At two-thirty, a blondined dental assistant —she was twenty or so—appeared in the doorway leading to the clinic proper.

"Come in, Isabel," she drawled in a voice one might affect for a sick baby, "and take off your hat."

"If you don't mind," I said quietly, "my name is Mrs. Gaines."

She mumbled what may have been an apology. I learned later that city social workers are instructed to address the old by their first names "because it puts them at their ease." To me it was just one more petty indignity.

The dentist assigned to me was a frail little man of uncertain age, sickly pale and with a severe palsy. After three futile attempts to place an X-ray film in its proper position in my mouth, he asked me to do so. Complying with his request, I evoked uproarious laughter from two young men who were waiting.

The operating room to which the dentist led me resembled a slum hallway. The walls looked as though they might have been wet down with dirty water and the drippings allowed to dry of themselves. Here and there on a level with the chair were splotches of dried blood. The radiator was thick with verdigris and dust. Hung on nails on the unclean walls was a row of leaden molds for dentures which were so many landing places for an irate horsefly. The complexion of the windows and the refuse bin matched that of the walls. My guess is that the equipment was a relic of the gay nineties.

When the dentist appeared with the developed X-ray film I asked if I might see it. He refused. "I shall make my report to the proper authorities," he said.

"Are you going to pull my tooth?" I ventured.

"I don't know yet." Taking an instrument from the swinging table, and without sterilizing it, he started to pick at my tooth. Getting out of the chair, I told him gently, for he was very ill, that I could not take it.

Within a few days an unexpected offer of work came to me through the mail. I notified the Welfare Department that I required no further aid.

A day or so later another young case-worker

walked in on me. I say this with reason—it is exactly what she did. When the friend in whose home I have a room answered the bell, the girl brushed past her and started down the hall.

"Who are you, and whom do you wish to see?" asked my friend.

"I'm from the Welfare Department. I want to see Mrs. Gaines."

"Just wait, please," said my friend, "and I'll find out if she is in and wishes to see you."

"That's not necessary. I was told where her room is," she shot back, precipitating herself into my room with a swish of her glazed chintz dirndl. Neat, precise, and coldly impersonal, she was, I would say, not more than twenty-three years old.

She sat down and, smoothing the folds of her skirt into a straight line, said, "They've sent me to find out what your new work is, the name and address of your employer, and how much you expect to be paid for it."

"Don't you think 'they' are a bit impudent?" I asked.

She fiddled with her chintz reticule, and focusing her eyes on the carpet, answered, "Well, you see we like to keep in touch with our clients. . . ."

"That's not necessary as far as I am concerned," I said. "And since what I'm working on is nobody's business but my own, I shan't answer your questions."

That evening she called up a woman whose name was on my list of references, and asked what I was doing. The answer was similar to the one I had given.

"Do you think," queried this recent recruit from college, "that she can do the work?"

My friend laughed. "I think so. She's not exactly senile, you know."

"Well, please don't tell her that I called you. I think it would be best for her not to know that I had."

V

The close-up I had had of this kind of assistance differed so widely in spirit and technique from anything I had observed when in times past I had helped out as a volunteer in private agencies that I was left with some questions which begged for an answer. There was the apparent discrepancy in the allotments; the delays to which some applicants were submitted and the indifference to the plight of those among them who had reached a point of immediate need; the ineptness of the young case-workers who lack the delicate perception implicit in their jobs; and the constant imputations that you were a fraud: "Where did you get this? Is that etching worth anything? You're not supposed to own anything salable, you know." All these, it seemed to me, were grievous defects in a dispensation which might have been full of grace.

Here is an instance of what I mean as it was told to me by the pensioner involved. A woman seventy-two years old, she lives alone in a dark, one-room-and-kitchen tenement apartment which, I can testify, she keeps scrupulously clean. To give it a touch of color as a substitute for the sunshine she never gets, she cut down on her clothes allowance to buy a strip of bright oilcloth for her kitchen table and a pot of geraniums for her window sill. A friendly neighbor happened in with a gift of some freshly-baked cookies one afternoon and was invited to stay for a cup of coffee. They had scarcely settled down to enjoy themselves when a youthful case-worker came panting up the stairs. Opening the door which was partly ajar, she went into the kitchen, inspected the oil-cloth, put her nose to the geraniums, and, nibbling a cookie, announced that she would have to report this extravagance. "You have no right to waste the taxpayers' money on such trifles," said this young thing to the woman who had spent close to forty years scrubbing the floors of business offices for fifty cents an hour.

On the other hand, another woman had quite the opposite to say of her experience. "I get along beautifully on what they give me," she said, but did not tell me how much she was getting. "They give me everything I ask for. And I live well. Last month they gave me the linoleum for my kitchen floor and had my arm-chair upholstered." She added that of course she had influential friends.

I wondered if this explained what a city welfare worker said to me at the time of my inquisition. She asked me if I knew any politicians. When I answered in the negative she remarked, "Too bad. If you did, it might help some."

For enlightenment I went to someone of importance who for many years has served on the boards of private philanthropies and has

intimate knowledge of public welfare methods. He explained to me that the department chiefs must carry out the wishes of conflicting political factions. "Don't blame them," he said. "If they don't do what they're told, they will lose their jobs. And they're told to do one thing one day, and something quite opposite the next. They feel at the mercy of political career men whose hearts are in the headlines, men to whom social welfare measures are but a means to some end they may have in mind. They are not interested in helping the needy," he went on, "so much as in the party vote. For those who are in office, or who expect to run for it, welfare is a pork-barrel of jobs and relief for henchmen, relatives, and constituents; for those who are out, it is a two-way instrument for getting back by putting the other fellow out. And their attitude toward it changes with the shifting of the political winds."

I ASKED about the "lady in mink" to whom such frequent allusions had been made. He sent me to Mrs. ———, who had looked into the case for a private agency when it was dropped by the city's relief roll. "It was," said Mrs. ———, "a perfect example of what can happen anywhere when any two factions are opposed to one another." On the one side was the charge by the state politicians that the city's relief organization was a welter of waste and incompetency. On the other side was the city's complaint over the percentage returnable to it from its contribution to state taxes. The natural outcome was an investigation with a fanfare of publicity.

One day an investigator called upon a woman who was living on relief in a midtown hotel just as she was going out. She had on a mink coat. The next day the newspapers carried a headline story that the woman and her child were being maintained on relief money in a "luxury-class" hotel; that her coat was of considerable value; and that eight *years* previously when she divorced her first husband he had given her $40,000 and, later, another $22,500.

According to Mrs. ———, whose agency conducted a thorough non-political investigation into the woman's circumstances, the mink coat was a present from the woman's first husband in the earlier years of their marriage. At the time she applied for relief it was the only warm coat she possessed and was so well worn that it had no appreciable sales value. The hotel where she was living was middle-class and medium-priced and she was there only until a suitable home for her and the little girl could be found. It was true that her first husband had made a comfortable settlement on her at the time of her divorce. But her second husband, who was the father of her child, had helped to squander it, deserting her when there was no more money.

"Had it not been for us," said Mrs. ———, "the summary withdrawal of relief would have left her and her child destitute. As it is, the anxiety and humiliation brought on a nervous collapse, and she is now in a mental nursing home. The little girl is being cared for in a private family."

AT THIS point I interpolated, "But still I don't see what this had to do with old-age assistance."

"In New York," said Mrs. ———, "it is not a special service as it is in some other cities, but just a part of the general relief program. Because of the exposure, services and disbursements were cut to the bone. Personnel was reduced. The cash fund for applicants in immediate need was discontinued. Workers were instructed to 'get tough' with applicants, particularly those whose appearance was not indicative of poverty. And this applied to old and young alike."

I had seen enough to know that some of the charges that followed the general investigation were well founded. Therefore, I could understand the curtailments in some directions. But I could find no excuse for the complete lack of understanding of the problems and sensibilities of the elderly which was shown by some of the workers.

"What can you expect?" questioned my informant, when I had said this to her. "The pay of the case-workers is so low that the well-equipped older social service experts will not accept such jobs. Young people just out of college sometimes do so to gain experience but they stay only until they can get better jobs in the private agencies at higher pay."

The explanation seemed to be complete. There is the inherent difficulty of running a fair and humane relief service when different political groups are battling over it. There is the vulnerability of such a service to sensa-

tional attacks, and the resulting fear that it will be imposed upon. There is the lack of money and prestige in the public welfare jobs. There are the delays and duplications of effort, and the routine indifference, of a jog-trot bureaucracy. In almost any community such a combination of difficulties may cause what is done for people in dire need to be inefficient, cruelly slow, and galling to honest men and women. Yet even so, might it not be possible to give special consideration to the sensibilities of those older citizens who, overtaken by adversity after a lifetime of labor, still cling to their self-respect?

A Word, to Put It Mildly, for the Gulf Stream

SIR: I wish to say a word or two in defense of the Gulf Stream, which has repeatedly been attacked in the columns of the *World.* Not attacked openly, but by cowardly implication, attacked subtly and inferentially, sneered at and insinuated against. Mr. Heywood Broun makes the latest facetious reference, alluding to the Gulf Stream in such a way as to prejudice young and impressionable minds. This is the usual covert manner of attack when Young Intellectuals have determined that they will overthrow an institution. And no honest observer can doubt that there exists a conspiracy to undermine the Gulf Stream. I am not writing directly to Mr. Broun, as he suppressed a former letter of mine, treating it with the contempt which it deserved—a procedure which, he will discover, will make him more enemies than friends in the long run.

What is there about the Gulf Stream which has enraged the radicals of Greenwich Village, the dangerous Bolshevistic element who edit the *New Yorker,* and has set David Wallace to sneering into his mustache every time it is mentioned? Why do the Provincetown group put on a drama of Eugene O'Neill's attacking it in an allegory apparent only to the intelligentsia, a play which receives the unqualified approval of Mr. Alexander Woollcott? Why does Mr. Broun's latest book contain no reference to it? Does he think that he can ignore it in his books, while seeking to discredit it in his column? Why do the *Nation* and the *New Republic* and the *American Mercury* and *Vanity Fair* and Kelcey Allen of *Women's Wear* attempt to patronize it in that spirit of sublimated sarcasm peculiar to such publications?

Sir, it will not do! The Gulf Stream is bound up with our dearest institutions; the Fathers of the Republic recognized it as one of the ancient landmarks; it is intimately associated with all the basic ideas that make hearth and home the palladia of this Christian nation; our boys crossed it when they went to France to battle for democracy; it is a chip of the old block brought hither with the Mayflower to be the cornerstone of our liberties; it was the shield and buckler of Abraham Lincoln in his fight against human slavery; it is one of the Gibraltars of our Nordic civilization. And its enemies will find that it cannot be overturned or decimated by the poisonous infiltration of Soviet ideas from Russia!

—Don Marquis, in F.P.A.'s "The Conning Tower," *The World,* October 8, 1926

After Hours

WILLIAM ZUILL in his delightful and informative guidebook, *Bermuda Journey,* quotes a description of a guest house on Harrington Sound that was written by a visitor there just before the turn of the century. It says:

> . . . For anyone who wants absolute quiet and seclusion this is the place. It is only a step from the Sound and the boarders walk out and take a plunge in the clear water before breakfast. It is quiet and tranquil enough to kill a man in a week.

I drove past the site of the boarding house several times and looked at, but did not swim in, the tranquil waters of Harrington Sound, which range in color from a blue that is nearly purple to a bright turquoise. Bermuda is less likely to kill than to seduce, and it is the kind of place in which, once the extraordinary color of the water and the coral beaches have ceased to shock because of their unreality, another kind of unreality takes hold. If anything it is too pretty, like a setting for a twenties musical comedy—all trimmed with geraniums and hibiscus and oleanders and dotted with pink and yellow and blue houses all with snow-white roofs. But even that soon seems reasonable enough, as though the whole world might be like that if it had any sense. "It is a very feminine island," Dr. Henry Wilkinson, the principal historian of Bermuda, said to me. "It is pretty, coquettish, and expensive."

As one descends on it from the air, just three hours after leaving New York, it is the shape of a lobster claw and not a single island but a series of islands. It is gray-green not bright green in contrast with the water, and one soon discovers that it is essentially a rock surrounded by dangerous and protective reefs and that its temperament is by no means always sunny. It is alone and nowhere in a sea that lashes it with high winds or pets it with gentle breezes; it is the enchanted island of Shakespeare's "The Tempest," and it is a tough little community fighting for its economic life.

THE fight, of course, goes on over the live bodies of American tourists, a most polite fight, conducted in a most circumspect manner, for Bermuda is a sterling area, and the dollar has a new savor that was unknown before the war. So far as the visitor is concerned, dollars and pounds are both recognized by everyone as interchangeable, and every storekeeper and taxi driver has a card which he consults to tell him how many shillings make how many dollars. One's pockets become filled with a mixture of dollars and shillings, quarters and sixpence, and a taxi fare may be quoted in shillings or dollars and paid with the mixture. With the pound at $2.82 many things seem ridiculously inexpensive; other things, such as food and goods imported to Bermuda since the devaluation, are just about what they would be in America. A seven-mile taxi ride costs $1.12; a pair of excellent gray flannel trousers that cost $25 in New York cost about $17.50. Butter, on the other hand, is 60¢, eggs are 86¢ a dozen. Most beef comes from Australia and is rather tough; American meat can be had in restaurants, but few Bermudians eat it as it is far too expensive. The best shopping is in English woolens and leather goods, though when I was there not long after Easter the shops had been swept nearly clean by an unprecedented influx of American college students on their spring vacations.

The economic balance of the Island, how-

ever, by no means depends entirely on tourists, and Bermudians are faced with an unemployment problem which looms very large. His Majesty's Dockyard, which not long ago boasted the largest floating drydock in the world, is being shut down by faraway London as an economy measure, and how the Dockyard workers (carpenters, mechanics, masons, and other skilled and unskilled laborers) can be absorbed is of general concern. It was being discussed at a luncheon I went to (a small group of men who meet on Saturdays at the English-Speaking Union) and I asked the Attorney General of Bermuda just how many men would be thrown out of work. "About four hundred," he said, and while this at first seemed to me a trifling number and certainly easily absorbed, I realized that this represents one per cent of the population of the Island. It is as though a single industry in America closed down and put a million and a half people on the streets at a blow.

I was told that Bermuda is overpopulated. In all it consists of only nineteen square miles of land, and except for fishing, small gardening (vegetables and fruit), and a few dairies it raises little of its own food. Its only export that still amounts to anything is Easter lilies; the traffic in Bermuda onions, once an important product, is now defunct. The population has doubled in the past quarter of a century, and the increase is mainly the result of a drive to cut the infant mortality rate, which had been extremely high. "And what has it produced?" a Bermudian friend said to me. "It has produced rascals and thieves." Bermuda is also concerned about its delinquency problem, and during my stay there, the papers carried stories about the shocking illegitimacy figures that had been released by the Chief Health Officer in his annual report. Thirty-eight per cent of the births on the Island in the previous year were illegitimate. There were mutterings in the letters columns of the *Royal Gazette*, Bermuda's morning paper, about sterilization and euthanasia, about clinics, and the need for better education in responsibility, and recreation facilities for the young.

But capping all other problems are the cedar trees which are dying of a blight; all efforts to check it have been fruitless. It is as though the elms were to disappear from New England, and worse than that; for the cedars, now mostly twisted silver-gray remnants of trees, cover the Island and are not only the main source of shade from the hot sun but the principal bulwark against the wind. This enchanted island has its problems like any other community, probably no easier or no more difficult, but on so small a piece of land with so much ocean around it, they seem monumental.

THE tourist can shut his eyes to all of these problems, except the cedar trees which he will see dead all about him and hear lamented on all sides. Instead of the cedars he can look at the palms and pines and oleanders or the occasional allspice trees whose glossy leaves smell like kitchen allspice, which is, in fact, made from the dried berries of the tree. Instead of concerning himself with the economic troubles of the Island, he can be impressed with its economic delights, with shops in which the service is unfailingly polite and agreeable (or so I found it), where sweaters are as soft as kittens' ears and tweeds are softer still. Instead of fretting about unemployment, he can take pleasure in the abundance of service in the hotels (which is not, I am told, uniformly good, but how could it be?). If he is gregarious, he can find crowds in the big hotels or on the streets of Hamilton, especially on the day the *Queen of Bermuda* towers above the low-roofed city (it docks on Mondays); or if he wants seclusion he can find a stretch of coral sand that he can have all to himself. If he wants sports he can play golf or tennis or go fishing or sailing; he can swim in the still waters of the harbors or the surf of the sea. If he likes his villages quaint, there is St. George's, a seventeenth-century town; if he likes his coastline rugged there is the South Shore, where waves dash on limestone crags. If he likes flowers he will find blue morning glories growing wild all over the Island, and geranium hedges, and hibiscus in flame or orange or white; and in the gardens are Easter lilies and amaryllis and sweet peas and snapdragon, roses and pansies, periwinkle, banana trees, and nearly everything else he can think of. The Island would make the hearts of any Chamber of Commerce beat faster. Even the Bermudians cannot take it in their stride.

"Bermuda," the director of the Bermuda News Bureau told me, "always lands on its

feet. When the onion business went to pieces, the tourist business began. When the tourist business was stopped by the war, the base workers came in and started to build Kindley Field [which is made-land, several square miles of it dredged up out of Castle Harbour to make the airfield which is now used by both the U. S. Air Force and commercial airlines]. During the war the Island was crowded with Army and Navy. As soon as the war was over, the tourist business started up again." I asked him about the workers at the Dockyard. He wasn't unduly concerned; they would be absorbed by the tourist business, all right.

VISITING Bermuda as my wife and I did under the auspices of friends who are Bermudians, keeping house in what for Bermuda is a fairly secluded spot, and seeing many more Bermudians than tourists, we had the illusion of not being tourists at all. It was merely an illusion, of course, but we enjoyed it. We did little sight-seeing, though we saw a good deal, and we made a point of letting day slip into day in as easy a way as possible. We swam before breakfast from a coral beach in water that had pink highlights on it; we played tennis on green clay courts, and we shopped in Hamilton and the Devil's Hole (not far from the Angel's Grotto). Our few outings were rewarding—the flower show in Somerset, the primary school and lighthouse on St. David's Island, an afternoon in St. George's, a boom town during the war and now as quiet as a tropical city during the siesta hour.

But wherever we went there was always the sense that Bermuda is one thing and the tourist business another, and that the source of livelihood should not be confused with living itself. Bermuda is an old Colony, and to Bermudians "Empire" is a proud word. It differs from many colonies in that there were no "natives" that needed colonizing; there was nothing but a coral reef covered with cedar trees and running with wild pigs when the English first came to Bermuda by mistake.

A ship called the *Sea Venture* was on its way in 1609 to the colony of Virginia in company with six other ships when the little flotilla encountered a storm of near-hurricane velocity. The ships lost sight of one another in the storm, and the *Sea Venture* sprang a leak. For three days and nights all hands pumped and baled and tried to seal the leak with anything at hand, including salt beef, and finally on the fourth day the ship drove aground on the "flats" about a mile off the coast of Bermuda. The seas subsided and all of the 140 people on the ship were put safely ashore.

Bermuda had been known before the *Sea Venture's* company made their temporary home there, but it was known only as a treacherous series of reefs of which sailors should beware, and it had been named on early maps after a Spanish navigator, Bermudez, who landed on the Island in 1515. But there were no people there, no natives, and there was nothing to tame but an island which inside its reefs was tameness itself.

BERMUDIANS are very much aware of their history, and they like to talk about it and tell you where it happened. They like to show you the fort from which a single shot into the rigging of a Spanish ship sent the potential enemy fleeing to open water three hundred years ago, and they like to remind you that they only had powder for two shots altogether. They like to tell you how the Americans made off with the Island's supply of gunpowder during the American Revolution. And they like to show you the old houses, some of which date back to the seventeenth century, and are built by the same method that is still in use today.

Nearly all Bermuda houses are built of limestone, which is not infrequently quarried out of the ground on which the house is to sit. The stone is so soft that it can be cut with a hand saw, and it is made into blocks, much like our cinder blocks, and of these the walls of the house are built. They are covered with stucco, and the roofs, which are pitched, are also made of stone. The same limestone is used, but for the roof it is cut into slices an inch thick, and the slices are laid double, much the way slate is laid, over a timber frame.

Since there is no fresh water in Bermuda except rain water, the roofs are whitened with lime, and by a system of gutters every drop that falls on them is stored in a tank under the house. While we were in Bermuda there was only one "catching" rain; the other times that it rained the wind blew so hard that the water flew off the roof and did not swell the tanks. There is a saying there that

a man's wealth is measured by the amount of water in his tank.

It is difficult with such a simple method of construction to make an ugly house, and most of the houses are trim and convenient, and good to look at. Those that are not are likely to be the elaborate ones built by "American millionaires" (a generic term, sometimes literally true) who have taken the local style, blown it up, and more often than not painted it the color of raspberry ice. The old mansions of Bermuda are white, with dark ceilings supported by cedar beams, spacious rooms with a directness and simplicity that contrast sharply with the overlay of "quaintness" that characterizes the mansions of the boom years after the first world war.

There seems to be scarcely a house in Bermuda from which the water isn't visible, either the harbors or the sea, and yet the produce of the sea is hard to come by. There is no fishing industry that amounts to anything; the fisherman's life is a precarious one and is less remunerative than the tourist business anyway. To get fresh fish is a sort of game; perhaps if you are at a wharf when a boat comes in you might get some, or if you know someone who knows a fisherman he can keep an eye out for a bonita or angel fish that are caught in local waters. Indeed it is difficult to get the culinary specialties of the Island; restaurants don't serve them, and we found no place that emphasizes Bermuda cooking. We ate mussel pie (bigger mussels than American ones, cooked with salt pork and potatoes and covered with a deep crust) and mullet roe, which is a fine roe that is dried and pressed and traditionally stored with the blankets in a cedar chest. We could find no one to give us shark-liver cooked in its own oil (though we heard it boasted of) or cassava pie which is a standard Christmas dish. Sunday breakfast in Bermuda is traditionally bananas and codfish, which we ate once. We had the bananas fried in oil (half the size of the bananas we get at home) but sometimes they are just covered with oil and lime juice; the codfish is plain dried codfish, no treat to a New Englander. Drinking in Bermuda is much like drinking anywhere, except that rum is more in evidence than in colder climates. The gin tastes quite different from American gin, which has reputedly got drier over the years. Scotch is about $3.25 a bottle, gin about $2.25, and can be brought back to America by tourists for less than this. Each person is allowed a gallon, which comes to something around $13.00.

BERMUDA has made up its mind to be not just a winter and spring resort, but a summer resort as well. So far this year has been its biggest tourist year and visitors were still arriving in droves late in May, riding away from the ship in open carriages or in little ten-horse-power taxis at the dashing speed of twenty miles an hour. The Island, I was told, has changed greatly since the advent of automobiles, which were not allowed before the recent war. Twenty miles an hour is as fast as one wants to go on the narrow carriage roads often cut through crevices of limestone and cluttered with bicycles and little motorcycles. The traffic regulations are strict and strictly enforced. Speeding or drunken driving will send a man to jail, and a minor violation will cost him five pounds. But over the satisfaction of the booming tourist business and the brightness of the prospect there is a pall. Bermudians watch America and they also watch Europe and they fear another war with the dread of a spot of land that would become a fort, a barracks, and expendable. There is nowhere to go on an island that is only a coral reef and they are not insensitive to what happened to certain other coral reefs in another ocean in another war. But in the meanwhile a dollar is a dollar and they mean to give full value for it, and in my opinion they succeed as well as any place where I have ever spent a vacation.

There was a sign on the front of a shop in Hamilton just across the street from the pier at which the *Queen* ties up. There were obviously rather extensive alterations going on in the store, and the sign on the front, painted in large pink letters on a gray board, summed up a good deal of Bermuda rather succinctly. "Business As Usual," the sign said, "Or Pretty Much So."

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Salute to Robert Penn Warren

Richard H. Rovere

In the closing lines of *All the King's Men,* Robert Penn Warren, speaking through the narrator, Jack Burden, says that "a man's virtue may be but the defect of his desire" and that a man's "crime may be but the function of his virtue." Here we have a pair of moral paradoxes that, to the enormous good fortune of modern American literature, obsess and possess Warren. In ***World Enough and Time*** (Random House, $3.75), as in *All the King's Men,* virtue is frequently made manifest in crime; liars serve themselves with truth; forthright men lie in truth's defense; honor enjoys victories secured for it by dishonor. Such are the sorrowful confusions and contradictions that Warren observes in life, and not in modern life alone, for *World Enough and Time* is set on the Kentucky frontier in the eighteen-twenties, a century at least before the Age of Anxiety. Is Warren, then, making the point that the moral categories leak and have always done so? That, I think, is the lesser part of it. It is important to note that he did not cause Jack Burden to say that virtue has *no* existence apart from defective desire, or crime apart from virtue. Burden stated moral possibilities, not moral laws. In Warren's view, it is man's thorny lot in life to pick up the tangled skein of good and evil and untangle it as best he can. Warren also believes, or writes as if he believes, that it is art's responsibility to lend man, the untangler, a helping hand.

World Enough and Time meets this responsibility with superb skill and force. It also stands as a compelling demonstration that Warren is a writer of immense virtuosity. This new novel is far more than a century and two broad rivers away from *All the King's Men.* It is described as "a romantic novel," and the characterization is accurate in both the literary-philosophical and the chambermaid-fetching senses. It is full of genuinely noble and ennobling visions and also of dirks flashing in the moonlight, of lovers' vows and strong men's derring-do, of roistering in corn-liquor dispensaries, of life in dank dungeon cells, of all sorts of dark and bloody matters appropriate to the ground on which the action is laid.

This will be Hollywood's dish, and the headgear concession—coonskin caps and two-story beavers—will be a very nice thing in Frankfort, Kentucky, along about this time next year, when the World Premiere takes place there. But there is nothing wrong with the trappings of historical fiction, unless there is also something wrong with Scott, Tolstoi, Thackeray, and, for that matter, Henry James. Indeed, there is everything right with trappings, provided they are not spurious, and the trouble comes only when they are faked or where there are trappings and nothing else. The trouble never appears in *World Enough and Time.*

One of Warren's most conspicuous and enviable gifts is for the antique art of plotting. His tragedies, like those of the Romans and Elizabethans by whom he is inspired, are hugely intricate, and they end in multiple death, which stands at the last

intersection of a half-dozen winding roads. Properly, there is a single causal event. Here it is the murder by a young Kentucky lawyer of a man who had once been his wife's lover and had, through cravenness more than villainy, betrayed a trust. The young man, whose name is Jeremiah Beaumont (the novel is modeled, but very loosely, on a real case involving one Jereboam Beauchamp) and who had a sensitive intelligence and a tormented devotion to justice, would not have stooped to murder by stealth if he had not earlier failed in an effort to challenge his victim to a settlement on the field of honor. At any rate, the murder is the first crime which is a function of virtue. The next is Beaumont's plea of innocence, which involves the deception of his counsel, at his trial for murder. He is led into this by his knowledge that the virtue of his enemies—that is, their wish to convict him—is the defect of their desire, which should be for pure justice but in truth is for the political and material advancement they stand to gain by conviction. Though he was guilty, the objective circumstances were such that the prosecution would have done less violence to reason in assuming his innocence than in seeking to establish his guilt, which could only be done through vile perjuries and wild misconstructions of truth. Caught in a web of lies and wishing to defeat the principle of the lie, Beaumont himself attempts the subornation of perjury and in this act is found out. Less through this discovery by the prosecution, though, than by the testimony of his best friend, Beaumont is convicted and sentenced to hang. He cheats the gallows, however, by an escape engineered by the feckless friend who had borne true witness at the trial, and lives on to observe and engage in many criminal adventures undertaken in virtue's behalf and in honorable acts calculated to further dishonor.

It would take an extraordinary reserve of eulogistic language to overstress the brilliance with which Warren integrates—a poor, dull word for a high art—the moral and dramatic elements in *World Enough and Time*. It is a book rich with the fruits of the mind, with eloquent generalizations and handsome citations, but these never impede the action, nor does the action interrupt the philosophical quest. Beaumont is both actor and seeker, and in the end, prodded by the hunger for ultimate truth that led him through so much disaster, he picks up the tangled skein. He had first killed and lied for an idea—justice—which is a true and beautiful force in life. But he had seen the idea not *in* life but apart from it, and that was his besetting heresy. As John Locke had observed that gold would have no value—and might not even be gold—in the outer atmosphere, so Beaumont learned that no idea has authority or validity "if we place it apart from our warm world and its invisible fluids by which we live. . . . It is the first and last temptation to name the idea as all, which I did, and in that error was my arrogance, and the beginning of my undoing and cold exile from mankind." One heresy points the way to another. "He had thought that the idea in and of itself might redeem the world and in that thought had scorned the world. But that thought, he tells us, led to a second error which must always follow from the first when we find that the idea has not redeemed the world: the world must redeem the idea." Men set such store by their illusions that they falsify life to prove them. When they discover this mistake, they are ready for another. The third and final error in this cycle is "to deny the idea and its loneliness and to embrace the world as all."

Warren writes for a generation which has seen many failures to redeem the world with an idea and many attempts to make the world redeem the idea. There are very few problems before us which do not in the end come down to the double necessity for making life yield to principle and principle yield to life. I know of no American writer who addresses himself to our necessities with more verve and strength than Warren. *All the King's Men,* which was published four years ago, seemed to me, as I wrote in the first of these columns, to be perhaps the finest novel of the forties. If the present decade produces anything better than *World Enough and Time,* it will be an illustrious period indeed. I do not mean to suggest that *World Enough and Time* is beyond criticism—who would want it to be?—but I should not care to account for its occasional failures unless I had first accounted for all its triumphs, which is something that in this short space I have hardly begun to do.

To go from *World Enough and Time* to Peter Taylor's ***A Woman of Means*** (Harcourt Brace, $2.75) is to move not to another point on the scale of values but

from a major to a minor key. Warren deals with whole lifetimes of hope and grief; Taylor penetrates a few moments of private desperation. There is, however, good reason for mentioning the two men together. Taylor, who established a fine reputation as a short story writer before publishing his first novel, has been influenced by Warren, has received encouragement and praise from him, and belongs, with Warren, to the only Southern school that exists apart from the one that devotes most of its energies to the chemistry of social disintegration. Both Warren and Taylor are represented in an excellent new anthology, ***The House of Fiction*** (Scribner, $5), edited by two other members of the school, Caroline Gordon and Allen Tate, and both write a kind of perfectionist prose whose principles are set down in Warren's and Cleanth Brooks' ***Fundamentals of Good Writing*** (Harcourt Brace, $4.75), a lucid and luminous manual of rhetoric. *A Woman of Means* is an account of a series of small misunderstandings and frustrations culminating in the large tragedy of madness in a St. Louis family twenty-odd years ago. In line with the current vogue, the adult world is interpreted for us by a young boy whose loneliness evokes our sympathy and whose intelligence commands our respect. The woman of means is the boy's stepmother. She has been only a short while married to his father, who is far from being a man of means. In this inversion of the proper middle-class scheme of pecuniary things, the inevitable suspicions and exacerbations develop and the woman is finally overcome by insanity. What Taylor has to offer is an exquisite harmony of subject and method and an appreciation of his characters and their values that would be prized by such a master of the form as Flaubert.

Not yet having had the opportunity to join the devout and happy throngs at Henry Miller's Theater in New York, I have been able to approach T. S. Eliot's ***The Cocktail Party*** (Harcourt Brace, $3) purely as an armchair experience and to compare it with two other plays for reading, Edmund Wilson's ***The Little Blue Light*** (Farrar,



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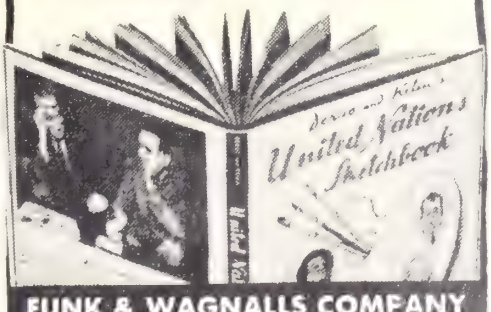


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Straus, $2.75) and Christopher Fry's *The Lady's not for Burning* (Oxford, $2.50). It should be said at once that the very fact that all three of these plays can be read at all, automatically gives them a distinction that can be claimed for very few works of the modern theater, which, if it is to be criticized for the lack of literacy among its playwrights, must at the same time be commended for all the non-literary skills which so often enable it to wring acceptable entertainment from unliterate dramaturgy. What added dimensions could be given these plays by skillful production—of the three, only *The Cocktail Party* has been staged here—I am, of course, not qualified to say. But none of them is wholly without interest even in cold print.

I found *The Cocktail Party* an exhilarating experience in a narrow literary sense but rather lean fare intellectually and certainly not uplifting. It may well be that the uplift is supplied in the theater, but in the living room or the railroad coach Eliot's inquiry into the personality that cannot believe in itself—an almost universal malady, as his now celebrated psychoanalyst says, among personalities that need belief—does not seem notable either for its human insights or for its theological medicaments. What Eliot is telling us, so far as I am able to discern, is that, to paraphrase his doctor, men who know that saintliness is not within their grasp must strive less to clear their consciences than to strengthen themselves so that they shall be able to bear the burdens of conscience. Freedom from sin is a vain and impossible goal, but acceptance of the sense of sin is half the battle of salvation. Robert Penn Warren has Jeremiah Beaumont taught an un-Anglican version of the same lesson—sin is Beaumont's "world"; the vain goal of innocence is his "pure idea"—but the experience is vastly richer, and the lesson is burned into Beaumont's deeply scarred hide, not communicated to him in soft epigrams spoken by a plenipotentiary of Heaven trained in the Vienna school.

My response to *The Cocktail Party* is similar to Roy Campbell's famous response to the work of a school of South African novelists: Eliot uses the snaffle and the bit all right, but where's the bloody horse?

But if the fabric of the play is not warming to the spirit, it nevertheless has a texture that is lovely to the touch. Eliot's art is more impressive than his matter. In the language he employs for the discourses of his London sophisticates, there is a flexibility and grace that come far closer to the sublime than the meditations of his healer. If the problem of restoring poetic language to the stage is one of striking a dignified compromise with the colloquial (and that *is* the problem, for personality that cannot believe in itself finds it even harder to believe in the personality whose words are lightning and whose voice is thunder), then Eliot has hit it very nearly right and has therefore served the theater as well as any writer of his time. He has achieved eloquence without any trace of hoked-up elegance. In his gently and irregularly cadenced dialogue, which makes sparing use of imagery and almost no use of metaphor, there is not a trace of stiltedness or silliness. A certain doubt must remain as to whether his technique could be made widely available to a dramatic literature that cannot forever nourish itself on the limited societies in which its creators move. Eliot puts words only into the mouths of people whose prototypes in life are, in one degree or another, conscious of the problems and possibilities of language. To have them speak gracefully is natural. But there are other people, equally worthy of the attention of playwrights, in whose speech awkwardness is part of the colloquial, its grammar so to speak.

As one who normally admires Edmund Wilson's fiction as much as his criticism, I was disappointed by *The Little Blue Light.* It is clever and readable and quite funny in spots, but it seemed to me to be merely a witty trifle and not the acute and bitter satire he must have intended it to be. I can describe it best by saying that it is a kind of cross between George Orwell's *1984* and Mary McCarthy's *The Oasis,* but far less successful than either. Like *1984,* it projects the squalor of present-day politics on the future, and like *The Oasis,* it examines the future in terms of the private lives of intellectuals. Even its "future" is a compromise between these two books: it is, from internal evidence, about 1960 or 1965. The trouble seems to be that Wilson never makes up his mind as to whether his interest is in the political developments or in the personalities. In a novel, he would not have to make up his mind, for he would have room for both things, but the drama is still a disciplined enough form to require a choice, and Wilson never makes it. The plot—the pivotal point of which is the political murder of a priest by a death-dealing gadget that is made to deliver its charge by metabolic changes in the intended victim—is thin, and the characters are authentically but unpleasantly brittle. Some of the political and intellectual gadgetry is entertaining, and the writing is consistently adroit, but the whole thing suffers from a lack of substance and of steady purpose.

I can urge *The Lady's not for Burning* on the whole constituency with an enthusiasm almost entirely free of reservations. This, like *The Cocktail Party* and *The Little Blue Light,* is billed as comedy, but, unlike them, it lives up to the billing in every respect. Christopher Fry is an English poet, a former actor, whose plays in verse have been enjoying a considerable success in London for quite a while. *The Lady's not for Burning* will play here next fall. There will then be at the box-office a happy but undevout throng whose members, I suspect, St. Peter will someday discover to be a more agreeable lot than the communicants at *The Cocktail Party.* The setting is an English market town named Cool Clary; the time is indeterminate but the characters "are as much fifteenth century as anything." Whatever their century they are an extraordinary assortment of scoundrels, incompetents, scatterbrains, and sweet philosophers, and their little village group is temporarily leavened by the presence of a suspected witch who descends upon Cool Clary to announce that "I believe in the human mind" and an ex-soldier from nowhere who throws the village fathers into wild confusion by demanding that he be executed for murders he claims to have committed for the express purpose of getting himself judicially hanged. He is tired of life, fed up with it, and ready for a long

nap, which is denied him by fifteenth-century bureaucratic red tape. He falls in love with the witch.

The play is in a verse that lacks the limpid beauty Eliot achieves because it never seeks it but that is original enough on its own terms and is far more firmly fleshed. The terms on which it is original are those of a master plagiarizer. In throwing his play together, Fry has shamelessly absconded with anything in English poetry that has taken his fancy. He has stolen the devices of the masters from Chaucer clear through to Auden. With a larcenous audacity unprecedented in polite letters, he flaunts his thefts and his literary conceits. But the thefts are really in the nature of parody, and the conceits are gay ones. Fry is a very funny writer. How often he could do this sort of thing and whether any of it will keep are serious questions, I suppose, but they are not questions anyone is likely to ask while reading or seeing.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Dog Star, by Donald Windham.

It is always hard to write a credible story from the point of view of a fifteen-year-old boy. And this seems especially true when the boy is a child of the slums and more inarticulate than most. Blackie's best friend in reform school kills himself; Blackie runs away from the school, goes back to his sordid home, family, and delinquent friends in the back streets of Atlanta, has an affair with a girl he meets in a café, and nowhere finds for himself the "strength, courage, and indifference" which are his ideal because they were his dead friend's ideal. The action is all unbearably bleak except for a few relaxed scenes with a younger brother, and the aspirations of the boy are so warped, and expressed in such high-flown language, that one feels no pity and little interest in the violent tale. Toward the end of the book Blackie's thought processes go like this:

> Stern and final forgetfulness! He laughed at his weakness of guilt and memory. He had been guilty of the weakness of remembering and of not putting his strength into impressive action. Now, he knew not to remember. He knew not to think, only to act, and now he would do something which would show his strength clearly and impressively to one and all, something right and perfect.

The book seems to me to lack the creative spark of compassion which might give life to the dreary characters and surroundings, but Mr. Windham has chosen to tackle a difficult subject for his first novel, and behind the tough setting and in some of the descriptive passages one feels a sensitive and perceptive mind. It will be interesting to see his next. Doubleday, $2.50

The Snow Was Black, by Georges Simenon.

This is another novel about a criminal mind, but how different from the one above! To be sure the young criminal here is three years older, as M. Simenon is considerably older than Mr. Windham. Yet one cannot help comparing these protagonists. In this book, Frank, in the unnamed occupied European city, is the son of a prostitute, now madam in a brothel. He murders. He betrays the girl who loves him to a gangster who is dealing with the officers of the Occupation. Yet in an extraordinary way one never loses sympathy for him. It is wickedness on a mountainous scale. And when destiny finally catches up with him and he is imprisoned by the Occupation there are good and gentle people whose nobility ennobles him and one finishes the book feeling uplifted instead of depressed. This story-summary is on the simplest level, but there is more here than that. M. Simenon, author of much detective fiction, is past master of suspense, and his use of symbolism in the story of the boy's search for a father and a father's forgiveness is credible and deft enough to put the book on the highest level in portraying sinful man's search for absolution. Where Mr. Windham's book is a realistic study of degradation, this one is an exciting adventure in motivations. Prentice Hall, $2.75

The High Place, by Geoffrey Household.

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fanatically "religious" colony of anarchist D.P.'s whose leader is a woman, beautiful and damned. He also becomes part of the complicated machinery whereby they keep up their contacts and raise their questionable funds throughout the world. Later he turns from them to align himself with the learned and gracious Arab policeman responsible for guarding the border. An exciting story, an exotic background and situation which give Mr. Household plenty of excuse for much brilliant dialogue and discussion. By the author of *Rogue Male.*

Little, Brown, $3

Non-fiction

Herman Melville, by Newton Arvin. To one whose knowledge of Melville's work goes little beyond *Moby Dick,* this book is a revelation. But even those who know a great deal about it will, I am sure, find this biography illuminating. It is written with quiet, unsensational scholarship —which is not to say that there is a dull moment in it. There is lively humor and deep perception and the difficult homosexual overtones are handled with straightforwardness and simplicity. The manner of weaving the threads of the life through the threads of the work and vice versa shapes a pattern which highlights both, for it makes plain wherein the emotional reality of Melville's books lies, and whether the other "facts" are true or not is less important. The stories of the early happy home life, so soon disrupted by the bankruptcy and death of the father; of the voyages resulting in the writing of *Typee* and *Omoo,* supplying the physical background for *Moby Dick,* though the emotional stage was not yet set, all lead up to a most brilliant long chapter on "The White Whale" that is analytic criticism and biography at its best. Indeed the book is so full of insight as to leave the reader satisfied with the biography but wanting to know a great deal more of the biographer.

Sloane Assoc., $3.50

Comes the Comrade, by Alexandra Orme.
A lively account of the Russian occupation of a small Hungarian town, Christmas to Easter 1945, by a Polish woman married to a Hungarian aristocrat. They were glad to see the Russians come, but much more glad to see them go, as the reader readily understands. She doesn't complain; indeed the determined gaiety of the account becomes rather wearing, but one gets the point. She is scrupulously fair as a few quotes will show:

> Oh, those Russians! I knew them first when I was a child. Those were White Russian émigrés, and now these men of the Red Army. Despite the intervening twenty years, despite the fact that whole worlds have crashed and disappeared, the Russians' stories have not changed at all: at most they differ in one or two details. Every Russian has always had his entire family murdered and himself only escaped at the last moment by a miracle and just in what he stood up in.

But a little later on:

> There were all kinds of Russians and all kinds of things you can say about them, but I never saw a single sadist among them.

This is a good book for those who like personal accounts of war on the inconvenience level. Morrow, $4

Ten Days to Die, by Michael Musmanno.
An account of the last days in Hitler's bunker in Berlin with a graphic description of Hitler's wedding and suicide pact with Eva Braun. It is built from the testimony of actual witnesses interviewed by Captain Musmanno, who was Judge of International War Crimes Trials in Nuremberg. It is a horrible and a sordid story, an ending which one wants over as quickly as possible, on paper now as well as in fact at the time. The continued-story-false-suspense which is built up here seems an affront to the reader. It completely lacks the restraint and elegance of style of Trevor-Roper's account of much the same material. Such fateful moments in history demand a certain dignified presentation even when the subjects make it difficult. The publishers' blurb calls the book sensational and I am afraid they are right. Doubleday, $3.50

Assignment to Austerity, by Herbert and Nancy Matthews.
The *New York Times'* most distinguished foreign correspondent and his British-born wife have joined forces to write one of the most read-

able of all the books on the first five years of the British socialist experiment. Mr. Matthews became head of the *Times* London Bureau in 1945 and his wife and two children went with him. Thus their experiences take in all sides of family living. Mr. Matthews has done a brilliant interpretation of the political, economic, and financial problems as they exist under the Labor Government, with splendid portraits of its leaders; Mrs. Matthews has done an equally good job on the social and housekeeping aspects of life in Britain during the five difficult postwar years. Consequently the book can be read and enjoyed on many levels, and the reader will absorb a great deal of information while delighting in the commentaries of two wise and generous minds. Bobbs-Merrill, $3

Courtroom, by Quentin Reynolds. The subtitle of this book is "The Story of Samuel S. Leibowitz" and the chapters not only reveal much about the famous criminal lawyer and judge; they tell also story after story of miserable erring or trapped humanity, from Al Capone to the Scottsboro boys, with all degrees of guilty and non-guilty people in between. Their sordid stories are told by an expert reporter who has studied all the cases in complete detail and has besides interviewed many people involved in them, some of whom changed their names and retired to anonymity once their cases retreated from the front pages. And from the records and the conversations, checked with Judge Leibowitz, he has made engrossing stories of human nature under stress as well as a picture of a lawyer dedicated to his calling and to justice of the realest kind. Farrar, Straus, $3.75

Book Forecast

The drums are beginning to roll impressively with the announcements of fall novels. Lippincott says that James Ramsey Ullman, author of ***The White Tower,*** has just delivered the manuscript of his new novel, ***River of the Sun,*** which will be published in October. It is a story of the Amazon jungle. Dan Wickenden comes a little farther north for the Guatemala background of his ***The Dry Season*** which Morrow will publish in September.

Two novels for which the publishers anticipate no trouble are Angela Thirkell's newest, ***Country Chronicle*** (from Knopf in October), and Ernest Hemingway's much postponed ***Across the River and into the Trees.*** Scribner's now schedule it for September, considerably revised since its serialization in *Cosmopolitan.* Another in the same no-trouble category is Evelyn Waugh's ***Helena*** (mother of Constantine, the Roman emperor) on Little, Brown's fall list.

There are some much-heralded first novels coming along too, among them ***The House of Breath*** by William Goyen, who writes "Her Breath upon the Windowpane" in this issue of the magazine. It will be published in August by Random House. A distinguished veteran in other fields, but still a first novelist, Tennessee Williams has written ***The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone,*** which New Directions brings out in September. The Literary Guild's choice for September is a first novel, ***Reprisal,*** by Arthur Gordon, who was at one time editor of *Cosmopolitan.* It is scheduled for August by Simon & Schuster. Crowell has two first novels on its fall list: one, ***The Grass Is Singing,*** by Dorothy Lessing, with a South African background, and the other, ***Welcome Darkness,*** by Leon Statham. Actually Mr. Statham has written three other novels but this is the first submitted for publication.

Nor do the publishers intend to let the art of novel-writing die out. Nelson takes them young and announces ***Writing for the Younger Generation*** by Mabel Louise Robinson for publication sometime this summer. In the fall Simon & Schuster will publish Manuel Komroff's ***How to Write a Novel;*** Random House has Vincent McHugh's ***A Primer of the Novel*** down for late July; and Knopf's ***Collected Impressions*** by Elizabeth Bowen (August) includes notes on the writing of a novel.

The would-be authors who are interested in these how-to books should also take a long look at Frances Parkinson Keyes' ***Cost of a Best Seller*** which Messner will publish in September and which will discuss "the cost of her writing in terms of time, money, personal self-denial, and the obligations imposed upon a best-selling author." *Caveat auctor!*

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in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

WRITING about "How Big Is Too Big?" in July, Peter F. Drucker emphasized that bigness is definitely here to stay in America. But, as Harold Fleming's "The Supreme Court and Big Business" in our June issue and Mr. Drucker's own two articles last month and this have demonstrated, the problems of bigness are still complex ones. Next month we're presenting a new point of view on the subject in ***John Andrews'*** "The Battle of the Titans: the U. S. *vs.* the A & P," which graphically presents the points on which the government case rested. We think it does a fine job of clarifying a complicated and important struggle which has tended to become confused in the public mind.

JULIAN HUXLEY'S "Population and World Destiny," originally scheduled for this issue, will also appear in September. This not only answers the gloomy prognostications of the neo-Malthusians, which have been receiving so much publicity lately, but at the same time presents an exciting blueprint for the future of humanity.

JOHN W. CAUGHEY, a professor at the University of California, gives a dramatic, first-hand picture of the "partial eclipse" of academic freedom in that institution when the so-called "loyalty oath" was introduced; and, in a charmingly reminiscent vein, ***Vladimir Nabokov*** describes his undergraduate days as a White Russian at Cambridge University just after the Russian Revolution.

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Question 4: Which of all his stories was Joyce's favorite?

Question 5: How did Joyce express his deep feeling about his wife's unwavering loyalty?

Question 6: What one (and only one) volume contains *all* these Joyce writings complete: "The Dubliners," "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," "Exiles," "Collected Poems;" and selected passages from "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake."

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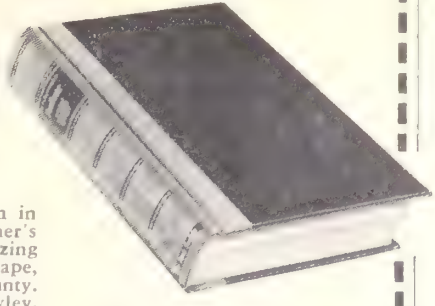
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Personal & Otherwise

ITEM: Everybody seems to be re-reading the old issues of *Harper's,* now that we are celebrating our centennial. *Time* magazine reported that President Truman in a speech out in Wyoming on his recent trip, quoted a passage decrying female suffrage from the November 1853 issue. He didn't mention us by name though; he just said "a prominent magazine published in New York."

Item: The anti-Coke campaign in France (see "The Pop Heard Round the World" in P & O for May) has flopped. The anti-Coke bill which passed the Assembly in February was rejected unanimously by the Council of the Republic on June 6. "Let 'em eat Coke," they probably cried. The *New York Times* reports that now "Coca-Cola is even on sale in the bar of the National Assembly."

Item: In England the Oxford Union Debating Society, which became notorious in 1933 by voting that its members would refuse to fight "for King and country," passed a resolution this June lamenting "United States domination of the democratic world." The members cheered and stamped when philosopher C. E. M. Joad said that "Britain is tied to the wheels of the American chariot—a chariot leading to Hell."

No Lark so Blithe as He

A YEAR AGO this month P & O, in a seasonal out-of-doors mood, discussed some of its favorite nature-writers. Our first choice at that time was the author of the article on Frogs in the 1909 edition of the *New International Encyclopedia*—the one who described how the "colorless epidermis" of the frog splits along the back and thigh from time to time and "is worked over the head like the taking off of a shirt, and usually eaten by the wearer."

"Wearer" still seems to us to be a delicious word, and the passage as a whole still ranks high. But we have a new favorite now. While reading over some of the old issues of this magazine (if Harry Truman does it, why shouldn't we?) we came upon an article in *Harper's* for July 1877 called "Hunting with the Long Bow" by Maurice Thompson. You never read anything like it.

If you know Thompson at all, you know him as the author of that one-time best seller, *Alice of Old Vincennes,* which came out in 1900. But back in the seventies Thompson was best known for his interest in reviving the ancient sport of archery. (His *Harper's* article later was included in his book, *The Witchery of Archery,* which made archery something of a national fad.) He was one of a number of Southern writers of those days who were in love with the age of chivalry, who had what Mark Twain called the "Sir Walter disease." He would have been delighted to belong to the Macon (Georgia) Archers, who were drilled by the poet Sidney Lanier according to the rules laid down by Froissart.

Two excerpts from Thompson's article will be enough to suggest why he has nudged out the frog-man in our affections. The first is an account of how he and his brother William tracked down a great black woodpecker (*Hylotomus pileatus*), a rare species of the *Picus* family, already extinct in the West, he said, and becoming rare even in the South. If you read on, you'll see why.



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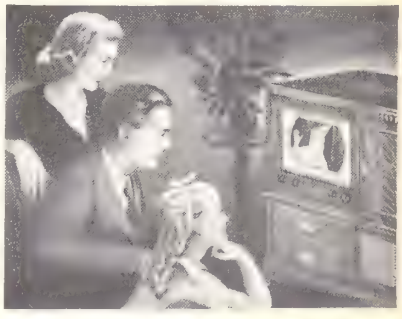
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It was in Gordon County, Georgia, [he wrote] that I killed my finest specimens. I remember a most exciting day spent in the woods of the hilly "divide" between the valley of the Oothcaloga and that of the Oostanaula—two streams whose confluence is a mile west of the town of Calhoun—on which day Will and I bagged three of these great woodpeckers. Early in the morning we entered the woody outskirts of the "divide," and were not long in finding two black woodpeckers, whose loud pounding reached our ears when several hundred yards distant. They were on an old log, busily engaged in pecking holes in search of larvae. Will and I, as usual, were armed with nothing but our mulberry long-bows and our quivers full of arrows. We let fly from a pine thicket at forty yards, making a clear miss of it, but frightening the birds terribly. Their flight was short, however, and one of them, not knowing whence the arrow had come, lit on a post-oak sapling scarcely twenty yards from our thicket. Will drew quickly, and let him have a blunt arrow; but it struck too far back, only breaking one of his thighs, and sending him off on a crazy, winding flight. After securing our arrows, we gave chase. And now the sport began in good earnest. The bird belonged to whichever could give him the death-shot. I fear if I tell you that for two hours we raced after that bird, shooting at it no less than ten times each before at last Will bowled it over, you will smile at our archery.

Whether you smile or not no doubt depends on how thoroughly you are imbued with the spirit of old-time Southern chivalry. But if you think that passage is a curious one for a nature-lover to write, you'll be relieved to know that Thompson didn't shoot birds just for the fun of it. He ate them. And it is in describing the gustatory delights of bird-eating that his prose is most subtle (and most revealing).

A plate of fried meadow-larks' thighs [he wrote] is something too exquisitely enjoyable to be left unmentioned in any writing or conversation touching the American starling (*S. ludoviciana*). No tidbit, not even the tip of a partridge's wing, can compare with the plump thigh of a fat meadow-lark. The meat is of a clear, yellowish-white color, semi-transparent, tender, juicy, and richly flavored (if the bird has found its proper food), and is of a fine, soft, waxy consistency peculiarly grateful to the molars of the epicure. Indeed, nothing is so sweet and soothing, so suggestive of tender thrills of sensual rapture, as a lark's thighs, unless it be the lark's voice.

Give Him the ACTH

P & O came to ***Leonard Engel's*** article on "ACTH, Cortisone, & Co." (p. 25) fresh from a re-reading of Lancelot Law Whyte's book, *The Next Development in Man* (which has recently been made available in a thirty-five cent reprint by Mentor Books). As Eric Larrabee pointed out in our book review column (in *Harper's,* October 1948), "Whyte is hard-headed, practical, and difficult to read," but his book is "a storehouse of useful ideas." What he does, in effect, is to convert history into a narrative of human biology.

Western man, according to Whyte, is the product of a "dissociation." Sometime in the centuries before 400 B. C. the whole-natured behavior of primitive and ancient man broke up into two ultimately incompatible systems: the spontaneous responses to immediate situations, relatively uninfluenced by rational thought (based on memory), and, on the other hand, the deliberate delayed responses based upon the rational organization of past experience. Spontaneous behavior responds to the processes of nature, and nature is an organic and changing thing; but deliberate behavior is organized at first by the use of static concepts.

As Lancelot Law Whyte sees it, the development of these static concepts (in philosophy, religion, and science), and their conflict with man's responses to the developmental process-world of nature, is at once the source of the glory and triumph of European tradition in the past two thousand years and the source of its present cataclysmic breakdown. But the breakdown of European tradition involves also the breakdown of the "dissociation" which was its source, and Whyte's theory therefore leads him to conclude that, in the midst of our present agonies, a new, "unitary" point of view is emerging.

The Next Development of Man traces the germs of this new view in many fields, but



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the passage which was brought to P & O's mind by a reading of Mr. Engel's article on the adrenal-cortical hormones was the one in which Whyte discusses the "exhaustion" of the potentialities of the quantitative method in science. In biology, for instance, he notes that the quantitative method has failed to provide an adequate description of "the subtly interrelated hierarchical balance of the nervous and glandular systems," and here and elsewhere the emphasis is shifting to a new system of ideas which is concerned with symmetry, pattern, organization, function, and development. What is needed in biology, as in psychology, is "not a psychosomatic science which assumes the co-existence of mind and body, but a unitary method in which no basic dualism is admitted. The truth lies not in a constructed synthesis of partial conceptions, but in a single vision of what is single in nature."

The developments described in "ACTH, Cortisone, & Co.," if considered in the light of Whyte's argument, may well provide more than "a new concept of the cause and nature of disease" (to quote Merck & Company's recent "Progress Report on Cortisone"). And Selye's studies at Montreal, which Mr. Engel describes in section III of his article, may contain clues to a genuinely "unitary" conception of man's life and his destiny.

MR. ENGEL is a science-writer who contributes regularly to *Scientific American* and the *Nation*. His most recent article for *Harper's* was "Crops by Magic" in March 1948. At present he is working on a book, to be published early next year by Henry Schuman, about some of the things which can be accomplished by scientific research.

Fiction, in Fact and Fancy

IN a new book called *Writing to Sell*, Scott Meredith, the literary agent, starts off by telling aspiring writers that they should write the kind of stories they like to read. This doesn't mean, he cautions, the kind of story you'd like to have your friends think you like, but the kind you really like.

"If," he says, "you receive genuine enjoyment from the very literary kind of story published by *Harper's Magazine*—and remember what I said about being honest with yourself: I am not referring to the awe in people's faces when you carry *Harper's Magazine* around, with the cover facing outward—then the kind of story published by *Harper's* is the only kind of story for you to write (though not necessarily, as I'll explain, with a view toward selling it to *Harper's*)."

At first glance this looked to P & O like a dirty crack; but since Mr. Meredith's book was published by Harper & Brothers, which presumably has a beneficient and paternal interest in *Harper's Magazine*, we finally decided that the slightly soiled appearance of the remark must be misleading. But whatever it looks like, it does raise some curious questions.

Apart from the fact that we never encountered anyone who had any awe in his face when he saw us carrying a copy of *Harper's* (facing in or out), and apart, also, from the fact that there is something delightful about a prominent literary agent's thinking people do look at us that way, there is a tantalizing ambiguity in Mr. Meredith's comments. First, he talks as if *Harper's* printed a particular *kind* of story, a "very literary kind," different from that which you would find in other magazines. But later he suggests that, if you write such a story, you don't have to sell it to *Harper's*, because other magazines will buy it or, possibly, *Harper's* will not.

If you read on in *Writing to Sell* you will find that most quality writers today "contribute occasionally to the quality magazines, but sell the bulk of their output to the slicks, which buy *exactly the same kind of stories* from them and pay many times as much." (Italics ours.) Which seems to dispose of the idea that we have any special "*Harper's* kind" of story. And as for the "very literary" tone of our fiction, no sooner has Mr. Meredith pinned that on us than he announces that the major difference between quality and slick fiction is that while much of the latter is designed "only to entertain," most quality stories are concerned with basic problems, "such as economic conditions among

the sharecroppers, or a man's discovery that he no longer loves his family"—or "rape, or extra-marital relations, or mistreatment of Jews." Which doesn't sound especially "literary" to us.

So much for the "very literary *Harper's* kind" of story. If it existed, people might indeed look with awe upon a man with a copy of *Harper's* under his arm. But, as Mr. Meredith's first-hand knowledge of the literary market place reveals, it does *not* exist.

Look, for instance, at the stories in this issue: "The Old Strife at Plant's" by ***Joyce Cary*** (p. 80) and "The Little World of Don Camillo" by ***Giovanni Guareschi*** (p. 53). To call them "literary" or "problem stories" is meaningless. To group them as two-of-a-kind is meaningless. All that Mr. Cary and Mr. Guareschi have in common they have in common with all other writers of good fiction. As Bernard De Voto says, in *The World of Fiction* (which says more sensible things about fiction than any book P & O has read), what writers try to do is "to write some true things about themselves, about the world, about the life they and others are entangled with in a struggle which they desperately hope has meaning," and to do so in such a way that they will give pleasure to those who read what they write.

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO, a collection of stories about the characters who appear in *Harper's* this month, will be published August 15 by Pellagrini & Cudahy and will be a dual selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. The author, Giovanni Guareschi, says the background of the book is his home in Italy, Parma, "the Emilian Plain along the Po where political passion often reaches a disturbing intensity and yet these people are attractive and hospitable and generous and have a highly developed sense of humor. It must be the sun which beats on their brains during the summer, or perhaps it is the fog, a heavy fog which oppresses them during the winter."

Mr. Guareschi has written eight books which have appeared in Italy and a movie now showing there called "People Like This." Since his eighteenth year he has been en-



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gaged in journalistic activities, writing, cartooning, and editing. Thanks to expressing his anti-Fascist political passions aloud in Milan, he was arrested by the political police in 1942 and, after his release, was called into the Army. After 1943, he was imprisoned by the Germans and sent to various concentration camps in Poland. The years he spent in prison were very active, for he dedicated himself to the slogan, "I will not die even if they kill me." His total weight at that time, he says in his introduction to *The Little World of Don Camillo,* was one hundred pounds, including "lice, bedbugs, fleas, hunger, and melancholy."

But he is back in Italy now, editing a new magazine called *Candido* and writing so successfully as an anti-Communist humorist—having created a character with triple nostrils to represent the Communist—that Palmiro Togliatti has referred wrathfully to Mr. Guareschi as the "triple idiot." He is proud of this title, and he speaks with pleasure of his sackful of newspaper clippings maligning him, of his large mustache like his father's, of his motorcycle with four cylinders, his automobile with six cylinders, his wife, and his two children.

The English translation of *The Little World* is the work of ***Una Vincenzo Troubridge,*** an Englishwoman who lives in Florence. The illustrations are by ***Arthur Marokvia,*** European-born painter who studied in Italy and France, traveled widely, and lived for more than fifteen years in Paris. He has been in the United States since last December; his first work for *Harper's* appeared in our May issue. He knows the Po country of which Mr. Guareschi writes.

THE English novelist, Joyce Cary, is best known in this country as author of *The Horse's Mouth,* which was published here last spring, was a Book-of-the-Month selection, and is still on the best-seller lists. "The Old Strife at Plant's" is (as Mr. Cary pointed out to us in a letter) "a special thing that doesn't easily fit into any regular form of publication." His foreword to the tale (to give it a non-committal designation) explains its relation to *The Horse's Mouth.* There is no relation to Mr. Cary's new novel, *A Fearful Joy,* which has been announced for October publication by Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Cary and Mr. Guareschi share a few distinguishing qualities, to our knowledge, but what theory of fiction could be built out of them we leave to you: neither is American; both have been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club; both typewrite their own manuscripts.

Huff vs. Puff

ANYONE who has ever used figures or graphs to make a case for or against anything is probably in for a certain amount of discomfiture while reading ***Darrell Huff's*** piece on "How to Lie with Statistics" (p. 97). He is likely to be troubled by the same sort of creeping flushes a fisherman suffers when his wife suddenly remembers she has a picture of him holding the very salmon he has just described, in such glowing statistical terms, to a group of skeptical friends. At least, that is what happened to P. & O.

Faithful P & Ophiliacs will remember that back in February we enlivened this column with some statistical data about *Harper's* readers. You will therefore know why, when we had finished Mr. Huff's barrage against puffing with figures, we snuck off into a corner with a copy of the February issue to examine our statistics and our soul.

Well, we came off pretty well, thanks to the respectability of the techniques which were used in gathering the data. The subscribers to whom questionnaires had been sent were selected by "randomization" (that is to say, every tenth name on an alphabetical list was chosen); and the answers of those who filled out and returned the questionnaire were validated (as the experts say) by personal interviews with a proper number of people who had *not* returned it, to discover if it would have altered the picture if they had done so. So we hadn't committed the cardinal sin of using what Mr. Huff calls the "sample with a built-in bias."

Mr. Huff is a free-lance writer, and as such he frequently has to deal with statistical data—especially in the fields of economics and housing. (The latter is a special interest of

his.) "Having been so often horrified by the misuse of statistics," he tells us, "I felt the writer's urge to say so, as loudly as I could."

Born in Iowa, educated in schools "all over the Middle West and its suburb, Southern California" and at the University of Iowa, Mr. Huff went into magazine editing after graduation in 1939. Since 1945, however, he has been free-lancing, and has published three books, a handful of short stories (in *Good Housekeeping, Liberty,* and other magazines), and almost innumerable articles in everything from *Esquire* to *Argosy* and from *Seventeen* to *Steelways.* He and his wife and four daughters now live in Sonoma, California, in a house they built themselves on what he describes as "ten rocky acres covered with manzanita and liveoak."

The charts for "How to Lie with Statistics" were prepared by the firm of ***Sigman-Ward.***

Seasonings

•••Some of the sentences spoken by Senator Margaret Chase Smith from the floor of the Senate on June 1 sound to us like a pretty good challenge to the press. "Those of us who shout the loudest about Americanism in making character assassinations," she said, "are all too frequently those who, by our own words and acts, ignore some of the basic principles of Americanism—the right to criticize, the right to hold unpopular beliefs, the right to protest, the right to independent thought."

As you recall, the Republican lady from Maine was speaking in connection with (though not directly *about*) the episode in recent American history which is called in this issue of *Harper's,* "The Noble Crusade of Senator McCarthy" (p. 34). Accepting Mrs. Smith's challenge, we are cheering along the exercise by ***Alfred Friendly*** of his right to independent thought. The temper of his article is cool; it is simply a report of what had happened up to the time of correcting proofs during the third week of June. We are banking on our hunch that what is truth on June 18 will continue to be truth on August 1.

Mr. Friendly is a reporter on the Washington *Post,* usually assigned to cover atomic energy and national



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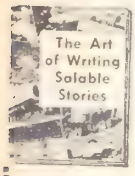
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and international economic news. The chance assignment of covering the McCarthy story turned out to be, he says, "the most absorbing, depressing, and frustrating one I ever worked on."

Mr. Friendly first joined the *Post* in 1939, after some years in the Department of Commerce and with the NRA, and a stretch on the Washington *Daily News*. In between his jobs with the government and his first newspaper work, he toured the United States and, Depression-style, did odd jobs in a dairy, an iron foundry, a silver mine, a logging camp, a creosote mill, and farms along the way. After starting to work for the *Post*, he took leave of it at various times in the past ten years to do other jobs—mainly to serve four years as an intelligence officer in the Army Air Forces, from which he came out as Major with the Legion of Merit in September 1945. He also served as director of Overseas Information in Paris for the ECA in 1948-49. His coverage of the Lilienthal confirmation proceedings won him honorable mention for the Heywood Broun Award and the Raymond Clapper Award. He is married and has five children.

•••For a unique point of view on the "crusade" of Senator McCarthy, we have in "What It Was Like" (p. 43) the record of one whose life has been touched intimately by the Senator's charges against an American scholar. The author is ***Eleanor Lattimore***, the wife of Owen Lattimore, Director of the Page School of International Relations at the Johns Hopkins University. Her article in this issue will be a chapter in her husband's latest book, *Ordeal by Slander*, published by Little, Brown on July 31 and the August selection of the Book Find Club.

Mrs. Lattimore grew up in Evanston, Illinois, and as the daughter, wife, and daughter-in-law of college professors has lived all her life in the atmosphere of freedom of inquiry and freedom of opinion.

After marrying Owen Lattimore, who was working in China for an export firm—up to that time he had lived most of his twenty-seven years there, though he was born in Washington, D. C.—she traveled widely in Asia with him. In addition to assisting him in his research work and writing, she is the joint author with him of *China, a Short History;* and herself wrote *Turkestan Reunion,* an account of an adventurous journey through Siberia and Central Asia; *China Yesterday and Today;* and a number of pamphlets and articles for magazines.

•••"Mencken and the *Mercury*" (p. 65) is the second item about H. L. Mencken which we are publishing from the forthcoming book, *Disturber of the Peace,* by ***William Manchester.*** Since the book won't be out till next January, we are really ahead of the procession, which we feel sure this study is going to start, back to the work of the famous writer and editor, who is living quietly now in Baltimore. In 1947, Mr. Mencken himself helped Mr. Manchester obtain his present job on the Baltimore *Sun* after he read the young journalist's Master's dissertation, which was about him. Mr. Manchester, a former Marine, who had been wounded on Okinawa, got his A. M. at the University of Missouri School of Journalism, partly because this enabled him to make use of the only complete file of the *Smart Set* in the Kansas City Public Library.

In preparing *Disturber of the Peace,* on which he began work after meeting Mencken, Mr. Manchester examined some 10,000 unpublished letters; eighty-eight enormous scrapbooks, containing newspaper clippings about Mencken; the original manuscripts of all of Mencken's books and articles; other correspondence; and he interviewed some forty close friends and had many interviews with the subject himself. Mr. Manchester tells us:

> I drank Canadian ale with him before the spluttering fireplace at 1524 Hollins Street, wandered around downtown Baltimore and into chance saloons with him, and chatted with him in the office of Paul Patterson, publisher of the Sunpapers, while the boss was away. When I married, early in 1948, he broke a long-standing tradition to come to my engagement party: that is, he left a session of the Saturday Night Club early. Once I covered a fire with him.

•••***Peter F. Drucker's*** prescription for "The Care and Feeding of Small Business" (p. 74) is the answer to the second of two questions posed by Mr. Drucker in last month's issue of *Harper's*. In "How Big Is Too Big?" he set up and analyzed the three criteria for normal growth and health of business; now he tackles the problem: "In a big business economy, how can small businesses and young businesses come into being, survive, and prosper?"

Mr. Drucker is well known for his analysis of the mass-production economy whose peculiarities have changed the pattern of American life in this century and are initiating a revolution that is world-wide. His most recent book is *The New Society*, brought out last spring by Harper & Brothers.

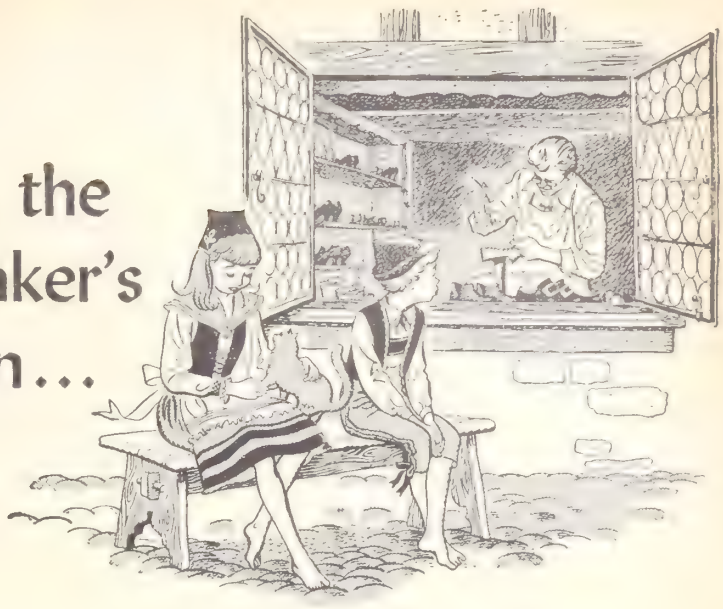
"The Care and Feeding of Small Business" was a tough one to illustrate. ***Tom Funk***, who took on the job, is a New York artist who draws for the *New Yorker*, *Life*, and other publications. His last work for us was illustrations for "Battle over Television" in our May issue.

•••***C. Hartley Grattan***, author of *The Three Jamses*, *Preface to Chaos*, and other books, frequent contributor to *Harper's*, writes "New Books" (p. 105) this month in place of Richard H. Rovere, who is on vacation.

•••The two poets represented this month include a familiar and a new name. ***Hortense Flexner***, author of "Unlikely Teacher" (p. 62), has been contributing verse to *Harper's* since 1916. She has published three volumes of poems and two stories for children, illustrated by her husband, cartoonist Wyncie King, and she writes that she has just finished a third children's book and is completing a new volume of verse. In view of the title of her poem in this issue it might also be noted that she has been an extremely likely teacher of modern poetry, fiction, and writing, at Bryn Mawr College and at Sarah Lawrence.

S. P. Andersen tells us that "The Tourist" (p. 73) is "very nearly a first poem." A veteran, he started writing poetry in the army and says he has never before "had anything published in a responsible journal." He is now assistant professor of English at Utah State.

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LETTERS

Days of Sensitivity—

To the Editors:

I observed with interest the small editorial note on Robert L. Heilbroner's excellent article "Who Are the American Poor?" [June 1950]. The note read: "In calling attention to one of the imperfections of our economy, he assumes a basic condition of health which can stand examination." It is significant that such a point had to be made, but unfortunately in these days of public sensitivity to any criticism it is necessary.

This same note is applicable to other subjects ranging from economics and politics to foreign affairs. Constructive criticism, accompanied by suggestions for improvement, is necessary to a nation or group of people if they are in any way to continue to contribute to civilization.

Let us hope that we never become so fearful for our techniques in foreign and domestic affairs that we come to feel their perpetuation endangered by any proposed change. Surely the American genius is not a thing so tenuous.

NANCY L. TUCKER
New York, N. Y.

The note to which our correspondent refers was intended to be merely descriptive, not apologetic, but we think that her point is well taken.

Roosevelt's Detractors—

To the Editors:

In "Roosevelt and His Detractors" [June 1950] the author says: "Roosevelt was always a pragmatist, playing by ear, as he liked to say, his improvisations controlled, not by logical analysis nor by an explicit moral code so much as by a consistency of emotion and instinct."

This is in my opinion a more devastating criticism than any of those which the author seeks to refute. For the responsible leader of a great country to fail to be guided in his policies and decisions by the most expert judgment and logical analysis available, as well as by an explicit moral code and the experience and insight of people incomparably better qualified than himself in international politics, constitutes, it seems to me, the most serious criticism possible.

Entirely aside from personalities, a President who elects to "play it by ear" is somewhat in the position of an airplane pilot with a hundred and fifty million people on board who prefers to ignore weather charts and instrument board and to rely instead on his emotions and instincts. It can hardly be contended that there are in international affairs *no* lessons of experience and guides of a logical character.

Also, does not Professor Schlesinger reach an all-time high as a "detractor" when he explains that Roosevelt was actually under the impression that unconditional surrender meant "magnanimity to a helpless enemy"? Was he also under the impression that the Morgenthau plan was magnanimous? Oh, come now—he wasn't *that* stupid.

GEORGE A. LUNDBERG
Seattle, Wash.

To the Editors:

I have read the interesting and free-swinging article by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., on "Roosevelt and His Detractors," in which he refers to me as an "outright isolationist who had a naïve conviction that the United States could live safely apart from the world."

Now, I may have been—and may still be—"naïve," but if I have been such in my attitude on world affairs I have been a "naïve internationalist" rather than a "naïve isolationist." To call me an "isolationist" is about like calling Jane Addams, Jeannette Rankin, Fred Libby, or John Haynes Holmes "war-mongers."

From the very moment of my earliest writings, I have consistently supported all rational, constructive, and pacific internationalism. I wrote one of the longest—and the editor, Stephen P. Duggan, was kind enough to say, one of the best—chapters in the first book ever to be published in this country in defense of the League of Nations and of American entry therein.

I also rendered substantial assistance to Dwight Morrow in preparing his *Society of Free States,* the second book to be published here in behalf of world organization and the League. Incidentally, this was published by the House of Harper. These books came out in 1919. At this time, Professor Schlesinger was two years of age, and in the light of his legendary precocity, he may well have read them at the time of publication.

From this time onward, I have traveled tens of thousands of miles lecturing in behalf of sane internationalism, have written many books in which I have expressed strong internationalist sentiments and exposed any "naïve" and literal isolationism, and have expounded similar views during many years of university teaching.

This is all a matter of record: see, for example, my treatment of the "Isolation Myth" in my *History of Western Civilization,* Vol. II, pp. 922-924. . . .

I only parted from the dominant internationalist group after 1937 when the "hunting-pack" took over internationalism and reduced the latter to "perpetual war for perpetual peace," as Charles Austin Beard described their policy to me in the last conversation I ever had with him.

HARRY ELMER BARNES
Cooperstown, N. Y.

To the Editors:

In your June issue I enjoyed . . . "Roosevelt and His Detractors," but

as I read on I became entranced by the fine line which seems to divide a defender from a detractor. A given fault, weakness, or trait of the War President is "admitted" by a defender, but "charged" by a detractor, though there may be no difference whatever in the significance of the trait in either writer's view. . . .

Take this matter of "pragmatism," for instance, the agile ability of F.D.R. to shift his position without warning. . . . Mr. Roosevelt's most outstanding asset was an ability to recognize something for what it was when it stared him in the face, a facility of which far too few public men have even a trace. He was without the preconceived notions, the prejudices and stubborn convictions that prevent a man from changing his mind when the evidences clearly call for change.

Of course, in domestic affairs, this arose from the fact that Mr. Roosevelt had only a superficial and highly elastic comprehension of economic and financial matters. . . .

As for F.D.R.'s accurate appraisal of "the military conditions of democratic survival" (Mr. Schlesinger's way of saying that the democracies had to put up or shut up) it seemed, during those years when we dragged our feet, that many saw far more clearly than the President and that far from leading the nation he was following the more "pragmatic" public opinion of the East and was acting as a sort of emotional rear guard.

DELMER F. HUBBELL
New York, N. Y.

How Will You Have It?

To the Editors:

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I am disappointed to see a magazine with the prestige of *Harper's* stoop to such a low level of journalism. . . .

KAY DOWNEY
Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editors:

As long as you continue to recognize such superior analytical ability as illustrated by D. W. Brogan in his essay "The Catholic Church in America" [May 1950] your magazine will remain an important factor in support of the American mode of life.

WARREN W. STOUT
Albany, N. Y.

Wrong Track—

To the Editors:

The article by Mr. Herbert Askwith which appeared in the May issue of *Harper's* under the title "Railroads on the Wrong Track" completely disregards the fact that since 1939 average wage rates on the railroads have more than doubled, and their unit costs for fuel, materials, and supplies have exactly doubled. Taxes in 1949 were more than two and a quarter times the 1939 level. . . .

All that is proved by the article's comparison between rail and air line fares is that railroad fares might be lower than they are if the railroads could look to government—as airlines do—to provide them free or below cost with roadway, signals, stations, terminals, and other service—plus enough air mail pay to guarantee them against loss on passenger and freight service. Instead of getting a mail pay subsidy, railroads actually handle mail at less than the cost of service. . . .

Of course, the public is paying more money to the railroads than before the postwar increase in rates and fares. But, isn't it also paying more for everything else? And if Mr. Askwith really thinks, as hinted in his last paragraph, that government control is a workable alternative to higher rates, let him muse on events in Great Britain. There, the railroads have been under government control since 1939 and were nationalized at the beginning of 1948. Freight rates in Britain are now 81 per cent above 1939, while passenger fares now are 55 per cent above 1939. In this country, passenger fares as a general average are up by about 34 per cent and freight rates are up by 57 per cent compared with 1939.

J. M. FITZGERALD
Eastern Railroads
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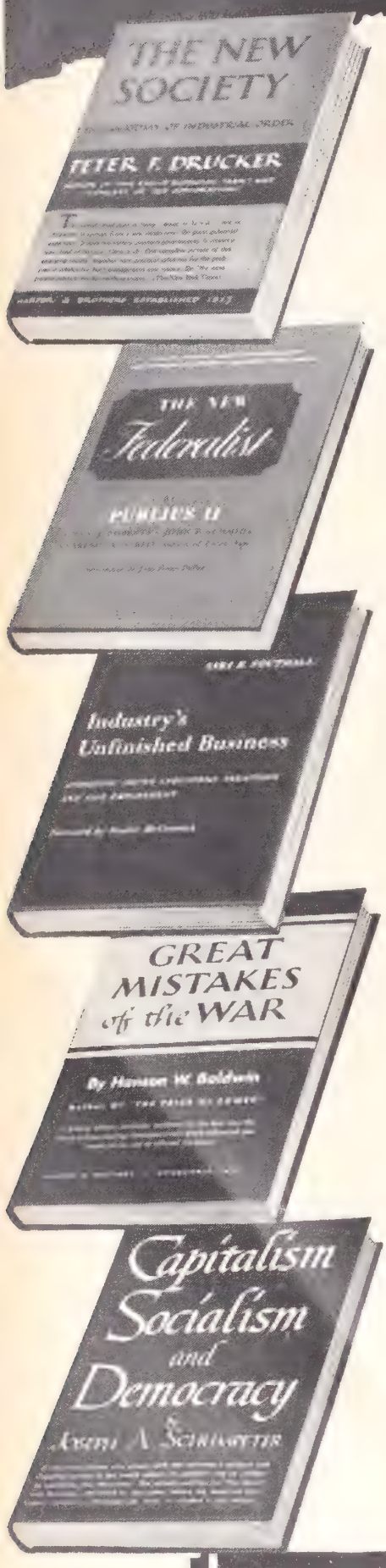
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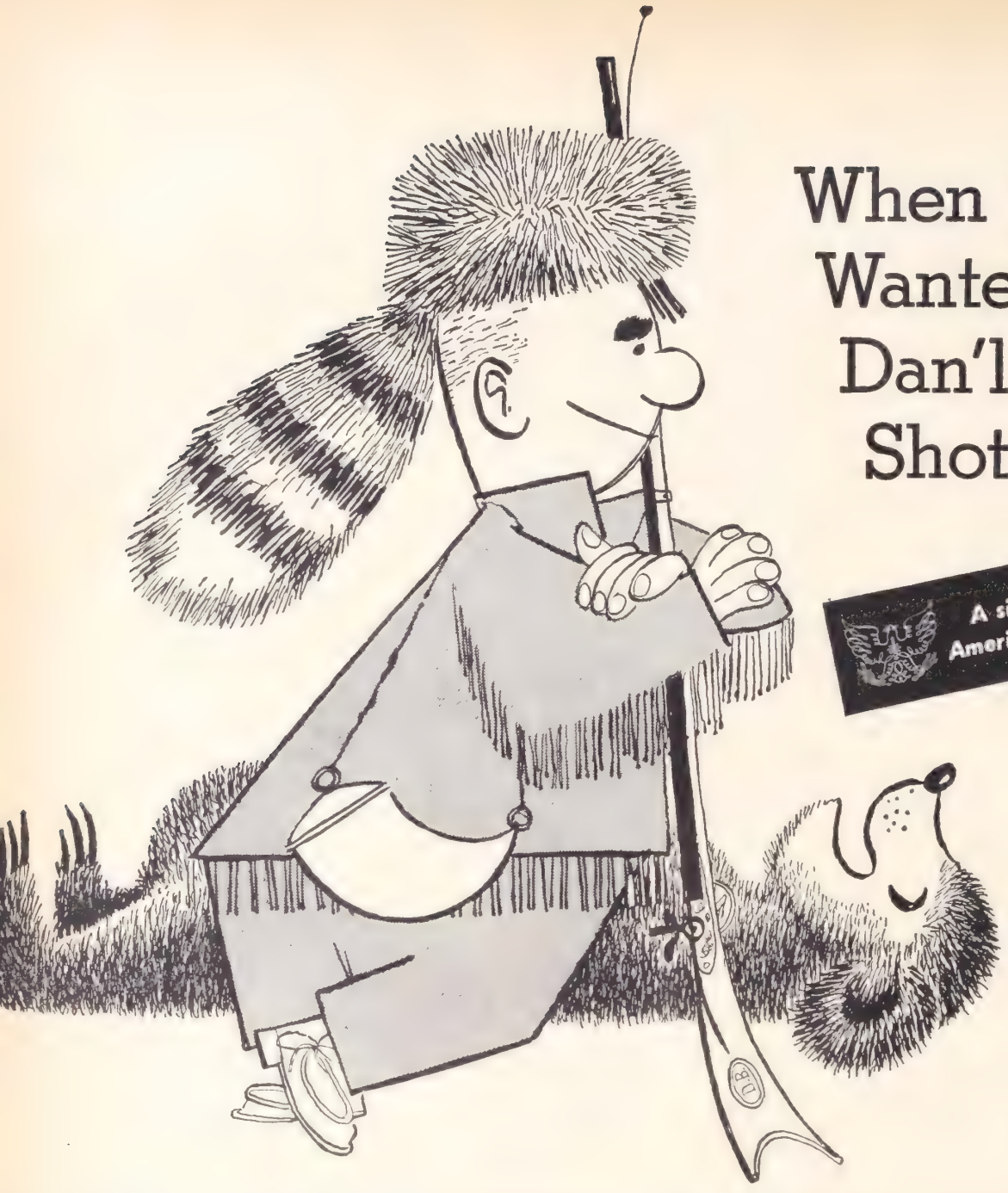
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ACTH, Cortisone, & Co.

Leonard Engel

ONE day in the spring of 1949, a doctor with a friendly eye and a pug nose exhibited a motion picture which has still been seen by only a few audiences—mostly medical—but has created more stir than anything that ever came out of Hollywood. The doctor was Philip S. Hench of the Mayo Clinic, and the film was a modest two-reeler showing the dramatic effects of cortisone, a hormone of the adrenal cortex gland, on rheumatoid arthritis.

Cortisone and a companion substance, ACTH, have scarcely been out of the papers and magazines since. They have been found to play some kind of role—relieving, provocative, or other—through practically the entire spectrum of disease. By now, the score stands something like this: these two substances temporarily relieve not only rheumatoid arthritis, but gout, spondylitis, Still's disease, and several other forms of arthritis; rheumatic fever; the fatal skin diseases disseminated lupus erythematosus, scleroderma, and dermatomyositis; uveitis, choroiditis, and retinitis pigmentosa, three eye disorders which usually lead to blindness; myasthenia gravis and other debilitating muscular disorders; pemphigus; ulcerative colitis; allergic arterial disease, asthma, hay fever, and allergies generally; and Hodgkin's disease, lymphatic leukemia, and several additional types of cancer. Adrenal cortical substances may also be valuable in treating secondary shock, burns, fractures, and other severe physical injuries, chronic alcoholism, and, under special conditions, infections like tuberculosis and pneumonia. Adrenal cortical hormones are, of course, directly involved in the primary disorders of the adrenal cortex: Addison's disease, Cushing's syndrome, precocious sexual development, pseudo-hermaphroditism, and virilism. In addition, improper functioning of the adrenal cortex may have a part, direct or indirect, in hypertension, arteriosclerosis, kidney disease, diabetes and, finally, the major mental disorders, schizophrenia and manic-depressive psychosis.

The hormones of the adrenal cortex are clearly potent biological substances. None comparable to them has ever been found. Endocrinology, the study of hormones, began

The adrenal cortical hormones, whose pervasive effects on many diseases are here described by Leonard Engel, science correspondent for the Nation *and contributor to the* Scientific American, *have opened a new medical frontier.*

in 1902 with the discovery by the English biologists Bayliss and Starling of the first hormone, secretin, a substance produced by the lining of the intestine and carried in the blood to the pancreas to start the flow of pancreatic digestive juice. In the next decade, a dozen similar "chemical messengers" secreted by special glands and carried by the blood to the organs on which they act were uncovered. The thyroid was quickly shown to produce a powerful hormone, the medullary part of the adrenal, another, and the pituitary, several more. The gonads—the ovaries of the woman and the male testes—were proved to be the source not only of the germ cells that carry on the race, but of powerful internal regulatory secretions as well. Later, the parathyroids, a group of tiny bodies embedded in or next to the thyroid gland, and the "islands of Langerhans" within the pancreas were also shown to produce important hormones. As each gland was identified, enthusiasts within and without the scientific world hailed it as a key to health and disease, growth and aging, the whole complex mechanism of the body. The gland which may actually turn out to warrant this billing is the adrenal cortex, whose functions are only now beginning to be understood.

The adrenal cortices are the outer part of the adrenal glands. Resting atop each kidney like miniature cocked hats, the adrenal bodies are deeply folded bits of tissue roughly triangular in shape, two inches long, and a tenth to a third of an inch thick. Together the two weigh no more than a quarter of an ounce—about 1/900th of the total body weight. Each has a thin central section and a thick outer layer. The former is the adrenal medulla, source of the stimulating hormone, adrenalin. The outer part, the cortical gland, comprises 90 to 95 per cent of the whole adrenal body.

The cortex and medulla arise from different embryonic tissues and have at most only an indirect connection with each other. In many varieties of fish, they are entirely separate; why they have come together in the long climb of vertebrate life upward from the sea is a mystery. At any rate, the cortex is not only much the larger part of the adrenal body but incomparably the more important. It is the one indispensable gland of internal secretion. Should accident or disease destroy any of the other glands, the result might be serious dislocation of normal bodily functioning and severe illness, but not immediate death. Even failure or loss of the pituitary gland, the "conductor of the endocrine orchestra," can be be survived for some time. Death follows in a few weeks at most, however, if all adrenal cortical tissue is destroyed. Most of the endocrine glands, a biochemist friend of mine has remarked, are comparable to limbs; they are dispensable. But the adrenal cortex is like the heart; it cannot be done without. There are no other equally small bits of tissue, except the brain centers for controlling breathing and maintaining blood-vessel tone, whose destruction brings death so quickly.

The adrenal cortex is deeply enmeshed in basic metabolic activities, such as the supply of carbohydrate fuel to the muscles and the balancing of major components in the blood, and it has specific functions in growth and development. Most important of all, it is a defense *against our defenses.* The ceaselessly changing environment in which we live continually presents challenges—fluctuating temperatures, varying demands for physical activity, injury, the assault of microbes—which we meet with a variety of appropriate defense measures. A wound, for example, calls forth a host of special activities: tissues are made permeable to body fluids bringing building materials to the site of the injury, white blood cells are mobilized to remove dead tissue and halt invading germs, and so on. Necessary as they are, such measures upset the fine balance of the internal economy; unchecked, they would soon lead to fatal shock.

The adrenal cortex acts to restore the balance, creating a new equilibrium that permits the body simultaneously to carry on routine activities and to meet the immediate challenge. This is what is meant when biologists speak of maintaining the integrity of the organism. Health and illness, life itself, depend directly on how long and how well the adrenal cortex discharges this function, and on what sort of response other tissues and organs make to its demands.

II

In order to appreciate the role of the tricorn kidney caps in disease, we need a more precise picture of what these tiny

glands do and how they do it. A convenient approach can be made through the symptoms of a disease with which they are intimately connected. Addison's disease, fortunately quite rare, results from infection or atrophy of the adrenal cortical tissue. It was first described a century ago by the celebrated English physician Addison, an observer with rare powers of discernment, whose only error lay in supposing that the adrenal bodies as a whole were responsible; we now know that damage to the medulla is incidental and that destruction of cortical tissue is the source of the disease's devastating consequences. Without hormone extracts and other modern therapeutic aids, Addison's disease is invariably fatal in one to three years if five-sixths of the cortical tissue is involved, and in days or weeks if all is.

The initial sign of Addison's disease is a bronzing of the skin, which may come so insidiously that at first the patient thinks he has acquired a tan. As the color of the skin deepens, extraordinary muscular weakness and languor develop. Physical activity of any kind demands a palpable effort; a response becomes a study in slow motion. The disease may rest here for some time, depending on the extent of damage to the adrenals. A hypodermic injection, a minor cut, any kind of trivial stress, however, may set off a catastrophic crisis.

But the crisis may finally come without any obvious precipitating cause. Vomiting sets in and continues almost without rest; gastric acid disappears from the stomach, and marked changes take place in other digestive juices; simple food substances, like glucose, which are ordinarily rapidly absorbed seem unable to pass the intestinal barrier. The body temperature drops several degrees below normal. Catastrophe also overtakes the blood and circulatory system; sodium (salt ion) and water leak out of the blood through the kidneys—and consequently the volume of the blood rapidly and visibly declines. Meanwhile, toxic nitrogenous wastes and potassium—usually eliminated—are retained: their concentration in the diminishing volume of blood soon reaches dangerous proportions. The final act in this terrible biological drama comes when the glucose level of the blood falls away to zero, as though from a fatal overdose of insulin.

The Addisonian patient is a picture of total disintegration. In the absence of a sufficient supply of cortical hormones, the finely balanced human organism degenerates into a Babel of unrelated biological processes working at cross purposes. Several of the main areas in which the adrenal cortex is involved can nonetheless be made out at once. To begin with, we can see the role of the adrenal cortex in preventing shock; the slightest stress throws the Addisonian patient into an irreversible shock episode. A number of the individual metabolic processes directly under adrenal cortical control are also revealed. One is the supply and employment of carbohydrate fuel in the muscles. Carbohydrate reaches the muscles—from the liver and, in emergencies, from lymph and other body cells whose proteins can be broken down into glucose—by an involved series of processes. Cortical hormones intervene in them at several important points and also regulate the rate of combustion of carbohydrate in the muscles. Without the secretions of the adrenal cortex, the muscles' small stores of fuel are speedily exhausted and cannot be replaced. Muscular activity grinds to a halt, and the body temperature, which is closely dependent on muscular activity, falls. In addition, cortical hormones help make the circulatory system leakproof, and they exert a decisive influence on the composition of the blood, conserving water and sodium, and keeping down the concentration of potassium and nitrogenous wastes.

These functions are more than enough to make the presence of the adrenal cortex felt in every corner of the body. But cortical tissue has important functions beyond those readily discerned in Addison's disease, particularly in connection with the nervous system, and growth and reproduction. As we shall see, there is strong evidence of a direct association between the nervous system and the cortical glands. For the moment, I will confine myself to a curious structure called the "fetal cortex."

This is an extra layer of adrenal tissue which appears early in prenatal life, begins to be replaced by adult cortical tissue some time before birth, and finally disappears during infancy. The fetal cortex is fully developed only in man and his fellow primates, and probably plays a critical part in the develop-

ment of their chief glory, the most elaborate brains in the animal kingdom. At any rate, in many forms of congenital idiocy, the outstanding finding—aside from defects in the brain itself—is an almost complete failure of the adrenal cortex (including the fetal cortex) to develop; the cerebral monster's adrenal glands often weigh as little as 7 per cent of normal. As for growth and reproduction, young laboratory animals whose cortical tissue has been removed can be kept alive and in good health with hormone substitutes, but they neither grow nor mature. Overactivity of the adrenal cortex, on the other hand, also halts growth but accelerates and often grossly distorts sexual development.

The adrenal cortex must be one of the busiest and most diversified of the body's chemical factories, for its major functions are probably carried on by separate hormones. There is at least one (called the sodium factor) for regulating the sodium, potassium, and water content of the blood. Another, the gluconeogenetic factor (possibly a group of substances rather than a single hormone) has to do with carbohydrate metabolism. Growth and reproduction functions are discharged through sex hormones. The adrenal cortex puts out—in men and women alike—androgens (male sex hormones), estrone (female sex hormone), and progesterone (corpus luteum or gestation hormone); the adrenal cortex is, in fact, the chief source of sex hormones until adolescence and remains an important one throughout life.

No less than twenty-eight substances showing hormone activity have been isolated from adrenal extracts. Not all are actually cortical hormones; some, possibly a majority, are merely intermediates, half-finished hormones caught by the exploring biochemist in midprocess. The known adrenal substances, in any case, do not wholly duplicate the activities of cortical tissue. Important cortical hormones remain to be identified. All so far isolated belong, like the ovarian and testicular sex hormones, to the remarkable class of chemicals known as steroids. To this group also belong the bile acids; cholesterol, a fatty substance deeply implicated in hardening of the arteries; the heart stimulant, digitalis; and a great many of the chemical agents that can cause cancer—biologically powerful substances every one.

Only a minor quantity of hormones are actually stored in the adrenal cortex. The greater part are manufactured as needed. The agent that turns the glandular factories—at least, most of their "production lines"—on and off is another hormone, from the pituitary gland. The pituitary is a body roughly the size of a kernel of corn hidden in a recess of the skull at the base of the brain. It consists of anterior and posterior lobes, of which the latter, the smaller of the two, is secondary in importance. From the anterior lobe, however, come half a dozen potent secretions which orchestrate the activities of the major endocrine glands and through them profoundly influence the body as a whole.

One of the anterior pituitary substances is ACTH, adrenocorticotropic (adrenal cortex-oriented) hormone. ACTH regulates the output of the adrenal cortex (with the possible exception of the sodium factor, whose output presents anomalies), now holding it at a comparatively low "resting level," now shooting it sky-high in response to stress. If the anterior lobe of the pituitary is excised, cortical response to stress is abolished. The cortex continues to secrete enough of its hormones to carry the organism along for a time at a very low level of existence, but there is no outpouring to regulate the body's defenses in time of emergency. The secretion of ACTH is itself governed by the body's varying needs. As the supply of cortical hormones circulating in the blood is used up, the pituitary releases ACTH; as the cortical hormone supply rises, the secretion of ACTH is shut off.

III

Most of our information about the adrenal cortex is recent in origin. Despite the efforts of Addison and several of his contemporaries, the adrenal cortex was largely terra incognita until 1930, when Frank A. Hartman and Katherine A. Brownell of Ohio State University, and W. W. Swingle of Princeton and Joseph J. Pfiffner of Parke, Davis, and Company prepared the first cortical extracts to show unequivocal hormone activity. Five years later, the chemists Edward C. Kendall of the Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research and T. Reichstein of Switzerland had isolated the first pure adrenal steroids, permitting the

start of systematic experimentation to distinguish among the several functions of the adrenal cortex. But only one cortical substance, a somewhat dubious one at that, was available in any quantity for several years.

Progress remained comparatively slow until a rumor reached Washington, shortly before Pearl Harbor, that the Germans were buying up the adrenal gland output of the Argentine slaughterhouses and obtaining cortical extracts which enabled Luftwaffe pilots to fly and fight at 40,000 feet. The rumor was false, but it set in motion the Army and Navy medical departments. Nearly all of the twenty-two American and Canadian laboratories that had carried on investigations of the adrenal cortex were enlisted in an emergency research program. This program not only led to processes for producing respectable quantities of cortisone and other adrenal corticoids, but directly paved the way for their present spectacular offensive against disease.

The first experiments to establish clearly the link between the adrenal cortex and disease were performed by Hans Selye, a Viennese-born biochemist and physician, director of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery at the University of Montreal. About a dozen years ago, Selye, then on the staff of the McGill University Medical School, set out to investigate the response of rats to a variety of drugs, poisons, and gland extracts. He injected large enough doses of such diverse substances as strychnine, atropine, formalin, and crude pituitary extract to kill in a day or two, and autopsied every animal with care. He expected to find changes characteristic of each drug. In three of the animals' organs, however, he found precisely the same changes regardless of what he had injected: the adrenal glands were swollen to twice or three times their usual size and were dark brown in color instead of the normal yellow; the thymus, a mass of lymphatic tissue in the space between the lungs over the heart, had wasted away; and the lining of the stomach was spotted with bleeding ulcers.

It appeared to Selye that he was witnessing a general reaction to damage and that any stress threatening to life would elicit an identical response. He quickly confirmed this by subjecting animals to a variety of other stresses: fasting, excessive exercise in an ingenious rat work machine, swimming to exhaustion, exposure to freezing and to very high temperatures, severe physical injuries, and terror. Whatever additional changes might be associated with particular stresses, he always found swollen adrenals, a withered thymus, and bleeding stomach ulcers.

Selye termed the unmistakable common response to severe stress the "alarm reaction." Further research showed that the alarm reaction has a "shock phase" and a "countershock phase," each accompanied by characteristic changes in the tissues and body fluids. In the shock phase, during the first few hours of exposure to stress, the concentrations of sugar and sodium in the blood drop, the number of circulating lymphocytes (a type of white blood cell derived from lymphatic tissue) rises, and the blood pressure falls. A few hours later, in the countershock phase, the changes are reversed: blood sugar and sodium rise above and the circulating lymphocytes drop below normal, and the blood pressure rises. The changes in the adrenal glands, thymus, and stomach lining coincide with the second phase rather than the first.

Both the anatomical and physiological changes of the countershock phase, in fact, are due to the great enlargement and increased activity of the adrenal cortex. If the adrenal glands are surgically removed, the animals lose all resistance to stress whatever, never reach the countershock stage, but swiftly succumb to shock. In intact animals, on the other hand, the adrenal cortex swiftly lays down extra secretory cells in an effort—vain, of course, in the case of animals exposed to the heaviest stress—to offset the shock phase.

SELYE then turned his attention to a pertinent second question. What would happen if his laboratory rats were subjected to less intensive but more prolonged stress? Animals were exposed over a period of weeks to daily doses of stress insufficient to kill, and sacrificed at intervals to determine what internal changes might be taking place.

The Canadian biochemist-physician found the same alarm reaction—first shock, then countershock. In this series of experiments, however, the animals survived the countershock stage and began to revert to normal; so to speak, they learned to live with the

stress. The extra cortical secretory cells were absorbed and the adrenals shrank to pre-morbid size, the thymus regained its original proportions, and the blood picture returned to normal. It was difficult to tell the test animals, in these particulars, from the controls. But the return to the pre-stress condition was more seeming than real; critical differences remained. First, the "stage of resistance," as Selye called the apparent recovery, lasted only a month or two. If the stress was continued, the internal equilibrium achieved in the resistance stage ultimately collapsed and a stage of exhaustion set in. The latter closely resembled the initial alarm reaction and swiftly ended in death. Second, resistance to other stresses decreased as resistance to the original stress built up; exposure to a new stress during the stage of resistance led to the immediate collapse and death of the animal. Third, beneath the surface of seeming normality, other organs often exhibited marked pathological changes. These frequently bore a startling resemblance to grave human ailments, such as hardening of the arteries.

It thus seemed to Selye that rats are endowed with a fixed "adaptation capital" for overcoming stress. Their adaptation energy can be spent only once, and life ends when the stock is used up. Moreover, the process of adjustment to stress may itself produce "diseases of adaptation" that shorten life. In the complex events of the adaptation process, the adrenal cortex occupies a central place; in a sense, the cortical glands are the bank in which the adaptation capital is stored.

IV

In 1878, the pioneer physiologist Claude Bernard of France called attention to the remarkable constancy of the internal environment. Many years later, Walter B. Cannon elaborated Bernard's observation into the concept of homeostasis, a cornerstone of contemporary biology. Living organisms, from microbes to man, are self-adjusting systems, something like a thermostatically-controlled household furnace. In quite the same way as the thermostat manipulates the fuel supply to maintain a prearranged temperature in the house, so the diverse internal activities of the living organism are regulated to keep the internal economy as a whole functioning at a nearly constant level. Shifts imposed from the outside promptly set in motion correcting counter-shifts. Without this capacity for homeostatic adjustment, no living organism could survive. Selye's studies have identified the adrenal cortex as the immediate effector of many of the most important homeostatic changes and have shown graphically the relationships between stress, homeostasis, and disease.

Most of Selye's experiments were performed with rats. It will take many years to confirm his conceptual scheme in its entirety, particularly the notions of the fixed adaptation capital and the diseases of adaptation, and to extend it, in meaningful detail, to other species. The generality of the alarm reaction and the resistance and exhaustion processes, though, has been amply demonstrated throughout the higher vertebrates. The alarm reaction has also been established for man by measurement of adrenal cortical output during illness and in response to other stresses.

As frequently happens in research, a link between the adrenal cortex and one disease, rheumatoid arthritis, was inferred before anyone appreciated the deep involvement of the adrenal cortex in disease generally. More than a generation ago, physicians noticed that pregnancy and attacks of jaundice brought temporary relief from rheumatoid arthritis, a malignant variety of arthritis distinct from and much more severe than the common wear-and-tear osteoarthritis of old age. The clue was taken up about 1930 by Philip Hench. From the study of the stream of patients passing through the Mayo Clinic, Hench became convinced that pregnant women secreted an anti-rheumatic factor, and that this factor was a cortical hormone. (His belief was afterward confirmed by the studies of Dr. Eleanor Venning of McGill, which showed that the output of cortical hormones soars to many times the usual value during pregnancy.)

Hench tested a mixed cortical extract as a possible arthritis remedy shortly before the war without result, and later, also without result, a pure preparation of one of the first adrenal steroids to be isolated, a substance known as Kendall's Compound A. The next pure adrenal steroid to become available was

Kendall's Compound E, or cortisone, made by Merck and Company using a technique suggested by Kendall. The first clinical samples were delivered to Hench in September 1948. What happened then has already become a part of science-magic folklore. Hench and two associates, Howard F. Polley and Charles H. Slocumb, made the trial on fourteen rheumatoid arthritis patients, some totally unable to move, all severely incapacitated. Three days or less of treatment with cortisone brought complete freedom from pain and as much freedom of movement as damaged joints would allow. The relief lasted as long as the injections could be continued.

No additional cortisone was available for several months. In the meantime, however, University of California and Yale biochemists had succeeded in extracting ACTH, the hormone governing the activity of the adrenal cortex, from the pituitary glands of livestock. It seemed to Hench that ACTH might take cortisone's place, stimulating the arthritis patient's adrenals into manufacturing, along with other cortical hormones, the needed extra supply of cortisone. Hench obtained a few grams of ACTH from Armour and Company, which had undertaken to extract ACTH from the pituitary glands of hogs on a commercial scale, and made the test. The pituitary hormone duplicated the anti-rheumatic activity of cortisone in almost every detail.

Rheumatoid arthritis is a disease of the connective tissue. There are also many other diseases of the tissues forming the supporting matrix for the organs and principal structures of the body: rheumatic fever, the leading cause of death among children; gout, which afflicts ascetics as well as the self-indulgent; such fatal skin inflammations as disseminated lupus erythematosus; uveitis, an eye disorder which usually leads to blindness; allergy; and cancers originating in lymphatic tissue. As soon as the remarkable performance of ACTH and cortisone in rheumatoid arthritis became known, there was a rush to try them in these other disorders. In fact, doctors now began to venture the two hormones in apparently every ailment that came to mind, from pneumonia to ulcers of the colon. ACTH and cortisone relieved them, too—so long as the patient continued to receive either drug.

The extraordinary ability of ACTH and cortisone to turn diseases off and on extends, with exceptions such as polio and the main types of cancer, through nearly the whole complex of disease. More than one doctor has been led to make a comparison with the Biblical pool of Bethesda, where whoever first stepped in after the angel troubled the water might be cured of his affliction, whatever it was. *But neither cortisone nor ACTH, though they will bring man more complete control over illness than he has ever had, cures disease.* What they appear to do is "melt" symptoms by greatly intensifying and prolonging the countershock stage of the alarm reaction; the two substances reinforce the body's own supply of cortical hormones in restoring apparent normality and blocking the visible "host" reaction. ACTH and cortisone, to paraphrase J. S. L. Browne, a McGill endocrinologist and a former associate of Selye, are like an unseasonable hot wind melting an iceberg. The iceberg freezes again—and the symptoms return—as soon as more usual conditions prevail. The underlying disease is little affected.

Last fall, physicians at the Northwestern University Medical School had an instructive experience with ACTH in tuberculosis. A very sick tuberculosis patient was started on the pituitary hormone. Within seventy-two hours, his fever was down and his appetite up, and he began to put on weight. Day by day he could be seen gaining strength. Finally, all signs were gone and he was apparently completely well. His sputum still showed tubercle bacilli, however, and when, after three weeks, treatment had to be halted, the disease broke out again at once.

It is a nice question, which is still to be investigated, what the end would be if an infection were masked for an indefinite period by ACTH or cortisone. In any event, neither ACTH nor cortisone can be given indefinitely in the quantities generally required to make a patient suffering from one of the serious chronic diseases feel well. As befits substances of their station in the internal hierarchy, the two hormones have many effects beside those desired. These are usually called "side effects," a term implying an incidental relationship to the beneficial activity of cortisone and ACTH. The dangerous, undesired effects, however, embrace

many of the main activities of the hormones and will not be easily avoided.

The research groups investigating the use of cortisone and ACTH are virtually agreed that no lasting remissions of most chronic ailments, including rheumatoid arthritis, have been obtained, except in a handful of cases, without simultaneously putting the patient into a "hyperadrenal state." Were treatment continued indefinitely, the hyperadrenal state might end in a devastating fatal disease, Cushing's syndrome. The latter is the counterpart of Addison's disease and results from a tumorous overgrowth of the adrenal glands, making the glands chronically overactive and flooding the system with an oversupply of cortical hormones.

This brings about as many and as dangerous changes as adrenal insufficiency does in Addison's disease. The face fills out into a moon shape, painful deposits of fat accumulate in the trunk and buttocks, women may grow beards and show other signs of masculinization, the bones are demineralized and become soft, limbs turn blue from a defect in oxygen supply, the blood sugar reaches diabetic levels, the blood pressure soars, and the repair of wounds is inhibited. Psychotic personality changes of a manic or schizoid type may also set in. Death, usually from the blood pressure changes, comes in five to seven years. All of the symptoms of Cushing's syndrome have made an appearance, though not together, in patients receiving cortisone or ACTH, and disappeared only when treatment was discontinued.

Despite the formidable difficulties inherent in their use, the two new hormones are of great immediate value. Apart from their role as probes for dissecting the disease process, ACTH has brought temporary remission (though no cures) of some types of leukemia. In addition, a number of recurrent disorders, like gout, can be treated safely with these substances; they should also prove extremely helpful in pulling acutely ill patients through crises. ACTH has also given the surgeon a means of gauging a patient's chances of surviving an operation: if the patient's adrenal cortices respond well to a pre-operative shot of ACTH, the chances are good that he will survive the stress of the operation; otherwise, preliminary injections of adrenal extract will be needed to carry the patient through. Finally, ACTH and cortisone have invested adrenal steroid chemistry with an urgency bound to lead to the early discovery of other steroids with more specific therapeutic properties.

V

We have seen how the adrenal cortex serves as a homeostatic balance wheel in such ailments as arthritis, and how disease may be modified by additional cortical hormones in the form of cortisone or ACTH, and also what are the disastrous consequences of gross abnormalities of the adrenal cortex, as in Addison's disease. It is perhaps too early to generalize, but subtle disturbances of the adrenal cortex may play a provocative part in several widespread disorders. There is reason to suspect a link between cortical hyperreactivity and neurosis, and between some form of cortical disturbance and high blood pressure. A derangement of the adrenal cortex is clearly connected, in any case, with the tragedy of schizophrenia.

Schizophrenia is at once one of the terrifying social problems of our time and a uniquely baffling scientific enigma. It affects one per cent of the population and annually removes 150,000 men and women, mostly in the prime of their lives, from productive activity to the sterile gray world of the mental institution, for a stay more likely to be measured in years than in months. Schizophrenia is the chief of the group of the puzzling disorders known as functional psychoses. The schizophrenic cannot feel straight, think straight, or act straight. His behavior is an unpredictable mélange of the normal and the bizarre. Yet no lesion of brain or nervous system can be found; structurally, they seem intact. The disorder is rooted in the way they function.

There have been many hints of something biologically amiss with the schizophrenic. A notable study of the biology of schizophrenia was conducted over a twenty-year period at the Worcester (Massachusetts) State Hospital. Almost invariably something was wrong: oxygen consumption was too low, vitamin deficiencies were apparent that could not be ascribed to poor diet, the secretions of one or more endocrine glands tended toward the subnormal. But nothing conclusive turned

up until the wartime program of adrenal cortex research.

In one of the projects inspired by the Luftwaffe rumor, a group of investigators at the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology, directed by Gregory Pincus and Hudson Hoagland, charted the reactions of the adrenal cortex to the pressures of daily life. With a large number of men from the Air Corps as subjects, measurements of cortical activity were made at regular intervals through the day and during tests simulating the stresses of the workaday world. Physical work, changing temperatures, frustration, the annoyance of arising in the morning were found to bring sharp peaks in cortical output.

Sometime afterward, the tests were applied to schizophrenic patients at the Worcester State Hospital. A striking contrast with normal individuals emerged immediately. As if to confirm the psychologist's description of schizophrenia as a "withdrawn" state, the patients showed *almost no rise in cortical activity* during the tests, and hardly more on awakening at the start of the day. The total quantity of cortical hormones produced over the twenty-four hours was close to normal, but they were generated at a more nearly uniform rate. There were no sharp peaks and valleys reflecting the changing stimuli of the outside world. A later experiment showed that the defect is in the adrenal cortex itself, and not in its governor, the pituitary; the schizophrenic has unresponsive adrenal cortices.

During the past two generations, the key to schizophrenia has been sought alternately in environmental (or psychological) forces and in biological factors deep within the individual—in the strains of an increasingly complex society, on the one hand, and an ill-defined hereditary "predisposition" to schizophrenia on the other. The Worcester Foundation discovery puts both in a new light.

As yet, little has been learned beyond the bare fact that schizophrenia is associated with an unresponsive adrenal cortex and that treatment with adrenal steroids or ACTH is as much use as flogging a dead horse—it will not help. Through what channels the adrenal glands influence neural activity and the psyche, or where the adrenal defect originates, remain to be determined.

Since the adrenal cortex is intimately concerned in adaptation, however, the Pincus-Hoagland finding suggests that schizophrenia is a consequence of inability to adapt to the complexities of life. In the simile of the neurophysiologist R. G. Hoskins, the schizophrenic is in the position of a man driving a car through congested city streets with throttle fixed. Unable to speed up, slow down, or stop, the driver cannot long avoid a disastrous collision. Similarly, the peculiar breakdown involved in schizophrenia may be the result of too great environmental demands upon an adrenal cortex perhaps insufficiently flexible to begin with.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of living organisms is the ability to respond to the stimuli of the external world. In higher animals, the adrenal cortices lie at or near the very center of the processes of response, keeping them within bounds and permitting the organism to meet a wide variety of challenges and yet carry on. It is for this reason that substances secreted by the tiny bits of tissue above the kidneys exert so powerful an influence on so many diseases, and that investigation of the adrenal cortex promises to bring our understanding and command of biological forces to a new level.

The Noble Crusade of Senator McCarthy

Alfred Friendly

Good Republican that he is, Senator Joseph R. McCarthy volunteered early this year to fill a few speaking engagements around the country at ceremonies commemorating Lincoln's Birthday. A couple of weeks before that event, Secretary of State Acheson had announced he would not turn his back on Alger Hiss. Accordingly, he was fair game, or at least an inviting target, for political attack; and McCarthy therefore chose, or had suggested to him, the topic of Communist infiltration in the State Department as an appropriate theme for his addresses.

The junior Senator from Wisconsin gave the first of his speeches to the Women's Republican League of Wheeling, West Virginia, on February 9, 1950. He said:

> While I cannot take the time to name all of the men in the State Department who have been named as members of the Communist party and members of a spy ring, I have here in my hand a list of 205 that were known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist party and who nevertheless are still working and shaping the policy of the State Department.

The statement created a considerable ruckus, more of a ruckus perhaps than McCarthy had anticipated. The State Department, noting press reports of the speech, at once denied the accusation and telegraphed McCarthy to send along the names, so that an investigation could be undertaken.

McCarthy did not reply directly. Instead, he made a radio speech in Salt Lake City the next night and another speech the following day, February 11, at Reno, Nevada, and he sent a telegram to President Truman. In those three pronouncements, McCarthy modified the number substantially. In all three, in much the same language, he said:

> In my opinion the State Department, which is one of the most important government departments, is thoroughly infested with Communists. I have in my hand 57 cases of individuals who would appear to be either card-carrying members or certainly loyal to the Communist party, but who nevertheless are still helping to shape our foreign policy.

Nine days later, on February 20, McCarthy took the floor of the Senate for a speech which lasted half the night. He set out to list, by "case number" rather than by name, 81 "persons whom I consider to be Communists in the State Department." Said McCarthy, "I am only giving the Senate cases in which it appears clear that there is a definite Communist connection."

Alfred Friendly, who as a reporter for the Washington Post *had the assignment of covering the McCarthy story from day to day, here summarizes it up to mid-June, when his manuscript was completed.*

Except that in Case 62, "This file is not important insofar as Communistic activities are concerned."

And in Case 65, "I would hesitate in naming" the subject as a Communist.

And in Case 72, "I do not confuse this man, as I said, as being a Communist."

And Case 76 "does not involve Communist activities."

And Case 14 "is primarily a morals case."

Furthermore, of the 81 cases, the numbers 15, 27, and 59 were entirely omitted; Case 9 duplicated Case 77; and Cases 21 through 26 contained no details but only the observation that the persons involved are Voice of America employees. One of them, with an alleged Communist as a character reference, had recommended another for his job, Senator McCarthy said, and this man went on to recommend the next, and so on, "So it is a case of Commies . . . recommending each other."

Precise computation in a situation such as this is difficult; my calculation suggests that the 81 cases boil down to 66 identifiable persons against whom McCarthy charged Communist membership, sympathy, connection, or association.

Two days after his Senate speech, a special subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was established to investigate the question of disloyalty among employees, past and present, in the State Department. It began its hearings on March 9. In the course of four days of testimony before it, and in another major Senate speech, McCarthy accused 10 people, this time by name. All but one of these were added starters to the 81. Their crimes ranged from merely "an unusual affinity for Communist causes" (Ambassador-at-Large Philip C. Jessup), all the way to being "Alger Hiss' boss in the espionage ring in the State Department" and "the top Russian espionage agent in the United States" (Owen Lattimore).

Meantime, McCarthy gave the subcommittee, in secret, the name of a man he said was a homosexual, and a list of 25 more people against whom nothing was alleged; McCarthy merely thought they ought to be investigated to see if they were security risks. Total, by addition: 116.

About two weeks after the subcommittee began its investigation, however, McCarthy said he would rest on one case alone, that of Lattimore. He was willing that his other cases, and he himself, should "stand or fall" on the findings in the matter of the Johns Hopkins University scholar.

But just after the last testimony had been taken on that case, McCarthy demanded an inquiry into the 1945 *Amerasia* magazine matter, involving six people, five of whom had not been mentioned previously by name or case number. New total: 121.

During a lull in the ensuing excitement about the *Amerasia* case, McCarthy told the Senate on June 6 that the FBI had found 106 Soviet agents, Communists, sympathizers, and whatnots in the State Department four years ago, and that "at least" three of the agents were still there. Early June total, therefore: 106, or at least 3.

II

Chidden from time to time by his Democratic colleagues in the Senate for this somewhat bewildering shift in totals—from 205 to 57 to 81 (or 66) to 116 to 1 to 121 to 106 (or 3)—McCarthy has irritably replied that they should "stop playing this silly numbers game." It was the Senator from Wisconsin, however, who began the game; possibly the best way to stop it is to examine the sources from which he obtained the numbers, and thereby discover the sources of the charges themselves.

Before inquiring into the 205 figure, it is necessary first to deal with the troublesome circumstance that in no less than three Senate speeches and one elsewhere, McCarthy has spent several hours denying that he ever said at Wheeling or anywhere else that he had in his hand 205 names of Communists now working in the State Department. In the course of those denials he assured the Senate that he did not and does not have those 205 names.

This last assertion is undeniably true. As to whether he *said* he had them, there is on the one side McCarthy's word that he did not, and on the other side contrary evidence in the form of the quotation, the first cited in this article, from the respectable Wheeling *Intelligencer* the day after his speech in that city; the Associated Press report; the text of the speech, as given to the largest Wheeling

radio station; and the affidavits of two of its officials who monitored McCarthy's delivery of the speech from that text and who heard him read it, word for word.

One could leave this dispute unresolved and still get to the source of the statement, or non-statement, inasmuch as on half a dozen occasions McCarthy himself carefully and laboriously identified it. It was a letter of July 26, 1946, from the then Secretary of State, James F. Byrnes, to Representative Sabath (Democrat, Illinois) in answer to the latter's inquiry about rumors of hundreds or thousands of Communists, and the wholesale purging of them, from the State Department.

Byrnes reported to Sabath that some 3,000 preliminary security investigations had been made of employees transferred to the State Department from wartime agencies, such as the Office of Strategic Services and Office of War Information. The departmental screening committee had "recommended against permanent employment" of 284 individuals. Of these, the services of 79 had been terminated, 26 because they were aliens and not permitted to work for the government in peacetime, 13 because they had been too recently naturalized to qualify for peacetime foreign service, and the remaining 40 because of past connections or records "indicating a high degree of security risk."

Had McCarthy inquired of the State Department, he would have learned that the investigations and, where necessary, the discharges continued after the date of Byrnes' letter; that the preliminary recommendations were specifically stated to be only tentative, subject to reversal if further investigations warranted reversal; that all employees retained were subjected to the full and formal procedures of the President's Loyalty Program which was later established; and that these procedures included a full FBI field investigation wherever the FBI felt such a process was called for. McCarthy would also have discovered that of the 284 employees, only about 65 were still on the Department's payroll when he caused a fluttering in the bosoms of the Republican ladies of Wheeling.

McCarthy did not make an inquiry, however. Instead, he subjected the Byrnes letter to an exercise in mathematics, in grammar, and in semantics.

With McCarthy's arithmetic there can be no quarrel: 79 from 284 is indisputably 205.

The grammatical excursion had to do with tense, and is more dubious. Two hundred and five people employed as of July 1946 became, for the audience in Wheeling, three and one-half years later, "205 . . . still working and shaping policy in the State Department."

The operation in semantics was simple, if not precise. People regarding whom, in Byrnes' words, there was a "recommendation against permanent employment" became, in McCarthy's words, "members of the Communist party" and known as such to the Secretary of State—and since they were known as such in 1946, they were known to Byrnes, and to General Marshall, as well as to Acheson, although McCarthy did not point this out.

BETWEEN Wheeling and Salt Lake City, McCarthy shifted documentation. Although his charges, except for the total number of Communists in the Department, were much the same as in Wheeling, the foundation was completely different. It was not three and one-half years old. It was only a little more than two years old. It reveals how McCarthy obtained the figure of 57, and is in itself the entire source of the later 81 cases.

In mid-1947, Representative Taber's (Republican, New York) House Appropriations Committee decided to investigate the State Department, including the administration of its personnel security program. Committee investigators were given full access to the Department's personnel and security files. They were searching, for the benefit of a Republican Congress, for evidence that the Department was lax or remiss. For six weeks, the investigators went through hundreds of files. For reasons unexplained and probably unimportant, they came up with summaries of 108 files.

The files themselves, compiled by security investigators with the attitudes and outlooks characteristic of that profession, were by that very fact mostly compendiums of derogatory data. The House investigators, not exactly eager to clear the Department in the eyes of their GOP Congressional employers, naturally chose the most alarming files, and copied down the most alarming information in them.

A subcommittee of the House Appropriations group held hearings on the 108 cases in

January 1948, discussing a dozen of them in detail, although without public mention of the names of the persons concerned. State Department security officials offered explanations of the cases discussed, adding information that had been left out or that had been since uncovered. They also pointed out how many of the cases involved not employees but merely applicants, how many actual employees had been discharged, how many had been retained after, or pending, full loyalty investigations. The matter of the 108 list then was taken up by the House Committee on Expenditures and much the same thing happened. The upshot was that no committee presented any adverse report or a demand for further action. Republicans rose on the House floor to declare that the State Department's loyalty program was being handled in a satisfactory manner and that that Department, at least, was completely free of subversives.

An important piece of information that the State Department supplied was a statistical summary showing that as of March 1948, 57 of the 108 persons in the list were employed in the Department and 51 were not.

Once again, 57 persons employed in March 1948 became, in McCarthy's words, employed "at present" in February 1950. And they became Communists. McCarthy did not mention another fact revealed in the House hearings: As of March 1948, more than half of the 57 had been investigated by the FBI and cleared for employment by the State Department on the basis of that investigation; 22 cases were still being investigated by the FBI.

When McCarthy made his speech to the Senate on February 20, he stated that his list of 81 would include the 57 names he had referred to on his speaking tour. It probably did. For all of the 81 cases—or more precisely, 71 cases with enough information in them to be traceable—came directly from the 108 list, compiled 30 months earlier. That list and the accompanying dossiers had never been made public; but so many copies had been run off for the use of Congressional committeemen that it was practically in the public domain. It was no trick for McCarthy to get one from a friend in the House.

Careful double-column comparisons have been made of McCarthy's 71 identifiable cases and their counterparts in the 108 list. They are dull to read since they are in all substantive respects identical. McCarthy added no new or additional facts. The major changes came when McCarthy's enthusiasm for his subject carried him away and led him to drop qualifications or remove lingering doubts.

A couple of comparisons give one the general idea. Here is the 108 list on one case:

". . . He was recommended by E-21, who is a suspect in a Soviet espionage case."

Here is McCarthy on the same case:

". . . He was recommended for the position by an individual who is listed by the FBI as a principal in a Soviet espionage case."

Once again, the 108 list:

> The subject was described in reports by various witnesses as interested in communism as an experiment but his political philosophy is in keeping with liberal New Deal social reform under democratic processes of government; 'he is a very ardent New Dealer'; 'he is a live liberal'; but an informant who also lived in the International House at one time said, 'He was one of those accused of being a Red here but the people who do get up and talk communism are refuted.'

McCarthy, with commendable brevity, on the same case: "He was described in reports by various witnesses as interested in communism and by his roommate at the International House as a Communist."

FIFTEEN or twenty members of the House had been familiar with the 108 list during the 80th Congress: something of what McCarthy said might have rung a bell with them. This was not true for the Senators, and McCarthy did not tell them he was discussing cases long since studied by two committees in the lower chamber. He invited his colleagues, rather, to draw a different inference.

He recounted that "despite the State Department blackout, we have been able to compile a list of 57 Communists." He added, "If it were not for some good, loyal Americans in the State Department . . . I should not have been able to present this picture to the Senate tonight." He warned that the State Department was desperately eager to discover his informants, whose jobs thereupon "would not be worth a tinker's dam." He told how he had penetrated "the iron

curtain, Truman's iron curtain, of secrecy" and promised that the Senator from Wisconsin would never reveal the names of the "government employees who may have helped him secure the information which he has presented to the Senate."

The Senate promptly authorized creation of a sub-committee to investigate what it could not have failed to believe was brand-new, red-hot information about a current situation—information painfully, perhaps dangerously, secreted away from the Department, information of such an urgent, immediate nature that McCarthy felt obliged to reveal it at once to the Senate and the nation.

Unanimously, on February 22, the Senate created a five-man sub-committee with Senator Tydings (Democrat, Maryland) as chairman. It was only later to discover that the quarry it was instructed to chase had run along the trail more than two years earlier and had been twice thoroughly hunted down, to the presumed satisfaction of the staunch Republican hunters.

III

SENATOR McCarthy shifted priorities even faster than numbers of suspects. It is difficult to determine which of the many people McCarthy described, by name or number, he considered the gravest or most immediate threat to the national security.

In his Wheeling and Reno speeches, later read into the Congressional Record on February 20, the Senator singled out four persons for mention by name. That fact suggested that he attached high importance to them; they must have been at the top of—or close to the top of—the list of those who should be rousted out of the government, but quickly.

One was a Mrs. Mary Jane Kenny, formerly with the State Department and now an editor in the UN Document Bureau. McCarthy said she was identified in an FBI report "as a courier for the Communist party." He has never made public reference to her again.

A second name was that of Harlow Shapley, the Harvard astronomer. McCarthy presented his accusations against Shapley in some detail to the Senate subcommittee on March 14, and has not publicly mentioned him since. Shapley, McCarthy discovered, is an inveterate joiner of left-wing organizations, some officially characterized as subversive. As a private citizen, he presumably has a right to join whatever he wants to join. And he is a private citizen. His only connection with the government is his membership of a 100-man advisory committee to the United States delegation to UNESCO. On that committee, Shapley is a representative of, and appointed by, the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

A third case was that of Gustavo Duran, alleged by McCarthy to have been a Communist and head of the secret police of the Spanish Republican Army. McCarthy also presented his detailed charges against Duran to the subcommittee on March 14. He identified Duran as a State Department official until 1946 and now working for the International Refugee Organization, "screening refugees coming into this country." The IRO and Duran at once denied that Duran is or ever was connected in any way with that organization.

McCarthy has mentioned the Duran case only once since. On April 20, he told the American Society of Newspaper Editors that Duran "has now been promoted to screening DP's entering the U.S. via the International Refugee Organization."

The fourth name was John S. Service, veteran State Department diplomat. Alone of the four, McCarthy has returned to this case in many speeches and, when nothing else is stirring, has demanded action against him. As this is written (in June), Service has not yet been brought before the subcommittee to testify in his own defense. The first category of charges McCarthy brought against him is, in effect, the same as those he leveled at Lattimore: his views and reports on China during the war cast doubt on Chiang Kai-shek's ability to make a go of it. The second accusation was that he was arrested in connection with the *Amerasia* magazine matter in 1945. From what records are already available, it is clear his involvement was innocent and accidental. The Department of Justice has admitted that the basis on which he was arrested was very thin; the Grand Jury before which he voluntarily appeared, without benefit of counsel, questioned him thoroughly and voted unanimously against indicting him.

In his speech to the Senate on the 81 cases, McCarthy left the four names behind and plunged into a new set of priorities. In the course of his remarks he said:

> While I consider them all important, there are three big Communists involved [Cases 1, 2, and 81] and I cannot possibly conceive of any Secretary of State allowing these three big Communists, who are tremendously important, and of great value to Russia, to remain in the Department. . . .
>
> I feel that if those individuals are removed from the State Department we shall have gone a considerable distance in breaking the back of the espionage ring in the State Department. . . .

Besides asking action—immediate discharge and prosecution, in fact—on the "Big Three," McCarthy went on to others high on his danger list.

"I suggest that [the Secretary of State] immediately take action on this individual [Case 38]," he said. And, "This individual [Case 53] is in my opinion one of the most dangerous Communists in the State Department." And, "This individual [Case 52] works for No. 16 . . . who, the State Department files indicate, was one of the most dangerous espionage agents in the Department."

Never since, by name or number, has McCarthy mentioned, much less cried for action on, Cases 38, 53, 52, or 16. In May, more than two months after his first charges, McCarthy made one subsequent allusion to the "Big Three," 1, 2, and 81. Finally, two months after his first mention, and after hearings on the Lattimore case ended, McCarthy revived interest in Case 2 for a few days and warned that if the subcommittee did not get busy on the matter, he would be obliged to name the man concerned and go after the case in his own way. Since then he has said nothing more about it.

On March 9, McCarthy came as first witness to lay his charges before the Senate subcommittee. The general and not unnatural expectation was that the Senator would open up with the case he considered had highest priority, the case of the most dangerous subversive he had discovered and the one against whom corrective action was the most urgent.

This individual turned out to be Judge Dorothy Kenyon, not one of the 81 cases. Miss Kenyon had left her government job, U.S. Representative to the UN Commission on the Status of Women, two months and nine days before.

McCarthy charged she had joined 28 organizations (he mentioned only 17 in his listing) officially characterized as subversive. Four or five, it turned out, had been so classified by the Attorney General. Ten more had been named by the House Committee on Un-American Activities or its local imitators, and the other two, as far as I can discover, by no one at all.

Miss Kenyon's vigorous and sprightly defense of herself when she appeared as a witness a few days later is sufficiently well-known to demand little recapitulation. Only McCarthy seems to have missed it; he appeared to have been busy in his office the day she testified. Her story, with voluminous documention, painted a vivid picture of a woman who had been a downright nuisance agitating for Lend Lease and intervention during the days of the Stalin-Hitler Pact. A letter she provided of nine months before the hearing, ordering an organization, subverted from its original worthy purpose, to strike her name from its letterhead as she had demanded three years earlier, was a succinct and angry exposition of the liberal argument against Communism.

McCarthy has mentioned Miss Kenyon in public only once since. He told a gathering that he discovered she belonged not to 28 subversive groups, but 52.

It took two days for McCarthy to tell his side of the Kenyon story, and to insert a passing reference to Jessup. Democratic members of the subcommittee insisted at length on knowing who else besides Miss Kenyon were on the letterheads of the many organizations she joined. It developed that she was in distinguished company; she could have made a rather good argument on the basis of "innocence by association," if that doctrine enjoyed the Senatorial standing accorded to its converse.

Furthermore, the subcommittee consumed much time with vain demands that McCarthy explain how it was that he denounced a man in Case 14 as a tool of the Communists and praised the same person in Case 41 as such an indefatigable harrier of the Communists in the State Department that, according to

McCarthy, Acheson fired him as soon as he had the chance.

Accordingly, it was not until his third day of testifying that McCarthy could name new names. He then broached four more cases. One was Owen Lattimore, the second was Haldore Hanson, a young State Department officer, and the third and fourth were Dr. and Mrs. Stephen Brunauer.

MRS. Brunauer, Case 47 in McCarthy's 81, is an official on the State Department's UNESCO Relations Staff. Repeatedly, McCarthy referred to her case as "most dangerous" and most urgently in need of remedial action. He told the Tydings subcommittee that they must work instantly to meet this menace. Mrs. Brunauer's principal offense, it appeared, was in marrying Dr. Brunauer, a former commander in the Navy and currently a civilian scientist in the Navy Department, where he has made noteworthy contributions in the field of ordnance and explosives. But as a Hungarian immigrant of eighteen, he fell in with Hungarian Communists in New York and became a member of the Young Workers League. Twenty years ago and before he married the present Mrs. Brunauer, he severed his last connection with his former associates. According to a letter from a neighbor and friend of long standing, former Senator Joseph H. Ball (Republican, Minnesota), not generally thought of as softheaded about Communists, Dr. Brunauer "is perhaps the most violently anti-Communist person I know."

McCarthy referred to this "dangerous" case only once again, about two months later. It was still in need of immediate action, he thought.

Hanson's trouble was that after being an Associated Press correspondent in the Far East during the late thirties he wrote a book about his experiences in the Sino-Japanese war. As McCarthy read excerpts of it, one obtained the impression that the glowing reviews it garnered when it was published in 1939, commending its objectivity, were justified. McCarthy chose to read almost no quotations from sections describing the Japanese armies and those of the Chinese Nationalists, with whom Hanson had spent the most time —indeed, McCarthy neglected to mention that those sections existed. He concentrated on Hanson's findings about the Communists. The author's observations seemed rather shrewd; it is hard to find any that with eleven years hindsight one would now want to rewrite or would wish he had never written. Hanson found the Communists to be determined fighters, strict disciplinarians, and very considerably admired in the sections where they operated. But McCarthy pointed out that Hanson said that the Communist guerrilla leaders "impressed me as a group of hardheaded, straight shooting realists" (Hanson had actually written, "hard shooting," which is rather different from "straight shooting".) Hanson was therefore, "a man with a mission—a mission to communize the world."

On the fourth day of testimony, McCarthy described the cases of Service, Shapley, Duran, and a new one, Professor Frederick L. Schuman of Williams College. Like Shapley, Schuman was a joiner. Like Shapley, Schuman was not a government employee. McCarthy included him, however, because he had once given an hour's lecture to a group of State Department officials in a series designed to acquaint those officials with various points of view on public issues. McCarthy has not referred to the Schuman case since.

Weeks after he had told the Senate about the 81 cases and presented the additional detailed accusations to the Tydings subcommittee, and after the Lattimore case dropped from the front pages, McCarthy changed priorities once again. The 1945 *Amerasia* magazine case, he repeatedly stated, "is in my opinion the key to the Communist fifth column in the State Department."

IV

BESIDES numbers and priorities, McCarthy could shift the charges themselves, and rapidly. When he first mentioned Lattimore, in testimony to Tydings' subcommittee on March 13, the Far Eastern authority was merely a man with a "pro-Communist record" who constituted "an extremely bad security risk." At a McCarthy press conference one week later, when Lattimore's name was given on an off-the-record basis, he had graduated to being "the top Soviet espionage agent in this country" and "Alger Hiss' boss

in the espionage ring in the State Department."

Ten days after that, in a speech to the Senate, McCarthy downgraded his subject to only "one of the top Communist agents in this country." Before he finished that speech McCarthy felt called on to observe, "Maybe in the case of Lattimore, I may have perhaps placed too much stress on the question of whether or not he has been an espionage agent," and that possibly the best way to describe him was as a "bad policy risk."

In the next three months, McCarthy made six or eight public speeches in which he referred to Lattimore. And although he had twice assured the Senate he would resign from that body if ever he declined to say off the floor that which he said while protected with Congressional immunity from libel action, the worst thing McCarthy asserted against Lattimore off the floor was that he was the "architect" of American China or Far Eastern policy, and that his proposals paralleled those of the Communists.

That Lattimore was a Soviet agent was not sustained even by McCarthy's key witness, the former managing editor of the *Daily Worker,* Louis F. Budenz. McCarthy's early promises to produce other witnesses or evidence that Lattimore was a spy have not materialized.

The next question, then, is whether Lattimore is or was a Communist. Budenz testified that various high Communist moguls told him Lattimore was a Communist and subject to the Party's discipline—a revelation, incidentally, never before made by Budenz in the five years since he left the Party and devoted himself to exposing its villainies and personnel. Budenz also said he heard those high officials praising Lattimore's work for the cause, and discussing two assignments he was to carry out for it.

Flat denials of these assertions by other Communists or ex-Communists, Earl Browder, Bella V. Dodd, and Frederick Field, carry just as much or as little importance as anyone chooses to attach to them. The only escape from the problem of weighing Budenz' oath against Lattimore's would seem to lie in determining whether Lattimore did the work he was allegedly praised for, and whether he carried out the assignments he was allegedly given.

The praise, Budenz testified, came at a meeting of Communist officials in 1937 at which Field reported, and he and Browder commended, Lattimore's "zeal" in placing Communist writers on the magazine that Lattimore edited, *Pacific Affairs,* the organ of the international body of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Lattimore has answered that the magazine had no staff except the editor. The only name of a Communist contributor, then, that Budenz and McCarthy have supplied is one James S. Allen, two of whose pieces Lattimore accepted in 1938, a year *after* the meeting Budenz described. Lattimore testified he did not know Allen was a Communist and that his articles contained no Communist propaganda.

There were two alleged assignments. At that same 1937 meeting, it was decided that Lattimore should be given "general direction" of a program of getting writers in IPR publications to portray the Chinese Communists as simple "agrarian reformers," Budenz declared. And in 1943, when it was "officially reported that Lattimore, through Field, had received word from the apparatus that there was to be a change of line on Chiang Kai-shek," Lattimore was to see to it that an article should appear in an IPR organ attacking Chiang, in accordance with the new line. One such article appeared.

To this, Lattimore has replied that he knew very well that the Chinese Communists were not mere "agrarian reformers" and accordingly never wrote that they were, or anything to that effect. Furthermore, as an editor, he never permitted the publication of any article expressing that notion, except for one translation of a piece by a Chinese Communist, and clearly identified as such in an editorial note. Lattimore has defied anyone to find contrary evidence.

Second, Lattimore pointed out that he defended Chiang in 1943 and long, perhaps too long, thereafter, and that he had never criticized Chiang personally or called him a fascist or dictator, as did the Communists after the 1943 change. The article Budenz referred to appeared not in *Pacific Affairs,* but in the *Far Eastern Survey,* the periodical of the IPR's American Council, quite separate and distinct from the international secretariat in which Lattimore functioned.

Subcommittee members pointed out matters such as these to Budenz, along with evidence that Lattimore raised funds for Finland during the Russo-Finnish War, that he supports the Marshall Plan, and that the Communists denounce his books and writings. Budenz had an explanation. Communists often covered up for concealed members by attacking them, he said. He could recall, moreover, one instance when a Communist who was a figure of great national importance, and therefore in a "delicate" position, was given special dispensation to run counter to the Party Line, so that his public actions would not give him away and reveal his true allegiance. Budenz said he did not know if Lattimore enjoyed such an indulgence, but left the inference that he must.

A little reflection on this line of explanation shows that its implications are staggering, bringing into existence as it does several new doctrines to add to that of guilt by association.

For instance, it implies that there is such a thing as guilt by disassociation or, looking at it from the *Daily Worker's* eyes, non-guilt by denunciation. I leave it to better logicians than I to figure a way to the truth from this dilemma.

Coming on top of evidence that Lattimore was not and had never been employed by the State Department, the assertions of the present Secretary of State and his three living predecessors that Lattimore was not the architect of the U. S. policy on China and the Far East may be answer enough to that charge by McCarthy. Lattimore has complained, rather wistfully, that of all people pretending to some expertise on the Far East, he has been listened to least by the State Department. He has added the assertion that if his advice had been heeded more often, neither China nor the U. S. would be in such a bad fix today.

There remains finally the question whether Lattimore's proposals for Far East policy now or ever paralleled those of the Kremlin. To document an answer one way or the other would require more of an analysis than space permits here. But some light is thrown on the question by going, once again, to the source of McCarthy's accusation.

Every consequential item in McCarthy's charges on this point against Lattimore, and against Jessup too, was initially asserted by one Alfred Kohlberg, a wealthy New York importer of Chinese textiles. Beginning about 1943, Kohlberg engaged in a bitter and extremely vigorous battle with the IPR. He asserted that it was Communist-dominated and led by the nose down the Kremlin path by Lattimore and others. Citing examples from two per cent of the IPR's output, and neglecting the other 98, he provided an argument that made up in volume what it lacked in logic, accuracy, and scholarship.

Kohlberg has admitted "helping" McCarthy on his cases. The admission is superfluous; an examination shows that McCarthy's accusations against Lattimore and Jessup are mere summarizations, or often the identical language, of the Kohlberg attack.

The Kohlberg-IPR fight went on with mounting intensity for three or four years. A detailed analysis of Kohlberg's *magnum opus,* an 88-page attack and argument, was made by a seven-man, very conservative, committee of IPR trustees. They demolished the Kohlberg charges. Kohlberg's document and the analysis of it were sent to IPR members, perhaps the most knowledgeable jury in America on Pacific affairs. In April 1947, the matter was put to a vote. Kohlberg lost, 66 to 1163.

Their verdict was that Kohlberg's contentions were "inaccurate and irresponsible." Conceivably, that verdict also applies to McCarthy's warmed-up rehash of the same accusations, three years later.

What It Was Like

Eleanor Lattimore

I HAD STAYED at home until after the mail came, hoping for a letter from Owen, so I did not get down to his office until late on the morning of Monday, March 13. He had flown to Afghanistan just a week before, and every day I had been going in to the office to tend to his mail and other chores I often did for him when he was away. On this particular day Hall Paxton, who had just returned from Sinkiang, where he had been American Consul, and several other people were coming over from the State Department to visit our Inner Asian seminar, and I had invited some Hopkins people to have lunch with them first at the Faculty Club.

Before they arrived I was called to the telephone. A reporter at the Baltimore *Evening Sun* wanted me to comment on the report that Joseph McCarthy had named my husband as a "pro-Communist" adviser to the State Department. My comment was that it was ridiculous. He was not pro-Communist but anti-Communist, and he had no connection with the State Department. I suggested that the accusation sounded like ones that had been made against him several years ago when he had begun to criticize the Nationalist government of China. At that time it was easy to label critics of that government as pro-Communist, but my husband had criticized it exactly because he felt its policies were strengthening communism in China. One after another, reporters and wire services called and I said the same to all of them. Since my husband had never been connected with the State Department it seemed pointless to include him in the attack. I was foolish enough to believe that when McCarthy discovered his mistake he would move on to other prey. But I wished that Owen were anywhere but in Afghanistan, so that he could dispose of the nasty business quickly.

By mid-afternoon the early editions of the evening papers were brought in and I was horrified to see screaming headlines across the tops of both the *Evening Sun* and the Baltimore Hearst paper, the *News-Post,* "McCARTHY CALLS LATTIMORE 3 OTHERS PRO-RED AT PROBE!" "LATTIMORE BAD RISK TYDINGS PROBERS TOLD." Both papers had printed my denials on the front page beside their stories of the accusations, but the sensational headlines obscured the effect of fair play. The Hearst headlines, incidentally, were smaller and less sensational than the *Sun's.* The details of McCarthy's speech, which had not been received by the papers at the time they had asked me for comment, made me begin to realize the seriousness of the charges. They were all either complete lies or such distortions of fact as to have the effect of complete lies. They were ridiculously false, yet how

This personal narrative by Mrs. Owen Lattimore forms the second chapter of Ordeal by Slander, *by Mr. Lattimore, which is being published by Little, Brown and Company and is the August selection of the Book Find Club.*

were people who didn't know my husband to know that they were false? Afghanistan seemed farther away than ever.

SINCE it would be days, perhaps weeks, before Owen could reply for himself it seemed to me that something should be said, either by me, or preferably by the university. I telephoned immediately to ask for an appointment with Dr. Bronk, the president, and went to see him at six o'clock.

The same evening I telephoned to a friend at the United Nations to ask if he could find out for me if any steps would be taken to inform Owen of the attack which had been made upon him. He let me know the next day that a long cable was being sent, and also that strong messages of continued confidence in him were being sent to the Afghanistan Embassy for transmission to their government. Owing to cumbersome United Nations machinery, however, and slowness of communications, the cable did not reach Owen for a week.

I had explained to Dr. Bronk that McCarthy's accusations all stemmed from the attempts of the Chinese Nationalists to destroy by any means anyone who criticized the Kuomintang. I also told him that I would give him a memorandum of the facts about each accusation.

I spent several nights working on this memorandum. I could work very little in the daytime because all day long the telephone rang. Dozens of friends from Baltimore, Washington, New York, even as far away as California, rang up to commiserate, encourage, advise, and discuss. I was very glad they did, but it took most of my time, so that it was difficult to accumulate the information I needed, from files and friends, to prepare the memorandum.

As I pointed out in the letter I sent to Dr. Bronk enclosing this memorandum, all but one of McCarthy's charges were duplicates of those made by Alfred Kohlberg in his attack on the Institute of Pacific Relations in 1947. Kohlberg had been completely discredited at that time, and I was exasperated to have to go to so much trouble to look up the data all over again to answer his really silly charges. The one new charge was a three-word quotation taken entirely out of context and made to mean something entirely different from what had actually been said.

I wanted to send a copy of this memorandum to Senator Tydings, but Owen's good friend Stewart Macaulay, the provost of the university, and several others whom I consulted, urged me not to. I agreed with them then that a wife's answers wouldn't mean very much and that it was better to wait, but I believe now I should have sent it. Four out of five members of the committee would have given it fair consideration which might have mitigated the effects of the next attack. It was Owen's remoteness and his long silence which enabled McCarthy to renew and enlarge his assault.

On March 21 I finally had word that Owen had arrived in Kabul and had received the United Nations cable. He replied to the United Nations that he planned to leave Kabul March 27 after completing his mission there and would deal with the charges immediately upon his return. I had already suggested to Mr. Macaulay that the university request a hearing for him, and he had drafted a letter for Dr. Bronk to sign. There had been a delay in sending it, with the result that on the twenty-second it was reported in the *Sun* that in answer to a query Senator Tydings had said that Owen Lattimore had not requested a hearing. I then immediately wrote a letter to Tydings myself, asking for a hearing, and a friend took it over to him in Washington.

One person I did send my memorandum to was Philip Jessup. Dr. Jessup had been in Paris when McCarthy began to accuse him of "having a special affinity for Communist causes." He cabled a denial and flew home earlier than he had intended in order to answer the charges in person. At a press conference on March 22 McCarthy had called Jessup "the voice of Lattimore," saying also, "Everything that Jessup has done so far in the East has been a case where the voice is Jessup's but the hand is Lattimore's." This was ridiculous, of course. Owen had known Phil Jessup for seventeen years, chiefly through the Institute of Pacific Relations, but Jessup had always been senior to him and there was never any question of trying to "influence" him.

It seemed to me at that time that because of Dr. Jessup's eminence and skill he was the one who would be able to stem McCarthy's wild character-assassinations, and that the fate

of many of the fifty-seven or eighty-one State Department people he was accusing of being Communists was in his hands—and perhaps my husband's fate too. I wrote him something to this effect, since it seemed to me most probable that Owen's name would come up in Dr. Jessup's hearing, and that they would naturally benefit by defending each other. It did come up, and many of our mutual friends told me of their disappointment that he did not make some sort of an affirmative statement of the belief in Owen's integrity and loyalty which I'm sure he had.

The staff and students in the Page School of International Relations, of which my husband is director, were almost as angry and indignant as I was about McCarthy's accusations, and eager to do something. I wanted to prepare some material which I thought Owen might need at his hearing, and suggested to some of them that they go through his writings and his files to find passages and letters which would show clearly he was not pro-Communist, and to others that they go through Alfred Kohlberg's writings to show how close his earlier charges were to McCarthy's. It made us all feel better to be able to work, and there was plenty to do, since Owen has been an appallingly prolific author for more than twenty years.

II

On Thursday, March 23 I was having lunch with Maggie Kahin, whose husband George is on the staff of the Page School, when the telephone rang. Mr. Kirkpatrick of the San Francisco *Chronicle* wanted to know when my husband was coming home. I told him the first of April. Then he said, "I suppose you have heard about the charges." I thought he was being funny, and remarked that I had been hearing nothing else for ten days. "No," he said, "I mean the new ones, that he is the top Russian spy in this country." My heart turned over.

For several days McCarthy had been boasting that he had given to the Senate investigating committee the name of "the top Russian espionage agent in this country," whom he had described as the "former boss of Alger Hiss" in an "espionage ring in the Department." The night before I had heard a report on the radio that Senator Tydings had said that the man McCarthy had named had no connection with the State Department except that five years ago he had been on a mission abroad, that once he had given a lecture to State Department employees, and that on another occasion he had taken part in a two-day round-table conference. McCarthy had replied, "This is completely untrue. This man has a desk at the State Department and has access to the files, at least he had until four or five weeks ago. He is one of the top advisers on Far Eastern affairs, has been for a long time and they know it." Nothing in McCarthy's description fitted Owen, but the thought crossed my mind that Tydings' description did. Owen had been on the Reparations Mission to Japan five years ago. It was a White House mission, but I had just discovered in looking through old records that he had been paid by the State Department. But the thought was too fantastic. He didn't know any Russians in this country, or any Communists. He didn't have access to any secret material. How could *anybody,* even McCarthy, accuse him of being a spy?

Joe Barnes, one of Owen's closest and oldest friends, and his wife had stopped for the night at our house on their way South. Joe had been seeing newspapermen in New York. Everyone was speculating about the identity of the mysterious spy. No one had mentioned Owen. I decided I was getting neurotic. Joe had been reassuring, but the last thing he said before they had left that morning was that he would come back if I needed him. Now I knew that I needed him. I hastily telephoned to Washington, where the Barneses were having lunch on their way South, and they said they would wait for me.

By the time I got to Washington Joe had discovered that two days before Senator McCarthy had called a press conference and told some newspapermen, off the record, that the No. 1 spy that he had been talking about was Owen Lattimore. None of them had printed it for fear of libel, but the story was all over Washington. The Barneses had taken a room at the Hotel Willard, and I managed to get the only other one available, a dreary little room-without-bath for which I had to pay in advance because I had no baggage. After dinner Joe went out to see what else he could learn.

I don't know how I happened to think of

Abe Fortas, because everybody in Washington knew more about him than I did. We had met him once at dinner, and heard him talking about the attack on Dr. Condon and the way in which he, as a lawyer, thought such attacks should be handled. We had both liked what he said but, not dreaming that my husband ever would be in a similar situation, I had not given Mr. Fortas another thought. So it was instinct rather than cleverness that made me telephone him that night to ask for an appointment. When he told me he would see me at ten o'clock the next morning I somehow felt much better. I got a hasty letter off to Owen which I hoped might reach him in Karachi on his way home, bought some toilet articles at a drug store, and went to bed.

At breakfast Joe told us an incredible story. He had gone to a party where there were a lot of people, and there, of all people, he had met McCarthy. I had been thinking of McCarthy as the embodiment of all the powers of darkness and not as someone a friend of mine could meet at a party. For days I had been living in an unreal and fantastic hell. Somehow the fact that Joe had seen and talked with the Devil jolted me into a realization that the Devil was a reality. Joe had tried to convince him that he couldn't be more wrong about Jessup and Lattimore. Others at the party were telling the Senator that he was crazy. But he had seemed completely unshakable. From others Joe had heard incredible stories about the methods by which McCarthy planned to substantiate his charges. It was very frightening.

Joe was finally convinced it was going to be tough, and he and Betty approved of my talking with Mr. Fortas. They promised to wait until after I had seen him, though they were already way behind their schedule of important engagements. I went alone to see him. Strange to say it was the first time I had ever been in a lawyer's office. But in the sea of unreality in which I had been floundering I knew at once that Abe Fortas was another solid rock, like Joe and Betty. I hadn't been there ten minutes before I knew that going to see him was the wisest thing I'd ever done. He immediately grasped, far better than I had, how serious the situation was. My husband might be named publicly at any moment as the top Russian espionage agent in the United States. He knew how vital it was to be ready to act promptly—to demand that McCarthy retract his charges, to demand that a government plane be sent out to bring Owen home immediately, to make his personal files and all his writings available to the investigating committee, to feed material about him to the press. It was breath-taking. I knew he was right but I was afraid to take so much responsibility. I sent for Joe. Mr. Fortas brought in his partners, Thurman Arnold and Paul Porter. Listening to the three of them, Joe was as sure as I was that they were right. A great burden had been lifted from my shoulders. Joe and Betty continued south, feeling that they were leaving Owen's problem in the best possible hands.

I had been so sure these men would help me that I didn't realize until after I had left them that their decision was greater than mine. They could so easily have told me that they were too busy. I had taken them on faith, but they had taken Owen on faith. I needed them desperately, and they didn't need Owen at all. And yet they hadn't hesitated a minute. The only question they asked about Owen was, "Will he fight?" I knew he would fight, but how could they know? It is faith that moves mountains, and there were mountains to move.

THERE was still at least a week before Owen could be home. I went back to our house in the country north of Baltimore to pack all the things we would need. At a newsstand in the railway station I bought the New York *Journal-American* because I saw a story on the front page which pointed out that the description of the mysterious "Mr. X" fitted Owen Lattimore. It was six o'clock when I got to the house. I turned on the radio to hear Eric Sevareid mentioning Owen's name. He was saying, too, that the description fitted Owen Lattimore.

Two minutes after the program ended Mr. Sevareid telephoned to ask if I had been listening to what he had just said about Owen. He said he was afraid it would have worried me but the report was already so widespread that he thought it was bound to be made public very soon. I spent almost all night packing into the car Owen's files and all the things I could find that he had ever written. Unfortunately the Lattimores are

not very systematic about keeping magazine and newspaper articles, and it was quite a job assembling them all. A good friend came out to help me. We found copies of his eleven books, in various editions and languages, and eight others to which he had contributed a chapter or a long introduction. We found about eighty magazine articles, some in his study, some in file drawers, and some in cartons in the garage, and we found files of hundreds of syndicated newspaper articles he had written for the Overseas News Agency.

Early the next morning I started back to Washington with everything in the car. I hated to leave our peaceful house, just as the early spring bulbs were beginning to blossom. There were already drifts of daffodils and narcissus along the edge of the woods. And I hated to leave sixty-four-year-old Carrie Thomas all alone, the good friend who had looked after us for many years. She disliked staying alone at night. She hated the telephone. She was terribly disturbed and baffled by what was happening. But for weeks after that morning she faced everything with sturdy loyalty—the telephone that rang day and night, the newspapermen who tried to force their way into the house, the questioning, and all the unknown terrors—and the few times we were able to come home during the long ordeal she was always ready to make a haven for us and any number of friends and helpers we might bring along.

I knew I must be in Washington, away from the telephone and the reporters and ready to act when the news broke. I dreaded the publicity of a hotel. I was sensitive about asking to stay with friends who might conceivably be embarrassed to be caught harboring the wife of "the top Russian espionage agent in this country." The alternative seemed to be a sofa in the living room of my husband's parents who lived in a small Washington apartment and didn't really have room for me. But that day luck dropped from heaven, as it did so many times to lighten the darkness of those weeks. The mother of an old and good friend invited me to stay with her in her charming little house in Georgetown. She knew Owen wasn't a Communist. She didn't have a job to lose. She lived alone and no one need know I was there. It was perfect, and will always be remembered gratefully.

I UNLOADED all the books and magazines and files in Mr. Fortas' office, where I spent the day. He was seeing all sorts of people, and stories were rife. I learned some things about McCarthy which didn't surprise me. Drew Pearson, Stewart Alsop, I. F. Stone, and others had from time to time printed interesting items about his past. These included charges of income tax evasion (for allegedly failing to report $42,000), a move for his disbarment (on a charge that he had violated the state constitution and the code of ethics of the American Bar Association), stories of his granting two-day divorces to accommodate people who had contributed to his campaign, and the destruction of official records. But much worse was his successful crusade last year to save from execution SS men convicted of the killing of three hundred and fifty unarmed American prisoners of war and one hundred Belgian civilians. I could picture how McCarthy's antics must look in Afghanistan. Eleanor Breed, in San Francisco, sent me a verse which she called "The Mysterious West":

> To send our men to foreign shore
> (Jessup and Owen Lattimore)
> And bring them home and call them spies
> Is odd in Oriental eyes.

Drew Pearson was interested in the Mongols at the Hopkins and Abe asked me to talk with him about them. For a year we had had a group of Mongols at the University working with Owen in his program of studies about Mongolia. The oldest of the group was a "Living Buddha," a very high dignitary of the Lama Buddhist Church, who had been a close friend of ours ever since 1931 when he had had to flee from the Communist government in Outer Mongolia. Two younger men, who are here with their families, had been very active in the anti-Communist Mongol nationalist movement, and both had held trusted positions in the anti-Communist National government of China. They had all had to get out of China before the Communists took over and since Owen had been their chief sponsor in this country and had spent much time and money in getting them established here, Mr. Pearson thought they were a living argument that Owen could not be a Communist.

That day the most lurid story was one that

all the newspapermen were talking about. McCarthy had told someone that the "Lattimore case" was another Hiss case, and that Owen's Whittaker Chambers was Joe Barnes —that Joe had been a Communist and to prove his repentance had joined the ranks of the ex-Communist informers and was going to tell all about his old friend Lattimore. We heard afterward that this bit of fantasy grew from McCarthy's telling a newspaperman, cryptically, that he had had a long talk with Joe. When McCarthy was later asked if the story was true he said he wished it were.

III

I had enlisted several friends to read Owen's books, looking for short quotations which would represent his real point of view without making people read through whole books or chapters. This was a difficult job for two reasons. First, everything he had ever written was written on the basic assumption that he was a loyal American who had the interests of his country at heart and that he opposed the spread of communism anywhere in the world. He expected his readers to take this for granted and therefore had not thought it necessary constantly to repeat it, as Russian writers constantly have to repeat their rigmarole of devotion to Stalin and opposition to "Western imperialism" in everything they write. The second difficulty was his scholarly approach. To a scholar nothing is ever simple or dogmatic enough to be said in one sentence. There are always qualifications, ifs, buts, and on the other hands. To represent his point of view fairly it was almost necessary to read a whole book, or at least a complete chapter. Taking sentences out of context could very easily distort his meaning completely, as we were to learn in detail later from McCarthy's staff workers.

Most of the excerpts from his writings which I, and the others, collected were too long. Nobody would bother to read them. We did find some short ones, however, which we felt expressed his point of view, in or out of context, such, for instance, as the following:

> [A safe American policy] would guarantee that the Chinese Communists remain in a secondary position, because it would strengthen those Chinese who are opposed to Communism. . . . (Article in *Virginia Quarterly Review,* 1940.)

> Our cardinal need there is a united China, carried forward on a current of orderly reforms. There is no need for violent revolution; but, unless the current of orderly reforms is given a free channel, there will be violent revolution. It would be a tragic folly, and the culminating folly of two decades, if American vacillation and failure to support the patriots in China—the hard-pressed guardians of the American stake in evolutionary democratic progress—should let loose defeatism, civil war, and revolution. America has no time to lose. We must have a policy that does not limit us to defending the possessions of the democracies, but pledges us to support and spread democracy itself. (Article in *Asia* magazine, April 1941.)

> I do not believe that a spread of communism anywhere in Asia (or indeed in Europe or America) is either inevitable or desirable. . . . More than that, I believe that the country which most people in Asia would like to imitate and emulate is America rather than Russia. (Article in *China Monthly,* December 1945.)

> No Chinese government can be genuinely independent if it is subject to manipulation by Russia. (Statement signed by Owen Lattimore together with Senator Flanders, Senator Murray, and Professors Dulles, Fisher, and MacNair, December 30, 1946.)

> Those of us who have never been Marxists have many straightforward disagreements with the Marxists. (Book review in the New York *Herald Tribune,* November 30, 1947.)

> The fact is that the American interest, of course and without further discussion, lies in making sure of the minimum expansion of Russian control and influence. (Lecture, Mt. Holyoke College, June 1948.)

> The spread of direct Russian control over Asia would be disastrous for the countries of Asia as well as for America and Europe. (*The Situation in Asia,* 1949, page 12.)

> We shall have turned the disadvantage of an Asia that we are not strong enough to

control into the advantage of an Asia strong enough to refuse to be controlled by Russia. We shall have given a fresh impetus to both capitalism and political democracy. (*The Situation in Asia,* 1949, page 237.)

At the same time, any new departure in United States policy in Asia must be proof against the accusation of 'appeasing' communism as a doctrine or Russia as a state. (Article in the *Atlantic Monthly,* January 1950.)

Mr. Fortas had a "fact sheet" mimeographed including these and other quotations, a complete list of Owen's books and magazine articles (almost a hundred items), a brief sketch of his life, the dozen organizations to which he does belong (none of them subversive), and his actual relations with Russia, including one brief visit to Moscow on his way home from China but consisting chiefly of ignored requests for visas.

Abe Fortas suggested that I come to his house Sunday evening to listen to Drew Pearson talk about the Mongols. A lot of people were talking in the living room. We went upstairs and he put a tiny radio on the floor near where we were sitting. He knew what I didn't know, that Drew Pearson was going to state definitely that Owen was McCarthy's No. 1 spy, and that he was going to do it well. This is what he said:

Washington—I am now going to reveal the name of the man whom Senator McCarthy has designated the top Communist agent in the United States. Senator McCarthy has said that he would rest his entire charge of State Department communism on this case. The man is Owen Lattimore of Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Lattimore is America's number one expert on China and the Far East, and, as such, served as adviser to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and later as adviser to General Marshall. He has not been with the State Department for five years, but he has continued his close contacts with the Orient. And here is the inside story of what he has been doing. When the Living Buddha of Mongolia was expelled by the Soviets, Owen Lattimore brought him to this country and helped support him, so that some day he could go back and fight against communism. The Living Buddha is the spiritual leader for part of the Far East, and he has the same relation to Buddhists as the Pope to the Catholic world, so the Communists, who oppose all religion, put a price on his head. The Dalai Lama of Tibet first offered him a refuge, but Owen Lattimore, now accused of being a Communist, persuaded him to come to Baltimore, where he now lives. At the proper time, his influence in re-winning the Far East would be most important. Lattimore also brought two Mongolian Princes to Baltimore, each with a Soviet price on his head, and they have been living near the Lattimores, getting daily encouragement for the time when they may go back to the Far East; and oust the Communists. Today there was supposed to be a birthday party at the Lattimore home for a young Mongolian Prince, born in this country, named Owen—Owen Hangin, in honor of the American benefactor who helped his father. But thanks to all the furore in Washington, the party was called off. Senator McCarthy has claimed that three Communist agents came to this country to confer with Lattimore. But what McCarthy either did not know or concealed was that those agents were two Mongol Princes and the Living Buddha, fleeing from communism, with a Soviet price on their heads.

New Delhi, India—Owen Lattimore is now in Kabul, Afghanistan, sent by the Secretary General of the United Nations on an economic mission to bolster Afghanistan and keep it out of the hands of Russia. On the border between India and Russia, Afghanistan is one of the most important countries in the world in blocking the sweep of communism into India. Meanwhile, Mrs. Lattimore and Detlev Bronk, President of Johns Hopkins, have asked for a Senate hearing. But no opportunity has been given to defend his name. Now I happen to know Owen Lattimore personally, and I only wish this country had more patriots like him.

There were inaccuracies in this broadcast, such as calling Owen an adviser of General Marshall, but the big thing was Drew Pearson's uncompromising recognition of Owen's patriotism. I could have hugged him.

At that very moment in Baltimore our Mongols *were* having a birthday party. It was to have been at our house and I felt sad to miss it. A few of them went to a neighbor's

at six o'clock and came back to the party with a recording of Pearson's broadcast. They were delighted with it in spite of its many inaccuracies. Peter and John laughingly told their children that in America they had become princes and princesses. Dilowa Hutukhtu, the Living Buddha, had been made into a pope instead of just a high cardinal. But the important things were true, and they weren't accustomed to Americans knowing much about Mongols anyway.

So now Owen would be in all the headlines the next morning, and we could begin to fight in the open. By taking two pills I got some sleep that night. I had had very little in the past two weeks and had become too groggy to be useful.

IV

That Monday morning, March 27, Abe Fortas really went into high gear. Some of the Page School boys came over, and we all pitched in to help prepare his ammunition. My morale soared with the arrival of Owen's first message from Afghanistan, the wonderful AP despatch about the charges being "pure moonshine" and McCarthy falling flat on his face.

Because of the interest Drew Pearson had aroused in the Mongols, Mr. Nikoloric, one of the younger members of the law firm, was sent over to Baltimore to arrange a press interview with them in Owen's office. He described to us how Dilowa Hutukhtu, the Living Buddha, had sat in state behind Owen's big desk in a dark red robe and scarlet and gold brocaded vest, the two young men, Peter and John, sitting beside him. Dilowa told the newspapermen about how he had known Owen ever since he himself had first fled from the Communists in 1931 and knew he was not pro-Communist, and the young men said they knew that Owen had had no connection with Mongol Communists but only with the anti-Communist Mongol nationalist movement. They all three told about their connections with the Kuomintang government of China. Because McCarthy had suggested that they themselves might be pro-Communist they knew they must also tell something about their own anti-Communist connections and activities; but these they had been cautious about discussing ever since the Communist occupation of Inner Mongolia for fear of Communist reprisals against members of their families who are still there. Loyalty to Owen made them run this risk, however, and they told the newsmen that Peter had been a bodyguard and John a secretary of Owen's old friend Prince Teh, who is still holding out, with an army of five to ten thousand, against Communist domination in western Mongolia.

Hundreds of indignant letters had been pouring in, from friends and casual acquaintances and perfect strangers, and a good many people who had written letters to Senator Tydings and other members of Congress had sent carbon copies to me or to the law firm. While we didn't want to quote from letters from friends without asking permission, and there was no time for that, the letters to Senators seemed public property. A great many of the letters to Senators were from people who knew Owen's work, either through his books or through professional associations of one kind or another, who were well qualified to speak of his standing as a scholar, his ideas, and his character. Mr. Fortas asked the Page School boys to pick out quotations from them to give to the investigating committee.

That afternoon our sophomore son David arrived from Harvard. He had been working round the clock to get enough ahead on his studies so that he could come down to help me, and somehow I hadn't realized how lonely I had been until I saw him. We sat up late that night talking over everything that had happened, and Tuesday and Wednesday he worked with us at the office.

On Monday, the twenty-seventh, J. Edgar Hoover had appeared before the Tydings Committee to explain why it was impossible for the FBI to open its files for their inspection. He told them that the mere fact that the FBI had not forwarded a case of suspected disloyalty for prosecution could be taken to mean that there was no conclusive case, thereby implying that if the FBI had evidence of espionage activities by Owen it would have acted against him long since. Senator Hickenlooper had then read a note from McCarthy asking Hoover to have an FBI agent present when he addressed the Senate so that he could turn over to him documents which he claimed would prove that Owen was a Communist Party member and a Russian agent. This was

a diabolical move on his part, because once the documents were in the hands of the FBI they became secret. No one could know what, if anything, they proved, and McCarthy's description of them would be widely accepted. This would enable him to be even more irresponsible in his charges than he was the first time, and with more deadly effect.

When Abe heard about this dodge he sent McCarthy a telegram demanding that all documents be made public and warning him that the "hocus-pocus of attempting to create an air of mystery by referring to documents which you will dramatically turn over to the FBI and will not make available for public appraisal" would be considered "obvious and apparent chicanery in which we are entitled to assume a United States Senator will not indulge." When this telegram was released to the press on the morning of McCarthy's speech it at least warned the newspapermen of a new booby trap.

McCarthy had announced his speech for Tuesday, the 28th, but Abe hoped it could be put off until nearer the time of Owen's return, and was pleased when he heard it reported that Senator Paul Douglas, who was presiding over an extended Senate debate on natural gas, had said that for the next two or three days he would refuse to recognize the Angel Gabriel unless he were going to talk about gas. Thursday afternoon McCarthy, substituting his own kind of gas for natural gas, succeeded in making his speech.

David and I had come back to Ruxton late Wednesday evening. After Drew Pearson's broadcast both Owen's office and our house had been besieged by newspapermen. There seemed no point, however, in my saying anything at all at this point, so all calls had been referred to Abe Fortas, who had borne the brunt of saying "no comment" for me, and saved me from an enormous amount of embarrassment. Abe's telephone rang constantly and people swarmed into his office, not only the press but all sorts of people who came with offers of help and advice. And when he went home after a long day they telephoned or came to his house. I dreaded to leave his protection to go home, but he was going up to New York and would be there Friday morning to meet Owen on his arrival. When we got home the telephone was still ringing, but David protected me by handling calls.

Thursday afternoon some of the Page School students went down to Associated Press headquarters to watch the teletype reports of McCarthy's speech as it was being made. The speech lasted for more than four hours and they telephoned me from time to time, but long before it was over they were thrown out because someone saw them taking notes.

We took the B. and O. night train up to New York to meet Owen. We had made our Pullman reservations in the name of "Mrs. Owens," just in case the ticket seller had a newspaper friend who might be on hand for an interview when we got to the station. But the ticket seller recognized us and was very friendly and solicitous. We bought all the evening papers, and went to bed as soon as the Pullman car was opened, so as to be as fresh as possible in the morning.

V

At seven-thirty in the morning, in New York, we telephoned Abe. He had thought the plane might be in early, but had just received the bad news that instead it had been delayed in Ireland and would not arrive until the following morning. He suggested that we have some breakfast and turn up at his hotel at nine o'clock.

We had breakfast with the Edward C. Carters. Mr. Carter had been Secretary General of the Institute of Pacific Relations when Owen had edited *Pacific Affairs,* and I wanted to see him because McCarthy's speech had dealt at length with the IPR and Owen's connections with it, all still based on Kohlberg and the China lobby, and had laid great stress on Owen's one visit to Moscow, where he had spent ten days with Mr. Carter on IPR business in 1936. The present Secretary General, William Holland, and his family, also old friends of ours, were staying with the Carters and it made me happy to know I had the warm support and help of all of them. Mr. Carter gave me copies of old reports he and Owen had made to the IPR about the Moscow visit and also a copy of a statement about it he had released to the press the night before. Mrs. Carter borrowed an apartment where we could spend the night, and later Bill Holland went over to see Mr. Fortas.

We were distressed to find Abe Fortas suffering from a miserable cold, though it wasn't

surprising, since he had been working under terrible strain for a week. He was rather frantic about Owen's delay in Shannon, as he thought it vital to issue some sort of a reply to McCarthy just as soon as possible. He called Owen on the transatlantic telephone and we all spoke to him briefly. It was wonderful to hear his confident voice. Abe told him he would work on ideas for a press statement and would call him again just before twelve o'clock, when his plane was due to leave. He had a transcript of McCarthy's endless speech, and spent the next two hours picking out the points which he thought Owen should reply to immediately. Then he waited for the call he had placed to come through. It was getting perilously near to twelve o'clock, and every few minutes he sent David to call the overseas operator. The lines to Shannon were busy. We were all feeling tense and jittery when twelve o'clock came and the call had not come. Dave tried the operator again. She reported that the plane was already on the runway. It seemed like an important defeat at the time, though as it turned out it probably didn't make a great deal of difference.

Paul Porter turned up at noon and went over the plans Abe had made for the press release, which now had to wait till the morrow. After lunch I read over the transcript of McCarthy's speech. It painted a picture of Owen so completely divorced from reality that it still seemed as if he must be talking about someone else—someone I had never met or heard of. I still couldn't believe that this could happen in the United States of America, and particularly that it could happen to us. Owen's voice over the telephone had sounded real, but nothing else seemed real at all. And the least real thing I had ever read was the transcript of McCarthy's speech.

Perhaps the most menacing part of his long tirade was his claim that he had a witness, trusted by the Department of Justice, who would testify that Owen "was known to him to be a member of the Communist Party, a member over whom they had disciplinary powers." The afternoon papers claimed that this witness was Louis Budenz, an ex-Communist who had turned Catholic and was a professor at Fordham University. When Abe heard this rumor he asked me his second, and last, question about Owen, and that indirectly. "Look here," he said, "I don't want to find that when Owen was a boy in his teens he foolishly joined something that turned out afterward to be Communist." I laughed. "You don't need to worry on that score," I said. "When Owen was in his teens he was the most unpolitical person you can imagine. When I first knew him he was interested in trade and travel and hunting and riding, and he really took very little interest in anything political until the Japanese invasion of China in 1937. And even after that he was woefully ignorant of communism."

I spent part of the afternoon trying to get in touch with people in various parts of the country who could supply information which Owen would need in refuting some of McCarthy's charges. Before we needed this material everyone of them had responded with wonderful letters.

Our borrowed apartment was beautiful, and gay with spring flowers sent by David's friend Emily. We dined with the Carters and the Hollands and went to bed early because Owen's plane was due to arrive at four in the morning. Abe telephoned at three to waken us, and before four was at our door in a United Nations car to take us to the airport. I had bravely urged him not to come because of his bad cold, but I knew we were in for an ordeal and was comforted to see him.

At Idlewild a large night crew of newsmen and photographers were drinking coffee and joking with each other while they waited for their prey. I normally like newspapermen, but now I dreaded them. My mind seemed numb and my heart leaden. How different this was from all Owen's other homecomings! Instead of the old private joy of seeing each other after his being far away there would be the public horror of greeting each other in front of massed cameras and the glare of newsreel lights, and the brazen questions about our private affairs. The wait seemed endless, but when Owen came at last into the crowded little waiting room the first sight of him lifted a weight from my heart and I knew that I was terribly glad he was home.



The Little World of Don Camillo

Stories by Giovanni Guareschi

Translation by Una Vincenzo Troubridge

Drawings by Arthur Marokvia

The Little World

THE Little World is to be found somewhere in the valley of the Po River. It is almost any village on that stretch of plain in Northern Italy. There, between the Po and the Apennines, the climate is always the same. The landscape never changes and, in country like this, you can stop along any road for a moment and look at a farmhouse sitting in the midst of maize and hemp—and immediately a story is born.

Why do I tell you this instead of getting on with my story? Because I want you to understand that, in the Little World between the river and the mountains, many things can happen that cannot happen anywhere else. Here, the deep, eternal breathing of the river freshens the air, for both the living and the dead, and even the dogs have souls. If you keep this in mind, you will easily come to know the village priest, Don Camillo, and his adversary Peppone, the Communist Mayor. You will not be surprised that Christ watches the goings-on from a big cross in the village church and not infrequently talks, and that one man beats the other over the head, but fairly—that is, without hatred—and that in the end the two enemies find they agree about essentials.

And one final word of explanation before I begin my story. If there is a priest anywhere who feels offended by my treatment of Don Camillo, he is welcome to break the biggest candle available over my head. And if there is a Communist who feels offended by Peppone, he is welcome to break a hammer and sickle on my back. But if there is anyone who is offended by the conversations of Christ, I can't help it; for the one who speaks in this story is not Christ but my Christ—that is, the voice of my conscience.

Don Camillo had come into the world with a constitutional preference for calling a spade a spade. His parishioners remembered the time he found out about a local scandal involving young girls of the village with some landowners well along in years. On the Sunday following his discovery, Don Camillo had begun a simple, rather mild sermon, when he spotted one of the offenders in the front pew. Taking just enough time out to throw a cloth over the crucifix at the main altar so that Christ might not hear what was going to follow, he turned on the congregation with clenched fists and finished the sermon in a voice so loud and with words so strong that the roof of the little church trembled.

Naturally, when the time of the elections drew near, Don Camillo was very explicit in his allusions to the local leftists. What happened was not surprising, therefore: one fine evening as the priest was on his way home, a fellow muffled in a cloak sprang out of a hedge, and, taking advantage of the fact that Don Camillo was handicapped by a bicycle with a basket of eggs on the handlebars, dealt the priest a mean blow with a heavy stick and then disappeared, as if the earth had swallowed him.

Don Camillo kept his own counsel. He continued to the rectory and, after putting the eggs in a safe place, went into the church to talk things over with Christ, as he always did in moments of perplexity.

"What should I do?" asked Don Camillo.

"Anoint your back with a little oil beaten up in water and hold your tongue," Christ answered from the main altar. "We must forgive those who offend us."

"Very true, Lord, but here we are discussing blows, not offenses."

"And what do you mean by that? Surely, Don Camillo, you don't mean that the injuries done to the body are more painful than those to the soul?"

"I see your point, Lord. But You should bear in mind that an attack on me, Your priest, is also an offense against You. I am really more concerned for You than for myself."

"And wasn't I a greater minister of God than you are? And didn't I forgive those who nailed me to the cross?"

"There's no use arguing with You!" Don Camillo exclaimed. "You are always right. May Your will be done. I will forgive, but don't forget that if these ruffians, encouraged by my silence, crack my skull open, it will be Your responsibility. I could quote You several passages from the Old Testament . . ."

"Don Camillo, do you propose to teach me the Old Testament! As for this business, I assume full responsibility. And just between ourselves, that little beating this evening did you some good. It may teach you to let politics alone in My house."

Don Camillo forgave in his heart, but one thing stuck in his mind and needled him—curiosity as to the identity of his assailant.

Time passed. Then, late one evening as he was sitting in the confessional, Don Camillo recognized through the grille the face of Peppone, mayor of the village and leader of the extreme left.

That Peppone should come to confession at all was a sensational event, and Don Camillo was duly gratified.

"God be with you, brother; with you who, more than others, need his Holy blessing. When did you make your last confession?"

"In 1918," replied Peppone.

"In all those years you must have committed a lot of sins with your head so crammed with crazy ideas . . ."

"Quite a few, I'm afraid," sighed Peppone.

"For example?"

"For example, two months ago I gave you a beating."

"That is very serious," replied Don Camillo, "since, by assaulting one of God's priests, you have offended God Himself."

"Oh, but I have repented," Peppone exclaimed. "And anyway it was not as God's priest that I beat you up but as my political adversary. Anyhow I did it in a moment of weakness."

"Besides this and your activities in that devilish party, have you any other sins to confess?"

Peppone spilled them out, but all in all Don Camillo found nothing very serious and let him off with twenty Our Fathers and twenty Hail Marys. While Peppone was at the altar rail saying his penance, Don Camillo went and knelt before the crucifix.

"Lord," he said, "forgive me but I'm going to beat him up for You."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," replied Christ. "I have forgiven him and you must do the same. After all, he's not such a bad soul."

"Lord, you can't trust a Red! They live by lies. Just look at that face—Barabbas incarnate!"

"One face is the same as another. It's your heart, Don Camillo, that is venomous!"

"Lord, if I have been a worthy servant to You, grant me one small favor. Let me at least hit him with this candle. After all, Lord, what is a candle?"

"No," replied Christ. "Your hands were made for blessing."

Don Camillo sighed wearily. He genuflected and left the altar. As he turned to make a final sign of the cross, he found himself exactly behind Peppone, who still knelt at the altar rail and appeared absorbed in prayer.

"Lord," groaned Don Camillo, clasping his hands and looking up at the crucifix, "my hands were made for blessing, but not my feet."

"There's something in that," replied Christ, "but, I warn you, just one."

The kick landed like a thunderbolt. Peppone didn't bat an eye. After a minute he got up and sighed.

"I've been expecting that for the past ten minutes," he remarked casually. "I feel better now."

"So do I," exclaimed Don Camillo, whose heart was now as light and serene as a May morning.

Christ said nothing at all, but it was easy enough to see that he too was pleased.

Rivalry

A BIG shot from the city was going to visit the village and people were coming from all the surrounding cells. Therefore Peppone decreed that the ceremony was to be held in the big square. He had erected a large platform decorated with red, and got one of those trucks with four great loudspeakers and all the electric mechanism inside it for amplifying the voice.

And so, on the afternoon of that Sunday, the public square was crammed with people and so also was the church square which happened to be next to it. Don Camillo shut all the doors and withdrew into the sacristy, so as to avoid seeing or hearing anything which would put him in a temper. He was actually dozing when a voice like the wrath of God roused him with a jerk as it bellowed: "COMRADES! . . ."

It was as though the walls had melted away.

Don Camillo went to work off his indignation at the high altar. "They must have aimed one of their accursed loudspeakers directly at the church," he exclaimed. "It is nothing short of violation of domicile."

"What can you do about it, Don Camillo? It is progress," replied Christ.

After a few generalizations the voice got down to business and, since the speaker was an extremist, he made no bones about it. *"We must remain within the law and we shall do so! Even at the cost of taking up our weapons and using the firing squad on all the enemies of the people! . . ."*

Don Camillo was pawing the ground like a restive horse. "Lord, only listen to him!"

"I hear him, Don Camillo. I hear him only too well."

"Lord, why don't You drop a thunderbolt on all that rabble?"

"Don Camillo, let us remain within the law. If your method of driving the truth into the head of one who is in error is to shoot him down, what was the use of My crucifixion?"

Don Camillo shrugged. "You are right, of course. We can do nothing but wait for them to crucify us too."

Christ smiled. "If instead of speaking first and then thinking over what you have said, you thought first and did the speaking afterward, you might not have to regret the foolish things you say."

Don Camillo bowed his head.

". . . as for those who, hiding in the shadow of the crucifix, attempt with the poison of

their ambiguous words to spread dissension among the masses of the workers . . ." The voice of the loudspeaker, borne on the wind, filled the church and shook the bright-colored glass in the Gothic windows. Don Camillo grabbed a heavy bronze candlestick and brandishing it like a club, made for the church door.

"Don Camillo, stop! You will not leave the church until everyone has gone away."

"Oh, very well," replied Don Camillo, putting the candlestick back on the altar. "I obey." He marched up and down the church and finally stopped in front of Christ. "But in here I can do as I please?"

"Naturally, Don Camillo. Here you are in your own house and free to do exactly as you wish. Short of climbing up to a window and firing at the people below."

THREE minutes later, Don Camillo, leaping and bounding cheerfully in the bell chamber of the church tower, was performing the most infernal carillon that had ever been heard in the village.

The orator was forced to interrupt his speech and turned to the local authorities who were standing with him on the platform. "He must be stopped!" the big shot cried indignantly.

Peppone agreed gravely, nodding his head. "He must indeed," he replied, "and there are just two ways of stopping him. One is to explode a mine under the church tower and the other is to bombard it with heavy artillery."

The orator told him to stop talking nonsense. Surely it was easy enough to break in the door of the tower and climb the stairs.

"Well," said Peppone calmly, "you go up by ladders from landing to landing. Look, comrade, do you see those projections just by the big window of the belfry? They are the steps that the bell-ringer has removed as he went up. By closing the trap door of the top landing he is cut off from the world."

"We might try firing at the windows of the tower!" suggested Smilzo, Peppone's deputy.

"Certainly," agreed Peppone, "but we would have to knock him out with the first shot, otherwise he'd begin firing and then there might be trouble."

The bells stopped ringing for a moment and the orator resumed his speech; all went well so long as he was careful to say nothing of which Don Camillo disapproved. Otherwise Don Camillo immediately began a counter-argument with his bells. In the end the speech was merely pathetic and patriotic and was therefore respected by the bells.

THAT evening Peppone met Don Camillo. "Watch out, Don Camillo. This baiting could bring you to a bad end."

"There is no baiting involved," replied Don Camillo calmly. "You blow your trumpets and we ring our bells. That, comrade, is democracy. If on the other hand, only one person is allowed to perform, that is a dictatorship."

Peppone held his peace, but one morning Don Camillo got up to find a merry-go-round, a swing, three shooting galleries, a Ferris wheel, and an indefinite number of other booths set up, within exactly one foot of the line that divided the public square from the church square.

The owners of the "amusement park" showed him their permits, duly signed by the Mayor, and Don Camillo retired without comment to the rectory. That evening all hell broke loose in the form of barrel organs, loudspeakers, gunfire, shouting and singing, bells, whistling, screaming and bellowing.

Don Camillo went to protest to Christ. "This shows no respect for the house of God."

"Is there anything that is immoral or scandalous?" asked Christ.

"No—merry-go-rounds, swings, little motor cars, chiefly children's amusements."

"Well then, it is simply democracy."

"But this infernal din?" protested Don Camillo.

"The din is democracy too, provided it remains within the law. Outside church territory the Mayor is in command, my son."

One side of the rectory adjoined the square, and exactly underneath one of its windows a strange apparatus had been erected. This immediately aroused Don Camillo's curiosity. It was a small column about three feet high, topped by a kind of stuffed mushroom covered with leather. Behind it was another column, taller and more slender, which had a large dial with numbers from one to a thousand. A blow was struck at the mushroom and the dial recorded its force. Don Camillo, squinting through the cracks

of the shutters, began to enjoy himself hugely.

By eleven o'clock in the evening the highest number recorded was seven hundred and fifty and that stood to the credit of Badile, the Grettis' cowman, who had fists like sacks of potatoes. Then suddenly Comrade Peppone made his appearance, surrounded by his satellites. All the people came running to watch, crying, "Go on, Peppone, whack it!" Peppone removed his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and took his stand opposite the machine, measuring the distance with his clenched fist. There was total silence and even Don Camillo felt his heart hammering.

Peppone's fist sailed through the air and struck the mushroom.

"Nine hundred and fifty," yelled the owner of the machine. "I've seen only one other man get that score and he was a longshoreman in Genoa!" The crowd howled joyously.

Peppone put on his coat again, raised his head and looked up at the shuttered window where Don Camillo was hiding. "To whom it may concern," he remarked loudly, "I might say that a blow that registers nine hundred and fifty is no joke!"

EVERYONE looked up at the rectory window and laughed. Don Camillo went to bed with his legs shaking under him. The next evening he was there again, peeking from behind his window and waiting feverishly for the clock to strike eleven. Once again Peppone arrived with his staff, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and aimed a mighty blow at the mushroom.

"Nine hundred and fifty-one!" howled the crowd. And once again they looked up at Don Camillo's window and snickered. Peppone also looked up.

"To whom it may concern," he remarked loudly, "I might say that a blow that registers nine hundred and fifty-one is no joke!"

Don Camillo went to bed that night with a temperature.

Next day he went and knelt before Christ. "Lord," he sighed, "I am being dragged over the precipice!"

"Be strong and resist, Don Camillo!"

That evening Don Camillo went to his peephole in the window as though he were on his way to the scaffold. The story of Peppone's feat had spread like wildfire and the whole countryside had come to see the performance. When Peppone appeared there was an audible whisper of "Here he is!" Peppone looked up, jeering, took off his coat, raised his fist, and there was silence.

"Nine hundred and fifty-two!"

Don Camillo, when he saw a million eyes fixed on his window, lost the light of reason and hurled himself out of the room.

"To whom . . ." Peppone did not have time to finish; Don Camillo already stood before him. The crowd bellowed, and then was suddenly silent.

Don Camillo threw out his chest, took a firm stance, threw away his hat, and crossed himself. Then he raised his formidable fist and struck hard.

"One thousand!" yelled the crowd.

"To whom it may concern, I might say that



a blow that registers one thousand is no joke," remarked Don Camillo.

Peppone had grown rather pale and his satellites were glancing at him doubtfully, hesitating between resentment and disappointment. Other bystanders were chuckling delightedly. Peppone looked Don Camillo straight in the eye and took off his coat again. He stepped in front of the machine and raised his fist.

"Lord!" whispered Don Camillo hastily.

Peppone's fist sailed through the air.

"A thousand," bawled the crowd and Peppone's bodyguard rejoiced.

"At one thousand all blows are formidable," observed Smilzo. "I think we'll leave it at that."

Peppone went triumphantly in one direction while Don Camillo went triumphantly in the other.

"Lord," said Don Camillo when he knelt before the crucifix. "I thank you. I was scared to death."

"That you wouldn't make a thousand?"

"No, that that pig-headed fool wouldn't make it too. I would have had it on my conscience."

"I knew it, and it was lucky that I came to your help," replied Christ, smiling. "Moreover Peppone, as soon as he saw you, nearly died for fear you wouldn't reach nine hundred and fifty-two."

"Possibly!" muttered Don Camillo, who now and then liked to appear skeptical.



Don Camillo had let himself go a bit in the course of a little sermon. He had made some rather pointed allusions to *"certain people"* and so on the following evening when he seized the ropes of the church bells all hell broke loose. Some damned soul had tied firecrackers to the clappers of the bells. No harm done of course, but there was a din of explosions shattering enough to give the ringer heart failure.

Don Camillo said nothing. He celebrated the evening service in perfect composure before a crowded congregation. Peppone was in the front row and every countenance was a picture of fervor. It was enough to infuriate a saint, but Don Camillo was no novice in self-control and his audience went home disappointed.

As soon as the big doors of the church were closed, Don Camillo snatched up an overcoat and on his way out made a hasty genuflection before the altar.

Tracking

"Don Camillo," said Christ, "put it down."

"I don't understand," he protested.

"Put it down!"

Don Camillo drew a heavy stick out from under his coat and laid it in front of the altar.

"Not a pleasant sight, Don Camillo."

"But Lord! It isn't even oak; it's only poplar, light and supple," Don Camillo pleaded.

"Go to bed, Don Camillo, and forget about Peppone."

Don Camillo threw up his hands and went to bed with a temperature. But on the following evening when Peppone's wife came to the rectory, he leaped to his feet as though a firecracker had gone off under his chair.

"Don Camillo," began the woman, who was obviously upset. But Don Camillo interrupted her. "Get out of my sight, sacrilegious creature.

"Don Camillo, never mind about that foolishness. At Castellino there is that poor devil who tried to support Peppone. They have driven him out of the village!"

Don Camillo counted to ten and lit a cigar. "Well, what of it, comrade? Why should you bother about it?"

The woman started to shout. "I'm bothering because they came to tell Peppone and he has gone rushing off to Castellino like a lunatic. And he has taken his Tommy gun!"

"I see. Then you have got concealed arms, have you?"

"Don Camillo, never mind about politics! Can't you understand that Peppone is out to kill? Unless you help me, my husband is done for!"

Don Camillo laughed unpleasantly. "Which will teach him to tie firecrackers to my bells. I shall be pleased to watch him die in jail! You get out of my house!"

Ten minutes later, Don Camillo, with his skirts tucked up almost to his neck, was pedaling like a lunatic along the road to Castellino on a racing bike that belonged to the son of his assistant.

There was a splendid moon and when he was within a few miles of Castellino, Don Camillo saw by its light a man sitting on the wall of the little bridge that spans the river. He slowed down, since it is always best to be prudent when one travels by night, and stopped some ten yards from the bridge, holding in his hand a small object that he happened to have had in his pocket.

"Have you seen a big man go by on a bicycle in the direction of Catellino?"

"No, Don Camillo," replied the other quietly.

Don Camillo drew nearer. "Have you already been to Castellino?"

"No. I thought it over. It wasn't worthwhile. Was it my fool of a wife who put you to this trouble?"

"Trouble? Nothing of the kind . . . a little constitutional!"

"Have you any idea what a priest looks like on a racing bicycle?" snickered Peppone.

Don Camillo came and sat beside him on his wall. "My son, you must be prepared to see all kinds of things in this world."

Less than an hour later, Don Camillo was back at the rectory and went to report to Christ. "Everything went according to Your commandments."

"Well done, Don Camillo; but would you mind telling me who commanded you to grab him by the feet and tumble him into the ditch?"

Don Camillo raised his arms. "To tell you the truth, I can't remember exactly. As a matter of fact he seemed to dislike the sight of a priest on a racing bike, so I thought it only kind to prevent him from seeing it any longer."

"I understand. Has he got back yet?"

"He'll be here soon. It struck me that in his rather damp condition, he might find the bicycle in his way, so I thought it best to bring it along with me."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure, Don Camillo," said Christ with perfect gravity.

Just before dawn Peppone appeared at the door of the rectory. He was soaked to the skin and Don Camillo asked if it was raining.

"Fog," replied Peppone with chattering teeth. "May I have my bicycle?"

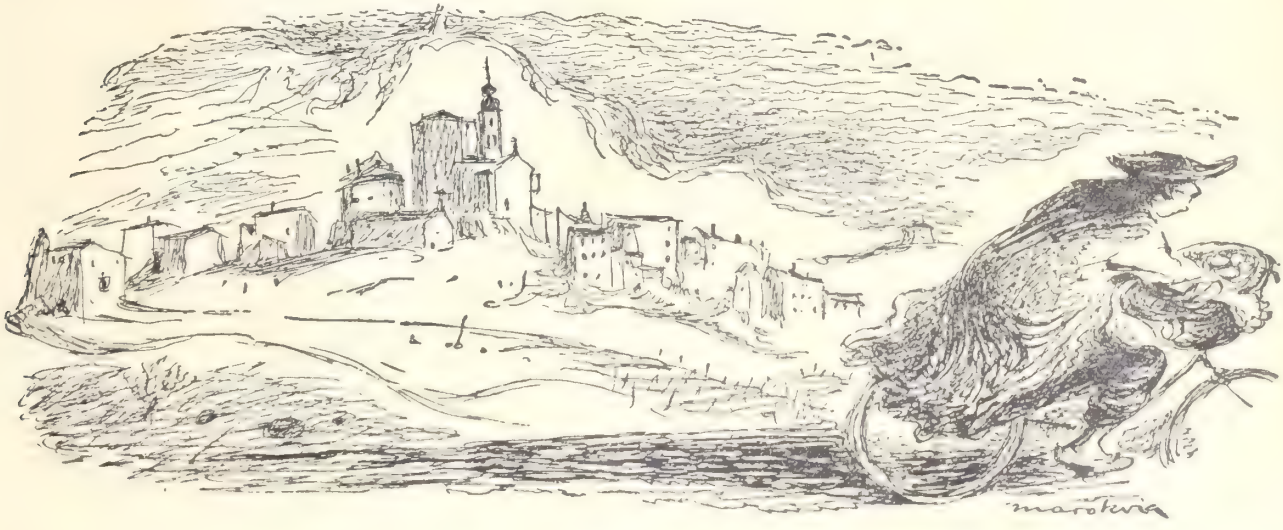
"Why, of course. There it is."

"Are you sure there wasn't a Tommy gun tied to it?"

Don Camillo smiled. "A Tommy gun? And what is that?"

As he turned from the door Peppone said, "I have made one mistake in my life. I tied firecrackers to your bells. It should have been half a ton of dynamite."

"Errare humanum est," remarked Don Camillo.



The Easy Chair

Our Hundred Year Plan

Bernard DeVoto

I DOUBT if anyone ever got to Oregon by traveling the Missouri River downstream, though the *New York Times* thinks I did. I had hoped to pick up this month where I left off last month and to tell you about a couple of Westerners and a couple of tenderfeet afloat on the Big Muddy. Including, for instance, the happiness of one tenderfoot, a General Staff officer of the U. S. Army, when he saw his first wild buffalo, a Black Angus which Mr. A. B. Guthrie, Jr., pointed out to him in a cottonwood grove. But our historical research came to the attention of various newspapers, which got so many things about it wrong that in fairness to our hosts I must correct the record. If I had been that bad at seventeen Frank Francis or Darrell Greenwell would have fired me from the Ogden *Evening Standard,* circulation 2,618 in those days. P.S. to the *Times*: if our trip was at the taxpayers' expense, the Bureau of Internal Revenue had better look into a large deduction I am going to claim on my next income tax return.

Our hosts were the Army Engineers. Mr. Guthrie had the skepticism of any newspaperman, plus that of any emigré Westerner who keeps an eye on conservation. ("You talk about the West the way a man would talk about a woman he'd divorced," he complained to me though I did not observe in his conversation any marked resemblance of the West to Joan of Arc or Kathleen ni Houlihan.) But the blue spot was on me. For some time whenever the Engineers and I have had dealings we have locked our watches and wallets in the safe, and the last piece I wrote before becoming their guest put the slug on them, hard I hope. They knew precisely where I stood about their conservation activities, and they made no effort to seduce me. From General Pick on down their attitude toward Mr. Guthrie and me, reporters on tour, was: We'll show you what we've got, we'll show you anything you want to see, we think our stuff is good but if you decide it isn't that will be just our tough luck. They did not add, we'll show you a good time too but they showed us one, as good a time as I've ever had.

If there was propaganda in this, maybe it succeeded. For on the last day of the trip, when we attended a meeting of the Missouri Basin Inter-Agency Committee and listened to reports and speeches, I reversed the one-two order of my villains. I decided that in regard to the ultimate objectives for which many billions of dollars are going to be spent in the West, the Bureau of Reclamation is more socially irresponsible than the Engineers.

THE Engineers picked us up at Great Falls, whence I last reported to you, and flew us to the Three Forks, where the Missouri begins. They then took us the entire length of the river, by boat, by plane, and in one short stretch by automobile. One experience they gave us was, for me and a history I am working on, absolutely beyond price, three days in a small open boat on the upper Missouri. They showed us their dams, reservoirs, levees, flood walls, and all the skills, equipment, and paraphernalia that they involve. They showed us their plans. They arranged a big flood in the James River and showed us that; they had another flood in reserve, in the Little Nemaha, but we didn't have time for it. They detailed Engineer officers and high-ranking civilian officials to explain things to us and answer questions. We

asked questions for ten days and they answered them freely, fully, and satisfactorily. Except for one kind of question, ultimate objectives and ultimate values. They did not try to answer that kind.

Where does it come out? The Engineers are an elite and their *esprit de corps* is amazing. Their enthusiasm, team play, and dedication to the job are all-out, and I have seldom seen such subordination of the individual career to the envisioned end. The jobs they do, they do superbly, with a mastery of engineering, a skill and ingenuity that—since they fairly represent the military services at work—make it clear why the United States was irresistible in the war. Moreover, the jobs they do are inspiring. Of course all large-scale construction is inspiring—it shows the human intelligence mastering the environment and the human will dominating the contrary and hostile will of nature—but dams and flood-control works are especially so. In my time I have reported some enormous operations, but I have seen nothing else so impressive as what the Engineers are doing on the lower Missouri. I feel sure they are going to make the Missouri the kind of river they set out to, from Omaha on down. From Kansas City on they have already done so. And, considering what the Missouri is and how futile mankind's attempts to control it have been ever since it wrecked its first bullboat or drowned out its first Indian village, that achievement stuns the imagination.

(Let's praise other skills too. The company that spent a day with the Inter-Agency Committee could not possibly have been selected with more accurate calculation of political values. The barge that steamed down the celebrated nine-foot channel past the Committee's boat, filled with I forget how many freight-train loads of wheat, was timing and stage-management that brought down the house. No quarterback noticing a defensive half's tendency to close in could have called a spot pass more expertly than speechmakers on the *Sergeant Floyd* pointed out to the crowd of politicians, newspapermen, and business leaders that the Engineers had a complete plan for control of the Nemaha watershed and that the loss, ten days earlier, of twenty-six lives and millions of dollars would have been prevented if Congress had appropriated the money to carry them out.)

I'll go further. Given things as they are—and that's how we are given them—I think that the Engineers have made not only a successful solution of the problem of flood-control on the lower Missouri but the best one possible. They have converted the Missouri's bends into frictionless drawing-board curves, they have made the river an instrument to control itself and co-operate with the human race, they have just about drawn its fangs from Kansas City on. They have forestalled and prevented hundreds of millions of dollars of damage to industry and agriculture and have made possible developments that will amount to many millions more. There are not going to be any more catastrophic floods in that section of the river. Except, of course, the theoretical granddaddy of all floods which, so the Pick-Sloan spokesmen tell the down-river folks every day, may strike at any moment from tomorrow on till they have been able to build their last dam on the last affluent of the last tributary of the lower Missouri.

Yes—but. They have done this with regard to flood-control so nearly exclusively that other values, and especially the other conservation values, go howling down the wind. I have not got space to analyze the Pick-Sloan Plan for the development of the Missouri River Basin, which is going to cost so many billions of dollars that neither the Engineers nor the Bureau of Reclamation—the Hatfields and McCoys who have stopped shooting each other so that together they can shoot the moon—cares to publish an estimate of the ultimate sum. I hold with the opposition: I consider it a reckless extrapolation of engineering mysticism. Nobody has made an effective answer to such criticisms of it as are embodied in, for instance, the Hoover Commission's "Task Force Report on Natural Resources" or the Public Affairs Institute's "The Big Missouri: Hope of Our West." Nobody in either agency has tried very hard to answer them; they know they are not called on to.

Get me right. I do not believe we are going to have a Missouri Valley Authority. Though the man whose thinking about the West I respect most bet me at Great Falls that there will be one within four years, I don't think one is possible. If it were, I would have only

one argument in its favor. The reasons why I oppose any more river valley authorities are too complex to be stated here but they are fundamental—and still, if an MVA were possible, I would favor it because it would put an end to the composite of certain waste, probable damage, and possible disaster whose name is the Pick-Sloan Plan.

But what I want to talk about is not the Pick-Sloan Plan but the vast dream of Western development of which it is a part, and a state of mind associated with it that could produce a national disaster. It is only one item on a list of proposed Western developments certain to be carried out, if not to completion, at least so far as the Treasury of the United States can bank for them. There are, for instance, the Colorado River Development Program, the Columbia River Development Program, the Central Arizona Project, and the Central Utah Project. Further projects can—and will—be added to each of these the way you add rooms to a pre-fabricated house. Others are now only gleams in the engineering eye, but gleams that could add billions to billions for a total that could hardly be expressed in one line of type. Let us not forget that, a couple of years back, the Bureau of Reclamation proposed to take the Columbia River (which flows more water than any other in the United States except the Mississippi) where it emerges from the Cascade Mountains and conduct it to California—more than two hundred miles to the state line and then two hundred miles filled with mountains beyond that. If you think that the Bureau was fooling, or if you think that such a job could be done for a dollar-forty-nine, you're wrong.

All this is aimed at the industrial development of the West. I have written about that a good many times in *Harper's;* I trust I have written about it in terms of what seems possible. Integrated industrial development of the West—I'm talking about the West east of the Sierra and Cascades—is a national interest, a national problem, and a great and shining national promise. (Mr. Morris E. Garnsey, an economist at the University of Colorado, has recently published a book called *America's New Frontier.* The most important book about the West since Joseph Kinsey Howard's *Montana: High, Wide, and Handsome,* it will tell you what industrial progress means to the West and therefore to the nation.) But no one knows how much industrial development in the West is possible and while we spend billions for it very few people are trying to find out. We know that limits are absolutely fixed by the topography and distances of the West, by its capacity to sustain population, by its soils and climate, by the amount of water, and by the facts of life. We do not know what those limits are. But they are a hell of a long way this side of what the various planning boards and chamber of commerce promoters have in mind, and what the Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation talk about to justify work that will cost more money than there is any present sign the United States will be able to afford. Work which, I repeat, may be in great part wasted and may produce disaster.

For the ultimate vision that is supposed to justify the Projects I have mentioned and all others still to come, though I have never yet found anyone who could state it in concrete words or even in figures—this hypothetical end not only implies an industrial development in the West of a natural and evolutionary kind, it implies a concentration of industry there, including a shift from other parts of the country, that is conceivable only in an opium dream. It implies a population much denser than the West can feed and fifty times as much water as the West will ever have. It implies changes in the economic and social alignment of the United States which would stand the nation on its head but which, of course, would be stopped at the furlong post by the other sections, since they would be paying for their own decay. Of the great and never concretely expressed vision, some part is certainly moonshine. I believe that a very large part is moonshine but I can't guess how large for I know no way of dividing infinity into fractions. I do not believe, for instance, that there will ever be heavy industry up the Missouri above, say, Omaha. (Yes, and if your heavily subsidized nine-foot channel brings ore from Venezuela to Omaha, what will happen to Geneva and other places where the native Western ore is to be worked?) I don't believe that any Western state will ever be industrialized in the way Ohio is now, or Pennsylvania. I don't believe that there can be concentrations of industry anywhere except in certain parts of Colorado, Utah, Montana,

and possibly South Dakota. I don't believe there will be diffused industry of much importance anywhere else in the West.

But the boys are playing it with the joker and the deuces wild. (Twelve billion dollars in water development bills currently before Congress, as just one item.) The vision is for the appointed time, two hundred years hence at a guess, but the construction is for tomorrow and next year, up to the appropriations that can be logrolled through. The projects are supposed to be integrated, but if they ever are they don't stay put; parts of them which are supposed to dovetail with the rest are abandoned in favor of unexpected opportunity or local pressure, and a partially integrated system is a partially wasted one. Locally this does not matter, for at slight cost to itself the locality gets dams, ditches, and power plants, and a shot in the arm from big construction payrolls running through five years. It does not matter to the two big construction agencies, either, for they can go on doing their stuff. But the West may get out of it a fatal impairment of the natural resources that are supposed to keep it and us flourishing to the end of time. The United States may get out of it a loss running to scores of billions of dollars for irrigation systems watering non-irrigable land, heavily subsidized but practically unused navigation channels, non-utilizable and perhaps outmoded electric power, and dams that are miracles of engineering genius but quietly silt up while performing perhaps a quarter of the functions for which they were supposed to be built.

We don't know. There is no way of subjecting the beautiful dream or the all too real construction to criticism made in the national interest. Criticism outside the Bureau of Reclamation and the Corps of Engineers cannot be amplified above a whisper. Criticism within those agencies cannot be trusted. The Bureau does not operate outside the West, and if the Engineers think of ultimate objectives, ultimate values, or the national interest I found no evidence in two weeks of search. General Pick was the only one who tried to answer my final questions. He believes that the United States should be vigorous, healthy, and powerful, and that we have got to have jobs for our increasing population. Who doesn't? and we are all against sin too. But when asked how much of the Pick-Sloan Plan could be carried out, how much of it was economically and socially justifiable, or what its bearing on the future of the West or of the United States was, he simply said that perhaps we couldn't do it all but we ought to do as much of it as we can. Maybe, but also maybe not. It is possible that doing as much as we can will turn out to be disastrous. The point is, nobody is bothering to investigate that possibility.

General Pick is Chief of Engineers. Among his subordinates I found no one who was thinking in national terms, or in fact thinking beyond the job at hand. The routine answer to a question of value or of the national interest was, "We aren't concerned with that; we merely do what Congress tells us to." As a former reporter for the *Evening Standard,* I find the second half of that sophisticated and the first half all too tragically in good faith. At the end of my talk with the most brilliant officer I met—I feel sure he is an engineer of genius and know he is a magnificent administrator selflessly dedicating his gifts to the job he is called on to do—he summed up by saying, "Don't you think that is a hell of a philosophical question to ask a poor engineer?"

Well, it isn't. The time has come when we have got to make engineers take up philosophy or else lay them by the heels. You can build a multiple-purpose dam all the way across Death Valley, and I do not doubt that if you do you will solve construction problems so brilliantly that engineers in heaven will weep with delight. I have no doubt, either, that the Bureau of Reclamation or the Corps of Engineers would build the dam at a gleam in any eye. But we should spend hundreds of millions of dollars to subsidize construction miracles without getting a teaspoonful of water, a square yard of arable land, or a kilowatt of power. The admiration in heaven would not compensate the people of the United States.

We have here an urgent example of what President Conant of Harvard has been talking about, the helplessness of the public to bring expert criticism to bear on what experts say. The engineering projects in the West amount to an American

Five Year Plan, Fifty Year Plan, and Hundred Year Plan rolled up together. They are going to be carried through as far as the credit of the United States will permit. The Western bloc in Congress will see to it that they are, and Senator Douglas's superb and wholly futile attack on the last pork bill shows what the technique is. What President Truman said about these projects on his Western tour amounted to just this: I bought the West two years ago and I'm here to assure you there is enough money so that you'll be happy to stay bought. There is no party line in these matters, the only answer a Republican candidate would bother to make out West would be a promise to pay still more. Meanwhile the Five-Fifty-Hundred Year Plan calls for by far the largest expenditure the United States has ever made for internal improvements, by far the largest it has ever made for anything except war and defense. Ninety per cent of its objectives, at this stage, are entirely hypothetical. An undetermined part of them are also fantasy, guess, mirage, dream, vision, hope; some part of them will fail; some part of them may turn out to be fairly large-scale disasters.

These parts are undetermined but they may be a large fraction of the whole, and they may cost us the loss of many billions of dollars. There ought to be some way to get them criticized and appraised beforehand.

I don't know what the answer is. One proposal made by a task force of the Hoover Commission was to retire the Army Engineers from civilian construction. Another one, aimed at getting hobbles and a halter on the Bureau of Reclamation, was to abolish the Department of the Interior. They were idle suggestions. Another was to create an independent board which would have plenary power to pass on engineering projects in the national interest. That made more sense, though I do not know how you could assure that such a board would be either competent or unbiased, or that competent criticism would be brought before it. In any event, it won't happen.

But I offer a suggestion to the *New York Times* or *Herald Tribune,* asking it, however, to look at a map and find out where Oregon is and which way the rivers flow. Take a date, say June 1, 1950. Find out what, at that date, the fully matured plans of the two agencies for the West were, what further projects were being planned, what others were in the stage of intent, wish, or dream. Find out what the estimated costs of these amount to.

If you can. No one knows now; I doubt if either agency knows within a 50 per cent margin of error. But find out what you can and publish the results. If you accomplish nothing else, at least a wave of astonishment will travel across the United States.

Unlikely Teacher

HORTENSE FLEXNER

Now a late riser like the autumn fly
I buzz at noon and take an early nap;
We know, he with his hundredth dulling eye
And I with two, how thinly runs the sap
In the apple tree, and why the spider dares
Balloon his thread across the sharp slant gold
Of sunset tinged with frost. The coarse weed fares
Too well among his betters when nights are cold.
Something we've learned, the fly on his chill brick fasting,
I in my sheltered chair, we had not guessed
In longer days when leaves seemed everlasting,
And the thrush sang three late notes but those the best—
A minstrel's moral outweighing the ant's stale crumb,
To take the dwindling moments as they come.

Mencken and the *Mercury*

William Manchester

The end of the first world war found H. L. Mencken climbing over a personal parapet, throwing up a batch of signal flares, and advancing with fixed bayonet into the wacky no man's land which was public life in the nineteen-twenties. The image may not be altogether apt—Mencken detested physical exercise, and a month before the Armistice he had written a friend, with some bitterness, that the draft would probably snare him "despite my asthma, piles, tongue trouble, hay fever, alcoholic liver, weak heels, dandruff, etc."—but it is certainly true that the coming of the new era brought him extraordinary recognition and that he met that recognition more than half-way. The first edition of his *American Language* (which he called "a heavy indigestible piece of cottage cheese") was a smashing success; everywhere his name was identified with liberating influences, and from the indiscriminate came a chorus of praise and abuse—a chorus which delighted him, though he took it with small seriousness. The center of American cultural gravity had shifted. It had swung toward Mencken. And it sent him, as his most hostile critic put it, off "at a hard gallop, spattered with mud . . . high in oath."

It was during this period of unrest and change that Mencken's individual and specific impact upon the national letters reached its height. He was still regarded, and still regarded himself, as primarily a literary critic, and the swarms of young and promising authors drew him, more and more frequently, to New York. He remained, on these visits, the hick from Baltimore, but the city was now teeming with hicks who had something to say, and the cosmopolitan tone of the literati, together with the tremendous esteem in which he was now held, served to temper his painful self-consciousness. Alfred Knopf, his publisher, drew his friends together when he was in town, and Mencken's suite at the Algonquin was thrown open to late parties, with illegal hooch and subversive statements carrying the insurgents through until dawn.

George Jean Nathan, back on his feet after a bout with influenza, was as delightful as ever. Together he and Mencken redecorated the walls of their *Smart Set* office, tacking up a Hoover-for-President poster, a one-sheet of Louis Robie's "Crackerjacks," and a batch of temperance posters Edna Ferber had sent them from Paris. They sent out requests for a gilt chair which would collapse if a fat lady poet sat in it, photographs of the late Czar Nicholas, Bishop Manning, and Lillian Russell (in tights), and a concrete bust of a leading reformer.

When delighted friends responded, the two editors promptly announced for the Republican Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidacies, and they published in their magazine a platform including promises to

Mr. Manchester, a reporter on the Baltimore Sun, *has been in touch with H. L. Mencken for several years while writing a biography to be published next year. In July,* Harper's *ran his study of "Mencken and the Twenties."*

take the Statue of Liberty out beyond the three-mile limit and dump it, to wear no cutaway coats or plugged hats, to abolish the Y.M.C.A., to establish enormous arenas in which to turn clergymen loose upon one another, and to turn the Philippines over to Japan. Word of the announcement spread, to the indignation of Harding bigwigs, and even in London there was a brief, solemn flurry of interest over the "surprise candidates." In the New York *Sun,* Berton Braley pretty well summed up the attitude of their contemporaries to all this in the opening lines of his satirical "Mencken, Nathan, and God":

> There were three who sailed away one night
> Far from the maddening throng
> And two of the three were always right
> And everyone else was wrong
> But they took another along, these two,
> To bear them company,
> For He was the only One ever knew
> Why the other two should be.
> And so they sailed away, these three—
>
> Mencken,
> Nathan,
> And God.

No issue was serious to them, no figure exempt from the harlequinade. Every topic of importance, it seemed, wound up on the vaudeville stage as a sort of burlesque of itself. Nathan, who loved the theater, and Mencken, who hated it, spent much time defending their respective positions, but when the difference reached the dignity of debate, it was slapped down mightily by Nathan. He had, that season, discovered a play by Dario Niccodemi which, in sheer awfulness, surpassed anything ever seen on the New York stage. Indeed, so terrible was the performance that, fascinated, he sat through the last curtain. Back at his apartment in the Royalton Hotel he wrote Mencken, with great seriousness, that however much a man might dislike the theater, he should not miss the greatest drama since Ibsen's debut. Mencken was doubtful, but if Nathan said so. . . .

Up he came to New York, dressed to kill for the great occasion. Nathan tipped off John Williams, then Charles Frohman's right-hand man, and the three took a box at the Morosco. Mencken was placed in the center. There he sat, bolt upright, looking, as Nathan told him later, like Harding, while his hosts, during the performance, murmured ecstatically to one another, "Oh, this scene!" . . . "Isn't it tremendous?" . . . "What a speech!" etc. Mencken at first said nothing—Nathan was a drama critic, he ought to know—but as the farce wore on, he protested over and over again, more and more loudly, "Pishposh!" At the very end, he caught on, eyed Nathan and Williams with great severity, and lustily croaked. "PISHPOSH!" And the dignified debate was over.

MENCKEN'S reputation, like himself, was most stimulated among other aliens in New York or among writers in other parts of the country. His New York friends, like Mencken, were strangers to Broadway; in New York they might cavort, free from the taboos of the home town. His most enthusiastic followers lived in the provinces, and their number seemed to increase in direct proportion to the ridicule directed at rural regions. All over America the reaction against patriotism had set in, and if the local boomers fumed when a specific locale was singled out for *Smart Set* abuse, the local literati flourished. No more violent attack was printed in these years than the "Sahara of the Bozart," and none stirred up greater enthusiasm among Southern poets. The South, Mencken wrote, was "that stupendous region of fat farms, shoddy cities, and paralyzed cerebrums . . . that gargantuan paradise of the fourth-rate" which stretched, "a vast plain of mediocrity, stupidity, lethargy, almost of dead silence," between "senile" Virginia and "crass gross, vulgar, and obnoxious" Georgia. Contemplating its letters, Mencken thought of "Asia Minor, resigned to the Armenians, Greeks, and wild swine, of Poland abandoned to the Poles."

As Mencken's popularity zoomed, he devoted his social energies to cultivating and whooping up the young talent which had sought out the *Smart Set.* Characteristically, he met the new excitement with great industry and incessant grumbling. He acknowledged that "a hundred thousand second-hand Coronas rattle and jingle in ten thousand remote and lonely towns, and the mail of every magazine editor is as heavy as the mail of a get-rich-quick stockbroker," but the manuscripts pouring in from every direction, he wrote to a friend, were "mainly crap." It may be that he

actually thought so, but if so, his interests had suddenly and completely turned to the soliciting, reading, and purchasing of crap. Every young man who approached either Mencken or Nathan was cordially received and his talents thoroughly investigated. When a bacteriologist named Paul de Kruif sat down one afternoon in the old Hotel Pontchartrain in Detroit and wrote Mencken, asking if he could combine science and writing, he was invited to the *Smart Set* for succor. When a playwright named Eugene O'Neill timidly ventured to cross recognized dramatic horizons, his plays were printed and he was urged to go still further. And when three young Princeton graduates—John Peale Bishop, Edmund Wilson, and F. Scott Fitzgerald—stormed the Royalton one morning after the war, they were wined, victualed, and warned by Nathan that failure to submit stories to the magazine would be taken as a personal affront. It was this same critical tutelage, given the first faltering steps of nearly every major writer of the twenties, which accounts for Mencken's elevation to critical sainthood by the first war generation. For almost a decade there was scarcely a major writer in the country who did not trace his career from a first acceptance by the *Smart Set*.

MENCKEN and Nathan still avoided literary parties, partly because of the people they drew, but also because they had no time for such frivolity. In the first year after the war, they were lured to but one such affair. It turned out to be the most ghastly experience of their careers to date—and by all odds the most profitable. Tom Smith of the *Century* insisted they drop by "just for one drink." Mencken complained vigorously in the cab, and as soon as the door opened he knew he had made a dreadful mistake.

They were greeted by a tall, skinny redhead, obviously quite drunk, who wrapped one arm around Mencken's neck and another around Nathan's. Resistance was quite useless; he had them by the esophagi, and as Nathan groaned and Mencken grunted pitifully, this apparition from another planet yelled into their flinching eardrums, "So you guys are critics, are you? Well, let me tell you something. I'm the best goddam writer in this here goddam country and if you, Georgie, and you, Hank, don't know it, you'll know it goddam soon. Say . . ."

There was no escape, at least not for the present. While Smith shrugged and the other guests, amused, looked on, the summit of their fears held forth on his own abilities and the necessity for favorable notice in the *Smart Set*. At the end of a half hour the door of the flat opened and Mencken and Nathan, wild-eyed, fled down the stairs and into the first cab that passed, sympathizing with one another and vowing never again to come within shouting distance of Smith's place.

But their troubles with "the louse," as Mencken called their persecutor for want of a name, were not over. Next morning, dropping by the office on his way back to Baltimore, Mencken was amazed to find the proofs of a novel, together with a note from the publisher, thanking him for the praise he had allegedly bestowed on the author at Smith's party. Disgusted, he was about to toss the sheets in the wastebasket when he suddenly remembered he had nothing to read on the train. In Jersey City he became interested. In Philadelphia he was fascinated, and back at Hollins Street that afternoon he excitedly wrote Nathan: "Grab hold of the bar-rail, steady yourself, and prepare for a terrible shock! I've just read the advance sheets of the book by that *lump* we met at Schmidt's and, by God, he has done the job! It's a genuinely excellent piece of work. I begin to believe that perhaps there isn't a God after all. There is no justice in the world."

The novel, as many will have guessed, was *Main Street;* the redhead, Sinclair Lewis. His performance that first night had not been out of character, but Mencken had learned to be tolerant with men of talent, and once he and Nathan had extracted a promise to "keep your goddam hands off our goddam necks," they got along famously. Between them, on Mencken's visits to New York, they gave bar patrons as bizarre a show in the perversion of American mores as even that jaded audience had ever seen, with Mencken quoting from Prohibition pamphlets and Lewis delivering a lecture on the merits of Rotary or a sermon on the beauty of the Church of God. By January of 1922, Lewis was looking to Mencken for critical tutelage. "You ask about the new novel—which won't be out till next September," he wrote from London:

It's curiously associated with yourself. A year ago in a criticism of *Main Street* you said that what ought to be taken up now is the American city—not NY or Chi but the cities of 200,000 to 500,000—the Baltimores and Omahas and Buffalos and Birminghams, etc. I was startled to read it because that was precisely what I was then planning, and am now doing. But your piece helped me to decide on this particular one as against one or two others which, at the time, I also wanted to do.

I think you'll like it—I hope . . . you do. All our friends are in it—the Rotary Club, the popular preacher, the Chamber of Commerce, the new bungalows, the bunch of business men jolliers lunching at the Athletic Club. It ought to be at least 2000% American, as well as forward-looking, right-thinking, optimistic, selling the idea of success, and go-getterish.

The central character is a Solid Citizen, one George F. Babbitt, real estate man, who has a Dutch Colonial house out on Floral Heights. . . .

II

For some time Mencken had been anxious to get rid of the *Smart Set*. For one thing, the title was distasteful. To him and, he felt, to many of his readers, it meant a fashion magazine. Since the days when he and Nathan had dreamed of a periodical to be called the *Blue Review,* he had nursed plans for a new magazine with an American motif, and when Knopf brought up the idea on his own hook, Mencken fairly seethed with enthusiasm. There was but one obstacle. found Nathan, who was little interested in Mencken's talk of a periodical dealing with the political ramifications of the national scene such ramifications, lukewarm. Literary and artistic interests were quite enough for him, and he viewed as alarming Mencken's increasing absorption with things political. Knopf was acceptable—eminently acceptable—as a publisher, but if Knopf wanted a magazine, why couldn't it be the *Smart Set?* Mencken, doubtful, approached Knopf, and Knopf, after huddling with his father, business manager of the firm, returned their verdict. It was No. A new magazine or none was Knopf's position, and Nathan, somewhat dubious, was drawn into the scheme.

Nor were Nathan's doubts his alone. Knopf had seen, as Mencken had not, the growing breach between the editorial enthusiasms of of the two editors, and a new politically minded magazine, he believed, would be best edited by Mencken alone. But Mencken's sense of loyalty balked at this. Nathan had always been with him, and, he vowed, Nathan always would be. There had to be two editors for the new project, and they had to be Mencken and Nathan. Thus it was that two of the three sponsors for the *Smart Set's* heir —Nathan and Knopf—went into the inaugural conference with grave misgivings.

The first squabble developed over a name. Mencken and Nathan liked the *Blue Review,* probably for sentimental reasons, but Knopf vetoed it. Then a long series of prospective titles was proposed: the *Twentieth Century,* the *Capitol,* the *Defender,* the *Sovereign,* the *Regent,* the *Chancellor,* the *Portfolio,* the *Pendulum,* the *Other Man's Monthly,* the *Gray Monthly,* the *Colonnade,* the *Inter-Continental Review,* the *Athenaeum,* the *Colonial Review,* and the *New Review.* Finally, Nathan suggested the *American Mercury.* Mencken protested at once; it would, he argued, be interpreted as an imitation of the London *Mercury,* the *Mercure de France,* or the *Mercurio Peruano.* Knopf, however, voted for the *American Mercury,* and the *American Mercury* it became.

Next came the problem of the *Smart Set.* Before any sort of contract could be written between the publisher and his editors, Mencken and Nathan must first get rid of their *Smart Set* stock. Hearst was approached, but refused to buy. Mencken suspected that he was really interested, however, and an ingenious scheme was devised. The stock was sold to a friend, with the understanding that if Hearst would buy within a year, the editors should share in the proceeds. Sure enough: in a few months, Hearst was nibbling. He bought the *Smart Set* and turned it over to a sub-editor, who for six years turned out a sleazy product. This done, Mencken and Nathan signed with Knopf, assuming complete editorial responsibility and the ownership of one third of the magazine. Offices were to be at Knopf's at 730 Fifth Avenue.

Throughout 1923 Mencken and Nathan shaped the details, conferring with Knopf over problems of typography and

format and writing prospective contributors, asking for manuscripts which might fit the tone of the *Mercury*. The magazine, designed by Elmer Adler, was to be green-backed; the type, Garamond—again, over objections from Mencken, who was afraid it would look "too damned Frenchy." Letters went out each week to such men as Upton Sinclair, Dreiser, Hergesheimer, Gerald W. Johnson, Gamaliel Bradford, Jim Tully, a newcomer to the *Smart Set*, and Dr. Raymond Pearl of Baltimore, whom Mencken then knew only as one of the scientific writers he was patronizing. Later, as Pearl contributed more and more frequently to the *Mercury* he became one of Mencken's closest friends, but in August he was simply "Dear Dr. Pearl":

> I am preparing to set up a new monthly review in New York, and turn to you in the hope that you may be interested in it. . . . I am trying to get together a group of collaborators who at least know their subjects and may be depended upon to tell the truth as they see it. For example, Lowie in anthropology, Chafee and Pound in law, Grant La Farge in architecture, Watson in psychology, and so on. . . .

To Sinclair he wrote more frankly:

> I shall try to cut a rather wide swathe with it, covering politics, economics, the exact sciences, etc., as well as belles-lettres and the other fine arts. . . . You know me well enough to know that there will be no quarter for the degraded cads who now run the country. I am against you and the Liberals because I believe you chase butterflies, but I am even more against your enemies.

Certain features were carried over from the *Smart Set*: the collection of "Americana," Mencken's literary article, Nathan's drama criticism, and the column of observations on the human comedy, written by Mencken and Nathan in the *Smart Set* under the heading "Répétition Générale," henceforth to be known as "Clinical Notes" and written by Nathan alone. It was a time which augured well for infant publications—the *Reader's Digest* was founded in 1922, *Time* in 1923, and the *New Yorker* in 1925—and Mencken and Nathan were full of high hope as they put the finishing touches on the first issue.

It was hope well justified. The opening number, for January 1924, came out just before Christmas, and was swept off the newsstands. By December 28 they were on the presses with the second edition of the number, and Knopf excitedly sent Mencken word from New York that the circulation department was already 670 subscriptions behind. "Knopf has bought thirty new yellow neckties," Mencken wrote a friend, "and has taken a place in Westchester County to breed Assyrian wolfhounds."

Within a month the issue had been reprinted a second time and the February number was headed for a twenty-five-thousand circulation—this in a fifty-cent magazine which its editors had never expected to go over twenty thousand. So rapidly did the subscription lists mount that the printers, who had taken credit for the first new numbers, were paid off at once and the *Mercury*, in effect, had financed itself. Nor was the end in sight. An average monthly circulation of 38,697 in 1924 soared to 77,921 in 1926, and never dropped below sixty-five thousand until the Depression. Knopf's business department, stunned at first, immediately plunged into advertising in the big cities, whence most of the subscribers came, and in the college towns, where circulation seemed to approximate population. Mencken was delighted. "Prayer still has its old power," he wrote Carl Van Doren.

III

In the *Mercury* office he was regarded with a mixture of awe, respect, and affection. Knopf had set aside a tiny room for the magazine, and this was divided by a partition, with Mencken, Nathan, and Edith Lustgarten, their editorial secretary, on one side, and ten advertising and circulation workers on the other. These ten worked at extremely close quarters, huddled among great piles of figures, bills, and copy layouts, and to reach the editors visitors had to step warily between them. Once through to the other side of the partition, they found a bare and only slightly less crowded closet furnished by three desks and the great brass spittoon Mencken had rescued from his gaudy *Smart Set* quarters.

To this office he now came on his periodic visits to New York, which began Monday morning and extended through Wednesday afternoon. All outstanding business in the editorial offices was settled Monday. Letters were

dictated, and the few authors who had to be seen were interviewed. As a general rule, he and Nathan avoided the company of writers outside the office, and lunch hours and evenings were spent with old friends. Often, just as Mencken had settled down to some particularly absorbing editorial chore at the *Mercury,* the phone would ring: Knopf, anxious to show off his prize dog, had a distinguished visitor in his office. Mencken would swear a bloody oath—part of Miss Lustgarten's necessary equipment, she had been told, was a pair of asbestos ears—and after methodically washing his hands he would trot off to the front office.

To his desk each day came between fifty and sixty letters, from authors, aspiring authors, admirers, and, more often, assailants of the *Mercury.* "I have just read your magazine, and it certainly is nothing I would want my fourteen-year-old daughter to read" a matron would write; or, "If you don't like the good old U. S. A., the boats are still sailing for Russia, buddy." At first, their terrific labor brought the editors small financial return; despite the *Mercury's* soaring circulation, the initial expenses soaked up most of the income, and Mencken found himself working at a frantic pace with little difference to his bank book save the money drawn out for New York trips. "The increasing business of the *American Mercury* is working me to death," he wrote Gamaliel Bradford. "I find that I am now a business man in active practice, with many of the duties that also belong to the pants business." The 1924 Democratic convention, which he spent sweating naked in a New York hotel room, furiously editing *Mercury* articles between Baltimore *Evening Sun* editions, nearly broke his health, and he began to cast around for help.

He found it in a wide-eyed young product of the Boston slums, fresh out of Harvard and full of desire to crash the magazine business. Charles Angoff had submitted examples of his work to a number of magazines, the *Mercury* among them. A correspondence with Mencken prospered, they met in New York, and ultimately he was offered the job of assistant editor. It was a bid half of young intellectual America might have snapped at, and Angoff took it without a question. Twenty-four hours later, he found himself, terrified and confused, in complete charge of the magazine: Mencken, sick of routine, had introduced him to the office staff and then blithely left for Baltimore on the next train. Angoff's only instructions were to answer all letters the day they arrived and to return all manuscripts within twenty-four hours. There was, he had been told, no excuse for not doing either.

Angoff proved capable, however, and henceforth he handled most of the correspondence and made up each month's issue. In matters of detail, he found, Mencken was completely irresponsible; indeed, his irresponsibility was at times alarming. When, during his first weeks on the *Mercury,* Angoff received a formal request for the magazine's circulation, and asked Mencken what it was, he was told it hovered at two hundred twenty-five thousand. The information was sent out; then he looked it up and came back to Mencken on the run.

"It's under fifty thousand," he gasped. "Why did you say that?"

"Well," said Mencken, with a nonchalant flip of his Uncle Willie cigar, "It's a good round figure."

His *Mercury* work, as with the *Smart Set,* was done at Mencken's Hollins Street home in Baltimore. There he solicited and received manuscripts and there his critical articles and editorials were written. He remained, as always, the delight of authors exasperated with the cavalier manner of editors. Rarely was a manuscript held over three days, and before it went into the magazine, the author was given the opportunity to inspect the proofs for error. His consideration for contributors was remarkable. If, reading a manuscript, he thought it might be sold to a magazine paying more money, the author was so advised, and Mencken offered to withdraw. Stories of promise which, for various reasons, did not suit the *Mercury* were returned with notes suggesting magazines they *did* suit.

In return for this, Mencken asked his contributors to bear with him through several revisions of each manuscript before it saw print.

"When it goes into the *American Mercury,*" he wrote Jim Tully after the *n*th rewriting of an article, "I want it to be perfect"—by which he meant an integral part of the expression of his personality which the magazine had come to be. Twenty years be-

fore, as city editor of the Baltimore *Morning Herald,* he had written new leads until the managing editor had ordered him to stop; now, with no managing editor over him, he rewrote incessantly, inserting the word or phrase which gave the piece the proper salting of Menckenese. Titles were changed constantly ("The Decline of the Negro Churches" became "Black America Begins to Doubt") for this same reason, and no suggestion for a projected article went out without detailed instructions for its writing.

Back the manuscripts would go, again and again, with notes describing Mencken's bouts with his editorial conscience, usually beginning, "My eyes are streaming with tears as I write, but the bald fact remains . . . ," and winding up with an embellished request for another try. In the end, authors generally got the idea: everything which came under Mencken's pencil had to have something of him in it before it could get his stamp of approval. If it did not, the author wound up with the original story and the short note:

> Mr. Mencken has just entered a Trappist monastery at Gethsemane, Ky., and left strict orders that no mail was to be forwarded. I am returning the enclosed for your archives.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> Edith Lustgarten

Such editorial conduct would have been irritating had it not succeeded so enormously. What his readers were buying, after all, was Mencken, and if the contents had strayed far from his interests, they would have doubtless been as disappointed as would he. The scraps of "Americana" printed each month—sweet tributes to Edgar A. Guest; news items of ministers wearing black ties presented by silk manufacturers, singing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," and offering to eat their straw hats if the word of God were proven untrue—were surely not representative of America. They were representative only of the editor's absorption and of the vital, iconoclastic personality he was vending. Open a copy of the *Mercury* for these years—say that for December 1924—and you find his stamp on virtually every page: in the essay on Bryan by Edgar Lee Masters; in the study of the jury system; in the article on patent medicine and fake food tonics; in the report on letters to congressmen by their constituents; in the James M. Cain attack on the blowziness of statesmen; in the notes on the Ku Klux Klan, on Dr. Frank Crane, on journalism, on the ancient Greeks.

Was it a one-man magazine? Not quite—not yet. Nathan still wrote his monthly theater article and the "Clinical Notes" department; to it he still brought authors who were his special protégés. But more and more, as Mencken threw himself into the enterprise with all of his unbelievable energy, it became a product of the peculiar maelstrom which he had created, and in which he now lived. Through its pages each month he brawled and bellowed with the gusto of a Norfolk whore, the finesse of a Spanish fencer, and the independence of a Maine farmer. "The news that the *American Mercury* is 'lacking in constructive points of view' is surely not news to me," he wrote Upton Sinclair in answer to criticism. "If any such points of view ever get into it, it will only be over my mutilated and pathetic corpse. The uplift has damn nigh ruined the country. What we need is more sin."

Significantly, perhaps, Sinclair, who was one of the *Mercury's* sharpest critics, was also one of its greatest benefactors. Like many an established writer who disagreed with Mencken's basic tenets, he was moved to admiration for the tremendous energy and positiveness of his editorship, and so sent him the names of deserving young writers who crossed his horizons.

It was this channeling of raw talent toward Baltimore, combined with Mencken's sharp eye for merit in unsolicited manuscripts, which brought to the magazine so high a level of writing. As a quality magazine unafraid to make the common man respectable, the *Mercury* was working in a virgin field, and hence was untroubled by competition. Stories by jailbirds on penitentiaries, by prostitutes on whoredom, by vagrants on how to bum a meal—all found an eager reader in Mencken. From Ernest Booth, behind bars, came "A Texas Road Gang," "We Rob a Bank," "I Face a Jury of My Peers," and "Ladies of the Mob"; from Robert Tasker, another convict, came "The First Day." Rightists, Leftists, geniuses, boobs—if they could write, it was enough. There was room for them between the Paris-green covers of the *American Mercury.*

IV

Yet the most distinguishing characteristic of the *Mercury,* which gave it its very special flavor and for which it is best remembered, was not the quality of its contributions, not even the saucily edited articles on the Klan and the Babbitts, but the pieces from Mencken's own pen. While he tenderly cultivated budding talent and spread himself with courteous gestures before all authors, this other side of Mencken—this curious combination of Voltaire, Frederick the Great, Thomas Jefferson, and Main Street—thundered closer and closer, as the twenties grew older, to an absolute in philosophical nihilism never before approached in America.

His stupendous gift for invective had now reached heights so incredible, so breathtaking, so awe-inspiring, so terrible in its indictment of the national culture that it wrung monthly gasps from sixty thousand readers and porcupined the hair of intellectuals, army officers, bond salesmen, and garage mechanics in St. Paul, St. Louis, St. Joseph, and St. Cloud. How could so violent a hymn of hate be sung so jubilantly?

Hear it:

> The normal American of the "pure-blooded" majority goes to rest every night with the uneasy feeling that there is a burglar under the bed, and he gets up every morning with a sickening fear that his underwear has been stolen.

Of the farmer:

> No more grasping, selfish, and dishonest mammal, indeed, is known to students of the anthropoidea; he deserves all that he suffers under our economic system and more.

Of the war:

> That combat was carried on, at least from this side of the fence, in a grossly hysterical, disingenuous, cowardly, and sordid manner.

Of religion:

> The church itself, as it has grown more sordid and swinish, has only grown more prosperous.

Of the yearning of yokels to put down culture:

> They dream of it behind the egg-stove on winter nights, their boots off, their socks scorching, Holy Writ in their hands. They dream of it as they commune with Bos taurus, Sus scrofa, Mephitis mechitis, the Methodist pastor, the Ford agent. It floats before their eyes as they scan the Sears Roebuck catalogue for horse liniment, porous plasters, and Bordeaux mixture. . . This Utopia haunts and tortures them, they long to make it real. They have tried prayer, and it has failed; now they turn to the secular arm. The dung-fork glitters in the sun as the host prepares to march. . . .

And as he howled across the union, month after month, back came the answering refrain, from delighted college students, from posturing preachers, from disillusioned intellectuals, from infuriated matrons of the D. A. R.:

H. L. Mencken!

"He is one of the smart type who, having no constructive ability and lacking in depth—to judge from his writings—directs his energies to undermining and pulling down. His magazine misrepresents in the interest of the anarchists, supports subversive movements, and is widely circulated among the Reds." Thus Representative Blanton in Congress.

At George Washington University, students debated whether the *Mercury* or *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang* was the more stimulating. In the vote, Mencken won by a yokel.

H. L. Mencken!

In Los Angeles, Dr. Remsen D. Bird, president of Occidental College, stormed, "Mencken's opinions are unsound, immoral, and un-American."

The Reverend John Roach Stratton, addressing four hundred students at Harvard, compared Bryan to Gladstone and opened an attack on Mencken. He was heckled to a halt by boys waving green-backed magazines. "Why are there lightning rods on church steeples?" shouted a sophomore. "God expects people to use their heads," stammered Stratton.

H. L. Mencken!

"These literary poseurs, Harold [*sic*] L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis, mean little in the busy lives of 100,000 Rotarians," declared Alexander MacFarlane, international director of Rotary. "These highbrow writers attack

Rotary because of its popularity, and it is their motto to attack everything that is popular."

In the *Saturday Review of Literature,* Walter Lippmann called him "the most powerful personal influence on this whole generation of educated people."

H. L. Mencken!

"The buzzard of American literature says that 'one bold and intelligent editor could save Mississippi from the blight of Fundamentalism,'" wrote Frederick Sullens in the Jackson, Mississippi, *News.* "It is only wild-eyed, loud-mouthed jackasses like Mencken who seek to destroy mankind's faith in the fundamentals of Christianity."

Co-ed debating teams from Stanford and the University of California argued the question of whether Mencken was fit to associate with nice people. They decided he was.

H. L. Mencken!

"If a buzzard had laid an egg in a dunghill and the sun had hatched a thing like Mencken," cried the Reverend Dr. Charles E. Jones in the *Gospel Call,* "the buzzard would have been justly ashamed of its offspring."

In the *Peninsula Daily Herald* of Monterey, California, appeared the advertisement: "Wanted—Young woman would like position as housekeeper for single gentleman of simple tastes. Subscriber to the *American Mercury* preferred."

And throughout the Republic, in shabby Kansas city-rooms, one-building colleges, and brokers' offices; along San Francisco docks, Main Street drug counters, and Broadway bars; behind Vermont barns, stockyard fences, and Westchester hedges; in twenty-room mansions and one-room shacks; under chandeliers and freight cars—wherever thoughtful men rebelled against the brassy, shoddy atmosphere of a Model-T culture—the name became a challenge and a talisman:

H. L. MENCKEN!

The Tourist

S. P. ANDERSEN

WHERE gapes the chasm
There gape I.
Who sees the sea
Sees me.
What questions lie
In empty caves
Are mine.
I know the pine,
The shrine
The sign
Beside the road.
In ancient inns
Where darts are thrown,
I dine.

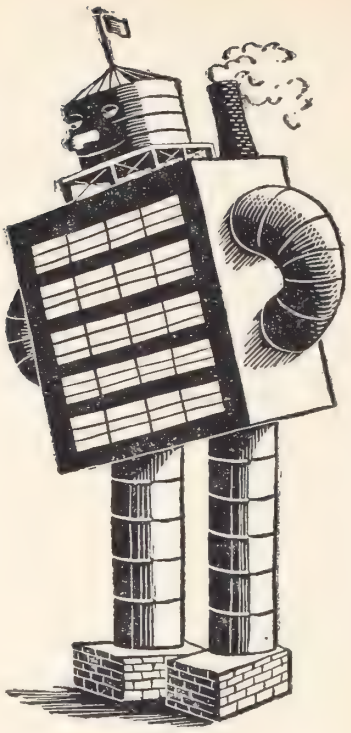
I am the Kansas license plate
You cannot pass
On winding mountain roads,
I am he
Whose thermos jug
Explodes.
For me
The Indians dance.

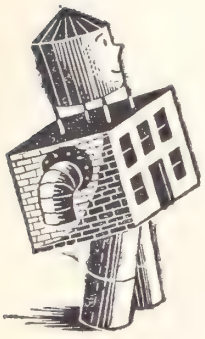
I make six hundred miles a day;
My family cannot falter.
A pilgrim, I must be away,
The distant cliff my altar.
(I watch my tires.
I munch on mints.)

Year-end reports
Consider me
A non-vital statistic.
But think of this:

When men have ceased to be,
Torn-yellow boxes from my films
Will lie preserved
In deep, cool clefts.

The Care and Feeding of Small Business





Peter F. Drucker

Drawings by Tom Funk

AMERICAN public policy toward "bigness" in business is radically shifting its emphasis. In the past the focus has been on the prevention of "bigness" and "monopoly." From now on it is likely to be increasingly on the encouragement and support of the small, and especially of the young and growing, business. President Truman's message last May, in which he demanded the creation of special banks to supply credit and equity capital to small business, was the first official recognition of this shift. It accepted by implication that bigness is here to stay (as was explained in detail in last month's article "How Big Is Too Big?"). It also acknowledged that the anti-bigness policy on which we have concentrated for the past seventy-five years has outlived itself. And the President's proposals were certainly only the beginning of the attempt to replace the negative and punitive anti-bigness drives of the past with a positive and constructive pro-smallness policy—an attempt which may well come to dominate American economic thinking for the next generation.

The new emphasis does not mean a change in the ultimate aim of public policy; which is to keep the economy in balance. Yet it constitutes such a break with the traditional approach that the reasoning which has led to it should be understood.

Most important is the new knowledge about the industrial life process which we have accumulated these past twenty-five years. We have learned that the real danger to the health of an industrial economy is not "monopoly" or "bigness" but the threat of a drying-up of the supply of small, new companies and of new industries.

We now know that there is a rather rapid turnover among the big companies over fairly short periods of time. Within twenty years about half of the leading hundred or two hundred companies drop out—a good many of them disappear altogether, the rest are overtaken by newcomers. Within forty years the turnover is all but complete—excepting only such companies as railroads or public utilities that are "natural monopolies" by definition.

We have also learned that a great deal that has traditionally been considered evidence of conscious monopolistic behavior is rather the normal life-pattern of a major industry, over which the individual company has little con-

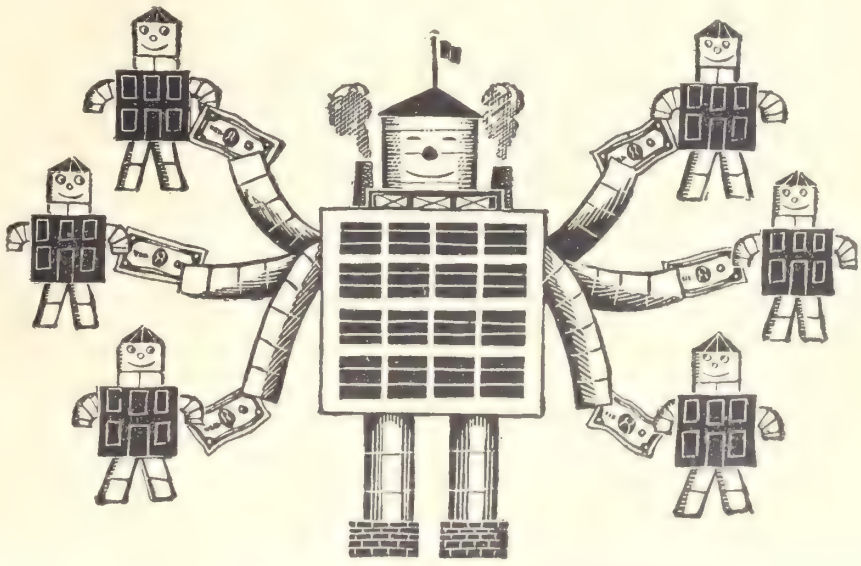
This is the second of two articles analyzing current changes in the relations between big and small business. Mr. Drucker, author of The New Society *and other important books, is a management consultant.*

trol. All new industries start out with a multitude of small companies—television today, the radio-set industry twenty-five years ago, the automobile industry in 1905. After ten or fifteen years, the field has sharply narrowed—two-thirds or so of the starters have fallen by the wayside, and a small group has emerged as the leaders. One of the leaders is usually out front at this stage by a tremendous margin and dominates the industry: U. S. Steel in 1900, Standard Oil in 1910, Ford in the early twenties. Another fifteen years later, the industry is still dominated by a small group, but the earlier leader has lost ground appreciably, if he has not been overtaken as Ford was, and new companies have joined the leading groups. From then on industry-leadership tends to become more and more widely dispersed. Small companies that managed to survive the industry's infancy are growing up. In the oil and steel industries the process has now reached the stage where we must talk of ten or twenty leading companies—against one leader forty or fifty years ago. In the automobile industry Studebaker is clearly moving into the top group. And new small businesses come into being in large numbers as suppliers, fabricators, service companies, etc. There are today, for instance, 12,000 more steel fabricators—predominantly small—than there were at the eve of the first world war when U. S. Steel was at the peak of its power.

But the radically new finding is that in an industrial economy one must take account not only of the competition within a given industry, but of the competition *between industries.* The traditional monopoly doctrine focused attention on the market structure of one commodity: steel, or oil, or glass. In the modern economy, however, the hottest competition is between different commodities. A monopolistic price on copper means larger sales for aluminum. Glass can largely be replaced by plastics, cotton by rayon, even steel by other metals. Each make of automobile competes against durable household goods. Only when you have decided to spend a certain proportion of your income on a car rather than on a refrigerator, a range, a vacuum cleaner, or a television set, does the competition between makes of cars begin. In an industrial economy very few, if any, commodities are so irreplaceable that they *have to be bought.* This means that a genuine monopoly is very much more difficult to establish, let alone to maintain, than we used to be told. It means also that one can no longer assume that the business man is driven by his own self-interest into monopolistic behavior. On the contrary, his self-interest must lie in maintaining, if not expanding, his share of the total consumer purchasing power—an aim which will tend to deter him from restricting production and raising prices, as the traditional theory of monopoly insisted he would do.

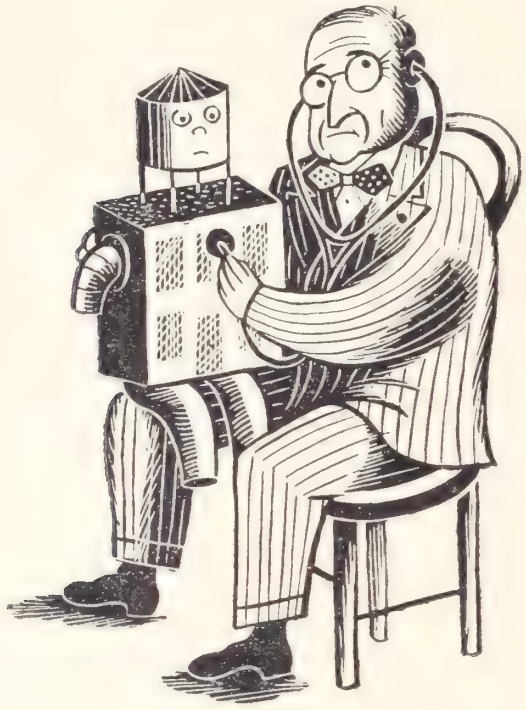
As long as we do two things—make sure that the small business can survive, and make sure that new business and new industries come into being—we need therefore not be too much concerned with "bigness" and "economic concentration." The economy itself brings forth its own antidotes to these economic tumors.

But at the same time we have good reason to believe that without such a positive policy of encouragements and incentives, the survival of the small business as well as the birth of the young business are



". . . they feel keenly the difficulties of being in partnership with giants. . . ."

seriously hampered in a big-business, big-union, big-government economy, such as ours inevitably is. Anti-bigness action is not the answer to these handicaps. One of the greatest of them—as was pointed out last month—is the difficulty of obtaining the capital needed to start even a "small" business in such industries as steel. Even if we split up all the big steel companies into units with a maximum of three million tons annual capacity—that is, into "medium-sized" companies—we will not



"In fact, the President himself pointed out that . . ."

make it one whit easier for the newcomer to raise the seventy million dollars or so that are necessary to be able to produce steel at all under today's technology.

The one thing we can encourage by anti-bigness action is inefficiency, as is shown dramatically in the government's most determined attempt to solve the problems of small business through attacking the big one: the current anti-trust suit against the A & P. This suit has been aptly characterized by one of the best of the new monopoly economists, M. A. Adelman of M.I.T., as "confusing the maintenance of competition and the protection of particular competitors." What the A & P is charged with in effect is efficiency—efficiency so great that smaller grocers cannot compete. But if small business can be maintained only by being protected against efficiency, it is hardly worth preserving, as the anti-trust lawyers themselves within their own four walls are probably willing to admit by now. The major function of small and young business is precisely as the safeguard of efficiency against the tendency of big and successful business to become inefficient, monopolistic, bureaucratic, fat, and sluggish.

What we need, therefore, is not a cure against a disease; we do not even primarily need prevention. We need positive action: encouragement and incentives for the small and the young.

II

To ensure the flexibility and mobility of our economy, we need policies in four areas: *(1) The tax treatment of young and small business. (2) The supply of venture capital to young and small business. (3) Our patent system, which must reward innovation and risk-taking without encouraging bigness or monopoly. (4) The relationship between small business and the big units around it (the big businesses from whom it buys and to whom it sells, the big labor unions, and big government).*

Taxes. Our present tax laws are probably the greatest single force for excessive bigness and monopoly in our economy today. They make no allowance for the economic childhood diseases, the special risks and hazards of the young business, but load the full tax burden on its shoulders. To treat alike the well-established and the young business was justified when the tax burden was small—that is, twenty years or so ago. Today the payments on the first mortgage which the government holds are so staggering as to make it difficult for a young business to survive setbacks which the established business takes in its stride. The traditional financing of growth out of earnings is almost completely blocked for the young business, even though it is by and large the only way in which it can accumulate reserves and capital. Here the formal equality of treatment between established concerns and young concerns represents a crushing discrimination against the newcomer.

More important—and more damaging—is the tax barrier against the perpetuation of a

small business, no matter how successful. The owner of a small business has really only two choices when he reaches retirement age: he can liquidate or he can sell to a large corporation. The executive vice president of one of our largest manufacturing companies has told me that almost every day one of his suppliers—prosperous, well-managed firms—offers him his business for purchase on advantageous terms. If the small business man has sons able and willing to take over, a transfer can, in some cases, be arranged without a crushing tax penalty—though the arrangement is difficult, beset with technical traps, and likely to be attacked by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. But in American industry, small-business management and ownership have not usually been handed down in the family. An able young employee who has shown his competence in the management of the business has been given the chance to pay off the former owner out of profits, thus becoming an independent owner himself. This is impossible under our present tax laws. The best tax brains of the country have tried to find some way around this absurd barrier, but there simply is none. Yet to have the ownership of small businesses transferred to able new men who lack inherited wealth is the simplest way to keep the economy healthy.

Venture Capital. New and small businesses face even greater obstacles than an obsolete fiscal system. Venture capital is simply not available to the business that is too small to make a public stock issue. The old local sources of small-business capital have dried up; new ones have not yet been developed.

Of course, the capital problem of the small and the young business is only a part of the much larger problem of the capital supply of our economy altogether. We face an unprecedented capital demand during the next decades. The record birth rate of the past ten years has completely changed our investment picture; where in the late thirties we heard talk of a "mature economy" we now need very large capital investments—in housing, schools, hospitals, public utilities, transportation, and manufacturing—just to maintain our standard of living. In addition, practically all major industries face radical technological changes that threaten to make many of our existing plants and machines obsolete.

In absolute figures the nation's capital supply is probably adequate to meet these needs. But it is not readily available. Because of our tax system, a large part of it is retained in the existing large companies and used for their purposes only. By far the bigger part consists of savings of the middle classes, however. There is a good deal of evidence that the middle-class investor wants to put at least part of his savings into equities: witness, for instance, the tremendous growth of the "open-end" investment trusts and the even more spectacular development of the "mutual trusts" run by some of the banks, both of which offer equity investments to the small saver. But by and large, our capital market is not geared to cater to the middle class. We have mass production and mass distribution, but our capital market is still geared to the "carriage trade." In fact, we have not even yet developed the type of security that answers the investment needs of the small saver.

In addition, the small and the young business faces special difficulties all its own in getting capital. Our security markets—in sharp contrast to those of Britain—cannot handle the issues of small companies; to make a public stock flotation a company has to have a capital of a good many millions. And the middle-class investor, from whom the main supply of capital must come, cannot afford to buy anything but listed securities; in fact, it is doubtful whether he ever should buy anything but the shares of big and well established companies. To the extent to which we



". . . there must be such tax relief."

have succeeded in tapping the reservoir of middle-class savings we may have actually channeled capital away from the small and the young business; the "open-end" investment trusts, for instance, buy almost exclusively the securities of very big businesses.

There is thus a real need for new institutions; it is this that underlies the President's recent proposal for government guarantees of small loans by the banks to small businesses, and for a system of regional investment companies to provide equity capital to small and young businesses—to be privately financed and privately managed, though under government guidance and supervision.

It is not easy to see what difference a government guarantee of small bank loans would make—unless it induces the banks to make what are in all but name government-guaranteed equity investments. But the regional investment companies might help solve one problem: the financing of the succession to the ownership of small businesses. Even that would require big changes in the tax laws: the part of the company's profits that is being used to buy back stock control of the business from the investment company must be granted tax-exemption, where today a double income tax, corporate and individual, is being levied on it. In fact, the President himself pointed out that there must be such tax relief.

But these investment companies cannot solve the major problem: the supply of equity capital to new businesses. They will have to be ultra-conservative; but the financing of new business requires imagination, daring, vision—qualities which a semi-public body neither can nor should have. Here we will have to rely on private institutions. There are a few developments in the right direction. The American Research and Development Corporation in Boston—a company organized and managed by Georges Doriot of the Harvard Business School—has gone out deliberately to supply equity capital to new business; and so have some large individual investors such as J. H. Whitney and the Rosenwald family. But by and large, the work has hardly begun; and the large corporate investors—the insurance companies and investment trusts, for instance—who should be most interested in it, have not yet realized either its importance or the opportunities it offers them.

Patents. The basic issue in the patent problem is that "invention" has ceased on the whole to be a product of the individual, independent inventor and has become concentrated in the large industrial research laboratories. As a result, patent-protection has tended to keep the small and independent out of an entire industry—not primarily because the big companies in the field use their patent advantage to keep the small man out, but because it is impossible for the small man to compete against the organized research teams with their millions of dollars. Also, the perfection of an idea requires infinitely more capital today than it ever did before, so that the independent inventor may be tempted to sell his original idea to one of the big companies rather than use it to build a business of his own. In its details, the patent issue is incredibly complicated; indeed, the whole patent field has become so overgrown with legal weeds that even a patent attorney today rarely dares to be certain whether a given patent will stand up in court or not. Our whole approach to patents is up for review; and so far we have not yet found a way to combine the reward for the inventor—whether individual or team—with the free flow of ideas.

Small Business in a World of Giants. Finally, there is the problem of the maintenance of the small business in a world populated by giants and run by them.

The government's regulations, its forms, procedures, requirements, inspections, etc., are mainly aimed at large business which can carry the burden of overhead costs and paperwork imposed by the withholding of taxes, the keeping of overtime records, the filling out of forms, the auditing of the books by the Internal Revenue Bureau, etc.

But to a small business the burden is excessive. I know a fair-sized company in the rubber industry—a company employing about five hundred people. They have never had any trouble with the government; their accounts are in order, their records are satisfactory. Yet they need about eighty of their five hundred people to satisfy government requirements, at a cost of $300,000, or of one-fifth of their total payroll. And this does not include the indirect cost of observing regulations—for instance on overtime—which were aimed originally at the very big business but

make little sense either to the workers or to the company when applied to a small outfit.

The small fellow is also up against it when he deals with the union. The large unions, especially the industrial unions of the CIO, are organized to deal with the very large companies. The majority of their members may be employed by small companies—this is true for all major unions except the Auto Workers, the Railroad Brotherhoods, and the Telephone Workers—but their power, prestige, and success depend on their dealings with the nation-wide companies. The small fellow is expected to sign the same contract as the large giant with its millions of assets—the recent pension contracts are a good example. He is considered "expendable" and will be sacrificed if this will help the union in its dealings with the large companies. Nobody argues that the small fellow should be allowed to pay sub-standard wages; but union rules for the big shop—on seniority, on transfers within the plant, on promotions etc.—would have to be changed quite a bit to make sense in the small business; otherwise they create real obstacles to its success and to the job-security of its employees.

And there is also a problem of the relationship between the small business and the large businesses from whom it buys and to whom it sells. In fact, the much-publicized problem of the small man's difficulty in *competing* with the big fellow is not something the small businesses themselves are any too aware of, or any too worried about. But they feel keenly the difficulties of being *in partnership with* the giants. Sears Roebuck has developed a policy for its relationship with its small suppliers; General Motors has a dealer-relations policy which is partially run by the dealers themselves; a Midwestern grocery chain has made its bulk-purchasing and merchandising services available to independent grocers on a fee basis. But on the whole, big business still has to work out a code of fair relations with its small partners and neighbors.

A CONSTRUCTIVE policy, a policy of encouraging the small and the young business, cannot be improvised overnight. Today we only know what needs to be done and do not, as a rule, know how to do it.

But at least we are ready to go beyond the purely negative scapegoat-hunting in which our industrial policy has exhausted itself for so long. The pursuit of the balanced society is traditional in this country and fundamental to it. It is deceptively easy to confuse the ideal of a balanced society with a campaign against bigness as such. Such a campaign can be very satisfying emotionally to a lot of people. But satisfactory long-term results will come only from developing a positive policy for the maintenance of balance, however unexciting the job may seem.



". . . replace the negative and punitive anti-bigness drives of the past with a positive and constructive pro-smallness policy."

The Old Strife at Plant's

Joyce Cary

This tale, in which an old woman relates the story of how she made her life, partly by instinct, partly by guile; and an artist composes, in his mind, various versions of a picture out of given intuitions, was originally a chapter from a book of mine called The Horse's Mouth. *It was one of the earliest written, and it was designed, like chapters thirteen and twenty-six of the same book, as an experiment to discover if and how certain movements and relations of the theme could be expressed.*

Two of the characters, Gulley Jimson and Plant, are still in the book. The first is the artist down on his luck, but still working; the other is a friend of his, a cobbler, and something of an evangelical anarchist, who holds occasional uplift meetings in his basement. The scene is this basement at such a meeting; and it is seen through Gulley Jimson's eyes.

The chapter stayed in the book until the first complete draft was assembled. Then it was cut out for three chief reasons: because it brought in a new character, the old woman, when the book had already all the characters it needed; because it had not enough about one leading character, Sara Monday, who was needed; and because the old woman's story was a closed story.

What I mean by a closed story is an anecdote complete in itself. Such an anecdote in any novel is like a knot in a deck-plank, a snag in a brook; it spoils the run of the grain, the current's flow.

So the old woman was put out and Sara brought in. But my wife, when she was typing the new draft, came to me and asked indignantly what had happened to "her" chapter, saying that it was the best in the book. And she took care that it was kept, making me promise to use it, perhaps in a short story with a different artist.

But when at last, about a year ago, having finished a book, I was reminded of my promise (as twice before, when other books were finished), I found it impossible to take Gulley out of the text. He and the old woman were too closely entangled to be dissected apart without killing the tale. So I left them together in their complex battle with the elements, recalcitrant enough, of their several creative fields.—The Author

It was going to be a good meeting, I could see that already. More and more people kept floating in. Like fish in an aquarium full of dirty gray water. There were three dimensions of fish faces on top of each other. Bobbing slowly to and fro, up and down. Old octopus in the corner with a green dome and a blue beak, working all his arms to take off his coat without losing his chair. Old female in black creeping among the lumpy dusk on the sea floor and shooting out her umbrella like a crawfish. Young skate stuck up against the wall with bulgy eyelids and a little white mouth. Never moving. You'd have thought he was a country cousin up for the nauticultural show, flabbergasted by all the flittering dabs, bald-headed herrings with sleek summer suitings, and unctuous eels in skin-tight silks that kept winding themselves past his pearly waistcoat and diving into their nooks and

ambushes. They kept on diving at me and sitting on me until they knocked my feelings so low I wanted to burst into tears. So I took a chair into the scullery to be low in private, and shut the door to get up my misery. For I knew where Plantie kept his bottled beer, under the draining board, and I said to myself, a drink is just what I want to do me bad; and if I could only get bad enough, I'd enjoy it.

But I got no time to cultivate my weeds, for at once the audience came pushing up their chairs against my door. The people in front were making themselves comfortable for the agony before them and stretching their legs and pushing backwards to snatch a little floor from the people behind. As happens at all meetings, except in a church with sound Christian principles where they screw the pews to the floor. And just as I was opening the first bottle, they knocked the door in and pushed a chair half through. And when I tried to push it back again, Plantie got up and introduced Professor Ponting, who turned out to be the moon-colored gentleman against the wall, the skate.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Plantie, "we have here tonight the great privilege of meeting the great—that is, the great—"

I PUSHED the chair forward and the Christians pushed it back, ten to one. But still I might have got the door shut if just then the old crawfish hadn't come working sideways along the row, apologizing and groaning and sticking her umbrella into everybody's eyes until she got her backside wedged up against the scullery door. Then the whole profession began to hiss at her and she got her umbrella jammed between a lady's hat and a young friend's necktie, and some good responsible elder, looking carefully the other way, gave her a hard shove with his elbow. And she tumbled against the scullery door. But there was the empty chair. The very way she sat down on it was a thank you to the Lord for all His providence. Until she saw me behind the door. Then she jumped several inches and her whiskers went round in circles. "Oh dear, you wasn't keeping it, was you, sir?"

"No, Mother, I'm not really here at all." "I never thought I should have got one." "It's not one really, is it, it's outside." "Well, I didn't want to be in front, it didn't seem right when I only came in off the street. And I didn't want to be at the back either, I'm a bit hard of hearing."

I took a pull at the stout and felt much worse at once. It washed up all my molecules off their ancient mudbanks, and sent them floating with the tide, ebb tide. Why, I said to myself, who ever said I could paint. Nobody that knows, and is it likely. Me, Gulley! A genius. Get on with you. That's the very tale the lads at the local tell each other when their teeth drop out and the bill of sale falls in. I'm a bum. Anyone could see that in the dark without straining his nose. And the proof is, I don't like my own work. Bless you, what's the sign of true genius, even if it isn't? That it believes in itself, that it's got the strawberry mark. Look at 'em all from Ozymandias to Frank Harris. They tell you right away. Any ladies present? All right, look here, old chap. I've got something. See, I'm unique. I create worlds.

> Loud sounds the hammer of Los, loud turn
> the wheels of Enitharmon,
> Her looms vibrate with soft affections,
> weaving the web of life
> Out from the ashes of the dead. Los lifts
> his iron ladles
> With molten ore; he heaves the iron
> cliffs in his rattling chains
> From Hyde Park to the alms houses of
> Mile End and Old Bow.

THE old woman slid back her chair six inches and gave a sigh like a trace horse at the top of the hill where the grade gets worse than ever. It made me look at her and I saw that she was a real old woman, about thirty years past the age of demeanor. With a real old woman's face, like an old stone lizard, a real Eve. Eyes all in wrinkles, long thin mouth, long bony nose, and her chin right up to it. She was chewing her meditations and I thought they were memories until she put the crook of her umbrella under her bonnet and made a face and scratched her head as if she hated it. Took the umbrella half way down again, but kept it at the ready and sat still with her eyes turned sideways like an old dog waiting for the fleas to start biting again. To make sure of execution. Vengeance is mine.

"My friends—" the Professor had got to

work, and you could see at once that he was a real art school professional by the way he blocked out his composition, starting with the chief vertical. "My friends, I ask only why is there no abiding joy in the world, no certain peace," and then laying down a good strong horizontal for the base, "except among the very humblest of living creatures."

The old woman gave it up. The inhabitants had had a shock, they'd stopped feeding. Sheep in a thunderstorm. She took down the umbrella and let out another sigh, a long one. Disappointed of her effect.

I opened another bottle and it sank me to the bottom. I perceived that as a genius I was a figment and not a very strong one either. Not enough to deceive a teen-ager after a cup of British coffee.

And then, of course, I fell out of the bottom. Good-by art, good-by paint, good-by all that fiddle about which way to do what, or how to bring up the thingummy without losing the thongummy. To hell with all creation, I said to myself. I'm free; and I poured myself out another glass of immaterial comfort. The old woman heard the clink and looked at me with her left ear.

"Have some, Mother?" For I took to her. I take to everybody when I'm free. Why not, there's plenty of time. "Come on, Mother, it'll do you good, take years off your mind." But she shook her head so hard that her backbone rattled. "Oh no, thank you, sir, not just now." "Why not now?" She wrinkled one eye at the professor as if to say, "Not in the sermon." "Is that it?" I said. "Bless you, that's what he's saying, be happy, do what you like." "Well, if you won't take no," and she put out her ancient claw. But went slowly at the glass, sip, sip, like a tired horse with sighs between.

"Out for a holiday, Mother?" "Well, I thought it might do me good." "Religion." "I used to go to church too at one time; oh yes, I had a lot of religion." "What do you think of this sorcerer tonight?" "Well, what's he saying?" "He's giving you the magic word." She took a sip and breathed hard. "I suppose it's a message, isn't it? But I keep on wandering off." "I know, Mother, it's due to the thoughts." "No, it's the worry; oh dear, I didn't ought to have come." She finished her porter and wiped her lips with the handle of her umbrella. "My old man might be home any minute and find me gone." "Jealousy is a compliment, whatever you may say." "Oh dear, it's not that, but he's got so old." "What does a girl like you want with an old man?" She looked at me and moved her wrinkles a little to show she appreciated my gallantry. But she didn't smile, she was too old. "Yes," she said, "all of a sudden it was; why, it was only a week I noticed it—no, on Monday—Monday was a week."

"He may have got a bit younger since then," I said, but she didn't notice, she was still taking a survey of her possessions. "Of course, he did have a stroke last year, he's all of one side. And fits. He's had fits these ten years. And pneumonia all the winter. But I'd never noticed how old he'd got. It fair knocked me down. Why, Bill, I said, whatever has happened to you, you look so terrible old?—And what about you, you old faggot, he came back at me just like a mad bull. Oh he do have a terrible temper these days. It's a word and a swear. But there, with one leg as good as dead, and being deaf on one side, and half blind, and noises in his head like a tramcar, it's no wonder."

"That's not so old," I said. "If he's still got a temper and no responsibilities. It's being free, old lady, to do what a man likes that stretches out the years behind and before. Look at me. I'm a hundred and five and I've lost the use of all my limbs, including my hay and my ho and my hay nonnino —my face is false, and I can't smell a rat, even in the art news, except by bone induction. But I'm not old, not just now. I've retired, old lady, I've got nothing to do but dance in the wild, from this day on, and grow younger and younger. Drink up, Mother," and I filled her glass. "Drink up and go backwards."

But she only sipped and sighed. "That's right," she said, but she wasn't listening. She was too old, except to talk about her own affairs.

"So he called you a faggot," I said, making so free. "Oh, worse than that," said she, tossing her nose. She liked to think of the things she'd been called. "He's a terror with his tongue. Always was." "And you never answered back?" "Oh but I did. Oh yes. I used to have a tongue too. Oh the things I've said to him," turning them over to get the richness. She liked to think of the things she'd

said to him. "And when did the concert begin?" "Oh my, mister, the very first day." "And why did it go on, why didn't you cut off?" "Oh dear, but we was so fond of each other too—something terrible. He was a handsome chap and no mistake."

She raised the umbrella and rolled the old eyes upwards. The flock was nibbling again, getting back its nerve. Rainbows in the cloud. God's promise.

"This is not the biased argument of some superstitious creed remote from the stern realities of our modern world," said the skate, throwing out his ground bait, "but a fact, a scientific fact. A bird will die upon its eggs, the ewe will fight for her young."

The old woman made a jab with her hook hard enough to make a hole in her skull, and scratched the crater with a grin of rage and satisfaction. "That'll learn'em to enjoy themselves," I said. But she didn't hear me. She was waiting for another bite.

"The universal power of love—the spirit of mutual understanding—and do not the very creatures feel the divine purpose of that revelation." The old woman pulled down the umbrella and peaked up her chin.

"He speaks nice, that young man, and he's right too—like creatures we was—we didn't know what was coming to us."

"The mixture as before," I said. "It's always new," opening another bottle. But she was listening to the skate with all her eyes and the front of her bonnet, while he was going into the conscience of humanity sent by God to guide mankind through the wickedness of the world. And she couldn't make anything of it. She gave a sigh and made a chop with her weapon at her ear where her bonnet touched it. Thinking it was a flank attack. "Cheer up, mam," I said. "You got a handsome man and no mistake."

"OH, BUT I had plenty of offers," and she perked up again. "I was a pretty gal, you know." At eighty they were all pretty gals. "Healthy too, and well grown. Oh, I was fit to jump over the steeple. And he was March mad. Oh deary, he was fevering for me, he couldn't believe his luck; well, it was a wonder I got to the church before I was spoiled, but thank God and my old mam, I had a good training. Why, she would take a stick to me when I was twice bigger than she and ripe these three years. Oh, but I was feared of my mam, oh, she was a cruel one." And you could hear how she liked to remember how her mam had put the fear of death into her. "Oh, she kept me good, good for my man. And we thanked God for it, God and my mam."

"I dare say she hurt you more than it hurt her." "Well, she took the trouble, and I was a trouble. You'd think the devil had got into me with my growing." "So he does," I said. "I suppose it's his job," and I filled up for her. "Oh, crimini, not no more, not but it warms out the runcles," "Isn't that its job?" But she wasn't listening. She was thinking, like an old horse over the trough, with the drops on her mustache. Topaz, with a touch of opal off the side of the sink.

"Happy days, Mother." She shook her bonnet, and two amber tears splashed on her little round belly, like an empty dish cover, covered in crepe. "I shouldn't like to say we was happy." "Well, he was happy." "Not what you'd call happy. It was all such a skrimble-skramble."

"I know what you mean, mam, you hadn't time." "Not really." "Not any way," I said, turning my glass about to see if a bit of Indian red on the brown was local color or reflection from Plantie's scullery wall. "Well," I said, "I suppose love is a bit of an emotion, it runs you about a bit, don't it?" "Oh, deary dear," she raised the old crest, "up and down and all round—such a huddle and a muddle." "You wouldn't have it over again for a thousand pounds." "I wouldn't say that, mister, if I could have it not all of a rush and a little bit different." "Different husband?" "Why no, he was terrible fond, and so was I. It was only we didn't know—well, we didn't know—" "You didn't know how nice it was till it was all over—nobody does." And I thought, it's a little bit of both and a touch of chrome in it too, old gold, and when you get the gas light on the glass it throws a glow against the yellow that's really rather unexpected—yes, it's interesting, that under color—

"OH LAWSIE," and the old one was off again, singing from the soul. "Oh you're right. Oh nobody knows, and as for loving—" "Never a moment's peace to enjoy yourselves." "I won't say that, no, I won't—we had our times."

"Well, sir, he had a regular fit that first night when he saw my hair come down, and it was hair too. I could sit on it. Half-crying he was, and laughing too, and he put out his hand to stroke it. 'Don't you touch it,' I said. 'Well,' he said, 'what a tale; isn't that allowed, not if I go on my knees?' 'You're a silly boy,' I said, for I thought it mightn't be Christian. 'Get up,' I said, 'you'll spoil our luck.' Oh my, oh my, I was only eighteen, you know, as hard as a bud. And then he got up and he lost his manners. Oh mysie, I druv him regular mad. Well, if you'll excuse me as a married man, he couldn't hold himself in and what did I know except that it wasn't suitable. And there we was, arguing and shaming each other. Oh, it was a sillification; oh, we were young."

And you could see how she liked being young, oh dear, all over again. And I kept on looking at my glass, in a careless way, as you might look at a girl, not to frighten her off, and I thought: All the same, it's something, that brown, it's almost an event. And all at once that brown came right out at me, gave me the eye. It made the old skin jump, it sent the tingles through the tops of my fingers. Here, I said, does she know I've retired. What is she thinking of? But I knew what she wanted—still life with bottle of ale, or porter. Or landscape with pond—autumn landscape and brown reflections. Or yes, damme, why not, dock with tramp, a bit rusty round the water line to give the high light from old Plantie's scullery bricks.

"Oh mysie, that's when it began, the very first night." "Yes, mam," I said, but I was a bit absent, running round the docks. "That was it, or was it?" "The very first night." "Didn't your mother—" "Oh, crimini, it wasn't that, I was a country girl. It was the grandma." "Grandma," I said, feeling the shock, for I hadn't expected her to pop up in those parts. "Your grandma, Grandma?" "Mine, never. His grandma. She lived with us, and just when we might have got things right and proper, she would go cough, cough. I was up and down all night with her. And just her spite because he'd got his piece and wouldn't let her go to the workus. Well, I said so at last, and he fired up and said his grandma had always been good to him when he was a lad. I dare say, I said, good for him but not for me. It's not what I had a right to expect, a gal that everyone owned was a toothsome bit. And so we were at it. And I said I'd go home to my mam; yes, in my nighty, and he said the sooner the better. So, of course, I didn't do that neither."

"The sooner," I said, "the better," filling her up, for I was all in a sweat. I wanted to be alone to examine my entrails and cast the auspices. That brown had got me, no doubt about it, and the first time in my life. I'm not saying I haven't been had before by something brunetty, but I was virgin to a brown like that one, a big brown, a classic brown, a Beaumont brown, a brown with the brow of an empress and the kick of a brood mare. Not that anything so majestic would condescend to kick. The blood royal, yes, you could see it under the skin when you turned the glass a trifle edgeways. I was fairly flummoxed—shy as an Academy knight kissing hands in a velvet beetle-back. Yes, she'd nailed me all right, I was fast by the short hairs—

> The maiden caught me in the wild
> Where I was dancing merrily,
> She put me into her cabinet
> And locked me up with a golden key.

The old strife was still clapping her gums together. "Oh we were young, we didn't know how to be happy." "No more than the grass knows how to grow." I topped her up and had a strong reflex. "Oh sir, I couldn't do with any more." "I thought so, mam, but you didn't notice it." "Well, since you're so kind." "Not me, mam. It's not my beer. And Plantie doesn't know so you needn't feel an obligation." But she didn't hear a word, she was too old and interested in life, her life. "So there we were, cat and dog."

"There you were," I said, trying to leave her there. "And Grandma." "Well, mister, I couldn't put her in the street neither, could I." "You were too kind." "I wouldn't say that, mister, you wouldn't expect it at eighteen, but I knew what was right." "Your mam taught you." "Well, I shouldn't have liked it if I'd let my grandma go to the Union. Not but what I didn't keep on at Bill; why shouldn't his sister take her. She had two spare rooms and an old husband that was glad not to be in the road. But there, it's what the Book says, them as does a penny stint for a

penny pay has no call to yammer—no, not if some others that ought to know better dodge out till the whistle. It's for the Lord to judge —He'll send 'em where they belong."

"And what is the proof of God's intentions for the world, a world of mutual love and peace," said the skate, working himself up and answering his own questions like the end man at the minstrels. "It is the family—"

And she heard him, he got through. She wagged her nose up and down like a policeman sending on the traffic. "Oh that's a true word, oh yes, it's the family. And my family was as good as his, better. *We* never had no one in the Union, not even in the bad times, not in the eighties. Never. But there, Grandma was a trouble, worse than a baby. She couldn't keep herself clean, and all day it was, 'Oh, I'm nothing but a nuisance and a burden—oh, let me take myself away to the workus.' And we had a baby too, a real one. With the two of them I was nigh out of my mind, well, I was never at one thing but I ought to have been doing another. I didn't take my eye off baby before he was at the kettle or the fire, and when I went after him, Grandma would be falling downstairs and breaking herself, she was that brittle in her bones."

"Yes," I said, "yes, it's well—just what you say—" for I was worried. I was in great anxiety about my brown. I'd just got her nicely fixed between a couple of Baltic tramps and a Norwegian timber ship when all at once she began to sink away into the dock. Oh my God, I said, stop her, and I made a grab at her hair, but it turned to water in my hand, H_2O with accidentals.

"Well, I hope I was a Christian too, but it was work, work, work. I was fair off my head with it. And when Bill got to grumbling too, I put a bucket of suds over him. Oh, that was an awful day, right over his Sunday suit."

"Well, mam, if you ask me he asked for it."

"Oh, I had a temper too. Oh crims, what a temper I had." And how she liked to remember what a temper she'd had.

The brown was nothing but brown again, nothing but a slop of beer, and I gave her up. I drank her up, good-by, sweet brown—good riddance. For hurray, I was at peace again. A free man. Free to go into society.

"Tell me, mam, how long did your grandma last?" "Oh a long time. But we got her fixed up in the end. Well, we had to do something or Bill and me would have broke up."

"A nasty problem," I said, and I even crossed one leg over the other like any half gentleman of leisure talking to a half-sister of charity in a half-way house in Half Moon Street. "And after all, the modern institution is said to be greatly reformed. I have sometimes thought of it for myself. At least it would give one, as I know you yourself, mam, will agree, something that both of us, as, shall I say, reflective and even thoughtful persons, have greatly missed—freedom from the daily grind—peace of mind—time to get to the, or should I say, toward the, yes, bottom of things. And from that point of view, the so-called workhouse or Union—"

"Union, mister—whatever are you talking about? Whatever do you think we were? Why, we'd have starved first. No, we never thought of no Union, we got her into bed. Of course it meant a lot more work and expense too, but you knew where you were with her."

"Yes," I said, "I can see that myself. Everything organized. More work perhaps, but a better job. A real job and that's a real comfort."

"Oh dearie yes, we made her comfortable. Not much thanks neither. But nothing suited Grandma. Oh, if you'd heard her creating. Grumble, grumble all day, and saying every next minute she'd walk out." "And did she?" "Oh lawsie, mister, without her clothes." "What, you took away her clothes?" "Oh, never, we wouldn't do such a thing, but they were all put away and you know what clothes are when you're in bed. They get all wore out, and the buttons fall off." "And how long did your grandma lie in bed?" "Oh dearie, you may well ask—fourteen, sixteen year. Oh a turble long time it was too," and she chewed her old lips as if she still had a bitter taste on them.

I wasn't shocked, which was some satisfaction. It showed how free I was; when I'm free I'm never shocked. I'm too spread out; too unbraced. I sing to every breeze. I took another look at the old lady and thought a bit of an old specter perhaps,

not much oversoul between the ribs of her imagination. But what I say is what would we do without 'em. If a white hope needs a chip of firebar in his left glove, where would he be if he could not depend on the ferrousity of the metal. Damn it, I asked, where would the Almighty be if His back axle could go soft and turn itself into macaroni? Nowhere. Absolutely. "Sixteen years," I said. "More than you do for murder." "Ah, you may well say it was like jail—and worse too. Because we looked after her proper. Why, the washing alone was a punishment. For I never let her lie dirty. Nobody ever saw my grandma, which wasn't mine neither, in a dirty sheet. Jail! It was slavery. All the years of my twenties—the sweetest time it should be."

"Do you know," I said, and I was feeling so social I uncrossed my legs again to come forward into confidence, "I never had any twenties at all. I was at an art school, and when I wasn't an infant in arms, I was an Egyptian mummy, dead about ten thousand years—" but just then my eye happened to rest on the bottle next the sink and I had a shock like a young man's fate for there was my brown beauty peeping from the bottle; and my rusty red in a letter on the label, canoning together like a duet of burnt angels. Of course, as soon as they felt my eyes upon them they began to turn pale and edge away at the corners. A blue, I cried, Oh God, a blue, send me a blue quick, and I was rummaging round the cellar for a new sky when plomp, down came my old dungarees from heaven with the new patch on the left cheek and pinned the lot to glory.

> This cabinet is formed of gold
> And pearl and crystal shining bright
> And within it opens into a world
> And a little lovely moony night.

"And then the drink." The old woman, much revived by the last draught, sang this out so loud that I nearly fell out of my vision.

"Which one?" I said from the middle of Beulah.

"My gaffer."

"Did he, indeed."

"Well, you couldn't blame him at the first, with me so young and only just started in a job and working all hours, and babies crying half the night, and he wasn't a fly away, my gaffer, he took it all serious. Nothing too good for Grandma nor the babies neither. Wondering if I'd left a pin or whether onions was good for my milk. Well. I always did like a Spanish onion—we all do down in Hereford. And trade going up and down all the time like a weather glass in the back end of April. No, it wasn't surprising if he took a bit of drink now and again. All his mates did the same. But I couldn't bear to hear him falling up the street—I couldn't bear to see my belongings in such a pickle. And then to have him kicking my pots about, and being sick in the scullery. Oh my, oh my, I used to give him such a doing—one washing day I hit him with the dolly—my laws, I thought I'd killed him."

She sucked in her breath, wheeoo, enjoying the agony of that moment when she'd killed her Bill. But I was all in the blues. Those dungarees were more of a general limit than a going-away suit. What we want, I suggested, me and brown, is something between a sailor's collar, straight from the pusser, and the middle of a gas flame—say, a night-blue—yes, no, yes—not too thick—a London night-blue—yes—but not too fat—what about a Sunday blue, on the otherworldly side, yes, somewhere over the Bank on a Sunday in August. And I knew at once I'd got something—in fact, a masterpiece; in fact, the secret, the key, the combination which opens all the cabinets with a flick of the wrist. In fact, a row of masterpieces, the everlasting miracle of grace turned on at the standpipe in the rose garden. A child could do it when Nursie wasn't looking. Somehow I'd got that bottle with the yellow label in my hand. But I didn't look at it. I just stroked it and smiled. I was as full of smiles as a butler at a peepshow.

> Another England there I saw
> Another London with its Tower,
> Another Thames and other hills
> And another pleasant Surrey bower.

The old contriver was looking at me as if I were a house on fire and then she looked at herself to see what I was laughing at. But at last she grinned like Essex clay in a dry summer, opening her ancient earth. She was too old to have any pride—she had lost even her suspicions.

"That gave him something to think about," I said, not so much social as friendly, as one resting on the Jovial cloud among the eternals. "That improved his organs of perception."

"Well, he did get better, and then he got worse, and drinking in the house."

"Ah," I said, "that's bad. Speaking as a family man, in fact a three-family man, I should say that was the beginning of the end."

"Well, sometimes it was and sometimes it wasn't. Well, in the house you could tell him to stop. Not that he took any notice except to give me a slap. Oh, it was awful the way we went on, and the language. Hawkers was nothing to us when our mother was up. And I could give him better than he gave. Many's the time he'd have liked to cut me off by the throat."

"My friends, is it not to the family that all rulers must look for the strong foundations of their states and a model for the kingdoms of the world."

"And did he cut your throat?" I said, touching the yellow label to feel how yellow it was, how unique in its yellowness.

"Of course he couldn't. Because he knew and I knew, and he knew I knew, he couldn't do without me. It wasn't only I was his wife and kept the house, but I was earning. Three days a week charring at the schools. We needed it too, the children's boots alone was enough to walk in your sleep. Ah, many a time I drove him mad wanting to break my teeth and remembering he couldn't afford to lay me up. Then we was so fiery too. We had our hot blood still, and right in the middle of all, he'd give me a look, you know what I mean, one of those looks as if you'd forgotten to do your bodice, and then it was a pat and a squeeze. 'Come on, Sukey, what's it all about.' And, well, I'd think, what's the good of being proud, it won't butter the parsnips nor mend the stockings, which, God knows, is crying out from the basket. And so I'd swallow my last word and say, well, perhaps it's the rain or something, I never could bear a wet Monday—it's not doing right by a poor woman.

"And bless you, next minute we'd be at it again, serious as if we'd never done it before. Oh, crimini, it makes you laugh and it makes you cry. Oh crims, but love is a comical thing."

And I smiled, but a bit solemnly, for I'd just been faced with a challenge. I saw that if my yellow got to playing around with blues, that noble and high-minded brown might die. Already it was turning sad, I did not dare to look at it in case we both lost our nerve and made a mess of our rather delicate relations.

The old wife gave a snigger. "Oh, my souls, yes, it's comical. Well, I could tell you, sometimes the tears was running down my cheeks. It's like being in two places at once."

"Like Lady Macbeth," I suggested, "in Elsinane in the old Old Vic—sleep-walking, with that blashted second carpenter in his ten-pound walrus boots falling down the backstairs right into the firebuckets. Twice in one act is too much even for tragedy." I thought. "Though if I know anything about housewives, mam, I'll bet she knew quite well in all her places exactly what she was up to, and just what she was going to make of it," I threw out, making conversation only, for in my fright I'd grabbed at an idea, just as it was wriggling past the corner of my eye.

"Oh, I'm not saying I was any better than I should be. Half the time I was calling him boozer, I was boozy myself. Oh lawsie, yes, for having it in the house and what with Grandma and the children and the carrying pain in my back, I got to sipping. And you know what that is; if you get hold of it, it gets hold of you. Drink is mutual."

But I was digging fast to catch that idea. I'd seen its tail so I knew it was there. "The inevitable end," I said to mam, to cut her off; "it's what they always say, wine is a mocker."

"I wouldn't say that neither," said she, casting herself back into the gallons of the past. "We had some good brew in our parts, it gave you what were looking for, yes, oh yes, many a time we was uproarious together, and then we would go rampaging, and after that we would be doting, dear a dear, I'd often sooner a black eye, he was that fierce, snapping and grabbing at me as if I was a bone that wouldn't be eat. And goodness knows I was no bone then, I was as tender meat as ever felt the rolling pin. Well, I never had time to lose my childing fat, I had fourteen in thirteen years."

"Fourteen," I said like any philosopher, "into thirteen." For I was deep in my own guts, digging like any mole after a wire

worm. "It was—it was—what would you say yourself, Mother—"

"Oh yes, I would too—all that and more, oh dearie yes," and you could hear her turning her tongue over it like a piece of hot ginger. "Half the time you was so crowded out, inside and out, you hadn't room to think, much less to drown yourself."

"I know," I said, "they do it on purpose for the glory of God or something." And I filled her up for a stopper.

"Oh my gracy, I really had enough, and me a blue ribboner too. But I don't know what it is, it makes you feel different."

"War, crime, disease, all the evils of the worldly state, grounded in cruelty and guarded by the violence of the law. Friends, your legal society is a fraud, it could not stand for a day except it was founded upon the eternal rock of love and loyalty, of mutual tenderness. Does the father call upon the law to take vengeance on the son, does the mother send for the police to help support her authority?"

And the old woman turned her nose sideways at him like a parrot looking at a pill. "And that's not so far wrong neither—he's got sense, that young man. I never used more than a slipper and I never boxed an ear, well, I said, it's bad for the drum and they don't remember it neither, you don't have to sit on your ear."

Pink, I said to myself, like a baby's bottom, no, yes. Here, why, what, I don't believe a word of it. And to divert this attack from the air, by removing to a comfortable spot by the haystack, I smiled upon old Vorwarts. But with too sudden a beam. She had a surprise that electrified her bugles. "No mister, I'm not."

"No," I said, sympathetic but wary, "You're not. You can take it."

She shook her head. "It wasn't the beer but the spirits. It was when we got to the gin—it flies so to the temper. Beer, they say, makes pillows, but gin makes rocks and razors, and just when Bill got a chance in the yard to go as foreman, we had some real nasty feeling in a lorry and Bill fell off and broke his arm in three places."

Impossible. It just couldn't happen. Not pink, not to me. "That was a bad business, mam," I said with natural indignation. "Three places, it looks almost like spite."

"Well, mister, what I think is, it was to come. It followed on, as you might say. You see, we'd been celebrating that job which was our first bit of luck, and I fell off the same time, but I was on top, and then I had my seventh the same night, that was Tom or perhaps she was Sally, the poor morsel only lived the week and what with everything we pretty near tore the place down—oh it was an awful time." She smiled and the blood came up in her cheeks; she was enjoying the awfulness of that time. "Oh I don't know how we came through. The neighbors went to the landlord and she comes down and gives us a week's notice. And, of course, there was no more cottages in the village, so Bill lost his job too."

"What a scandal."

"Well, it was her own property, and you know what property is, worse than a child for looking after. Well, I tell you, we'd broke the firegrate, solid iron, broke it right through and I don't know how. It might have been Bill's foot or my head."

"Yes," I said, "or no, not your head."

"Well, you know how it is in liquor, you could break in the wall and not be any the worse."

"No," I said. "That is, yes, it's a proof, isn't it? Nobody can't really not believe in God, it's not scientific."

And just when I was surveying the triumph of soul over matter, a sweet little pink gave a smile in my heart and opened his eyes and there was a babe new born out of the very middle of *Pears' Annual.*

My dear, I said, surprised with joy. Of course you are a darling, and I quite see that if I brought you in you might stop my blue and my yellow from making all that noise and frightening my poor gentle brown into the coal hole. But only by surprise. You don't really belong, my dear, you're not an inspiration, but a little bit of fun. Yes, you make me laugh, you give me quite a Christmas feeling.

> *Another* England there I saw
> *Another* London with its Tower.

"Broke in three places, it was."

"I believe you, mam, because it was the same as your husband's arm—you wouldn't make it up." For in my innocent joy I sported with the daughters of Beulah.

"And there we was, in the street, Grandma

and all, and Grandma calling the neighbors she only wanted the Union. Well, I said to Bill, didn't we just ask for it."

"At least you were relieved of your grandma."

"Oh, my laws, we couldn't do that. Not when we was brought so low. No, we had to take Grandma along."

"What is the cement of the wall of Babylon? Is it not faithfulness? Does not even the anti-Christ *Führer* of Germany, does not he, even he, exalt faithfulness?"

"Losing your home," I said, and I dare say the pink had affected my voice a little, I'm a sensitive chap, especially to color. "I'm sorry for you, mam. To be turned out of the old home, that's a real disaster."

"Well, mister, I don't know. If we hadn't been thrown out I suppose we should have stuck there. And it *was* old too, pretty near rotten. And we got a new bungalow on the buses right next the town with a proper tin roof to beat the sparrows. What's more, Bill got another job, a real good one, bailiff to an old lady. Well, Bill didn't know farming, but neither did she, and so he was able to put a bit away. All our eggs too and scalded cream and fresh butter as much as we could eat. We should have been well off if it hadn't been for the drink, and Grandma screaming at the neighbors if we only left two inches of window, how we wouldn't let her out. Well, she'd got it on the brain."

"Yes, typical obsession of old age!" And I thought, all the same, something in that line, not exactly pink; just pinkish and kept firmly in its place. But no, it's a trap. Give pink one chance and she'll trollop all over the place, and wreck the family name if it's got any. And I said in passing, "I suppose now, mam, that you could take Grandma into the back garden now and then for a quiet run in private—say at Easter and Christmas."

"Oh dear, mister, you couldn't do that with our grandma. She was that venturesome. She'd no sense. And that weak too. Well, you know how it is in bed, you get so lively in your temper and so weak in your legs, you're fit for nothing but your meals. She might have fallen down and broken her leg and that would have been the end of her."

"I see," I said, closing my eyes to shut out Plantie's wall. And there I was, in a pink world. "I see," I sighed, "after all, it's not so much an open question as what you've got on your plate, and can't put off."

"And Bill getting so he didn't know if it was spots in front of his eyes or bugs on the wall."

IF I MUST show it where it gets off, I thought, I could creep up on it with a Berkshire brick or a tiled roof or a Dutch barn. And then I got a start, for there was poor Maria Martens' wounded breast bleeding pink at me. And I made a discovery. I saw that that pink was a discovery. And as you know, it's not so easy for an artist to know that his discoveries are discoveries, not so easy but very important.

For there right underneath the poor girl's body stretched in the farmyard was my lovely brown, lovelier than ever, in pools of what-you-may-call-it. And a pink farm cart with a blue tail. And Maria's blood floating on the muck. Exactly so, the very thing, bringing your pink right into the main issue, right down into the muck. Oh lovely muck, a bit of glazing there, touch of Peter Paul, feels within feels. "Yes, mam, I agree with you there, I'm with you all the time."

"Why, he threw the bread trencher at the sprigs in my Sunday muslin because they sat up at him, when it was only the plim of my bosom. Is it a wonder I was nip, nipping before the milk."

"Yes, my friends, it is the devil's doom to steal his brightest weapons from the Lord, and to see them turn against his own vitals. For faithfulness, that has such mighty power, is strong by truth and hates a deceiver."

"And that's a true word," said she. "For one fine day when Bill got the horrors in the greenhouse, he took a new prong and chased his old lady and spit her too; we heard her screech from half a mile and thought it was murder or worse. And his own men off the farm tied him with haybands and the doctor said he must be locked up in a 'sylum."

"Murder," I said in my hurry, trying to lay it up for reference, "and it was locked up," hastily rubbing a little beer into the label to get my muck darker, and then rubbing it through to the bottle to get the shine of a reflection in Maria's pool of blood. But do what I would, that brown began to dodge away into the manure, into just another piece of life on the farm.

I KNEW what I wanted. The only way to stop a color from lying down in the dirt is to set another color after it with a gun. And I took a bit of beet-root off Plantie's supper and put it on the maiden's breast, a rose, no, Maria's blood. It wasn't quite right, it made poor Maria look like a utility primp on a lemonade advertisement, but it brought her alive, especially her hair, yes, horse chestnut, keep it down and it fires up inside like Chingachgook. It made me laugh and it made me cry.

"In a sigh—in a sigh—yes, a sigh sigh lum," I responded with choral sympathy. "But you saw it coming, mam, it followed as you might say."

"My laws, yes, you can always see it coming."

"All ways—al-ways" I murmured, "always and all round—coming—coming."

"But when it's going to come and what it's going to come like—that's the teaser."

"Tea," I said, busy as a sparrow in a straw yard, "the tea-tea-teaser," and I licked a bit of sugar bag and stuck it on the glass just to see what it would do to Maria's hair, and the gold on the muck. "Yes," I said, "that's what keeps you on the hop."

"Oh, yes, mister, yes indeed, for when Bill got sober after a week or two he told the old lady that it was family trouble getting on his brain and of course she'd never liked me being a bit full-blown, and her on the flat side, and she lent him fifty pounds to pay off his score, and what not, and then he took religion and stopped it. Well, it was a barker in the cattle market selling the number of the beast and he'd gone in there to lie like a hog where the carts wouldn't cut his legs off. But when he woke up he heard this chap like a steam circus, and he thought it was Judgment Day. So he thought of how he kept on having pains in his heart and how two of his uncles had mortified in hospital with the ulcers and he stopped it."

"Judge—Judge—Judgment Day," I said, bursting into loud chirps, "and he stopped it."

I spat upon the blue to lower its cheek and raise its dander. "A stop was put to spots, and spots."

"You can't believe it, mister, can you? Just like that it was. Well, I didn't myself though I saw it—not for years. But he stopped. Out of that chap in the cattle market selling the end of the world and God's grace for sinners. And then he got after me too.

"He threw all the bottles against the wall and made me breathe on him three times a day, and if he felt so much as a skim of liquor he'd take pokers and strops to me. Oh mysie, the latherings I had, carpets was nothing. And he would say it was kill or cure because of my soul and because he loved me. And so he did, oh deario, oh dear, worse than ever, being so respectable and getting back to his religion and missing his darts. Well, they say the forties is the true doting time, and I believe it, there was one night the neighbors thought he was murdering me, and called the police. But when the constable broke in, Bill had got him to the second lesson and I was down on the flour bin; oh crims, it's no wonder the officer threw his truncheon, you'd have thought it was murder yourself only we was arguing so loud."

"The everlasting fountain of revelation, the continuing miracle of grace."

"Happy days," I said, "happy days, if you think so," for I was interested, it seemed to me that I was getting there, wherever it is, with my blue. I slapped on another bit of sugar paper near the brown, reflection of the cart-tail. And yes, and yes, my muck was on the move. Yes, see, all aglow and ashine as if she felt the harvest in her guts. Ah, I thought, I knew that brown was a sweet thing, but only now do I see her real possibilities.

> Another maiden like herself
> Translucent, lovely, shining clear,
> Threefold each in the other closed
> Oh what a trembling, pleasant fear

Yes, I thought, it's enough to frighten a rope dancer, that pink, but I'm not going to be frightened. No, I'm not, and I gave a lick at the beetroot to take off its ambiguities. Never.

And I gave it two more licks. It's got to be a real pink, a pink, tottering on the edge of the Christmas supplement, a sublime simplicity, out of the ridiculous by damned innocence or pure impudence, or any other of numerous co-respondents including Renoir.

The old woman was goggling at me as if I had had enough, and so I looked serious, and I said to her, what I always say when I

haven't heard the conversation of anyone over the age of forty-nine. "That was bad luck and yet it wasn't so bad that it mightn't have been worse."

"No, nor it was, and a lot better than we deserved, taking us as them that had a good start. We had our gaiety, and bless you, after Bill cured me of the drink—"

"Bill—of course—it was Bill who—"

"Not so much Bill neither as I took religion too. Of course, I'd always been a Christian, but after I'd got it again I went in the Baptists and they don't allow so much as beer. Well, I thought I needed it so bad I'd better take it strong and we began to save that same year. And though, trust her, Grandma would go and die the very first week we ever had the rent ready, and put that and fifteen pound of debt in a two-coach funeral, we got a lodger for her good front room and in pretty near no time we were that rich we bought a nice terrace villa warm both sides with the kitchen fires, and a bathroom and water closet. Oh, gracy, what a jubilee day when we went into that house. Not but what I was ashamed of the furniture in the open street coming out in rings and the children quite mad and running in every minute to pull the chain. And if you said a word, saying they were urgent and doing it too as often as not. And if it was only the excitement to see it roar like real waterfalls, how could they know. Children don't know their own pipes any more than birds. Well, they don't know what they don't know, do they, and the bigger they grow the more they're backward. But they had that chain tore up by the root the very first day. Oh, it wasn't Bill nor drink nor religion neither that turned me gray and spoilt my sufferance, but the children. It's no good saying about them like you can of a husband, good riddance and forget him and get on with the next thing; well, you know he'll come if it suits him, and if it suits him likely it will suit you or you can shoo him off till when. But you haven't got no hold on a child. Oh crims, the things they did to me, getting married to wasters and creepers. Why, my eldest ran off with a tinker, and my Sam, as good and clever as he was six foot high, went in for the horses and made a mint and then he came home with the police after him and it took half our savings to keep him out of prison. And then he made double what he did before and went and got killed out of an aeroplane and left all his money to a girl we never see or heard of. At least she didn't get it after all because it was all bills. There was never a day for forty year I didn't get my palpitation about Sam and he wasn't the worst. Oh it's children that wear a body down. I was an old woman before I was fifty."

By this time I'd licked the beetroot into a pink like a pink gin, a lovely lucid pink, and I thought, that's what I want, not a solid but a space, not a cart or a murder, but a sky, a pink sky. Rather post card, you say, all right, damn your eyes—who said I was frightened. And what you've got to remember is that the sublime is always ridiculous—look at bishops—look at poets—blast me, I'll make it a pink sunset. And yes, split my weasand, a tiger, tiger—Maria's hair shall be my tiger, tiger, and the muck shall be a forest pool, yes. yes, with sunset reflections. What do I care at my age. Let 'em all come. You can only die once and I've been through it so often that I know it doesn't last. Yay, I'll beat the world—it won't notice anyhow. And I stove off the old devourer with a well-tried pass, "Such is life, mam."

"Oh, my laws, mister, but that's true. Oh, my lawsie, that's a true word. Don't we know it's true."

"It keeps on, it keeps on, and then it starts all over again."

"Oh my crimini laws, never a moment's peace if only to do your cupboards out. Not for a woman, a family woman."

"You were a good mother," I said, giving myself a private pinch to make sure it was me dreaming that tiger. "That was the trouble, the better the worse."

"Dearie, dearie, the better the worse. But there, it's nature, and Bill's sister that never had no children, well, she cocked herself up for her looks and her house which was certainly a picture for the paint and the ornaments, but a poor mammet after all, a piece of nonsense. I pitied her. Well, you can dress up a mopstick like a moral and gramophones can talk down a bishop."

In my pride and joy I was moved to give myself away. "When I went in for art, old lady, or rather when art went in for me—"

"But it was my youngest that gave me the trouble, oh the cross she was. Right from the

beginning. Well, it was even better than that, for she tried to come three months before her time and kept me so nervous I couldn't so much as blow my nose. And after all, a month early and fed with a squirt. Oh the ploy to rear that child. Wouldn't suck, wouldn't take her pap, and the tantrums, screaming herself into fits, oh, you wanted to strangle her, but, of course, being so delicate, you couldn't so much as look sideways. And with all your trouble, growing up crooked because she wouldn't eat her mince. The best beef mince off the fresh rump, full of blood it was, nothing was too good. Why, Dadda would have bought her lions and elephants only to give her some meat on her poor little sticks."

THE old songster's chittering fell upon my corn like spring rain, a bit sharp, but who cares on a honeymoon. And as I wandered in the land of Beulah, sweet world of perceptions, I thought how nice it would be when the president of the Royal Academy came to me in tears and a government Rolls and threw down his top hat at my feet.

"I know, Mother, I know," and I came in so loud that two Christians in front moved their ears back. "She was Dadda's dream—his chick, his chick, his chickabiddy dear."

"Oh, she was, but there, we both spoilt her. It's natural with the youngest. Thinking there's no more to come, and losing your stomach, and Ady with all her miseries, catching everything she could— we spoilt her, that's the truth too, I see it now, we spoilt her." I gave her some more beer. "Never mind Ady. Drink up and be happy. You're only old once."

"Me, mister?" and I saw at once I'd made a big mistake. Her nose turned verd antique with indignation. "Me, mister? Speak for yourself. It's only my teeth—I forgot 'em on top of the piano."

"That's all right, mam, and mine are at the pop-shop. You see, a chap must eat, even an artist. Due to the body of this death. No offense, mam, catch as catch can and all's fair."

"It's not me who's old, it's Bill. Oh and he is old, you wouldn't believe it. Oh my laws, I ought to be at home. Supposing he was to have another fit and fall in the fire."

"Don't you worry, mam, he's got his Ady."

"Well, Ady does look in sometimes, but I hope she wouldn't see him, she's expecting her first in a week."

"Her first, in a week—little Ady married. But, of course, she's a big girl now."

"Yes, and well married too, mister, thank God for it. For I never thought to see it. Oh, what a job we had, and chancy—but there everything about Ady was touch and go. You held your breath if you only said good morning. And this chap just a drop-in. He came to see Bill really, he wanted a special prayer about his dreams, and I thought, well, it's now or never, and I asked him to supper. By God's mercy we had an apple tart that wasn't cut, and then I got Bill out to see a noise in the garden and told him if he went back it was my dead body. And Ady, I must say, we brought her up for a lady, and she could always do the polite to a stranger. But oh dear, she was a lady too—the things she couldn't and the things she wouldn't. It was eight weeks before she let him hold her hand, and after all we had to give them the house to fire them up for coming in the next bed. For she wouldn't have a double, she said it was common. But there, I didn't so much mind going back to the old cottage—less to clean and nearer the work. And the chap turned out a good pennyworth, a bit too pleased with himself but a job at the gasworks, and that's almost government. Oh we was glad to get him. If only she'll keep a hold."

"IF ONLY," I said, "if only she'll keep—" for I was a bit scattered. The fact is, I'd taken an eye off the tiger to condescend with the president and everyone knows how dangerous that is in the middle of the big act. When I looked again, the tiger was oozing through the keyhole like Madame Blavatsky in an Isabella nightie, and the sunset was making a face like a Dicksee, a mere appearance. "If only—" I moaned, and looked round for something to make a mark with. But all I saw was the old helmet grinning at me and wagging her bonnet like Widow Twankey.

"Oh, mister, we know, we know. But what does she know. Oh, these girls, first they're silly and then they're orkard."

"That's it, mam," I said in my despair.

"Girls are—I speak generally—" Just then I was aware of a bottle-opener in my hand. It was a bottle-opener for all tastes, with a loop for beer-caps and a hook for more beer-caps, and as quick as I could draw I hooked a line round that tiger, cutting through the label to the glass, and cutting through the pink so that half of it was sky and half reflection in the pool.

"Practically individuals," I said, "at least by themselves in Oxford Street." But as I gazed at my tiger and my pink, lo the princess gave a sigh—my Sleeping Beauty opened her eyes and there she was—there, with all her thisness and her thatness and herself too, the possible she. And when she looked—she looked at me, I fell right out of my background.

> Oh, what a smile, a threefold smile
> Filled me that like a flame I burned.

"Aren't they just," the old comrade was croodling in my ear, "and you can't tell her nothing neither, not in her first year. She thinks she's got the whole tickle at one dip. Not but what the chap thinks so too. He isn't one to complain, not if his meat is coke."

"Renewed in every age!" The skate was working up to the great amen, giving his celebrated proof that spiritual joy, by the mediation of grace, is God's proof to the world that if wishes are beggars, horses will ride.

The queen mother nodded her crown at him in a favorable declination and continued in her own right. "A regular mammy's boy. Well, if ever he wet a bed, I'm sure it was dill water. He never said boo to a girl till Ady caught him with that green jumper, his nose goes after her when she only walks round the room. He'd eat cow-pie out of her hand only to lick the dish. Oh, the mercy, he's a proper melting candle at this present."

"Happy man," I chortled. "Poor devil—dirty blackguard." And as the tiger went winding through the pink, his yellow fell upon my brown and turned her into flame,

> I bent to kiss the lovely maid
> I found a threefold kiss returned.

The pink, the gold, and the brown, all mine—spirit, mind, and body. And with a bold stroke of inspiration I gave the tiger three whiskers on each side.

"He's caught," I crowed. "She's got him, she's nailed him."

"Dear a dear, that's what she thinks, poor lamb, but you know what it is, take a chap in the spring quick and he'll jump at old iron. Not but what Ady hasn't got something about her. She's not one of your sentry boxers. But it's always the same with daughters, they take after their fathers and the boys get all the looks. 'Ducky,' I said to her, 'you be nice with your Tommy when he comes to and he'll get used to everything else.' But lawsie, you know what girls are, all over the place till she got four legs to her bed and then all over herself. The airs she gives herself, the poor moppet. Oh, my dearie, as if you could raise your bread on the map of a man."

"No, mam, no," I said. "I mean, no," for I didn't like those whiskers. I perceived that I had been jubilating on the barricades instead of organizing a constitution. No, I thought, that bloody tiger is devouring my brown and Maria's hair is lost in the smell of his breath. The whole thing is wombwell. What you need for a brown like that is breadth, dignity, the old cremona.

"It's not in nature, he'll rear up one of these days and give her a slap." The classic touch, I thought. Chardin. Still life in the grand style. And I turned the tiger into a cottage loaf, his head into a brass jug, threw in a pink chop on a blue plate, opened a window behind, with some white washing on the line—a couple of pink flower pots in front and a brown Windsor chair on the right, with a blue reflection in the seat—

> This cabinet is formed of gold
> And pearl and crystal shining bright,
> And within it opens a world
> And a little lovely moony night.

World of the eternal, yes, of the primordial forms, the immortal shore, the everlasting kitchen, the sempiternal sink.

SUDDENLY all the people got up which surprised us both, and the old woman in her anxiety to make the right religious move, poked her umbrella into the Christian in front, who turned round with an ecclesiastical expression. But just then someone began to sing about building Jerusalem, and he was obliged to pass on quickly from his godly wrath, in order to catch up with the tune.

The old front line was singing too. She put up her chin like a duck drinking and opened her beak and creaked like a rusty hinge.

" 'In England's green and pleasant land,' I like that one," she said. "I always did like the Jerusalem hymn. We could do with some building too down our way—decent hard-working girls which you might think they'd earned some peace having to share up with young snoots of daughters-in-law—oh, my mercy, whatever is the time?"

"Not quite closing, Mother, have a quickie before you go—on the house." For I wanted to fix down one or two details that had come upon me, suggested themselves, seized me by the neck, and said, 'Cherish us, love us, keep us, the daughters of Beulah, and be quick about it, before we perish.' I made a stab at Maria's right shoulder, or the brass jug with the sun glittering on its hair, a sweet double curve leading right into the uprights of the window frame, and there it was, there, a piece of history.

"Oh, dear, oh dearie," said she. "It would serve me just right if I miss the last bus and he falls in the fire."

"I dare say," I suggested, and all at once I saw a woman would give a better line, because more inevitable, yes, a girl is an intellectual thing, at least on the outside, made up, whereas jugs are little removed from natural objects, mud in the eye. And if the aesthetic supercharge on girls has been used to drive sausage machines it is still a primary radiation which mixes well with any good pigment; yes, and gets all the lumps into one parcel. Yes, girl bathing, yes, let's be original, get at the fundamentals. "I dare—yes, I dare say—" I murmured, marking round a couple of legs with a sweet section of the plane of the water, solid as columns, the pillars of the house, "that your Bill wouldn't mind so much if he were out of it. I mean afterwards—well, he wouldn't even know, would he?"

"Oh, don't say it's time for Bill to go!"

"Well, mam, if Ady has a new baby for you," and I went up from the lovely thigh, ah, what a pelvis, to the left shoulder, yes, my dear, I thought you were going to turn out something remarkable and already you generate worlds. Yes, if your neck grows so, set upon your shoulders like a tower, not so much of a vertical as a monument—

"Oh, laws, oh lawsie," the old woman was in a fluster. "Not Ady—that's just what I'm afeared of."

"Not Ady," I said, throwing in a face, any old face with two prods for eyes, to give the angle of poise and its relation with the collarbones. "Not now she's settled," I said. "Believe me, mam, she'll be quite reasonable now. That's my experience, anyhow. Once you get a daughter fixed up or even down she usually turns out a very decent sort of girl and quite ready to do the right thing by her old parents." For though I don't suppose I have any daughters, I've had a lot of other people's.

"Oh, dear, that's what they all say. Oh, and she does too. She's got it on the brain about me going out to scrub, and it not being right in her position. It's why don't we come home to her back room and live nice like she'd choose for her dear papa and mamma."

"You ought to be proud of your Ady, mam," I said, knocking in a castle or barrack, to give a dotty pattern on the right. "You did a good job there."

"Oh, my souls, and there's that husband of hers. He'd do murder for her. You know what young husbands are, especially the soft ones. Oh but I know, mister. They're getting up a plan. Come, Mother, she says, you've had a hard life, what you need is a rest. Soon as my gaffer goes they'll have me in the sheets for the rest of my life."

"All the same," I said, for I was not at all sure that the poor old thing was fit to look after herself, and really some of these aged persons get so cranky and irresponsible they are a danger to the public as well as themselves, "all the same, Mother, you wouldn't have her not caring, would you? At least she knows what's fitting," and it came upon me like the last trump, a warehouse with four rows of windows in perspective and a yellow wall to keep the pink from turning into ice cream. Yes, and the maiden will have to be a Lascar with a bit of red rag round his neck, or no, a Negro washerwoman, a fat one, mountainous, sublime. I stuck a piece of sunlight on the bottle to get the sunshine. And the vast maiden smile, oh what a smile, a threefold smile. Just then Plantie turned down the light to a glimmer, meaning that it was time the meeting left him to his supper. But I had patience, a bride-

groom has a lot of patience, I mean, once he has the girl safe in his pocket. A millionaire has a lot of patience, I mean, when he has his millions in gold and buried in the garden. I just sat my maiden on my knee, keeping a loose but affectionate hold round her neck with my right forefinger and thumb, and pressing slightly down in case her bottom might slip off my trouser; and turning to the old comrade I said to her with the encouraging tone of a prophet at leisure to notice particulars, "Think of it, Mother, no more work to do, no more trouble, and none of us like the work, do we, not after the first forty years?"

"Oh, I don't mind how I work so long as I've got my own place. And I can scrub too. I'm stronger than you think for, mister. And time's no object neither. Well, I don't need so much sleep as I did. Six o'clock I'll start and bring my own bucket, a shilling an hour."

I WANTED to look at my treasure, my masterpiece, but the Christians were still blocking up the door, and the lights were too low to see in the scullery.

"No hurry, mam," I said. "We can't get out till the crowd moves, and what's the harm with here. It's warm, it's friendly, and we know what we know. We're old at this game, why rush off from a good place to a worse!"

The fact was that a taxi had just come wheeling to the door in the street above, I suppose it had come for the skate, and its lights were sliding across the whitewash of the area wall toward the scullery window. In another few seconds, if I did not move, I knew I should be able to take another peep at my maiden. And I wanted a peep very badly. For, as no doubt you've noticed, though a chap has looked at his girl a thousand times in an hour, he always wants to look again. To see what she's like, what she's *really* like, once and for all.

I couldn't wait another minute. The beam was swinging and I prodded my nose at the bottle. Yes, yes, I thought, there she is. And then the light came full glare, and damme if I could see anything but a beer bottle with a lot of dirty scratches on the label, a nasty mess. I was so surprised that I let it drop on the floor. Then I gave a laugh that made the poor old frame beside me quiver like an angel's harp. "Come on, Mother," I said, "time to get back to it," and I placed myself humbly in the Christian stream, rolling its sons away.

OF ALL the damned fools, I thought, to be caught that way at my age. But it was no use abusing myself to show how wise I was and restore my self-confidence. My bottom had dropped right out and nothing could put it back. I consisted simply of a big dark hole full of windy passages and swinging doors with broken locks.

"I beg your pardon," I said, as one of the Christians trod on my foot. "Excuse me," I said as two of them combined, by a mutual instantaneous movement of brotherly sympathy, to grind together the fragments of my hollow ruin, and squeeze out the rest of my machinery. "I'm awfully sorry, I fear I pushed you."

Thus encouraged, the Christians made a strong effort and drove my lights into my liver. I was pierced by such an agonizing spasm in the lower belly that I thought, ah, gone at last, done for, ruptured, unless it's appendicitis. Only ten minutes ago I should have been grieved by this miserable and lingering end to a promising career. Yes, promising freely. But now I'm glad. The more I suffer, the more I shall be delighted. Because I asked for it—

> I strove to seize the inmost form
> With ardor fierce and hands of flame
> But burst the crystal cabinet
> And like a weeping babe became.

Boo-hoo, hoo.

Suddenly I noticed that the agony in my belly was old Faithful's umbrella. And I was just going to mention it to her when we were both ejected into the dustbins. And I saw that she was in some distress.

"Why mam," I said, "what's the trouble?" for my grief grieved for all the babes in the world.

"Oh, I don't want no comforts, I don't want to go to bed."

"It's a difficult question, mam," I said, for I wasn't going to have it on my conscience that I broke up a family, "and you've got to consider Ady's feelings too. She's been a good daughter to you."

"Oh, but she's that obstinate, mister. Oh,

these girls, especially the good ones, they go on just like fire engines."

"To tell you the truth, mam, and speaking entirely for yourself and not for the church and the future of civilization, I'd say, take your brush and your bucket and slip off to some new professional beat, and put up a new plate in a new name. And to hell with Ady." For I felt my doors banging and I didn't care a Saturday shave for the Pope of Rome. "Yes, mam," I said, "because it's nice to be nobody, it's grand to be a piece of dirt and laugh at boots." But just then I noticed the street lamp falling on a red door with a brass handle, and a slight earthquake banged all the doors in my interior. So that the wind pouring through the keyholes played a soft chord rather like the Siegfried horn.

No, I said to myself, not on your life. I'm a free ruin, an irresponsible ort without a care in the world. To hell with composition. And I said to the old woman, "Tell them you'll die in your damp, and take up your bucket and beat it for dear life."

"Oh, you don't know Ady, she'd come after me—there ought to be a law against it."

"There is," I said, and the Siegfried motif was so loud that I spoke with great firmness, averting my eyes from the red door. "A lot of laws. Love, including family love, is fifty different kinds of offense according to age, sex, and religion, and which bishop saw you at it. But after all, homes are paved with acts of Parliament—"

I looked boldly at the red door, to tell it where it got off, and instantly it blushed pink. The Siegfried song burst into a full orchestra and my corridors bulged with white waistcoats.

> *Another* England there I saw
> *Another* London with its Tower.

"And as for art," I said, "it comes under the head of undomestic animals, to be shot at sight with airguns, catapults, pisspots, coal, shoes, double-breasted Purdys, crossbows, rods, tear gas, case-hardened bureaucrats with their noses filed off, blister bombs, art-crickets, Mark IV's, complete, with their balls in their waistcoat pockets, *capax episcopari,* and all other missiles accredited under the next act, in retrospect, with the exception of those listed in the Minister's secret administrative ukase, subsection 999, fertilizers required in the present emergency, *floreat in aeternum,* for the production of cabbages for the production of members of Parliament for the production of papers for the disposal of fertilizers and the general expedition of the starry wheels, and yet it goes on—like rats, bugs, moths, and beetles—it goes on biting and digging and scratching and undermining everything."

"Oh, my soul, mister, wherever is that bus," and she was crying dry, like an old dog. "Oh, but I don't want to go to bed." Just then the bus came along and I heaved her into it. "Good-by, Mother, good luck with the brush—God help you if you'll let him." But she didn't even look. She didn't even hear. She'd forgotten her meeting. She'd forgotten me, her old new friend. She projected herself half way down the bus at one umbrella charge, and her eyes and bonnet and nose and chin were all racing each other to get in front, to get nearer home. And it struck me all at once that the poor old thing was old. Yes, she was old and that was a state of affairs. I felt for the poor old battle and then I felt for myself to make sure that I was not slipping away, while no one was looking, into my grave. And when I found myself, I found myself quite confused, as if I had lost something. My youth, I thought, good gracious. But no, it was my pink. And when, all in a sweat of fear, I stretched out my neck to look for her, she popped out from behind the red door and stood there, the darling, in nothing but her pure self. Ah, how like a true pink, so simple, so frank, so trustful. No more pouts, no more secrets between us any more. I fairly flew to her,

> The maid had caught me in the wild
> Where I was dancing merrily.

"My beauty," I cried, "my fulfillment, my life, I have you at last, and you shall have me, in happiness ever after—after? AFTER! HI, STOP HER, SOMEONE. STOP DARLING, DAMN YOU, DARLING."

How to Lie with Statistics

Darrell Huff

Charts by Sigman-Ward

"THE average Yaleman, Class of '24," *Time* magazine reported last year after reading something in the New York *Sun*, a newspaper published in those days, "makes $25,111 a year."

Well, good for him!

But, come to think of it, what does this improbably precise and salubrious figure mean? Is it, as it appears to be, evidence that if you send your boy to Yale you won't have to work in your old age and neither will he? Is this average a mean or is it a median? What kind of sample is it based on? You could lump one Texas oilman with two hundred hungry free-lance writers and report *their* average income as $25,000-odd a year. The arithmetic is impeccable, the figure is convincingly precise, and the amount of meaning there is in it you could put in your eye.

In just such ways is the secret language of statistics, so appealing in a fact-minded culture, being used to sensationalize, inflate, confuse, and oversimplify. Statistical terms are necessary in reporting the mass data of social and economic trends, business conditions, "opinion" polls, this year's census. But without writers who use the words with honesty and understanding and readers who know what they mean, the result can only be semantic nonsense.

In popular writing on scientific research, the abused statistic is almost crowding out the picture of the white-jacketed hero laboring overtime without time-and-a-half in an ill-lit laboratory. Like the "little dash of powder, little pot of paint," statistics are making many an important fact "look like what she ain't." Here are some of the ways it is done.

The sample with the built-in bias. Our Yale men—or Yalemen, as they say in the Time-Life building—belong to this flourishing group. The exaggerated estimate of their income is not based on all members of the class nor on a random or representative sample of them. At least two interesting categories of 1924-model Yale men have been excluded.

First there are those whose present addresses are unknown to their classmates. Wouldn't you bet that these lost sheep are earning less than the boys from prominent families and the others who can be handily reached from a Wall Street office?

There are those who chucked the questionnaire into the nearest wastebasket. Maybe they didn't answer because they were not making enough money to brag about. Like the fellow who found a note clipped to his first pay check suggesting that he consider

Mr. Huff is a California free-lance writer who "took" statistics during the process of graduate study at the University of Iowa and decided it should be a required course—mainly as a safeguard against being fooled.

the amount of his salary confidential: "Don't worry," he told the boss. "I'm just as ashamed of it as you are."

Omitted from our sample then are just the two groups most likely to depress the average. The $25,111 figure is beginning to account for itself. It may indeed be a true figure for those of the Class of '24 whose addresses are known and who are willing to stand up and tell how much they earn. But even that requires a possibly dangerous assumption that the gentlemen are telling the truth.

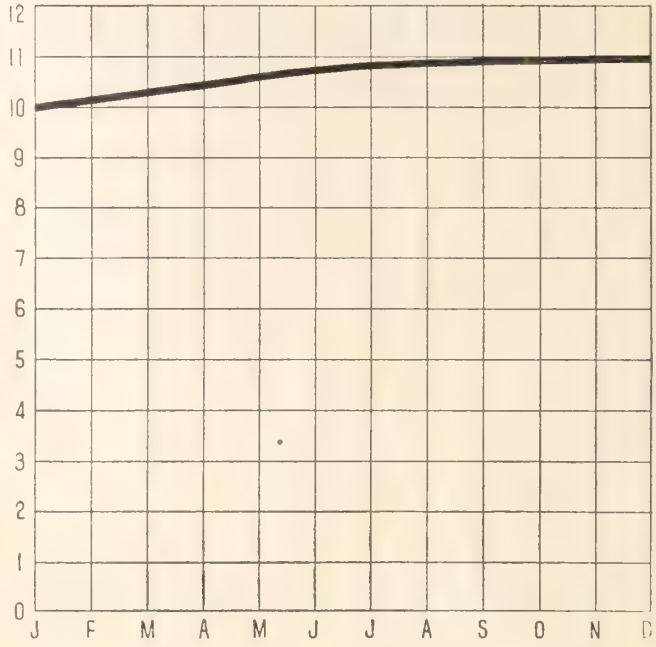
To be dependable to any useful degree at all, a sampling study must use a representative sample (which can lead to trouble too) or a truly random one. If *all* the Class of 24 is included, that's all right. If every tenth name on a complete list is used, that is all right too, and so is drawing an adequate number of names out of a hat. The test is this: Does every name in the group have an equal chance to be in the sample?

You'll recall that ignoring this requirement was what produced the *Literary Digest's* famed fiasco. When names for polling were taken only from telephone books and subscription lists, people who did not have telephones or *Literary Digest* subscriptions had no chance to be in the sample. They possibly did not mind this underprivilege a bit, but their absence was in the end very hard on the magazine that relied on the figures.

This leads to a moral: You can prove about anything you want to by letting your sample bias itself. As a consumer of statistical data —a reader, for example, of a news magazine —remember that no statistical conclusion can rise above the quality of the sample it is based upon. In the absence of information about the procedures behind it, you are not warranted in giving any credence at all to the result.

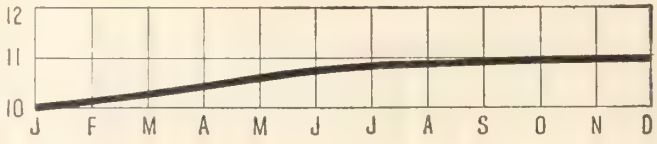
The truncated, or gee-whiz, graph. If you want to show some statistical information quickly and clearly, draw a picture of it. Graphic presentation is the thing today. If you don't mind misleading the hasty looker, or if you quite clearly *want* to deceive him, you can save some space by chopping the bottom off many kinds of graph.

Suppose you are showing the upward trend of national income month by month for a year. The total rise, as in one recent year, is 7 per cent. It looks like this:



That is clear enough. Anybody can see that the trend is slightly upward. You are showing a 7 per cent increase and that is exactly what it looks like.

But it lacks schmaltz. So you chop off the bottom, this way:

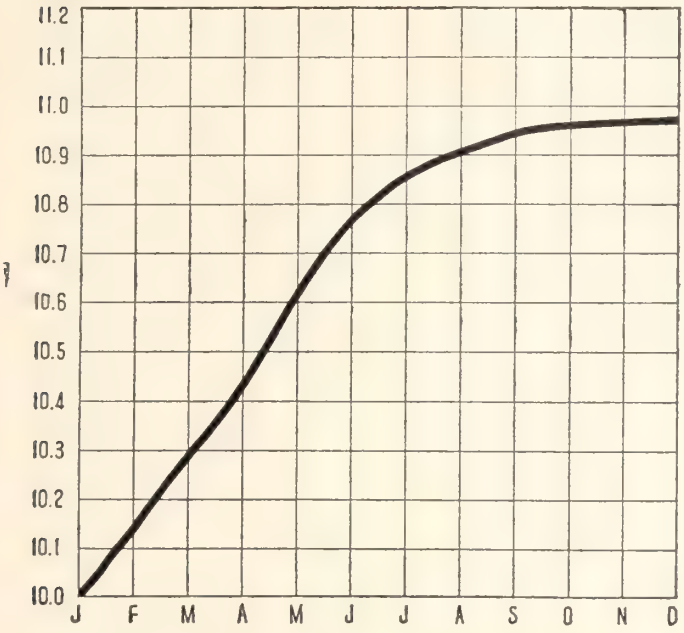


The figures are the same. It is the same graph and nothing has been falsified—except the impression that it gives. Anyone looking at it can just feel prosperity throbbing in the arteries of the country. It is a subtler equivalent of editing "National income rose 7 per cent" into ". . . climbed a whopping 7 per cent."

It is vastly more effective, however, because of that illusion of objectivity.

The souped-up graph. Sometimes truncating is not enough. The trifling rise in something or other still looks almost as insignificant as it is. You can make that 7 per cent look livelier than 100 per cent ordinarily does. Simply change the proportion between the ordinate and the abscissa. There's no rule against it, and it does give your graph a prettier shape.

But it exaggerates, to say the least, something awful:



The well-chosen average. I live near a country neighborhood for which I can report an average income of $15,000. I could also report it as $3,500.

If I should want to sell real estate hereabouts to people having a high snobbery content, the first figure would be handy. The second figure, however, is the one to use in an argument against raising taxes, or the local bus fare.

Both are legitimate averages, legally arrived at. Yet it is obvious that at least one of them must be as misleading as an out-and-out lie. The $15,000-figure is a mean, the arithmetic average of the incomes of all the families in the community. The smaller figure is a median; it might be called the income of the average family in the group. It indicates that half the families have less than $3,500 a year and half have more.

Here is where some of the confusion about averages comes from. Many human characteristics have the grace to fall into what is called the "normal" distribution. If you draw a picture of it, you get a curve that is shaped like a bell. Mean and median fall at about the same point, so it doesn't make very much difference which you use.

But some things refuse to follow this neat curve. Income is one of them. Incomes for most large areas will range from under $1,000 a year to upward of $50,000. Almost everybody will be under $10,000, way over on the left-hand side of that curve.

One of the things that made the income figure for the "average Yaleman" meaningless is that we are not told whether it is a mean or a median. It is not that one type of average is invariably better than the other; it depends upon what you are talking about. But neither gives you any real information—and either may be highly misleading—unless you know which of those two kinds of average it is.

In the country neighborhood I mentioned, almost everyone has less than the average—the mean, that is—of $10,500. These people are all small farmers, except for a trio of millionaire week-enders who bring up the mean enormously.

You can be pretty sure that when an income average is given in the form of a mean nearly everybody has less than that.

The insignificant difference or the elusive error. Your two children Peter and Linda (we might as well give them modish names while we're about it) take intelligence tests. Peter's IQ, you learn, is 98 and Linda's is 101. Aha! Linda is your brighter child.

Is she? An intelligence test is, or purports to be, a sampling of intellect. An IQ, like other products of sampling, is a figure with a statistical error, which expresses the precision or reliability of the figure. The size of this probable error can be calculated. For their test the makers of the much-used Revised Stanford-Binet have found it to be about 3 per cent. So Peter's indicated IQ of 98 really means only that there is an even chance that it falls between 95 and 101. There is an equal probability that it falls somewhere else—below 95 or above 101. Similarly, Linda's has no better than a fifty-fifty chance of being within the fairly sizeable range of 98 to 104.

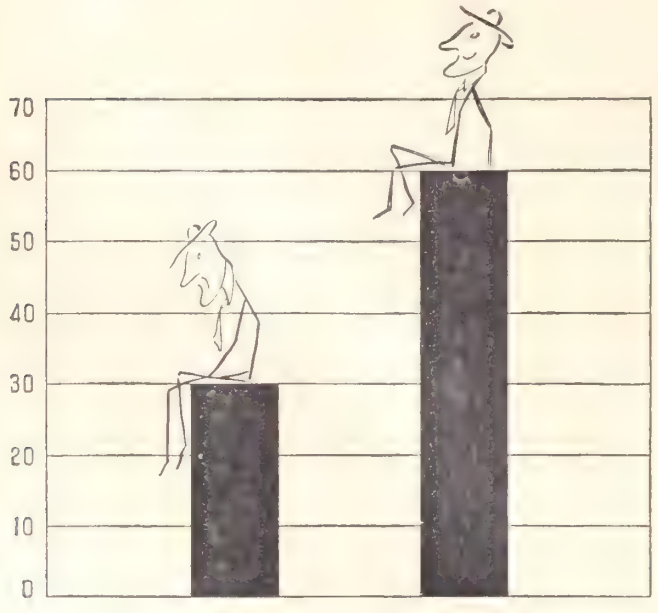
You can work out some comparisons from that. One is that there is rather better than one chance in four that Peter, with his lower IQ rating, is really at least three points smarter than Linda. A statistician doesn't like to consider a difference significant unless you can hand him odds a lot longer than that.

Ignoring the error in a sampling study leads to all kinds of silly conclusions. There are magazine editors to whom readership surveys are gospel; with a 40 per cent readership

reported for one article and a 35 per cent for another, they demand more like the first. I've seen even smaller differences given tremendous weight, because statistics are a mystery and numbers are impressive. The same thing goes for market surveys and so-called public-opinion polls. The rule is that you cannot make a valid comparison between two such figures unless you know the deviations. And unless the difference between the figures is many times greater than the probable error of each, you have only a guess that the one appearing greater really is.

Otherwise you are like the man choosing a camp site from a report of mean temperature alone. One place in California with a mean annual temperature of 61 is San Nicolas Island on the south coast, where it always stays in the comfortable range between 47 and 87. Another with a mean of 61 is in the inland desert, where the thermometer hops around from 15 to 104. The deviation from the mean marks the difference, and you can freeze or roast if you ignore it.

The one-dimensional picture. Suppose you have just two or three figures to compare—say the average weekly wage of carpenters in the United States and another country. The sums might be $60 and $30. An ordinary bar chart makes the difference graphic.



That is an honest picture. It looks good for American carpenters, but perhaps it does not have quite the oomph you are after. Can't you make that difference appear overwhelming and at the same time give it what I am afraid is known as eye-appeal? Of course you can. Following tradition, you represent these sums by pictures of money bags. If the $30 bag is one inch high, you draw the $60 bag two inches high. That's in proportion, isn't it?



The catch is, of course, that the American's money bag, being twice as tall as that of the $30 man, covers an area on your page four times as great. And since your two-dimensional picture represents an object that would in fact have three dimensions, the money bags actually would differ much more than that. The volumes of any two similar solids vary as the cubes of their heights. If the unfortunate foreigner's bag hold $30 worth of dimes, the American's would hold not $60 but a neat $240.

You didn't say that, though, did you? And you can't be blamed, you're only doing it the way practically everybody else does.

The ever-impressive decimal. For a spurious air of precision that will lend all kinds of weight to the most disreputable statistics, consider the decimal.

Ask a hundred citizens how many hours they slept last night. Come out with a total of, say, 781.3. Your data are far from precise to begin with. Most people will miss their guess by fifteen minutes or more and some will recall five sleepless minutes as half a night of tossing insomnia.

But go ahead, do your arithmetic, announce that people sleep an average of 7.813 hours a night. You will sound as if you knew precisely what you are talking about. If you were

foolish enough to say 7.8 (or "almost 8") hours it would sound like what it was—an approximation.

The semi-attached figure. If you can't prove what you want to prove, demonstrate something else and pretend that they are the same thing. In the daze that follows the collision of statistics with the human mind, hardly anybody will notice the difference. The semi-attached figure is a durable device guaranteed to stand you in good stead. It always has.

If you can't prove that your nostrum cures colds, publish a sworn laboratory report that the stuff killed 31,108 germs in a test tube in eleven seconds. There may be no connection at all between assorted germs in a test tube and the whatever-it-is that produces colds, but people aren't going to reason that sharply, especially while sniffling.

Maybe that one is too obvious and people are beginning to catch on. Here is a trickier version.

Let us say that in a period when race prejudice is growing it is to your advantage to "prove" otherwise. You will not find it a difficult assignment.

Ask that usual cross section of the population if they think Negroes have as good a chance as white people to get jobs. Ask again a few months later. As Princeton's Office of Public Opinion Research has found out, people who are most unsympathetic to Negroes are the ones most likely to answer yes to this question.

As prejudice increases in a country, the percentage of affirmative answers you will get to this question will become larger. What looks on the face of it like growing opportunity for Negroes actually is mounting prejudice and nothing else. You have achieved something rather remarkable: the worse things get, the better your survey makes them look.

The unwarranted assumption, or* post hoc *rides again. The interrelation of cause and effect, so often obscure anyway, can be most neatly hidden in statistical data.

Somebody once went to a good deal of trouble to find out if cigarette smokers make lower college grades than non-smokers. They did. This naturally pleased many people, and they made much of it.

The unwarranted assumption, of course, was that smoking had produced dull minds. It seemed vaguely reasonable on the face of it, so it was quite widely accepted. But it really proved nothing of the sort, any more than it proved that poor grades drive students to the solace of tobacco. Maybe the relationship worked in one direction, maybe in the other. And maybe all this is only an indication that the sociable sort of fellow who is likely to take his books less than seriously is also likely to sit around and smoke many cigarettes.

Permitting statistical treatment to befog casual relationships is little better than superstition. It is like the conviction among the people of the Hebrides that body lice produce good health. Observation over the centuries had taught them that people in good health had lice and sick people often did not. *Ergo,* lice made a man healthy. Everybody should have them.

Scantier evidence, treated statistically at the expense of common sense, has made many a medical fortune and many a medical article in magazines, including professional ones. More sophisticated observers finally got things straightened out in the Hebrides. As it turned out, almost everybody in those circles had lice most of the time. But when a man took a fever (quite possibly carried to him by those same lice) and his body became hot, the lice left.

Here you have cause and effect not only reversed, but intermingled.

THERE you have a primer in some ways to use statistics to deceive. A well-wrapped statistic is better than Hitler's "big lie": it misleads, yet it can't be pinned onto you.

Is this little list altogether too much like a manual for swindlers? Perhaps I can justify it in the manner of the retired burglar whose published reminiscences amounted to a graduate course in how to pick a lock and muffle a footfall: The crooks already know these tricks. Honest men must learn them in self-defense.

After Hours

It was anybody's guess, when Gimbels put on sale a collection of models from the U. S. Patent Office, whether the department store had scored a coup or embarked on a risky venture. Laid out on shelves and tables on Gimbels' sixth floor, a few steps from the toy department, these miniature inventions range in price from a dollar to a thousand, and in nature from a plowshare with a built-in cannon for shooting Indians, to a drill for making square holes. There are 150,000 of the models in all, and Gimbels apparently expects to make a good thing of them. "Gimbels," read a full-page ad in the *New York Times,* "LOVES inventors and inventions. . . . Gimbels is nuts over patents. . . ."

Between 1820 and 1890, if Gimbels' infatuation is new to you, every application for a U. S. patent was accompanied by a working model less than two cubic feet in volume. By 1925 it had cost the government $200,000 to keep the models in storage, and Congress subsequently determined that they should be sold at auction. The buyer was Sir Henry Wellcome, who would have presented the collection to the American people as a museum if the Depression had not imposed a drastic cut in the cash available for such generosity. At Sir Henry's death, his widow sold the little white elephants to a Wall Street syndicate, which exhibited a number of them in Rockefeller Center, sent them on tour to fairs and museums, and vainly attempted to attract financial interest in Sir Henry's original project. Storage charges continued to outrun income, however, and in 1942 the models were auctioned again.

There was still another sale in May 1943, for it was at this time that the Museum of Modern Art acquired the bent plywood chair which has since been widely exhibited as our own anticipation of the modern Finn, Alvar Aalto. Siegfried Giedion, a Swiss student of mechanized objects, also picked up at auction a few additions to his own collection. "These documents of the human spirit," wrote Mr. Giedion disconsolately, in *Mechanization Takes Command,* about the Patent Office models, "have been passed from hand to hand since their dispersion." During the period of fluctuating ownership the bulk of the gadgets has reposed successively in warehouses in Tuckahoe, New Rochelle, and Garrison, New York. Gimbels put but five thousand of them on the counters at the beginning of June, and as these are sold they will be replaced by new ones from the warehouse in Garrison until the entire lot is exhausted.

Naturally no one at Gimbels has any idea what will be found as they dig deeper into this mine of native wit. Included in the first five thousand are a number of conspicuous nuggets, like the Gatling gun or a "sounding board for a piano-forte" registered in 1878 by a Mr. C. F. F. Steinway, but most of the models seemed to me to fall slightly short of Mr. Giedion's ecstatic billing—or even Gimbels' own, which was: "representations of the American Inventive Spirit." It cannot be denied that the models embody American leanings, for the first impression they convey is one of Yankee love for tinkering gone completely astray, a feeling I have had in only slightly less degree on visiting Monticello, where this pattern was forever set in legend. But, like Mr. Jefferson's individual wine-bottle dumb-waiter, the nineteenth-century patent models are more often distinguished by domestic ingenuity than by industrial or scientific usefulness. The march of American invention, in the industrial or scientific sense, is thus not overly well represented at

Gimbels, though I overheard one of the company's spokemen argue eloquently that it was.

At any rate, as Mr. Giedion puts it, "only a fraction of the popular habit of invention is preserved in the Patent Office." A patent is likely to be the protective reflex of a man who *thinks* he has something, and if there is a lesson in the Gimbels' sale it is that most of the time he hasn't. The Patent Office has not always been allowed to decide what is or is not an "invention," and, except where the Supreme Court had to fall back on a phrase like "flash of genius," for lack of a better one, perhaps no one *can* decide. Anyone, on the other hand, can apply for a patent. I am told by an engineer who has wandered for years in the jungle of patent law that, at an outside estimate, 1½ per cent of them are worth the filing fee.

The case for the American Inventive Spirit, for instance, will scarcely stand or fall by Patent No. 195,484, a bed which unfolds to become a fire escape, even though again we are in contact with the American current; did not Benjamin Franklin contrive a library chair which unfolded to become a stepladder? One can imagine that long experience with the inflammable summer hotels which flourished at about the time when the bed-ladder was patented may have convinced Mr. Robert O. Collis, whose name it bears, that no need for technological advance was greater. But can the same be said for Mr. B. F. Card, who entered in 1879 his claim to the immediate profits from a spiral staircase which, folding up like a lady's fan, could be collapsed into the wall?

One wonders how many of these ingenious gentlemen ever profited from their brain-children. Did Mr. Ezra B. Lake, who took out a patent for the Venetian blind, on November 19, 1878, enjoy the fruits of his temporary monopoly? Do those of us who, from time to time, employ a pair of ordinary pliers have warm memories of Mr. A. A. Pease, who patented them, under the name "adjustable tool," on January 10, 1882? All are as forgotten as Samuel B. Munson, Jr., who entered title on July 1, 1873, to the corrugated-metal garbage pail—may he live on under the back porches of a grateful nation.

It is particularly noticeable that during the seventies inventive energy was directed toward the problems of the housewife. Bed springs and washing machines of many varieties are so numerous in Gimbels' first selection that it seems hardly possible further digging in the warehouse will reverse the balance, in favor of, say, Thos. J. Byrne's "apperatus [*sic*] for drawing malt liquor." Consider how much thought Miss Mary E. Lewis, of Mansfield, Ohio, had devoted by November 14, 1871, to the automatic dish-washer, and how J. Sorg, Jr., by April 27, 1880, had put the washing machine up on the four legs on which it remained until the coming of the Bendix. There seemed also to be virtually hundreds of built-up soles and inner pads for footwear, showing that we were as far then as we are now from solving the basic problem of the shoe.

Some of the patents, necessarily, are just plain baffling. Though one can see the impulse, if not exactly the market, for F. Fildes' extension holder for oil cans, making it possible to depress the bottom of the can and eject lubricant in inaccessible places, the idea seems quite reasonable by contrast with M. Sederer's "snow-melting machine" or G. Utley's wire headrest for relaxing the spine on long train trips. One patent, granted to O. Loew on May 28, 1872, is represented by a box of black lacquered metal, decorated in red with Chinese characters. One would be at a loss without the label, which helpfully reads: "apparatus for generating ozone."

All in all, it is an exhilarating rummage sale, though I am uncertain whether the public weal would have been better served by a subsidized central repository than by this scattering of riches. It is too late now, except for interested concerns, such as the Steinways, to pick up for an odd $350 two examples of their ancestors' technical enterprise. It is possible that there may have been more interest in the models as a result of the sale than there was before, and perhaps this would be the best result of all, against which the breaking-up of the complete collection could be counted small loss. A Renaissance can be fertilized by the rifling of libraries that were of no use inviolate, and it would be appropriate to remember that more than a mechanical museum we can use the spirit which produced these models—perhaps best represented in this respect by W. S. Fish's

patent of February 24, 1863: "apparatus for cooking with gas." Price at Gimbels: eight dollars.

A Price with Honor

On the wall above the main checkroom at the Art Institute of Chicago there are two signs. One has all the urgency of a sub-section of the municipal code; it warns the public that, though the service is without charge, the Institute will not be held responsible for losses and requires that all articles be claimed by closing time. The other, lettered in severe capitals, is more to the point:

PLEASE PRESERVE THE DIGNITY OF THE ART INSTITUTE AND DO NOT TIP THE ATTENDANTS

Dignity is a fragile flower. On the evenings when concerts are held in the Institute's Fullerton Hall it undergoes a strain, for the patrons of music are accustomed to the cost of checking in at other concert halls, where if anyone cares about dignity it is not the management. The institution of the tip is very well established, in spite of the tendency of service to be increasingly mechanized and impersonal; when it comes with a smile we still expect to pay for it. Consequently, on concert evenings at the Institute, a quarter or two in change inevitably find their way out onto the metal counter. Presumably either the regular attendants, or the art students who work part-time in the checkroom, pick up the silver and let dignity go hang.

The Chicagoans' impulse is sound. I suspect that the stigma of indignity attaches to tipping only because its absence is associated with the gentlemen's club, a British—or, at the least, coastal—circumstance which the interior could be expected to ignore. There has been a theory, perhaps too easily accepted, that tipping is not permitted in services of recent origin, like the precise and enthusiastic ministrations of the gas-station attendant, and will therefore not survive in the age of the Laundromat. Quite to the contrary, tipping has been on the up—only in recent years it has established a beachhead on the lunch counter—and it is a question of time and no more before the Institute may have to adopt stronger measures to protect its art students from the temptations of the *pourboire*.

No one would suggest that the Institute descend to the level of theaters, night clubs, and restaurants, where the checking concession is leased to professionals; these quite naturally hire attendants of enfeebling beauty and flawless visual memory. I am well aware that this system increases the size of the take, for there is a restaurant located much too near my own office where a young woman of star-like countenance and infallible eye for my coat and umbrella has many times caused me to leave more in the plate than I had planned. But the dangers are too great. What little gain there might be in selecting art students for the Institute checkroom on this basis is offset by the greater indignity of exposing them to the perils of a checkroom girl's career. Certainly there would be no profit to the Institute in changing the sign to read:

ANYONE WANTING TO HELP THIS ART STUDENT WILL HAVE TO MEET HER OUTSIDE

Perhaps dignity can be salvaged. Jimmy Savage wrote in the Chicago *Daily Tribune* not long ago that the Beachcomber, a north-side restaurant, possessed an unleased and dignified checkroom provided with several boxes labeled for different charities. One month's tips enlarged the Chicago Heart Association's funds by $1,157.11 (enough to subsidize a potential painter for a year's study? or even buy a picture?). Last year the total for all Beachcomber charities thus collected was over $12,000.

The Art Institute of Chicago (and any other checkroom in like condition) might, to put it in undignified language, come off it. One of the advanced art students could letter up a sign like the following:

NO ONE NEED PAY TO USE THIS CHECKROOM. THOSE WILLING AND ABLE CAN HELP (1) BUY A PICTURE, (2) ENDOW A STUDENT, (3) ENRICH AN ATTENDANT, OR (4) PUBLISH A CATALOGUE.

Then put out four polished boxes with yawning slots. Let the gift, the giver, and the gifted adjust themselves in a free market, dignified and honest.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Economists, Intellectuals, and God

C. Hartley Grattan

One of the regular visitors to my home during the first six months of this year was Dr. Arthur Brown, the distinguished English professor of economics, who was doing a stint as "visiting professor" at Columbia. Amongst the many contrasts between his country and mine which we examined was that between the number of economists here and in England and the volume of publication in the field. We Americans support whole regiments of economists, academic and lay, real and phony, modest and pretentious, while the British must rest content with a few platoons (covering the same categories of course). The Americans pour out a Mississippi of publications, while British production is more on the scale of the Thames.

American economics today is generally believed to be in a fairly lively phase and British economists, Dr. Brown feels, can learn much of value from it. British economics, it is perhaps accurate to say, is in a period of pause for refreshment and reassessment while the pyrotechnic theoretical contributions of Lord Keynes are sorted out and the new economic environment created by World War II and the Labor government is brought under control. When Dr. Brown selected the most important British economist since Keynes, he came up, not with a resident of the British Isles, and not with a theoretician, but with Colin Clark, the famous author of *The Conditions of Economic Progress,* who lives and works as a civil servant in Brisbane, Queensland. Clark, Brown said, is tremendously significant because he has directed his astonishing energy, and the attention of the more lively young and coming men, to the factual statistical investigation of a wide range of economic problems, something that absolutely requires to be done after a period when theory has been a principal preoccupation. When the *Economist* admiringly reviewed Brown's book *Applied Economics* it said that the book let you know what "the boys in the back room" were thinking about. Clark has tremendous influence with the boys in the back room who are, of course, the boys who will dominate the scene tomorrow. American economics today is quite strong on the empirical side. Perhaps it will soon redress *its* balance and throw up a theoretician of major stature, in spite of the dismal thought expressed by Professor Howard Ellis in the preface to *A Survey of Contemporary Economics:* "The subject matter of economics has become so vast and its technique so specialized and difficult that the day of the exhaustive treatise by a single Jovian figure, such as Mill, Marshall, or Pigou, may have passed."

In this review of current American production I shall be dealing only with such items as have drifted my way on the

Mississippi flood and neither by accident nor design with a representative sample.

Making Capitalism Work by Dexter Keezer and Associates of the McGraw-Hill Economics Department (Whittlesey House, $3.50) is, while an indifferent job of writing, an admirable statement of a liberal capitalist position. Taking fully into account the current demands for stabilized prosperity and comprehensive social security, about both of which wise things are said, Keezer & Company try to formulate a program for realizing these things while preserving capitalism in pristine vigor.

In doing so they are prepared to warn the capitalists against being too dogmatically sure of themselves and too arrogant in their methods. I can imagine them counseling a careful reading of William Kapp's interesting study, ***The Social Costs of Private Enterprise*** (Harvard, $4.50) which shows how society subsidizes capitalism—or free enterprise—in ways not commonly attended to. But in the Keezer book attention is concentrated on capital investment and incentives; and this involves a good deal of discussion of taxation of corporate and personal income.

If capitalism is to survive, sufficient investment funds must be available to allow for a constant increase in capital equipment, much of which must be designed to increase productive efficiency. Ideally the necessary capital should come chiefly from retained earnings (or profits) and from new stock issues. In recent years retained earnings have supplied the bulk of the funds and the market for stock issues has been very slack. The ratio in 1948 was about ten to one in favor of retained earnings. Keezer & Company feel this situation is unhealthy, for they believe retained earnings under "normal" profit conditions will not carry the load as they recently have, and that unless changes are made, new stock issues will not rise to fill the expected gap. Therefore they call for a rewriting of the tax laws to encourage the use of earnings for investment and also to encourage investment in new stock issues by individuals.

If this sounds like an *enrichissez-vous* program, consider that under any capitalism that is to remain private, and not to become state, the overwhelming bulk of investment from year to year must necessarily be at private direction and from private sources. If taxes reduce the incentive and capacity of businesses and private persons to carry on this activity then the required capital must come from another source (unless stagnation is accepted), namely the government, and gradually, inevitably, you will get socialism of a kind through the socialization of capital accumulation (via the tax mechanism) and of investment (via government lending institutions).

The concern of Keezer & Company with these matters is well founded. The larger question, however, is whether the pattern of capital accumulation—and therefore investment—has not been permanently changed. Can the current trend really be reversed? If not, can the passing of the task to the government be evaded by any imaginable method? Is the choice only between a return to something like the *status quo ante* and government control of investment? At the moment attention seems focused where the McGraw-Hill economists have focused it: on a return to an earlier stage by tax revision. The same general approach is used in Lewis Kimmel's ***Taxes and Economic Incentives*** (Brookings Institution, $2.50), though Mr. Kimmel has cast a larger net over the tax field, and the conclusions and recommendations are much the same.

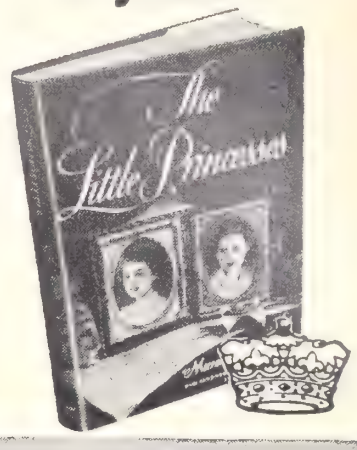
Central to all this discussion is the role of the corporation, and the men who run corporations; for this institution and these men occupy the strategic points in our private capitalist economy. In ***The Future of Democratic Capitalism*** (University of Pennsylvania Press, $2), which is otherwise a very minor performance, A. A. Berle, Jr., who in 1932 along with Gardiner Means published *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* and thereby wielded enormous influence over thinking about the corporations, has an urbane essay on "Corporations and the Modern State." To my taste, this essay is wiser than Peter F. Drucker's ***The New Society*** (Harper, $5) which deals with the same general subject in a way which is more provoking than provocative. Of course Drucker covers much more ground than Berle and, in addition to the subject mentioned, deals with the social significance of mass production, the problems of industrial management, and cognate matters. Drucker writes in a fashion calculated to bowl over the unwary. I should not like to suggest a reading of the book to anybody I knew to be lacking in a saving skepticism.

Little or nothing is said in the foregoing books about fiscal and monetary problems. Two new books get us into those fields: the twelfth edition of Kemmerer's ***The ABC of the Federal Reserve System*** (Harper, $3.50) and G. L. Bach's ***Federal Reserve Policy Making*** (Knopf, $3.75). The former is a careful revision, the first since 1938, of a standard introductory handbook, the latter an incisive essay "in modern economic policy-making." Professor Bach has gone behind the facade of the Federal Reserve to discover what individuals responding to what pressures with what ideas in their heads make policy. On the whole his essay is successful and mighty illuminating. No delusion is so tragic as the notion that policy-making, whether in business or government, can be conducted in a laboratory atmosphere with learned experts handling all the instruments. On the other hand, no delusion is so destructive as the cynical idea that policy-making is done by rule-of-dirty-thumb by rogues bent on advancing self- or party-interest. Reality lies somewhere in between. Professor Bach makes this very clear. Oddly, though, he leaves out one factor on which Kemmerer in his latter chapters places great emphasis: the question, partly speculative, of the influence of Keynes and the Keynesians. It would be interesting to have Professor Bach's opinion on this point.

Bach and Kemmerer agree that the emphasis has shifted in recent years from monetary to fiscal policy, from an emphasis on "money" and its control to Treasury getting and spending as summarized in the budget and management of the national debt. This shift has transferred power away from the Federal Reserve to the Treasury. The power of the Federal Reserve has been reduced and that of the Treasury enhanced. Bach believes that the Treasury has used its power, particularly with regard to debt management, in a way that encourages inflationary tendencies. In fact, the Bach essay (like the Kemmerer handbook) flattens out those curious fellows who argue that a large domestically-held national debt matters very little. It matters a great deal, as the record plainly shows. It raises more important questions than where authority should rest as between the Federal Reserve and the Treasury; it raises the question of the extent to which the contemporary philosophy of stabilization, or permanent prosperity, is a philosophy of permanent inflation. Are the fiscal-management folk, like the full-employment boys, consciously or unconsciously simply sophisticated inflationists? Plainly our panic about the awful consequences of uncontrolled deflation has tipped the balance in favor of inflation in almost every area of policy. The danger signals are flying. If deflation is certainly not stability, neither it seems to me is permanent inflation.

Morris Garnsey is, I suppose, keenly interested in all these questions, since he is a professional economist. But in his book ***America's New Frontier: The Mountain West*** (Knopf, $3.50) he is hunting different game. He has written an admirable economic-political study of a region, one of the best I have ever seen. Defining the Mountain West as the states of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, Garnsey shows why this group can be treated as a unit, outlines its place in the national economy today and tomorrow, surveys its resources natural and human, defines its capacity for production, actual and prospective, and defines the current role of its existing economic interests in the politics of the region, revealing himself as something of a New Dealer. Putting the region's best foot forward wherever justified, Garnsey never hides the worst foot from view, and therefore turns in what to a distant observer seems a carefully balanced survey. But why is the region a "new frontier"? Because, says Garnsey, it was skipped over in the march from East to West in the rush to get to the Pacific Coast, leaving a wide gap between actual and potential development that needs to be filled. It is an area of possible expansion for an economy whose law of life is precisely expansion. Garnsey makes out a good case. But is it not a case which could be made out for sections other than the Mountain West? No doubt, Mr. Garnsey might reply, but I am arguing the case of the Mountain West! The study of

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the American regions as economic units is on the upgrade. Garnsey's study is at once an accomplishment and a portent of things to come. It even includes a stab at that most difficult thing to construct, a regional balance-of-payments account.

Still, as an incorrigible and no doubt effete Easterner, I cannot help feeling that there is an element of unsophisticated mysticism in the books and articles that tout the unique virtues of the West. Garnsey displays it in spots. So also, in a charming personal document, does Mr. Justice William O. Douglas (***Of Men and Mountains,*** Harper, $4). It is with considerable pleasure, therefore, that I commend to all who feel quite comfortable east of the Alleghenies, as well as to those who feel comfortable only beyond them, Henry Nash Smith's ***Virgin Land: The American West as Symbol and Myth*** (Harvard, $4), the title of which pretty accurately indicates the nature of the book's contents, though hardly the clever and witty way in which the material is handled. Smith shows how the myths of the West were rooted and how they flowered. Seized of a belief in the myths, thousands of men, women, and children acted as if they reflected verified realities, with results that made American history, even as the myths were shattered. They eventually built up into one of the most potent intellectual myths in our history, Frederick Jackson Turner's historical thesis about the frontier. They still march on as Garnsey and Douglas show. Only stubborn and dreary Easterners are free of them and not even all Easterners can claim freedom from a sneaking suspicion that men from the West are somehow their superiors in virtue if not in polish. Mr. Smith is a sardonic Texan who teaches at Minnesota. Hence his amused affection for his myths and symbols. A charming book.

TURNING from the home scene to the foreign, we have two books to notice, Willard Espy's elementary argument for Point IV called ***Bold New Program*** (Harper, $3) and William Adams Brown's weighty ***The United States and the Restoration of World Trade*** (Brookings Institution, $5). The essential point both of these books make is that without a viable international economic system the going will be rough both for the United States and the rest of the world. I suspect it will be rough anyhow, for reasons neither author considers, including the charming irrationality of man (*pace* Henry Nash Smith's book). But that it will be less rough if a viable international system exists is indisputably true. The startling thing is that we have reached the stage where one will exist only if we deliberately construct it. At least that is the unexpressed major premise on which these books rest.

Only if we devise machinery and techniques to implement Point IV *in extenso* will capital investment abroad be sufficient in volume, says Mr. Espy. Only if the International Trade Organization is brought into existence, says Mr. Brown, is international trade (including also investment) going to flourish. Mr. Brown's book is a comprehensive, invaluable study of the genesis and writing of the ITO charter; Mr. Espy's is chiefly concerned with showing by specific examples how capital might be profitably invested abroad. Mr. Brown demonstrates the complications in his area of concern, Mr. Espy avoids them in his. Surely it is now obvious that we know what could be done, even what should be done, but how to do it gives all cautious men pause. Even when a reasonably sensible scheme is hammered out, there is no certainty that it will be set going. Dissenters will have at it with their customary glee. The future of the ITO at this moment looks rather dim. Mr. Brown's book may turn out to be an epitaph. Mr. Espy may fail of his objective, not because of an upsurge of universal ill-will, but because the immense resources which he shows to be needed to do all that can well be done may not be forthcoming. Often, as Henry David Thoreau said, man starts out to build a castle in Spain and ends up building a hen house.

I have inspected a variety of hen houses in my time, both in actuality and in idea, and I must say the American hen house does very well, provided the castle in Spain continues to be the yardstick of what the hen house may become. Our friends up at McGraw-Hill are much concerned that American intellectuals do a lot of crabbing, some of it of an exceedingly unpleasant kind, about our American hen house. They devote what it is customary to call a "thoughtful" chapter to the subject. I should like to quote from it at some length:

> The failure to do an effective educational job on the strength of capitalism has . . . been due in striking degree to the fact that leaders of capitalism have not energetically used such materials as have been at hand. Busy with other seemingly more urgent matters, and not much given to educational work in the first place, they have generally entrusted the job to specialists in public relations. The magnitude of their failure is perhaps best attested by the fact that most people would accept the art of pulling wool over the eyes of the public without getting caught at it as a good working definition of public relations for American business. This would be greatly unfair to many sincere and honest workers in the field of public relations. But that does not alter the widespread conception of public relations as a form of professional flimflam.
>
> As matters stand, it is no exaggeration to say that our social scientists and our business leaders view each other with mutual disesteem.
>
> The mutual disrelish which characterizes business men and academic social scientists is perhaps even more pronounced in the case of business men and literary and artistic people. . . . This, however, probably represents a more or less normal relationship between "creative artists" [why the quotes, Mr. Keezer?] and those doing the housekeeping. It is of less consequence [!!!] than the relationship between the business community and the academic community, for as John Maynard Keynes remarks, "The ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed the world is ruled by little else. Practical men, who believe themselves quite exempt from intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist."

All this is true, but still I do not see what Keezer & Company are getting at. Are they seeking apologists for capitalism of greater substance

and respectability than the scorned "public relations" boys? Judging by the releases which pass over my desk, it would be nice to have them. But I don't think Keezer & Company mean that at all; or at least they mean it only in the sense that they would very much like to improve the current situation.

What they appear to be driving at can only be accepted by swallowing a fallacy: that because American capitalism is, all things considered, and especially when taken with our powerful democratic tradition fully operative, a pretty good economic system, those intellectuals who agree should proclaim this truth on any and all occasions, preferably arm in arm with business leaders. It can't be done. As Messrs. Keezer & Company very well know, intellectuals and business men fail to be palsy-walsy not because the intellectuals all entertain a comprehensive "down" on capitalism, but because the systems of values that animate them are somewhat incompatible. To ask an intellectual to look at the world through business men's glasses (other than experimentally for purposes of study) is to ask the intellectual to become something he is not; or, in short, to become a phony. If business men could achieve sufficient intellectual flexibility and *savoir-faire* to take intellectuals as intellectuals, and also as persons who have their own unique contribution to make to a healthy and well-rounded society, the traffic between the two groups would be far more agreeable than it now is. But they won't. Business men are incorrigible intellectual imperialists. It is my observation that they, or their public relations men and other identifiable spokesmen, are the most inveterate heresy-hunters outside the Kremlin. If an intellectual is suspected of not being "sound" on any point, major or minor (*i.e.*, if he does not agree with the business man making the judgment), out with him. This, of course, is intolerably tiresome, especially when the business man himself is sound like a drum (*i.e.*, hollow). Intellectuals, it should not be forgotten, always have crabbed at the *status quo*, they always will, and the day they cease their grousing, they will also cease to be intellectuals. Intellectual dyspepsia is not an occupational disease with intellectuals, but their *sine qua non*. They are society's cathartic dissenters. This our so-called practical men always fail to understand. Therefore they are forever embracing Martin Tuppers and worse with loud hosannas, while God in his infinite wisdom grants immortality to Percy Shelley and John Keats. Myself, I hold with God.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Too Little Love, by Robert Henriques.

There will probably be as many books written about England's recent bloodless revolution as have been written about our Civil War. There is something about the imperfect balance of good and evil involved in the overthrowing of one kind of society and the rise of another which seems to stimulate both reader and author. Over such gigantic upheavals truth seems to hang imminent, just out of reach. . . . Mr. Henriques' previous novels (*The Voice of the Trumpet* and *No Arms, No Armour,* to mention only two) have shown his perceptiveness and poetic intensity of feeling. This one shows the breadth and depth of his understanding of history and humanity. . . . It deals with the household of Harry Meredith, owner of Neapcaster Park in the Cotswold Hills, and with the lives of all those whose services were required to keep such an establishment going. The time, from 1926 to 1948. The canvas is so huge, the characters so many, the plot so involved and full of logical reversals that it is impossible to summarize it. But a remark of one of the wisest of the landholders, a Jewish colonel, sets the point around which circles the whole argument of the novel. "We have failed," he said. "We have made a world in which people act with so much fear and so much greed, so much envy, and so little love, that they don't act like people." So those with the ideal of individual love, responsibility, and integrity sum up their failure. Will the new ideal of community

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

love and community responsibility serve humanity better? Mr. Henriques makes a lively argument and an absorbing story. Viking, $3.75

The Legacy, by Nevil Shute.
A harrowing, exciting, and in the end, very satisfying war romance told as only the author of such stories as *Ordeal, Pastoral, Most Secret, No Highway* could tell it. Malaya is part of the background; so is England; and so is Australia. It is the story of the courage of a young English girl who led a group of thirty-two British women and children, prisoners of the Japanese, on marches that lasted for two and a half years through the jungles of Malaya, when no Japanese commander would either assume responsibility for them or let them go. (This part of the book is based on actual incident.) And it is a story of love that traveled almost round the world. A fine tale told with deceptively simple craftsmanship. Morrow, $3

Troy and the Maypole, by Winston Clewes.
"What's not destroyed by Time's devouring hand? Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in the Strand?" It is from these lines, a favorite text for the school principal's commencement address, that Mr. Clewes takes his title and his theme. The book starts as an idyllic picture of a happy childhood: three boys living next door to each other in a small English town before the war. Soon a girl moves in down the street and the peaceful story continues. But from the beginning there are intimations of tragedy to come. It is a fascinating story, beautifully told and absorbing in spite of slow passages. It is also a devastating lesson in the corrupting influence of too much charm on all who come in contact with it—including the person who has it—and an all too credible picture of the way that time strips away the ribbons of illusion from the maypole of youth. Yet it is satisfying reading, because it rings true. Knopf, $3

Non-Fiction

John Adams and the American Revolution, by Catherine Drinker Bowen.
There is no point in trying to summarize here this "fictionalized biography" of John Adams' first forty years, the Book-of-the-Month choice for July. The main outlines of the man's life and Mrs. Bowen's ability in this field are too well known to need restating. From *Beloved Friends,* a biography of Tchaikovsky, in 1937, through her recent biography of Oliver Wendell Holmes, *Yankee From Olympus,* her narrative skill has been recognized. There are those to whom this particular kind of biography is anathema, no matter who does it or how good it is, and they will do well to stay away because this life is deliberately and creatively "fictionalized." I quote one paragraph from her chapter on sources and methods which tells, for me, a great deal about why Mrs. Bowen's portraits emerge so lifelike against their backgrounds. It also is most revealing of the author's intelligence, imagination, and humility.

> But I spent far less time on the physical scene than on that other, harder quest. The eighteenth century is not to be trifled with. To achieve a glimpse behind two centuries is not a matter of drawing Chippendale furniture, candlewick bedspreads, and gentlemen's knee breeches. What made the eighteenth century different was not man's clothing, but his outlook, his view of body and soul—a view so altered by time that only deepest immersion, a deliberate, disciplined shutting of the eyes, will bring it back. In John's day, Galen's four fluid humors still governed the body; the sanguine, the phlegmatic, the choleric, the melancholic. John's classmates at Harvard debated the truth of Copernicus's theory. The narrowing of one's mind to this strange constriction is a struggle painful, almost impossible; the Age of Enlightenment has tales to tell that wash our world away. Gone are Pasteur, Lister, and the germ theory of disease. Gone is Darwin. Special creation, spontaneous generation rule the universe. Newton, Descartes, Bacon, Harvey have not yet obliterated the long medieval darkness; over our shoulders peer Ramus, Abelard, and the schoolmen with Fra Castoreus and Meister Eckhart.
>
> Little, Brown, $5

English architecture and history are given an affectionately humorous

overhauling in two books this month, with Osbert Lancaster's busily decorative drawings as background for both.

There'll Always Be a Drayneflete, by Osbert Lancaster.
This book, in delightful deadpan text and illustration, tells the history of the imaginary English town of Drayneflete, from the Roman times and the baptism of Filthfroth the Brisling, to the present. The fine satire on over-proud local history is told through the humorless mouth of a certain Miss Dracula Parsley-ffigett. The architectural drawings, showing the changes in Drayneflete from century to century, are in themselves worth the price of admission.
Houghton Mifflin, $2.25

Here's England, by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten. Illustrated by Osbert Lancaster.
This is England here and now as the tourist sees it. But as the authors point out, England here and now is so much England's past that you can't understand her today without a certain knowledge of her yesterday. A delightfully chatty and informative guide book whose Part III, "Sightseers' Handy Key to History, Architecture, and Cricket," is unique and wonderful in guide books as I have known them. The brief chart of English history, listing kings with contemporary architecture, literature, and events is a masterpiece of intelligent summarizing and should be useful beyond all saying. Readers of *Harper's* will find among Mr. Lancaster's illustrations those which appeared in our May issue, "Tourist in England." Harpers, $3.75

The Little Princesses, by Marion Crawford.
This biographical account of the seventeen years during which "Crawfie" was governess in the British Royal Family, for all its exalted level and its picture of family continuity, tells the same story of change as *Too Little Love* mentioned above. It reads on the surface like the child's story that it is, and the outstanding events are known to us all, from the abdication of the Prince of Wales to the marriage of Princess Elizabeth. But it has the charm of sincerity and simplicity, and the family affection, courtesy, and even mischief which come through the self-imposed discipline of the royal family are very moving. It tells a good deal, too, about why when all else is changing the monarchy remains.
Harcourt, Brace, $3.50

Book Forecast

The fall is already so full of publishing news that the best one can do at this point is to skim the cream off the top. For instance:

Knopf is making much, and rightly, of "the story of an old book newly made", Ford Madox Ford's ***Parade's End,*** which they will publish in September. This book, made up of the four novels *Some Do Not, No More Parades, A Man Could Stand Up—,* and *The Last Post* fulfills the author's intention of having the four bound together in one cover. It has never been done before. It will be accompanied by a sounding barrage of critical acclaim, already in the publisher's hands.

Treason Trials and Tribulations

As is to be expected, books are now beginning to reflect our current loyalty jitters, and from every point of view. Owen Lattimore starts off, in August, with ***Ordeal by Slander,*** whose title is self-explanatory. Mrs. Lattimore's story in this issue of the magazine is a chapter from the book which Little, Brown is publishing.

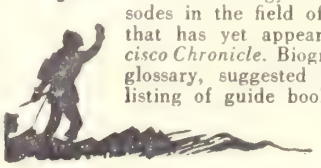
Witness is the title of the story—his own—which Whittaker Chambers is writing for the *Saturday Evening Post* and which it is rumored that Random House will publish in October. Alistair Cooke, the British journalist who covered the Hiss trial for the Manchester *Guardian,* has written a book about it called ***A Generation on Trial,*** which Knopf will publish in September. It seems to us an inspired title.

In fiction the subjects of loyalty, security, and treason are approached from two very different angles. Houghton Mifflin has on the list for August, indeed on August 6, the fifth anniversary of Hiroshima, a book about a man who worked on the atom bomb, and the changes that this work made in his life. It is by Michael Amrine and is called ***Secret.*** Later, in December, Farrar, Straus

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

will publish ***The Traitor,*** by William L. Shirer—a first novel by the well-known war correspondent.

Psychiatry and Psychoanalysis

Another reflection of the nervous state in which we live is the number of books in the psychiatric field. The Yale University Press is making much of Erich Fromm's (*Escape From Freedom, Man Against Himself*) new book, ***Psychoanalysis and Religion,*** which they will publish in October. Norton's big September book is ***Neurosis and Human Growth,*** by Karen Horney, whose *The Neurotic Personality of Our Time* caused such a stir five years ago. . . . In October Harper's will publish John T. McNeill's ***A History of the Cure of Souls,*** and Knopf announces ***Speaking of Man: A Psychiatrist's Credo*** by Abraham Myerson for the same month. Farrar, Straus have in hand the manuscript of ***Rx for Rebellion: A Postscript to Creative Analysis,*** by Robert Lindner, which they expect to publish in the fall, and from the other side of the psychoanalytic couch Whittlesey House will come out in September with ***The Story of My Psychoanalysis*** by John Knight.

Joys of Locomotion

What did the Stanley Steamer have that it should be loved by so many for so long; perhaps the answer will be apparent in ***The Story of the Stanley Steamer*** by George Woodbury, which Norton will publish in August, complete with thirty-two pages of illustration. In addition to this one, several other books will be ready to help the American Automobile Association celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in New York in September. ***Get a Horse,*** the story of the automobile in America, by M. M. Musselman, comes from Lippincott in August; and Floyd Clymer's ***Treasury of Early American Automobiles*** from Whittlesey House in September.

Feminine Finance for Fall

If any women readers are interested in how to invest money, Winston is offering some serio-humorous advice by Edgar Scott, in a book with introduction by Emily Kimbrough. The happy title is ***How to Lay a Nest Egg.***

1066 came the Normans! 882 years later who should show up but McKENNEY!

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next month—the Centennial

Harper's MAGAZINE

THE next issue—in case you had forgotten—will be our long-planned, gala Centennial number, with some two hundred pages of pictures and text to celebrate and climax our first hundred years of continuous publication. There will be surveys and discussions of the century, from vastly different points of view, by ***Bernard DeVoto, Thomas Mann, Gerald W. Johnson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Frederick Lewis Allen***, and ***Russell Lynes***, and a forty-eight-page picture section by ***John A. Kouwenhoven*** showing "America on the Move," packed with illustrations taken from past issues of *Harper's*, from 1850 to 1920.

IN a strictly personal vein, we are also presenting a history of the magazine by the editor, special editions of "Personal & Otherwise" and the "Easy Chair," and the reminiscences of two life-long *Harper's* readers, one from each side of the Atlantic: ***Rebecca West*** and ***Elmer Davis.***

TURNING to the present and future, ***Wolfgang Langewiesche*** presents a magical picture of America in "The U.S.A. from the Air," and ***Richard H. Rovere*** sums up "The Writer's Lot" in the United States today. The fiction is provided by ***William Faulkner*** and ***Katherine Anne Porter;*** poetry, by ***W. H. Auden*** and ***Peter Viereck.*** On the art side, in addition to dozens of pictures from old issues, there are new illustrations by ***Steinberg, Robert Osborn***, and ***Bernarda Bryson.***

This is only a partial list of the contents of an issue on which we have been working for well over a year, and which we humbly hope will be memorable.

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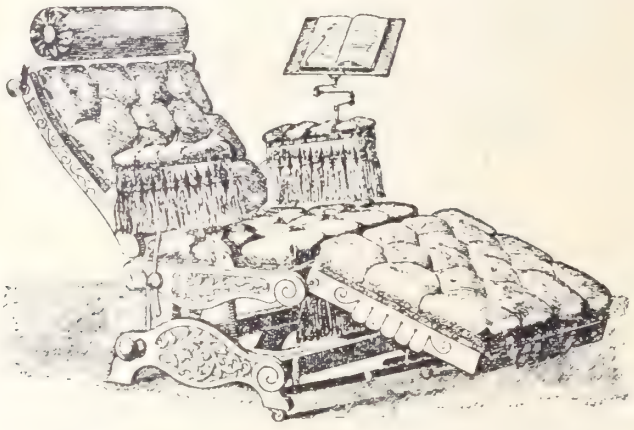
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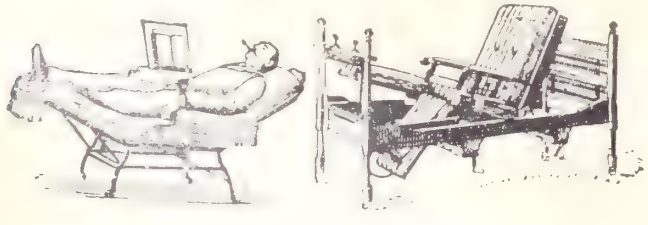
Personal & Otherwise



Rip Van Winkle Reclining Rocking Chair

Now that ***Peter Blake*** and ***Robert Osborn*** have compiled their handy guide to contemporary sitting ("Take a Chair," p. 28), it is time for P&O to call their (and your) attention to some earlier aspects of the American preoccupation with how to take a load off your feet. For we tend to forget, in the midst of the contemporary hoop-dee-do about "Stacking Chairs" and "Controlled Environment Chairs" and all the other varieties which Mr. Blake irreverently describes, that Americans have never really been willing to let a chair be just a chair—not for the past hundred years, at any rate.

One of America's most talked-about exhibits at the first world's fair in London's Crystal Palace in 1851, was a spring chair made in Troy, New York, which rocked in all directions to suit the shifting positions of its occupant, and the idea of an adjustable, adaptable seat was something like a national obsession for a generation thereafter. When Melville wrote *The Confidence Man* in 1857, he quite naturally identified the man "in the charity business" as the benevolent inventor of a Protean Easy Chair, which was "so all over bejointed, behinged, and bepadded, every way so elastic, springy, and docile to the airiest touch, that in some of its endlessly changeable accommodations of back, seat, footboard, and arms, the most restless body . . . must, somehow and somewhere, find rest."



Sargent's Invalid's and Fracture Bed

On this and the following page of P&O we reproduce several pictures of furniture advertised in *Harper's* during the eighties and nineties, all of it obviously the product of a benevolent obsession with sedentary fluctuations. The "Rip Van Winkle Reclining Rocking Chair" on this page, for instance, was advertised by P. C. Lewis of Catskill, New York, as capable of "200 changes of position." The "Invalid's and Fracture Bed," the iron-framed adjustable reclining chair in which the cigar smoker is concavely reposing, and the "Carrying Chairs" for going up and down stairs, were all made by the Sargent Manufacturing Company of New York, which made so many other models of folding and adjustable furniture that it required a one-hundred-

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IPLE-PLAY PHONOGRAPH

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page catalogue to describe its line. And the "White Mountain Hammock Chair," made in Antrim, New Hampshire, not only folded and adjusted but also swung in the breeze.

If one compares these seating devices with those described and illustrated by Mr. Blake and Mr. Osborn, it will be clear that a great change has come over chair designers since the eighties. Back in the eighties, for example, the Lovell Manufacturing Company of Erie, Pennsylvania, prided themselves on the fact that their "Hammoquette Reclining Chair" was "cunningly contrived to follow your every motion with an accommodating change of shape."

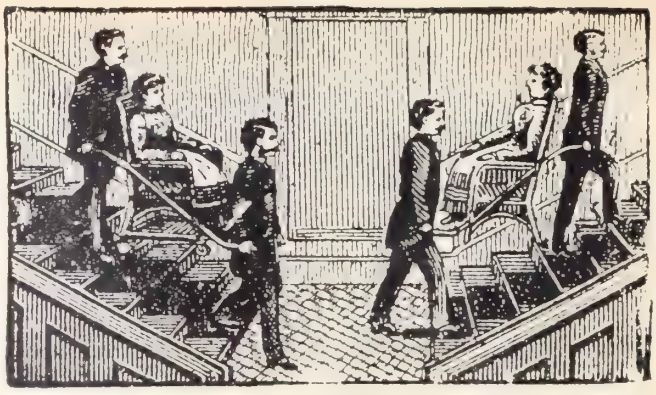


Hammoquette Reclining Chair

> The whole chair is a perfect automaton. If you stretch out, it stretches out; if you sit erect, it sits erect; if you rise, it actually lands you on your feet.

Nowadays things are different. It is the sitter, not the chair, who becomes the automaton. It is you and I who must cunningly contrive to conform to the contours of the chair, by an accommodating change of our shapes.

For the designers are dedicated souls, and the age of anarchic relaxation is over. Even the springy cantilevered chair, which made some concession to the individual's heft and balance and was once considered very modern, has been falling out of favor. From now on we will relax in predetermined postures, even if the designer has to slide us into them down curved slopes of plywood or plastic, or truss us up in them with slings of canvas or rope.

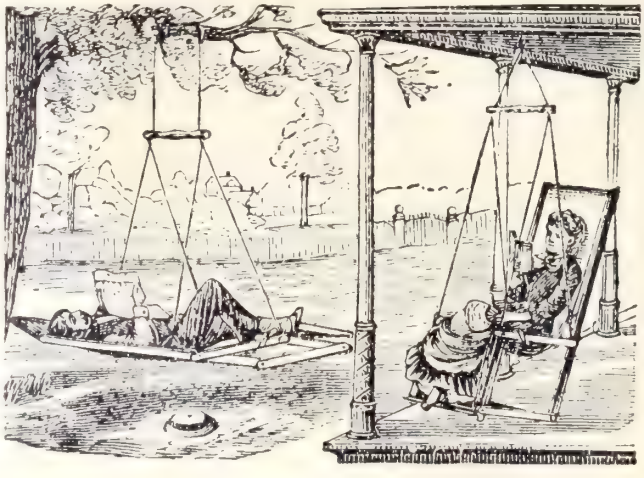


Sargent's Carrying Chairs

Mr. Blake, who was curator of architecture and design at the Museum of Modern Art for two years after he returned from serving as an intelligence officer with the Army in Europe, is now associate editor of the *Architectural Forum*. Lest anyone think his attitude toward contemporary chairs is frivolous, it should be noted that he is currently engaged—on the side—in preparing with "deadly seriousness" a traveling exhibition for the Museum of Modern Art on modern chair design.

Mr. Osborn, on the other hand, comes to the problem of seating with the non-professional eye of one who merely sits. His drawings, which always delight us with their refusal to accept the illusion that matter in any form, human or structural, is inanimate, seem to us worthy of a prominent place in Mr. Blake's traveling exhibition, if the Museum can be persuaded to agree.

Mr. Osborn has published *War Is No Damn Good* and other books of drawings.



White Mountain Hammock Chair

Monopoly: Purely Occidental

The ethics of business enterprise is always a fascinating subject, but it is not P&O's function to deal with such intangibles. All we can do, therefore, is suggest that whoever reads ***John Williams Andrews'*** article on the "U. S. *vs.* A&P: Battle of Titans" (p. 64) should also read ***Walter Robb's*** "I Weep for the Chinese" (p. 58). The two articles, unbeknownst to their authors and without any such intention on the part of the editors, so far as P&O can make out, can be regarded in a sense as "variations on a theme." And the theme is the ethics of enterprise, or, conversely, the enterprise of ethics.

Mr. Robb, whose long-term view of China's chances of coping with communism is based upon thirty-five years of observation of Chinese business practices in the Philippines, describes a system of buying, selling, borrowing, lending, and boycotting which is a kind of Oriental translation of the techniques described in Mr. Andrews' article. It is as if the crisp, typewritten organizational chart of A&P had been rendered in impressionistic Chinese characters on a silk scroll. It may be an illusion, but to P&O the ethics of enterprise appear to be in both cases essentially the same, except that in one case they are tightly integrated and in the other loosely interlinked.

If, then, one seems less admirable than the other, it may not be because one is ethical and the other not, but because one is flexible, adapting itself to human diversity, and the other is rigid, requiring human nature to adapt to its efficiently predetermined structure, like those contemporary chairs we were talking about a moment ago.

THE first eleven of Mr. Robb's thirty-five years in the Philippines were spent in various provinces as a teacher in public schools. In 1918 he went into newspaper work in Manila, specializing in business news, and made a constant study of the Chinese communities in the Islands.

For twenty years, until the end of 1941, he was the Philippines correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News,* and in 1940-41 he was also



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GERMANY—Ancient Town Hall at Michelstadt in Odenwald Forest near Heidelberg and Frankfurt.

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Philippines correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor.* During the war he worked as a lecturer and writer for the OWI and other government agencies. He has published a number of books and articles, and is now writing and acting as counsel on relations with the Philippines.

CURIOUSLY enough, Mr. Andrews also knows a good deal about the Chinese, although his immediate background for his article on the "Battle of the Titans" is his training at the Yale Law School, his practice with Elihu Root's New York law firm, specializing in corporate law and litigation, and his work with the Department of Justice from 1942 to 1949, first as a member of the Special War Policies Unit and then as a member of the Anti-trust Division in charge of an investigation which recently resulted in the indictment of an Electrical Wholesalers Association. But before Mr. Andrews went to law school he had already had more than five years of professional experience as a newspaperman in China, having been assistant editor of the Peking *Leader,* manager of the Chung Mei News Agency, and Peking correspondent of INS.

Since 1949, when he resigned from the Anti-trust Division, Mr. Andrews has been free-lancing. Poems of his have appeared in *Harper's* and other magazines, and he has also done historical and biographical writing.

Issues and Diversions

•••***Robert H. Jackson,*** whose opinion in a case before the Supreme Court we present as our leading article this month under the title, "The Communists in America" (p. 21), was appointed to the Supreme Court in 1941. He represented the United States in negotiating with Soviet Russia, the United Kingdom, and France on an agreement for the international trials of European Axis war criminals, and he also acted as chief counsel for the United States to conduct the prosecution in the trials of Goering, Ribbentrop, and other top Nazis.

Admitted to the bar in New York state in 1913, he began practice in Jamestown. In 1934 he was appointed general counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and he later served as Assistant Attorney General and as Attorney General of the United States.

•••"The Two Laughters" (p. 27) is the first poem we have published by the Los Angeles poet, ***Joseph Joel Keith.*** The most recent of his six books of published verse is *Durable Fire,* and another volume is scheduled for this fall. Mr. Keith's poems have appeared in many magazines here and abroad; he is managing editor of Poetry Awards, and a frequent book reviewer as well as book columnist for the Long Beach *Press Telegram.*

•••***Myron Stearns*** had an article in *Harper's* just last June called "The Road that Food Built," in which he described the building of the Inter-American Highway through Central America. This month, in "Our Roads Are Going to Pot" (p. 34), he writes about the roads that inadequate upkeep and trucks have spoilt, right here in the United States.

Everyone who drives a car knows how bad the roads are in many places, but as Mr. Stearns says, most of us assume that the potholes and heaved slabs and narrow pavements are perversely on the roads we just happen to travel. Other roads, going places we aren't lucky enough to be going, must be better, we think. But they aren't.

One point which Mr. Stearns overlooks in his discussion of the causes for highway disintegration is perhaps worth adding here. P&O has no desire to minimize the damage done to the roads by overloaded trucks, or the stupidity and cupidity which combine to achieve the construction of roads which are inadequate in the first place. But it does seem a pity, when luck or providence gives the motorist a good road, like the Taconic State Parkway (by which New Yorkers make their escape to the north country and—best of all—Vermont), they should have it eaten out from under them by the salt which the highway commissioners sprinkle on it to melt the winter ice. There's probably some reason why the state's highwaymen should take away with one hand what they gave with the other, but we refuse to believe that it is a good one.

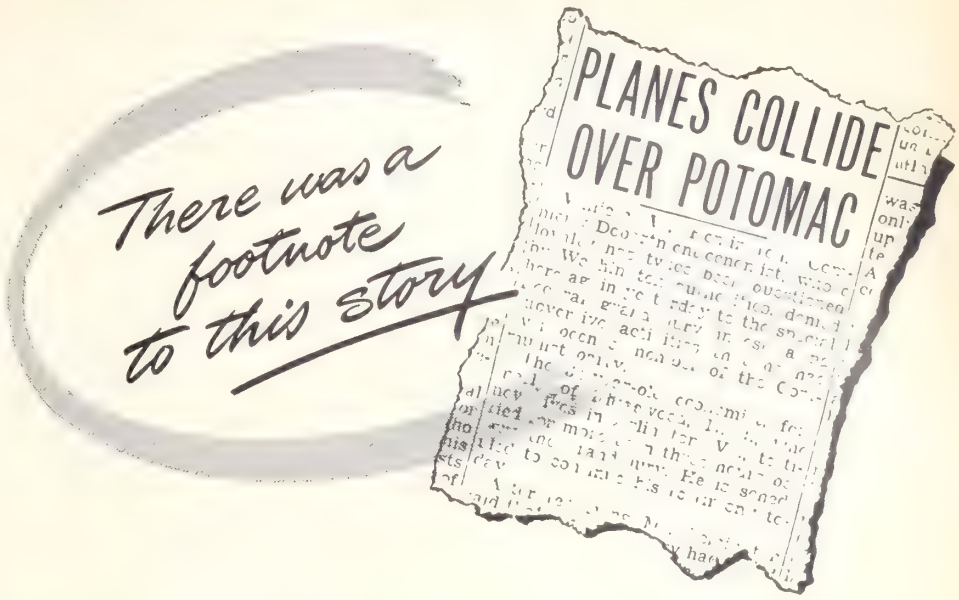
P & O

Mr. Stearns is, as many *Harper's* readers know, the author of many articles on subjects relating to highways, traffic problems, and automotive safety. Since 1940 he has been editorial associate of the Automotive Safety Foundation.

•••In the midst of war, ***Julian Huxley's*** "Population and Human Destiny" (p. 38) appears on the surface to be a quiet thing. Mr. Huxley takes the perspective of several millennia, and speaks of the human race as a species whose existence on earth is, in the long run, scarcely affected numerically by the wars we visit upon ourselves. But in its essence, this essay is bold rather than safe, and it is morally committed to a conception of mankind more revolutionary than the puny subversive acts sought by Congressional investigators. Implied in his contempt of mere numbers as a criterion of human value are a concept of the interdependence of mankind and an acceptance of man's responsibility for the quality of his life which are at this stage of history far ahead of the *status quo*.

For the trying out of these ideas—Mr. Huxley says that we have done much in assessing where we stand—the most effective world effort lies in the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization, of which Mr. Huxley was Director General from 1946 to 1948. He has held distinguished professorships at universities in England and abroad and is author of many books about science and social needs, two of which are *On Living in a Revolution* and *Man in the Modern World*.

The moral fervor which breathes through Mr. Huxley's work, as well as his devotion to science, resemble the spirit of his grandfather, Thomas Henry Huxley, who believed that the chief business of men is to learn the order of nature and govern themselves accordingly. And in view of the threat of annihilation which hangs over the human race at the present time, Julian Huxley's challenge to men to improve themselves and their life on earth is no less a triumph of reason over pessimism than was his grandfather's teaching of evolution in the face of the horror of it which he himself described in discussing the material basis of life.



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BRITISH RAILWAYS

"The consciousness of this great truth," he wrote in 1868, "weighs like a nightmare, I believe, upon many of the best minds of these days. They watch what they conceive to be the progress of materialism, in such fear and powerless anger as a savage feels when, during an eclipse, the great shadow creeps over the face of the sun. The advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls; the tightening grasp of law impedes their freedom; they are alarmed lest man's moral nature be debased by the increase of his wisdom."

Evolution is no longer our bugbear, but men are still afraid of their own knowledge. And Mr. Huxley's faith is as bold as was his grandfather's.

"Population and World Destiny" is adapted from two articles by Mr. Huxley printed early this year in the English publication, *World Review*.

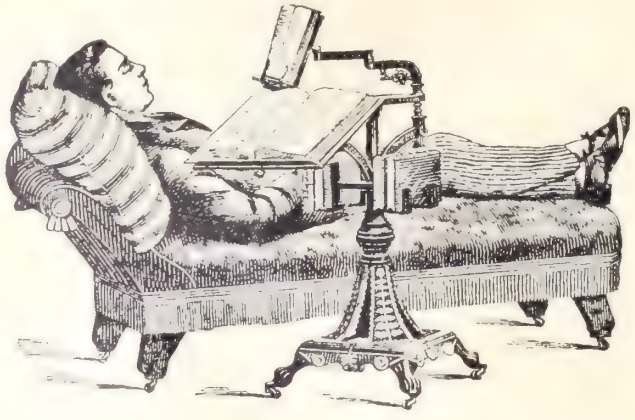
•••Two stories by a young Manxman which we published in our June issue have inspired interest in the author, ***Nigel Kneale,*** whose work had not before appeared in this country. This month, "Curphey's Follower" (p. 53) and "Minuke" (p. 47) give further evidence of what Elizabeth Bowen has termed a reaction (and a healthy one) against plotlessness in the short story. "When I say that Nigel Kneale's stories have plot," Miss Bowen wrote when his work was published last year in England, "I mean that they make their effect by the traditional elements of invention, tension, a certain amazement, and, ultimately, surprise. Like his great predecessors, he is impersonal, not using his art either for self-expression or exhibition. His art is the art of narration—the world's oldest. He knows how to rouse interest; and, which is still rarer, knows how to hold it. He is adept to giving a situation a final twist."

The son of a newspaper publisher on the Isle of Man, Mr. Kneale grew up and was educated there, as he says, "among the other Kneales, and the Cains and Skillicorns and Crebbins and Quirks; native Manx names, as the Murphys, O'Hallorans and Raffertys are Irish. In time I started training to become an advocate at the Manx Bar, but more foolscap went in penciled stories than in studying the insular law."

Still in his mid-twenties, Mr. Kneale is working at writing plays. A collection of his stories, *Tomato Cain,* will be published here by Alfred A. Knopf later this month.

The pictures of Curphey and his follower and of Minuke, before and after the events of the story, were drawn by ***Lillian Freedgood,*** who is a graduate of Pratt Institute and a painter and sculptor as well as commercial illustrator. She is art editor of *Young Judaean* magazine and has a six-year-old daughter.

•••"Sir Carl of Heldart: A Novell" (p. 74) comes from the novelist ***Victoria Lincoln.*** Take it, if you will, as a candid portrait of the artist as a young romancer. Miss Lincoln is the author of *February Hill; Grandmother and the Comet;* and *Celia Amberley,* which was published by Rinehart last winter. In



Holloway Reading Stand—"a beautiful and useful Christmas present for parents or children" —from a *Harper's* advertisement in the eighties.

1947 *Harper's* published two pieces of reminiscence by her.

Miss Lincoln, who is married to Victor Lowe, professor of philosophy at Johns Hopkins, is the mother of three children. The family play a great deal of music and create frequent family parties, in which their love of costume and drama run free. One splendid occasion was a party for the birthday of Immanuel Kant.

Bernarda Bryson, the artist, took off from "Sir Carl" to a world of old romance which most of us can remember as having existed in full-blown reality when we were about twelve. Miss Bryson's gift for satire, which is a delicate adornment in these pictures, has appeared in bolder form in this magazine in a series of political caricatures which appeared during the 1948 Presidential campaign.

Like the author of "Sir Carl," she is the mother of three children; she is married to Ben Shahn, the painter. Both women lived for a time in Columbus, Ohio—Miss Lincoln as a faculty wife, Miss Bryson as a student at Ohio State.

•••"What It Was Like" (p. 79) is the second part of ***Eleanor Lattimore's*** narrative of the personal and domestic crisis which resulted from the charges made by Senator Joseph McCarthy against her husband, Owen Lattimore. The first part of this account, which we published last month, was included in Mr. Lattimore's book, *Ordeal by Slander,* brought out by Little, Brown. Mrs. Lattimore wrote this article for us to wind up—for the present—the events which she left suspended last month with the arrival of her husband from Afghanistan to face the press and the Senate subcommittee hearings.

Mrs. Lattimore grew up in Evanston, Illinois, the daughter of a college professor. Since her marriage in 1926, she has traveled widely in Asia, has assisted her husband in his research and writing, and has been joint author with him of *China, a Short History.* On her own, she has written *Turkestan Reunion,* an account of a journey through Siberia and Central Asia, *China Yesterday and Today,* and a number of pamphlets and articles.

The Lattimores live in Ruxton,



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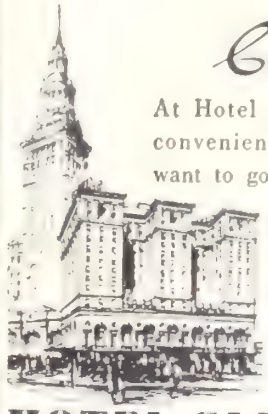
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P & O

Maryland; Professor Lattimore is director of the Page School of International Relations at the Johns Hopkins University; their son has finished his junior year at Harvard.

Since Mrs. Lattimore's article was completed, the Democratic majority of the Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee which was set up to investigate the charges made by Senator McCarthy against Owen Lattimore and others said in its report made public on July 18 that the evidence indicated the charges were untrue. The report concluded its section on Mr. Lattimore as follows:

> In our view, the Lattimore case affords an opportunity to reaffirm this nation's determination to protect its citizens when they, not as minions or agents of a foreign power or subversive group but as independent researchers, writers, and speakers, express freely their honest views and convictions.

•••Twenty-five years ago this month *Harper's* began one of its most famous serials, *Thunder on the Left* by ***Christopher Morley.*** Many readers will remember the gunfire of bright talk set off by that work. It was comparable then, we fancy, to the effect of "The Cocktail Party" this year—whatever Mr. Morley and Mr. Eliot may think of the suggestion.

We have a poem from Mr. Morley in this issue to celebrate this particular anniversary, though "Anthem for Boeotia" (p. 87) has no thematic connection as far as we know to *Thunder on the Left.*

From the author's point of view, the best adventure which that novel produced happened atop a Fifth Avenue bus—a good place for adventures both then and now. "I noticed," Mr. Morley told us, "a young beautiful woman reading it in *Harper's.* (It's really astonishing how young and beautiful women were in 1925.) As we reached 57th Street, she leaped up with a face dismayed, crying out, 'Heavens, I meant to get off at 42nd.'"

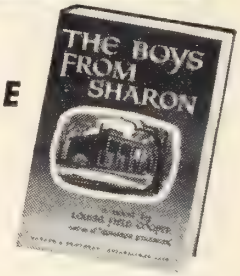
Music to an author's ears, no doubt, and remembered this quarter century.

"Anthem for Boeotia" will appear in a book to be published by Doubleday this month, *The Ballad of New York, New York, and Other*

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PERSONAL & OTHERWISE

Poems. Mr. Morley selected this volume of the verse he liked best among that he had written in the past twenty years, to cheer himself up for his recent sixtieth birthday.

•••***Loren C. Eiseley*** is a man who gets around a good deal among the little known anthropological wonders of the earth, keeping his eyes open. "God knows how many things a man misses by becoming smug and assuming that matters will take their natural course," he remarked in an article in *Harper's* just a year ago.

As he was idly watching a squirrel one day, he related in "The Fire Apes," his mind leaped back a half million years or so to an African ape who experimented with making fire, and he caught hold of an idea which did away for him with any "crass anthropocentric dogma about the uniqueness of the human brain."

"The Snout" (p. 88) goes still further back but carries the same theme—that man may be replaced on this planet by another species. For Dr. Eiseley this is an idea to be contemplated without fear.

Since 1947, Dr. Eiseley has been chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania and Curator of Early Man at the university museum. Writing to us about "The Snout" (which, incidentally, was once called "The Crawlers"—take your choice), he said:

> This essay involves an account of one of the more mysterious episodes in the history of the vertebrates. Readers will note that I have made references to both Silurian and Devonian times. I do so because terrestrially the late Silurian and succeeding early Devonian were marked by increasing aridity of climate. This, in the eyes of most authorities, seems to have been a major cause for the rise of the air-breathing vertebrates. By upper Devonian times the first true amphibians had appeared.
>
> The researches of Dr. C. Judson Herrick on the origins of the cerebral hemispheres, and the fact that the Dipnoi or lung fish (related to our ancient lobe-finned ancestors) still survive as living fossils have enabled scholars to draw upon facts from comparative anatomy which would not otherwise be available.
>
> The reader desiring to pursue the subject further is urged to read Dr. Homer Smith's wonderful little volume *Kamongo* (Viking Press, 1932), which gives a vivid account of a hunt for the existing lung fish, along with a magnificent treatment of their philosophic significance.

•••No conclusion should be drawn—at least only that we were delighted to come upon them in close sequence—from the appearance of "Eames *vs.* Hammock" (p. 92) in the same issue with Messrs. Blake and Osborn's view of the modern chair. The author of the poem has no connection with the magazine, beyond the fact that his son is a member of the staff, and is by occupation not a designer of chairs or swinger of hammocks but a professor of philosophy at Union College, Schenectady, New York. ***Harold A. Larrabee*** is also the author of a book of light verse, *Rhymes About College,* many of which appeared originally in F.P.A.'s newspaper column, "The Conning Tower." His present hammock, though unlike the White Mountain Hammock chair shown on page 8, is strung up slightly south of the White Mountains, in Wolfeboro, New Hampshire.

•••In June of 1946, ***Jean Glasscock*** went back to Wellesley College for class reunion, and she has stayed on there in the ivy carrying out one of those college jobs which are popularly supposed to be quiet. But since she has been doing double duty as publicity director for the college as well as for the 75th Anniversary Fund Campaign, she has had little breathing time. "Tie It Up in a New Package" (p. 98) is a by-product of this experience. (Incidentally the "drive" part of the campaign has ended with a phenomenal record of 88.9 per cent of the alumnae contributing to it. God bless them, as Miss Glasscock says.)

Before going back to Wellesley, Miss Glasscock did a number of varied publicity jobs—first, after graduation, with the Hollywood Beach Hotel (Florida), later with the Kansas State Fair, the Red Cross, and the WAVES. In the meantime, she taught English at St. Agatha's School for Girls in New York and received a Master's Degree from Wellesley.

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LETTERS

On Tolerance—

To the Editors:

For some time it has seemed to me that *Harper's* was going the way of much other journalistic "flesh" and would soon be giving its readers large gobs of inanities in the form of assertions and assumptions about things alleged to be supernatural—necessarily without evidence. Professor Brogan's article was some relief, however, and the accurate location of intolerance by Horace M. Kallen in the July issue ["The Predicament of the Tolerant"] in an exceptionally able discussion of tolerance, further redresses the scale.

The majority of the people in the United States are indifferent to any supernatural religion and disregard or ignore all the sects and dogmas. But because the majority lack the vindictive, persecuting spirit of the "true believers" they are, apparently, lost sight of by many editors oversensitive to a vociferous minority. Is the non-Christian majority to be ignored because of the threats of the intolerant? As Kallen points out, the Communists have copied the intolerance of religious bigots. Both demand tolerance for themselves but straightway become intolerant when they have the power.

History furnishes abundant proof that believers in an absolute easily become monsters. It may be a concept of an absolute economic system, an absolute racism, or an absolute god. All require the shedding of rivers of human blood. . . .

OTTO PAULS
St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editors:

I have followed with keen interest your articles by Mr. Shuster and Mr. Brogan, and now in your current issue, Mr. Kallen's "The Predicament of the Tolerant." As a non-Catholic member of a Roman Catholic institution, I am moved now to put a question through your correspondence columns to Mr. Shuster.

It strikes me non-Catholics are not vitally interested in the question Mr. Shuster discusses in such guarded, non-committal language about the "basic teaching of the Church." . . . What non-Catholics want to know is, pragmatically, what may be expected to happen—what has usually happened—in any country where the authorities of the Catholic Church are not confronted by any serious opposition. Do events in such cases commonly follow the pattern of Monsignor Ryan's pronouncement? And can a non-Catholic regard that situation as compatible with genuine religious liberty?

Too much power is not good for any man; and Catholics well understand that their clergy are simply men, who—including the Pope himself—have need to confess their sins and do penance. Is it not then good for the moral and spiritual health of any Catholic community, its laity and clergy as well, to be confronted with a formidable Protestant opposition?

Unopposed power, even in the form of a dominating influence on secular authorities, will corrupt Catholic clergy as well as any other special group. . . .

W. G.

"Disturber"—

To the Editors:

. . . Why is *Harper's* printing "Mencken and the Twenties" [July 1950]? In the twenties we were bringing up two teen-age boys and I have a vivid memory of the high school teacher who among other characters introduced a group of teen-agers to Mencken and Cabell. The reaction was just too bad on the group of eager young unformed minds. The teacher persuaded his wife to divorce him and he gave up his little son . . . and married one of the school girls, breaking his mother's heart.

The American Legion had the teacher put out but the destructive influence of Mencken lasted through the years to be fought by parents and pupils. . . .

What is that article proving? Certainly not that Mencken was in any sense of the word great or that his contemplation will be of any help in solving our present problem of juvenile delinquency.

MRS. RAYMOND S. SPEARS
Inglewood, Calif.

To the Editors:

An excellent picture of a mildly controversial writer of the teens and twenties was given in the article "Mencken and the Twenties." . . . But I suspect the impression given by the article is not what the writer intended. The statements about the effects of the writings of H. L. Mencken upon his generation leave much to be desired.

The St. Louis meeting in the fall of 1924 . . . was not that of the National Council of Teachers, but that of the National Council of Teachers of English. That meeting did not resound with "denunciations of *The American Language.*" There were present at that meeting many men and women who knew much more about language than the author of the book. The book brought together and made available many facts of usage, and so was a useful book. But the facts were new only to the uneducated. The only comment on the book by qualified observers, so far as I remember, was that the book might have been more effective and somewhat less bulky had the writer known more about language and

LETTERS

possessed greater powers of organization—powers which no one would expect him to display.

The rather exuberant statements in the article may, after all, be the best possible characterization of the sophomoric appeal of the subject.

V. C. COULTER
Alexandria, Va.

Her Breath—

To the Editors:

According to most of the rules, William Goyen should be dead! His story ["Her Breath upon the Windowpane"] in your July issue is so exquisite, so delicate in its tender intensity—it is a masterpiece. It is the sort of thing that usually becomes famous only after the author has been dead about ten years.

I just can't find words suitable to tell you how much I enjoyed it. I read it with my mouth open, and found that I had been hunched forward in my chair. It was beautiful and alive and tragic and hilarious and sacred all at once. . . .

LOUISE CALDWELL JACOBS
Lawton, Okla.

To the Editors:

The first paragraph of William Goyen's "Her Breath upon the Windowpane" spoiled what should have been an effective story. Although aware of the employment here of the literary device of phonetic spelling for the purpose of creating character and atmosphere, my credulity as a reader is overtaxed when asked to accept the fact that a girl like Hattie could qualify for "typin" with the S. P. "rayroad."

Perhaps Hattie could type out "r-a-i-l-r-o-a-d" correctly while pronouncing it "rayroad." But wouldn't it have been simpler to have given her another occupation?

JEANNE BERGQUIST
New York, N. Y.

Full Circle—

To the Editors:

For the past few years, when I have talked with my friends of the reading public, I have found that we are all agreed on one thing, the decline of the American short story. The generally expressed thought has been: "I never read them any more. They are all alike. They are all atmosphere. They never have a point. Ten minutes after I have read one . . . I have forgotten that I read it or what it was about. . . ."

Now we must eat our words, for in the May issue of *Harper's* there was a short story worth reading, "Full Circle" by Bentz Plagemann. It was clearly thought out and beautifully written. It had substance. It had a point. I can remember its incidents and its meaning as well today as when I read it days, now weeks, ago. . . .

JOHN E. TRACY
Ann Arbor, Mich.

To the Editors:

Despite the excellent writing of the story "Full Circle," I do not think it can be taken as a valid human document or an intelligent interpretation of life today, hence not a story meeting *Harper's* high standard.

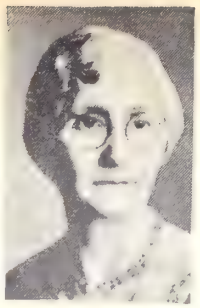
. . . Any normal father would find his son responding to such overtures from him as suggestions to go on a fishing trip or ball game or to teach him tennis, or do any of the innumerable things which bring adventure into a boy's life. . . . But the father's idea of fun was for the family to go to the movies and have a soda. His idea of guidance . . . was to lead the boy to sit passively in a pew and listen to someone else. . . . The reader can arraign the father, not the times, as seems to be the intention of the author.

CAROLYN A. LISBERGER
San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editors:

. . . The story "Full Circle" by Bentz Plagemann inspires this letter. Mr. Plagemann is one of the few of today who truly know the real need of the modern child. The educators and politicians and all the rest can continue to probe and speculate, but the dreadful and pitiful lack of many Americans today in our materialistic age is exactly what the author so well portrays—a complete spiritual void and abyss into which many of our mental misfits and desperate souls are falling. . . .

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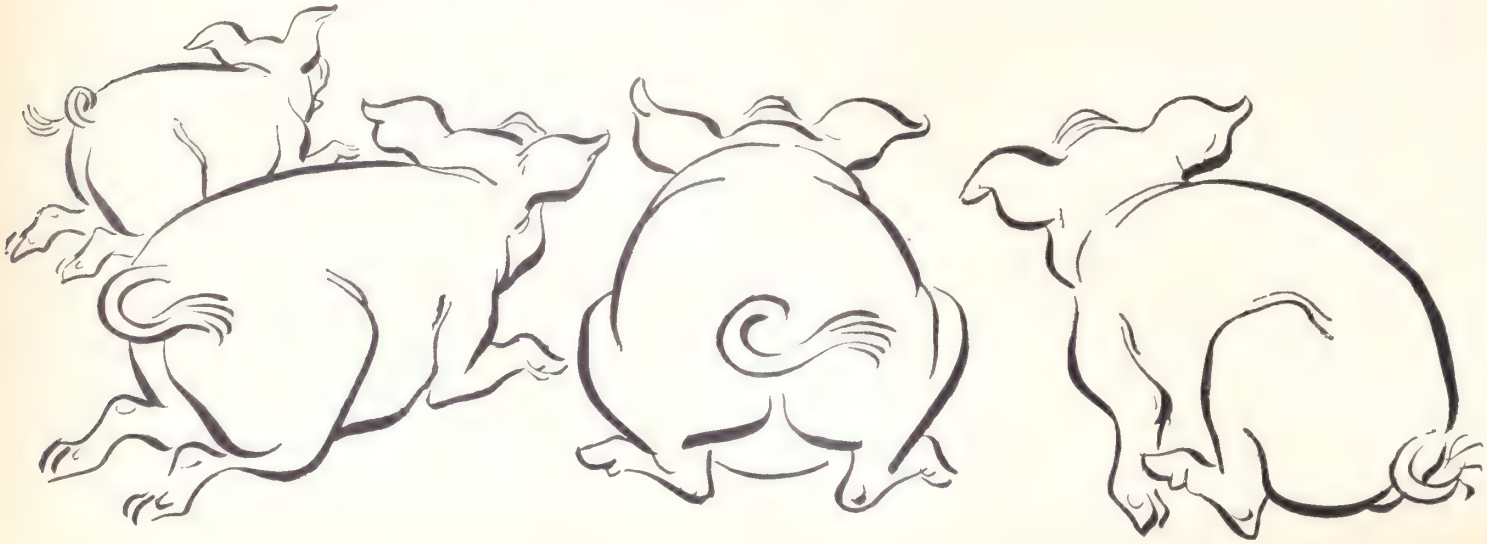
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The Communists in America

Robert H. Jackson

On May 8, 1950, the Supreme Court handed down its opinions in the case of the American Communications Association vs. *Douds. The question involved was the validity of the Taft-Hartley Act, which requires, as a condition of making use of its provisions, that officers of a labor union file an affidavit (1) that they are not members of the Communist party, and (2) that they do not believe in and are not members of any organization that supports the overthrow of the United States government by force. Four of the Justices wrote opinions; three took no part. Two dissented in part, but joined their colleagues in upholding the statute as far as the oath of non-membership in the Communist party was concerned. The opinion of Mr. Justice Jackson, concurring in part and dissenting in part, has already been published in condensed form in the* New York Times Magazine *and elsewhere, but is so clear and forceful a statement that we believe it merits thoughtful reading by a wide public in more complete form. The following text, somewhat abbreviated and divested of legal references, is taken from the "Advance Opinions" of the Supreme Court.*—The Editors.

If the statute before us required labor union officers to forswear membership in the Republican party, the Democratic party, or the Socialist party, I suppose all agree that it would be unconstitutional. But why, if it is valid as to the Communist party?

The answer, for me, is in the decisive differences between the Communist party and every other party of any importance in the long experience of the United States with party government. . . .

To state controlling criteria definitively is both important and difficult, because those Communist party activities visible to the public closely resemble those of any other party. Parties, whether in office or out, are often irresponsible in their use and abuse of freedoms of speech and press. They all make scapegoats of unpopular persons or classes and make promises of dubious sincerity or feasibility in order to win votes. All parties, when in opposition, strive to discredit and

embarrass the government of the day by spreading exaggerations and untruths and by inciting prejudiced or unreasoning discontent, not even hesitating to injure the nation's prestige among the family of nations. The Communist party, at least outwardly, only exaggerates these well-worn political techniques and many persons are thus led to think of it as just another more radical political party. If it were nothing but that, I think this legislation would be unconstitutional. There are, however, contradictions between what meets the eye and what is covertly done, which, in my view of the issues, provide a rational basis upon which Congress reasonably could have concluded that the Communist party is something different in fact from any other substantial party we have known, and hence may constitutionally be treated as something different in law.

II

From information before its several committees and from facts of general knowledge, Congress could rationally conclude that, behind its political party façade, the Communist party is a conspiratorial and revolutionary junta, organized to reach ends and to use methods which are incompatible with our constitutional system. A rough and compressed grouping of this data would permit Congress to draw these important conclusions as to its distinguishing characteristics.

(1) ***The goal of the Communist party is to seize powers of government by and for a minority rather than to acquire power through the vote of a free electorate.*** It seeks not merely a change of administration, or of Congress, or reform legislation within the constitutional framework. Its program is not merely to socialize property more rapidly and extensively than the other parties are doing. . . .

The Communist program only begins with seizure of government, which then becomes a means to impose upon society an organization on principles fundamentally opposed to those presupposed by our Constitution. . . .

If, by their better organization and discipline, they were successful, candid Communists admit that it would be to an accompaniment of violence, but at the same time they disclaim responsibility by blaming the violence upon those who engage in resistance or reprisal. It matters little by whom the first blow would be struck; no one can doubt that an era of violence and oppression, confiscations and liquidations would be concurrent with a regime of communism.

Such goals set up a cleavage among us too fundamental to be composed by democratic processes. . . .

(2) ***The Communist party alone among American parties past or present is dominated and controlled by a foreign government.*** It is a satrap party which, to the threat of civil disorder, adds the threat of betrayal into alien hands. . . .

The Old World may be rich in lessons which our statesmen could consult with advantage. But it is one thing to learn from, or support, a foreign power because that policy serves American interests, and another thing to support American policies because they will serve foreign interests. In each country where the Communists have seized control, they have so denationalized its foreign policy as to make it a satellite and vassal of the Soviet Union and enforced a domestic policy in complete conformity with the Soviet pattern, tolerating no deviation in deference to any people's separate history, tradition, or national interests.

(3) ***Violent and undemocratic means are the calculated and indispensable methods to attain the Communist party's goal.*** It would be incredible naïveté to expect the American branch of this movement to forego the only methods by which a Communist party has anywhere come into power. In not one of the countries it now dominates was the Communist party chosen by a free or contestible election; in not one can it be evicted by any election. The international police state has crept over Eastern Europe by deception, coercion, *coup d'état,* terrorism, and assassination. . . .

The American Communists have imported the totalitarian organization's disciplines and techniques, notwithstanding the fact that this country offers them and other discontented elements a way to peaceful revolution by ballot. . . . But instead of resting their case upon persuasion and any appeal inherent in their

ideas and principles, the Communist party adopts the techniques of a secret cabal—false names, forged passports, code messages, clandestine meetings. To these it adds occasional terroristic and threatening methods, such as picketing courts and juries, political strikes, and sabotage.

This cabalism and terrorism is understandable in the light of what they want to accomplish and what they have to overcome. The Communist program does not presently, nor in foreseeable future elections, commend itself to enough American voters to be a substantial political force. Unless the Communist party can obtain some powerful leverage on the population, it is doomed to remain a negligible factor in the United States. . . .

(4) ***The Communist party has sought to gain this leverage and hold on the American population by acquiring control of the labor movement.*** All political parties have wooed labor and its leaders. But what other parties seek is principally the vote of labor. The Communist party, on the other hand, is not primarily interested in labor's vote, for it does not expect to win by votes. It strives for control of labor's coercive power—the strike, the sit-down, the slow-down, sabotage, or other means of producing industrial paralysis. Congress has legalized the strike as labor's weapon for improving its own lot. But where Communists have labor control, the strike can be and sometimes is perverted to a party weapon. In 1940 and 1941 undisclosed Communists used their labor offices to sabotage this nation's effort to rebuild its own defenses. . . .

This labor leverage, however, usually can be obtained only by concealing the Communist tie from the union membership. Whatever grievances American workmen may have with American employers, they are too intelligent and informed to seek a remedy through a Communist party which defends Soviet conscription of labor, forced labor camps, and the police state. Hence the resort to concealment, and hence the resentment of laws to compel disclosure of Communist party ties.

The membership is not likely to entrust its bargaining power, its records, and its treasury to such hands. When it does, the union finds itself a more or less helpless captive of the Communist party. Its officers cease to be interested in correcting grievances but seek to worsen and exploit them; they care less for winning strikes than that they be long, bitter, and disruptive. They always follow the Communist party line, without even knowing its source or its objectives. The most promising course of the Communist party has been the under-cover capture of the coercive power of strategic labor unions as a leverage to magnify its power over the American people.

(5) ***Every member of the Communist party is an agent to execute the Communist program.*** What constitutes a party? Major political parties in the United States have never been closely knit or secret organizations. Anyone who usually votes the party ticket is reckoned a member, although he has not applied for or been admitted to membership, pays no dues, has taken no pledge, and is free to vote, speak, and act as he wills. Followers are held together by rather casual acceptance of general principles, the influence of leaders, and sometimes by the cohesive power of patronage. Membership in the party carries with it little assurance that the member understands or believes in its principles and none at all that he will take orders from its leaders. One may quarrel with the party and bolt its candidates and return again as much a member as those who were regular. And it is often a source of grief to those who have labored long in the vineyard that late arrivals are taken into the party councils from other parties without scrutiny. Of course, when party organization is of this character, there is little ground for inference that all members are committed to party plans or that they are agents for their execution.

Membership in the Communist party is totally different. The party is a secret conclave. Members are admitted only upon acceptance as reliable and after indoctrination in its policies, to which the member is fully committed. They are provided with cards or credentials, usually issued under false names so that the identification can only be made by officers of the party who hold the code. Moreover, each pledges unconditional obedience to party authority. Adherents are known by secret or code names. They constitute "cells" in the factory, the office, the political society, or the labor union. For any

deviation from the party line they are purged and excluded.

Inferences from membership in such an organization are justifiably different from those to be drawn from membership in the usual type of political party. Individuals who assume such obligations are chargeable, on ordinary conspiracy principles, with responsibility for and participation in all that makes up the party's program. The conspiracy principle has traditionally been employed to protect society against all "ganging up" or concerted action in violation of its laws. No term passes that this Court does not sustain convictions based on that doctrine for violations of the anti-trust laws or other statutes. . . . It is wholly a question of the sufficiency of evidence of association to imply conspiracy. There is certainly sufficient evidence that all members owe allegiance to every detail of the Communist party program and have assumed a duty actively to help execute it, so that Congress could, on familiar conspiracy principles, charge each member with responsibility for the goals and means of the party.

Such then is the background which Congress could reasonably find as a basis for exerting its constitutional powers, and which the judiciary cannot disregard in testing them. . . .

III

I CANNOT believe that Congress has less power to protect a labor union from Communist party domination than it has from employer domination. This Court has uncompromisingly upheld the power of Congress to disestablish labor unions where they are company-dominated and to eradicate employer influence, even when exerted only through spoken or written words which any person not the employer would be free to utter.

Congress has conferred upon labor unions important rights and powers in matters that affect industry, transport, communications, and commerce. And Congress has not now denied any union full self-government nor prohibited any union from choosing Communist officers. It seeks to protect the union from doing so unknowingly. And if members deliberately choose to put the union in the hands of Communist officers, Congress withdraws the privileges it has conferred on the assumption that they will be devoted to the welfare of their members. It would be strange indeed if it were constitutionally powerless to protect these delegated functions from abuse and misappropriation to the service of the Communist party and the Soviet Union. Our Constitution is not a covenant of non-resistance toward organized efforts at disruption and betrayal, either of labor or of the country.

Counsel stress that this is a civil rights or a free-speech or a free-press case. But it is important to note what this Act does not do. The Act does not suppress or outlaw the Communist party, nor prohibit it or its members from engaging in any above-board activity normal in party struggles under our political system. It may continue to nominate candidates, hold meetings, conduct campaigns, and issue propaganda, just as other parties may. No individual is forbidden to be or to become a philosophical Communist or a full-fledged member of the party. No one is penalized for writing or speaking in favor of the party or its philosophy. Also, the Act does not require or forbid anything whatever to any person merely because he is a member of, or is affiliated with, the Communist party. It applies only to one who becomes an officer of a labor union.

I am aware that the oath is resented by many labor leaders of unquestioned loyalty and above suspicion of Communist connections, indeed by some who have themselves taken bold and difficult steps to rid the labor movement of Communists. I suppose no one likes to be compelled to exonerate himself from connections he has never acquired. I have sometimes wondered why I must file papers showing I did not steal my car before I can get a license for it. But experience shows there are thieves among automobile drivers, and that there are Communists among labor leaders. The public welfare, in identifying both, outweighs any affront to individual dignity. . . .

IV

CONGRESS has, however, required an additional disclaimer, which in my view does encounter serious constitutional objections. A union officer must also swear that "he does not believe in . . . the overthrow

of the United States government by force or by any illegal or unconstitutional methods."

If Congress has power to condition any right or privilege of an American citizen upon disclosure and disavowal of belief on any subject, it is obviously this one. But the serious issue is whether Congress has power to proscribe any opinion or belief which has not manifested itself in any overt act. . . . In fact, the oath requires one to form and express a conviction on an abstract proposition which many good citizens, if they have thought of it at all, have considered too academic and remote to bother about.

That this difference is decisive on the question of power becomes unmistakable when we consider measures of enforcement. The only sanction prescribed, and probably the only one possible in dealing with a false affidavit, is punishment for perjury. If one is accused of falsely stating that he was not a member of, or affiliated with, the Communist party, his conviction would depend upon proof of visible and knowable overt acts or courses of conduct sufficient to establish that relationship. But if one is accused of falsely swearing that he did not believe something that he really did believe, the trial must revolve around the conjecture as to whether he candidly exposed his state of mind.

The law sometimes does inquire as to mental state, but only so far as I recall when it is incidental to, and determines the quality of, some overt act in question. From its circumstances, courts sometimes must decide whether an act was committed intentionally or whether its results were intended, or whether the action taken was in malice, or after deliberation, or with knowledge of certain facts. But in such cases the law pries into the mind only to determine the nature and culpability of an act, as a mitigating or aggravating circumstance, and I know of no situation in which a citizen may incur civil or criminal liability or disability because a court infers an evil mental state where no act at all has occurred. Our trial processes are clumsy and unsatisfying for inferring cogitations which are incidental to actions, but they do not even pretend to ascertain the thought that has had no outward manifestation. . . .

Our Constitution explicitly precludes punishment of the malignant mental state alone as treason, most serious of all political crimes, of which the mental state of adherence to the enemy is an essential part. It requires a duly witnessed overt act of aid and comfort to the enemy. It is true that in England of olden times men were tried for treason for mental indiscretions, such as imagining the death of the king. But our Constitution was intended to end such prosecutions. Only in the darkest periods of human history has any Western government concerned itself with mere belief, however eccentric or mischievous, when it has not matured into overt action; and if that practice survives anywhere, it is in the Communist countries whose philosophies we loathe.

How far we must revert toward these discredited systems if we are to sustain this oath is made vivid by the Court's reasoning that the Act applies only to those "whose beliefs strongly indicate a will to engage in political strikes. . . ." Since Congress has never outlawed the political strike itself, the Court must be holding that Congress may root out mere ideas, which, even if acted upon, would not result in crime. It is a strange paradox if one may be forbidden to have an idea in mind that he is free to put into execution. But apart from this, efforts to weed erroneous beliefs from the minds of men have always been supported by the argument which the Court invokes today, that beliefs are springs to action, that evil thoughts tend to become forbidden deeds. Probably so. But if power to forbid acts includes power to forbid contemplating them, then the power of government over beliefs is as unlimited as its power over conduct and the way is open to force disclosure of attitudes on all manner of social, economic, moral, and political issues.

These suggestions may be discounted as fanciful and far-fetched. But we must not forget that in our country are evangelists and zealots of many different political, economic, and religious persuasions whose fanatical conviction is that all thought is divinely classified into two kinds—that which is their own and that which is false and dangerous. Communists are not the only faction which would put us all in mental strait jackets. Indeed all ideological struggles, religious or political, are primarily battles for dominance over the minds of people. It is not to be supposed that the age-old readiness

to try to convert minds by pressure or suppression, instead of reason and persuasion, is extinct. Our protection against all kinds of fanatics and extremists, none of whom can be trusted with unlimited power over others, lies not in their forbearance but in the limitations of our Constitution.

It happens that the belief in overthrow of representative government by force and violence which Congress conditionally proscribes is one that I agree is erroneous. But, as Justice Holmes put it, "If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought that we hate." Moreover, in judging the power to deny a privilege to think otherwise, we cannot ignore the fact that our own government originated in revolution and is legitimate only if overthrow by force may sometimes be justified. That circumstances sometimes justify it is not Communist doctrine but an old American belief.

The men who led the struggle forcibly to overthrow lawfully constituted British authority found moral support by asserting a natural law under which their revolution was justified, and they broadly proclaimed these beliefs in the document basic to our freedom. Such sentiments have also been given ardent and rather extravagant expression by Americans of undoubted patriotism. . . . While I think Congress may make it a crime to take one overt step to use or to incite violence or force against our government, I do not see how in the light of our history a mere belief that one has a natural right under some circumstances to do so can subject an American citizen to prejudice any more than possession of any other erroneous belief. . . .

While the governments, state and federal, have expansive powers to curtail action, and some small powers to curtail speech or writing, I think neither has any power, on any pretext, directly or indirectly to attempt foreclosure of any line of thought. Our forefathers found the evils of free thinking more to be endured than the evils of inquest or suppression. They gave the status of almost absolute individual rights to the outward means of expressing belief. I cannot believe that they left open a way for legislation to embarrass or impede the mere intellectual processes by which those expressions of belief are examined and formulated. This is not only because individual thinking presents no danger to society, but because thoughtful, bold, and independent minds are essential to wise and considered self-government.

Progress generally begins in skepticism about accepted truths. Intellectual freedom means the right to re-examine much that has been long taken for granted. A free man must be a reasoning man, and he must dare to doubt what a legislative or electoral majority may most passionately assert. The danger that citizens will think wrongly is serious, but less dangerous than atrophy from not thinking at all. Our Constitution relies on our electorate's complete ideological freedom to nourish independent and responsible intelligence and preserve our democracy from that submissiveness, timidity, and herd-mindedness of the masses which would foster a tyranny of mediocrity. The priceless heritage of our society is the unrestricted constitutional right of each member to think as he will. Thought control is a copyright of totalitarianism, and we have no claim to it. It is not the function of our government to keep the citizen from falling into error; it is the function of the citizen to keep the government from falling into error. We could justify any censorship only when the censors are better shielded against error than the censored.

The idea that a constitution should protect individual nonconformity is essentially American and is the last thing in the world that Communists will tolerate. Nothing exceeds the bitterness of their demands for freedom for themselves in this country except the bitterness of their intolerance of freedom for others where they are in power. An exaction of some profession of belief or nonbelief is precisely what the Communist would enact—each individual must adopt the ideas that are common to the ruling group. Their whole philosophy is to minimize man as an individual and to increase the power of man acting in the mass. If any single characteristic distinguishes our democracy from communism it is our recognition of the individual as a personality rather than as a soulless part in the jigsaw puzzle that is the collectivist state.

I adhere to views I have heretofore ex-

pressed, whether the Court agreed or disagreed, that our Constitution excludes both general and local governments from the realm of opinions and ideas, beliefs and doubts, heresy and orthodoxy, political, religious, or scientific. The right to speak out, or to publish, also is protected when it does not clearly and presently threaten some injury to society which the government has a right to protect. But I have protested the degradation of these constitutional liberties to immunize and approve mob movements, whether those mobs be religious or political, radical or conservative, liberal or illiberal, or to authorize pressure groups to use amplifying devices to drown out the natural voice and destroy the peace of other individuals. And I have pointed out that men cannot enjoy their right to personal freedom if fanatical masses, whatever their mission, can strangle individual thoughts and invade personal privacy. . . .

I think that under our system, it is time enough for the law to lay hold of the citizen when he acts illegally, or in some rare circumstances when his thoughts are given illegal utterance. *I think we must let his mind alone.*

V

THE task of this Court to maintain a balance between liberty and authority is never done, because new conditions today upset the equilibriums of yesterday. The seesaw between freedom and power makes up most of the history of governments, which, as Bryce points out, on a long view consists of repeating a painful cycle from anarchy to tyranny and back again. The Court's day-to-day task is to reject as false, claims in the name of civil liberty which, if granted, would paralyze or impair authority to defend the existence of our society, and to reject as false, claims in the name of security which would undermine our freedoms and open the way to oppression. . . .

I conclude that today's task can only be discharged by holding that all parts of this oath which require disclosure of overt acts of affiliation or membership in the Communist party are within the competence of Congress to enact and that any parts of it that call for a disclosure of belief unconnected with any overt act are beyond its power.

The Two Laughters

JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

WE HEARD the laughter:
it was a duet of fountain spray
and a child washed in a summer day.

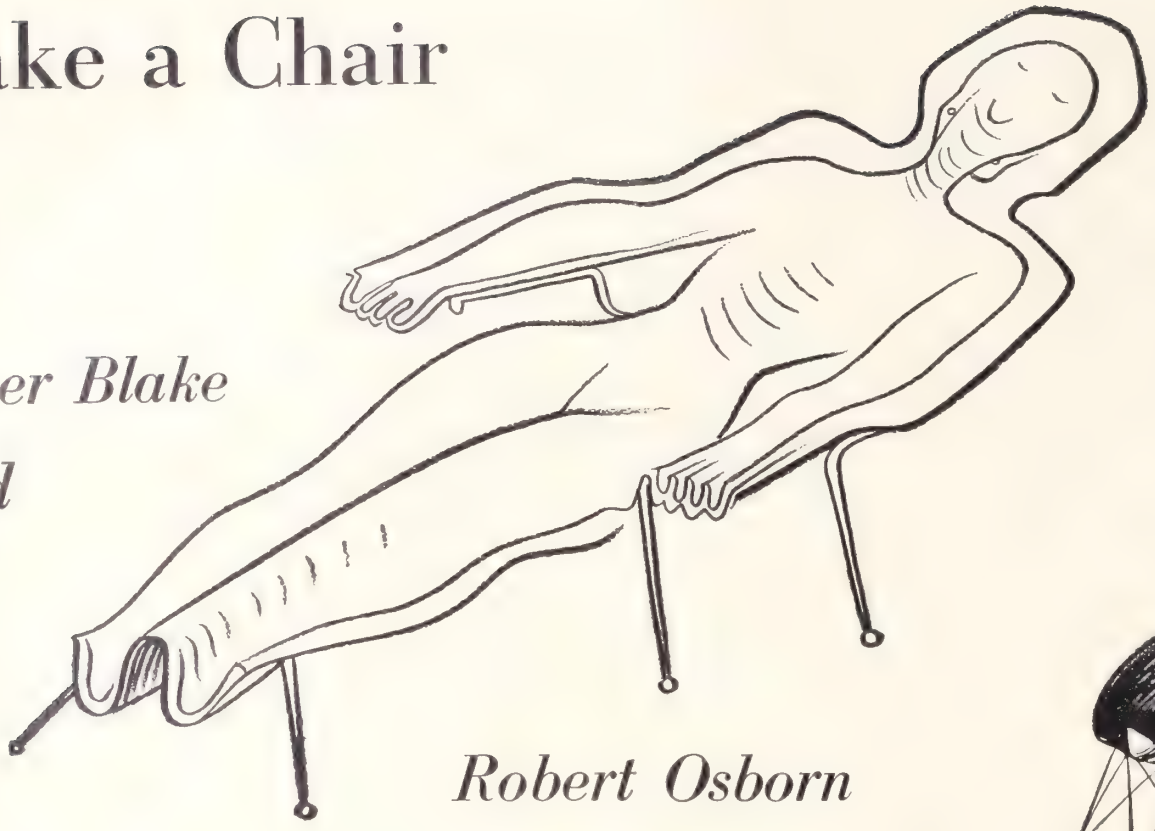
We heard the laughter:
it was a crony and crony chuckling
over the feast and their belts' unbuckling.

We heard the laughter:
it was a spear and a savage dart,
the sharp words thrown at the absent heart.

Beloved laughter,
how can you knife with a sharp incision?
Hold back the acid of derision.

Take a Chair

Peter Blake and Robert Osborn





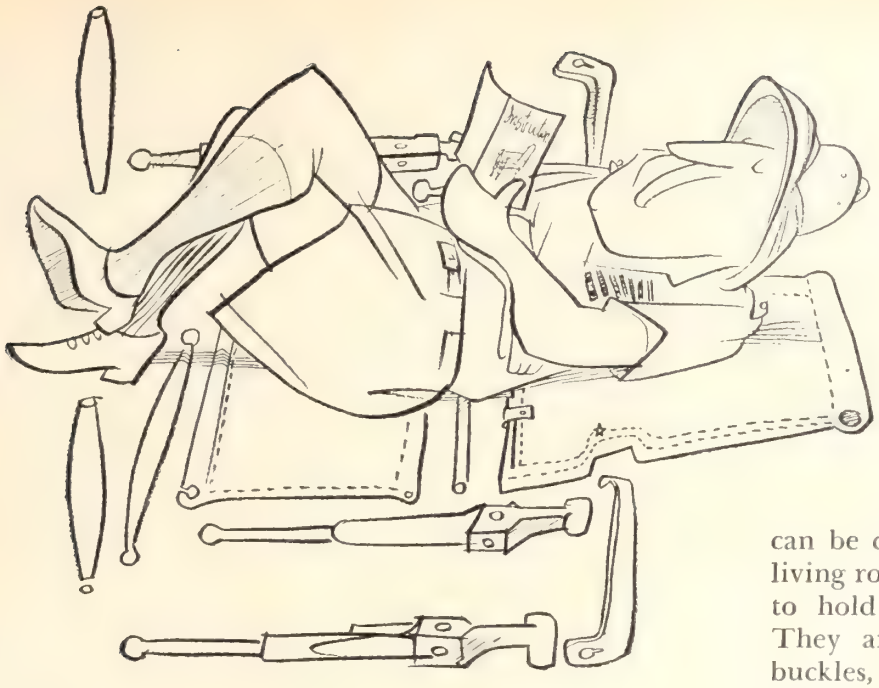




The Anatomical Imprint

Supposing that we grant the right to personalize a room by scattering casts of various parts of the owner's anatomy all over the place, the next question must inevitably be: "What parts?" Some modern designers have made their answer in a forthright and uncompromising manner, worthy of an enlightened age.

Most of us will sit down anywhere, and never give the matter another thought. Designers of chairs, however, think about very little else. They are solemn men of single purpose. Not long ago one of them wrote a scholarly and respectful piece for a professional magazine, showing that there are many schools of chair design, especially his own. The present article is perhaps not quite so scholarly, nor is it so respectful. While the writer is an enthusiastic practitioner of contemporary sitting, he lets his friends do the designing. These friends occasionally call upon him to subject their chairs to severe tests. The following analysis of some of the different approaches to contemporary chair design is a résumé of his findings.



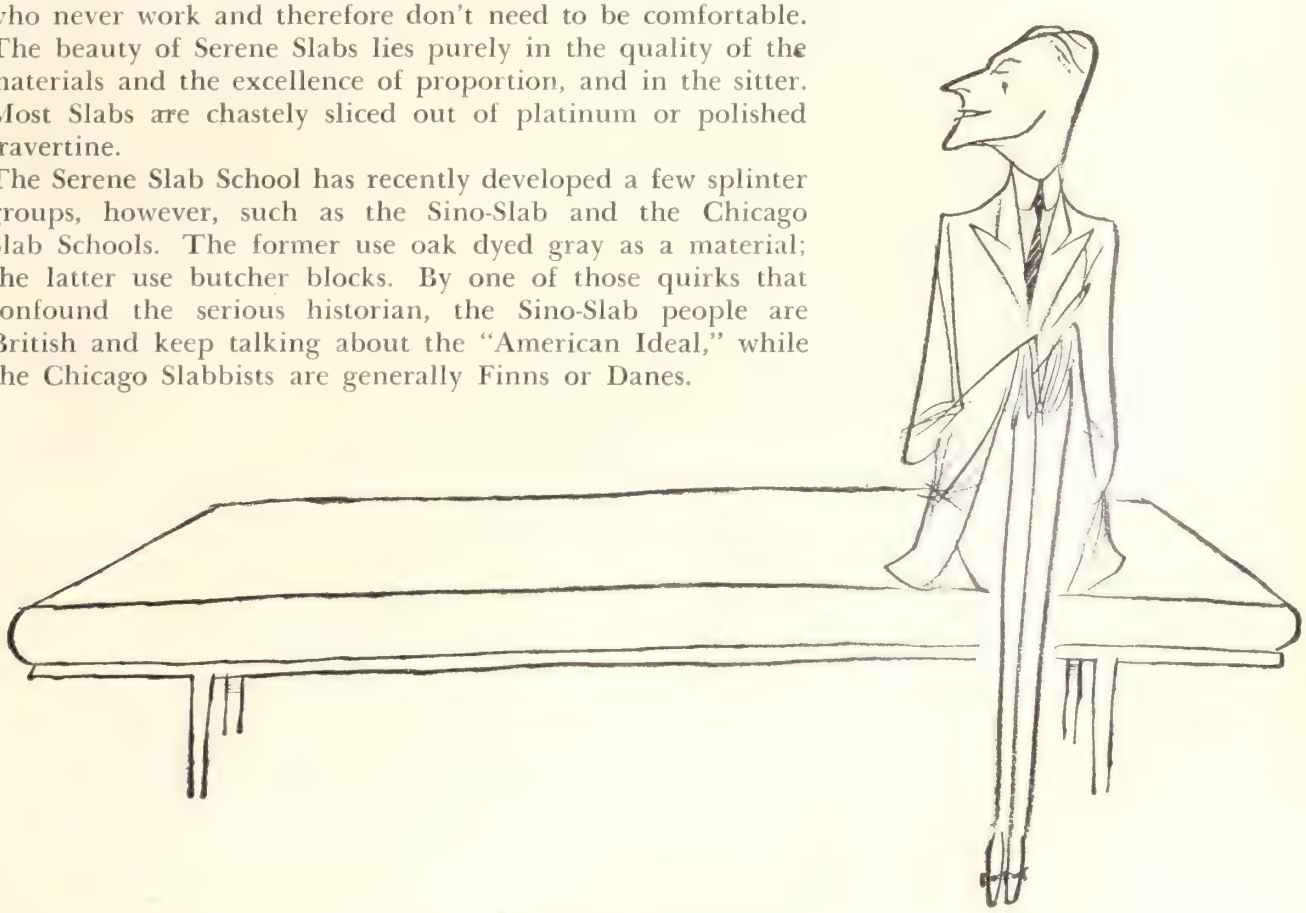
Collapse

This group of chairs was originally designed by and for Italian Army Officers, British Army Officers, Movie Directors, and Deep Sea Fishermen. They (the chairs) generally fold into small compact bundles that can be carried on long marches across the living room, so as to enable the excursionist to hold his martini in the other hand. They are tied together with straps and buckles, and can be assembled in a jiffy by anyone equipped with a concise Italian Army Field Manual.

The Serene Slab

This school of thought caters to members of the upper classes who never work and therefore don't need to be comfortable. The beauty of Serene Slabs lies purely in the quality of the materials and the excellence of proportion, and in the sitter. Most Slabs are chastely sliced out of platinum or polished travertine.

The Serene Slab School has recently developed a few splinter groups, however, such as the Sino-Slab and the Chicago Slab Schools. The former use oak dyed gray as a material; the latter use butcher blocks. By one of those quirks that confound the serious historian, the Sino-Slab people are British and keep talking about the "American Ideal," while the Chicago Slabbists are generally Finns or Danes.





The Stacking Chair

Unfortunately, Stacking Chairs are *always* stacked, and very hard to un-stack. In un-stacking, Stacking Chairs lose many of their charms. Because of this weakness, the universal use of Stacking Chairs must await the advent of Stacking Men (and Stacking Women). However, the chances are that in un-stacking, they too will lose many of their charms.

The Tree

One school of design that is especially popular in the blond, Scandinavian countries believes in *growing* chairs the way you grow trees. The finished plant has well-modulated, branch-like members that intertwine and join in graceful sweeps. Because blond people are so human, this school is called the "New Humanism."







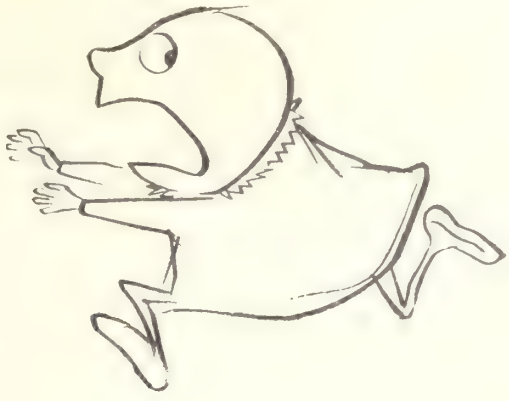
The Controlled Environment

This school of design is especially concerned with fidgety people, who don't know what's good for them. The contours of the Controlled Environment chairs follow the curve of a reasonably typical human spine. When the sitter is lowered into one of these chairs he is permanently placed in a healthful position of immobile repose. A small faction within this school has produced chairs that permit the sitter to assume more than one approved healthful position, or even to drop down on his or her stomach in a crouching stance, ready to spring. Orthodox environmentalists feel that this is an excessive degree of license.

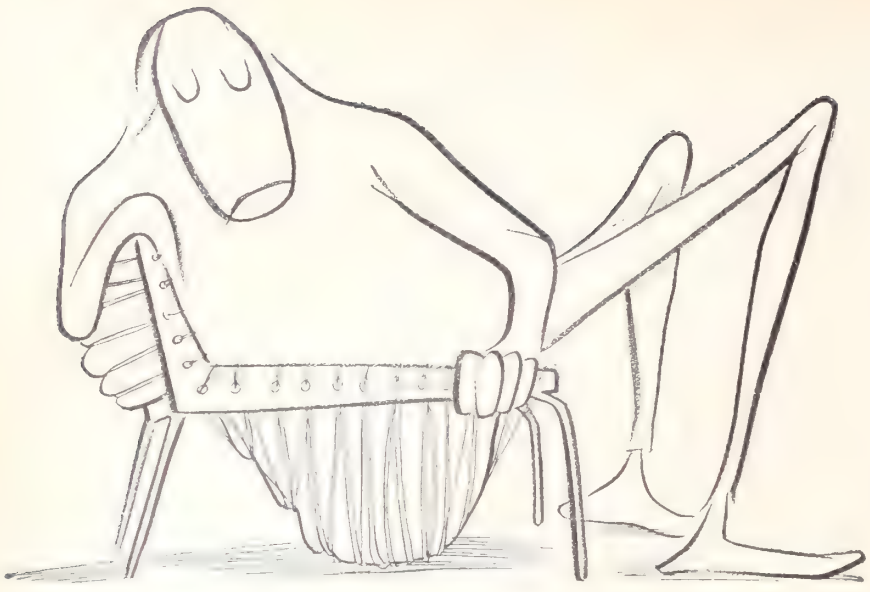


The Chair with the Hole

The less said about this chair the better. This magazine is entered as second-class matter with the Postmaster at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Such chairs are forbidden under this Act.





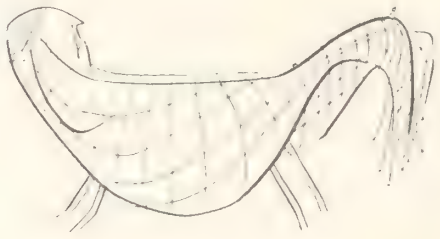


The String Chair

A few chairs are made entirely of string. This seems incredible, but like all statements in this article it is perfectly true. The String Chair sometimes gets a little limp from humidity and is therefore preferred by people who sometimes get a little limp themselves.

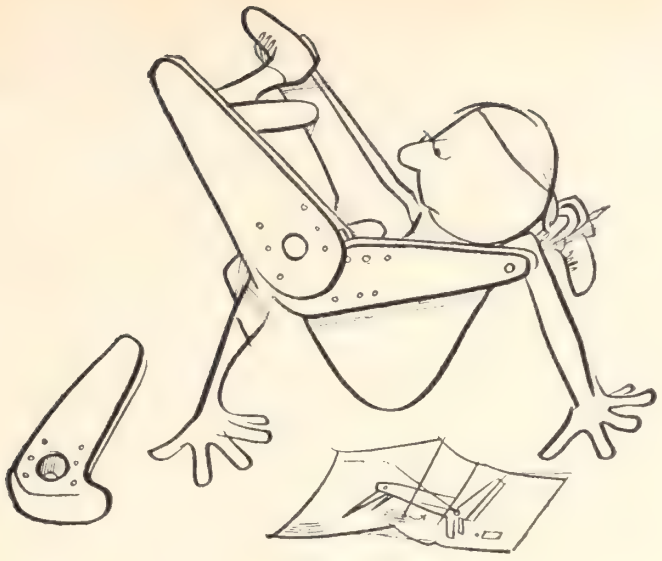
The Inner Tube

This type of chair may disconcert us. It was invented during the war, when all of us were a trifle tense. A lady we knew slightly in those days had trouble locating an inner tube, and pumped herself up instead. She was subsequently shown in an Exhibition of Useful Objects, covered with fish net.





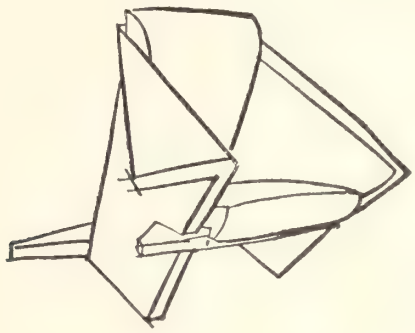




The Slottie (or Inconspicuous Waste)

Some chairs are cut out of plywood like a dress pattern, and there is never any waste of material. It often takes a lot of ingenuity and hard work not to waste all this material.

Once the component pieces have been cut out, it is impossible ever to put them together again to make a chair. This type of chair is therefore an educational toy of enormous nuisance value, designed by adults to wreak vengeance upon children. This chair will break the spirit of the strongest child.





The Prairie Chair

Firmly rooted in the wide spaces of the Middle West, on guard at the American Frontier, there stands the Prairie Chair—a monument to its designer. The flat planes of the chair echo the lines of the horizon; its hexagonal module fits it organically to a hexagon; its jagged verticals have the brutal splendor of the ruins that remain from the civilization of the Maya (further south). Frequently its materials are desert concrete and sails of canvas.



The Dull Chair

This is a difficult type to pin down. It uses many of the devices employed by the other schools, but it succeeds in endowing them all with a subtle air of boredom. People who have not been briefed about this type of chair tend to sit in it and never give it a rapid performance test, the way they're supposed to. It is a strain at parties, because guests have to think of something else to talk about.

This is a very quiet type of chair.

Our Roads Are Going to Pot

Myron Stearns

WE THINK of American streets and highways as the best in the world, outclassing even the arrow-straight, stone-paved roads of Rome in all her greatest glory. And so they are. For more than twenty years I have been writing about them, driving over them from coast to coast, admiring the Merritt Parkway in Connecticut, the Lincoln Highway from East to West, the Dixie Highway from North to South, the Outer Drive at Chicago, the Foothill Boulevard in California. But like the old gray mare, they ain't what they useter be. The way they are progressively going to pieces, in fact, is staggering.

In New York State alone, for example, it is estimated that $890,000,000 would be required to restore the state highway system to the point of efficiency it reached in 1930.

Nearly all of us who drive are accustomed to stretches of road that rattle our teeth, where the pavement is "going out." We have come to take such stretches for granted, with a grateful feeling for car manufacturers who have supplemented springs with shock absorbers. But most of us have imagined that the particular roads and streets we had to use had for some reason been especially neglected. What we have not realized is the extent to which such conditions have spread.

Last March the Chicago *Tribune* quoted a De Kalb County farmer: "How did I get that blow-out? A man's lucky if he can drive over these chuck holes without getting a blow-out. You can dodge the craters if you're careful not to hit another car, but on the narrow old Lincoln Highway between Geneva and De Kalb there's no room to dodge." The paper went on to point out that not only is the Lincoln Highway, U. S. Route 30, going to pieces badly, but that its alternate route, U. S. 30-A, is thirty years old, rough, and only eighteen feet wide.

Inadequacy of width is as serious a deficiency as inadequacy of surfacing. Even in our 38,000-mile Interstate Highway System—which is the heart of our whole arterial network for defense in war—two-thirds of the entire rural mileage is too narrow for today's traffic.

In the twenties North Carolina put in fine new highways that were among the best in the country. It was done on a bond issue. Today 60 per cent of those once fine roads are in disrepair, while 40 per cent are in very bad condition. By and large that state of affairs is typical. All but about 1,900 miles out of 31,831 in the rural mileage of the Interstate network need improvement to bring them up to standard requirements for existing traffic.

Cities are no better. The 14th Street bridge across the Potomac River at Washington carried between 70,000 and 80,000 vehicles a day, bumper to bumper until a

As an associate of the Automotive Safety Foundation and a writer on highways and traffic safety for many years, Myron Stearns is well qualified to make an up-to-date survey of our American roads, now carrying the biggest load of all time.

parallel bridge was put in. Streets in all our larger cities are notable for their roughness, as well as for their incapacity.

In the Federal Aid system of highways, which totals more than 600,000 miles and carries four-fifths of all rural traffic, there are today 52,000 bridges that are "below standard." Indiana's bridges, for instance, have been called suicide spots. Six hundred of them are posted for lower weight-limits than are legally allowed on the highways. The United States Bureau of Public Roads estimates that 45 per cent of the Federal Aid highways—say 300,000 miles of them—need to be completely rebuilt. They are as obsolete as their pavements.

What would it cost to do a real bang-up job of bringing our paved highways up to standard? You guess. The Bureau of Public Roads' estimate is 60 *billion* dollars, stretched over fifteen years. And the estimates of State Highway Commissioners for repairs and improvements *needed at once* come to a total of $41,144,630,620.

SAFETY, of course, is something else again. It is a tiresome subject. But it bobs up. The three big E's of the safety people are Engineering, Enforcement, and Education. Dead and dying highways come under Engineering, and cause deaths. There is Clipper Hill, near Wallingford, Connecticut. Until recently it had a narrow, two-lane pavement. It was a bad spot; trucks crawling up the hill blocked motorists, and every once in so often an impatient driver would decide he could make it, and try to pass. Sometimes he made the top of the hill, and sometimes he made the graveyard. Finally the state put in a third "slow lane" for trucks. Since then accidents—including fatal ones—on that hill have decreased two-thirds.

Three times within an hour, driving north through Maryland and Pennsylvania recently on heavily-traveled, two-lane U. S. Route 15, I had to brake sharply to avoid a head-on collision with a recklessly passing car. Yet 48 per cent of all the rural highways in the country that carry a thousand or more cars a day are not more than eighteen feet wide.

There are other serious hazards. Too-sharp curves. Too-steep grades. Inadequate "sight distances" to reduce the danger of collision. At one spot on the Boston Post Road in New England three different fatal accidents occurred before the highway authorities discovered that a slight sinking of the pavement at that point could throw a dangerously speeding car right off the road and into the ditch. (Yes, yes, *of course* there should be no dangerously speeding cars—but there are.)

If even the fewer than 40,000 miles of top-level interstate highways were brought up to standard it would mean, according to safety-expert estimates, a saving of about 1,400 lives a year.

II

HOW has this amazing condition, of highways not only grossly inadequate for our present needs, but in many cases even worse than they were twenty years ago, come about?

There are two parts to the answer. The first concerns finances; the second concerns trucks. Both affect, directly, your own pocketbook.

Highway finances became doubly important when, right after World War I, our great love affair with automobiles first developed into really serious proportions. Motor vehicle production jumped from a million and a half in 1921 to nearly five million in 1929. Car registrations climbed from less than ten million in 1920 to twenty-six million in 1930. And highway traffic increased more than 300 per cent.

To meet the multiplying traffic needs, highway construction boomed. The demand for paved roads grew louder and louder. Towns, cities, counties, and states put through bond issues in many instances for periods longer than the life of the roads they were to pay for, to satisfy the demands of their brand-new-car citizens. And the emphasis—note this particularly—was on paved-surface *mileage*. Dollars were spent to give as many miles of road as possible, rather than for roads that would last as long as possible. I remember one unusually wide suburban street surface in California that went out less than four years after it was put in.

During that entire decade five dollars went into new highways for every dollar that was spent on maintenance.

Then came the Depression. Just as legislators began to realize that traffic was going

to be heavier than they had estimated, that roads would have to last longer in spite of it, and that the light-foundation, cheap-surface highways were already beginning to give out, tax collections fell off and money, even for year-to-year upkeep, was hard to come by.

Gasoline taxes seemed to provide an answer. In the later thirties, as people realized that better roads were a vital necessity, highway budgets were stepped up enormously. But it was too late. Before more than a beginning had been made in road reconstruction, along came World War II. For five years repairs were held to a minimum. Road surfaces got worse and worse.

Today, as in the late thirties, we are again trying to catch up. But we're still going backward. In New York State some 1,620 different government units have nearly a billion dollars of old road bonds still outstanding. For every dollar of road construction, another 70-odd cents has to go into maintenance. With a country-wide expenditure of about $3,800,000,000 in 1949, about 25,000 miles of road were built or rebuilt, *while nearly 45,000 other miles wore out or became obsolete.*

With first the Depression, and then the war, it has been about like that ever since 1930. For twenty years, from the standpoint of adequate roads, we have been going uninterruptedly backward, to the tune of fifteen or twenty thousand miles of highway a year on the average. Say, in round numbers, we now have 350,000 fewer miles of up-to-date roads than we had twenty years ago!

Trucks, with sometimes a total weight—tractor, trailer, and overload—of more than seventy tons, have apparently been a large factor in hastening highway destruction. Loads that are no more than half of what a concrete highway can carry do little damage; if they are more than that, the pavement wears only about one-tenth as long. Between 1929 and 1949 commercial traffic on country roads increased from 13 to 23 per cent of the total, truck mileage rose from 12 billion to 45 billion, and loads carried rose from 14 billion to more than 100 billion "ton-miles."

Many law-abiding trucking concerns refuse to admit that their vehicles damage highways, but the evidence is conflicting. On a two-lane Louisiana highway, for example, the pavement on one side has gone out completely, while on the other side it is still good. Reason: gravel trucks going to a quarry are empty when traveling in one direction, but are heavily loaded when returning on the beaten-up side. In Ohio, when heavy truck traffic was detoured, because of needed road repairs, to a parallel highway, that road too was quickly ruined. Pennsylvania officials have estimated that a truck carrying an illegal overload of forty-three tons did $15,000 damage on a single trip. And as for bridges—in Maryland a truck weighing forty-six tons was fined $25 for crossing a bridge limited to ten tons; near Aroka, Indiana, a fifty-year-old stone bridge collapsed last March after a heavy truck had passed over it; and last year four bridges on the Federal Aid system in Tennessee collapsed under trucks during the first five months.

Besides cracking concrete and breaking down bridges heavy loads damage a road surface by "pumping." This comes when the ends of long concrete slabs, of which many highways are built, are pressed down when the big loads pass over them, and then spring up again. Through this process mud and water are gradually "pumped" out from beneath the pavement, until it breaks or collapses.

III

So here we are. With traffic getting heavier every day, the roads are getting worse. The more highways we need, the fewer we have. Trucks are getting bigger and more numerous. There were less than five million of them in 1940; today there are more than eight million. Also 36,433,674 ordinary automobiles. Placed bumper to bumper, the new cars and trucks coming off the assembly lines this year would stretch as far as all the new highway construction—more than 20,000 miles. And meanwhile highway "earnings"—driver and car and truck license fees, gasoline taxes, tolls, bonds, notes, and a Federal handout of $362,462,000—totaled only $2,922,922,000 last year (worth less than a billion and a half in dollars of the previous decade). Not anywhere near enough to meet the situation.

What can we do about it?

The first steps are already being taken. We must know what we need. In seventeen differ-

ent states careful highway studies have been made or started. The results are startling: citizens have got to raise their financial sights. In Maryland a road test of truck loads and speeds has been begun with trucks of different weights on four stretches of pavement, following each other at one-minute intervals, day and night. Within four months they plan to give the pavement the equivalent of twenty years' wear. They expect to have destruction data that should convince even the most pigheaded lawmaker.

The next big item is truck regulation. Overloads, far beyond the allowed limit, are doing the most damage to existing roads. Because the rewards are big—a five-ton overload on a long-haul truck can mean more than ten thousand additional dollars in the course of a year—illegal loads are numerous. An Oklahoma weight-check showed that more than a third of all trucks there were overloaded. Identical results were recently secured in Indiana. One Ohio firm was charged last year with 177 overloading violations in Michigan alone.

Bills for lower truck weight, lower speeds, and higher taxes are now before the legislatures of five states. But, believe it or not, bills to *raise* weight or size limits for trucks have recently been passed in Arkansas, Florida, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Ohio, and North Carolina.

Next in line come truck taxes. Obviously, truck owners must be expected to pay their full share of highway use and highway destruction. So far they have not come even reasonably close to it. A Michigan study shows that in 1946 railroads within the state did $148,000,000 of business on an investment of $690,000,000, while truckers took in $152,000,000 on an investment of $60,000,000. A newspaper investigation in Illinois last year showed that some seventeen thousand trucks did most of the damage to highways in the state, while paying only about a tenth of the highway revenue. In New York State, passenger car fees average $14.86 (with the national average $10.34) while a heavy truck pays around $140. In Colorado, incidentally, that same truck would be charged about $2,000; in Florida, nearly $4,000.

Truck fees have been increased recently in ten states, but *lowered* in three others!

Finally we come to the last big and infinitely unpopular probability: higher gasoline taxes.

At present the gas tax brings in less than half the total highway revenue. Last year the amount was $1,348,122,000. To get that total each state set its own rate, running from two cents a gallon in Missouri to nine cents in Louisiana. The national average is five cents.

To raise gasoline taxes is always unpopular, and often politically inexpedient. Other more expensive and momentarily less painful measures are preferred. In New Jersey, for example, with its three-cent gas tax, a $300,000,000 toll road is to be built. In New York, where the tax is four cents, a still greater "freeway" is to draw tolls.

But the logic of the situation calls for steep increases somewhere, and a sharply higher gasoline tax seems to be one good answer. It has recently been raised in fifteen states; proposals for an increase have been defeated in fifteen others. But since 1940 the general cost of living has gone up 71 per cent, and the cost of car operation has gone up 40 per cent, while taxes on gas and oils, together with car registration fees, have gone up only 16 per cent.

It adds up to this: we are running behind heavily in our highway upkeep. The longer we do so, the more we shall have to pay in the end, with rebuilding costs far higher than they would be with an adequate replacement program. The most direct and least expensive way to raise the necessary money—aside from truck regulation and fair fees for truckers—is through whatever gas tax may be necessary. It will hurt. But we must face the hard fact that it costs much more to maintain our motorized civilization than we had imagined.

Population and Human Destiny

Julian Huxley

THE most important new fact of the past half-century is, I believe, that the human species has for the first time in its history begun to take stock of its position in the world. I am sure that many people will disagree: some will plump for the emergence of communism as a major force; others for the control of atomic energy; others again for the beginning of international organization. But I still maintain that in the long run this world stock-taking will prove to have the greatest importance.

The process of taking stock has concerned itself with the material resources of the world —in food, in raw materials, and in sources of power—but also with the population that uses and needs those resources. Indeed, we may say that the world, or at least the Western world, has become population-conscious.

However, I personally do not think that this "population-consciousness" has gone far enough. People have not yet fully realized the facts and their consequences—not fully enough to demand action.

What are the facts? The first and foremost is that human population has been increasing from the earliest times to the present. It has steadily increased since civilization first began, about 5,500 years ago. It certainly increased during the previous five or six thousand years since our ancestors, the most advanced among them still hunters and not agriculturists, emerged from the last Ice Age. And it must have increased during the half-a-million years of paleolithic man's earlier primitive existence. Furthermore, the increase is still continuing. There seem to have been periods of stagnation, and temporary decreases in this or that region, and perhaps occasionally in the world's population as a whole, but these can never have done more than kink the inexorable upward curve.

For almost all of this long space of time, accurate figures, even for a part of the world, are not available. We have to rely on rough estimates, or, for earlier times, on intelligent guesses. But this does not impair the general picture.

The Red Indian population of eastern North America before Columbus, hunters all, has been estimated at somewhere around one million—probably less rather than more. Under similar conditions, then, in the time just before agriculture and the domestication of animals began to be practiced, around 5500 B.C.,* when organized hunting was the highest form of economy known, ten million would

* Some authorities would date this back to 6000 B.C. This would not alter the general argument, and indeed would slightly increase the disparity between early and present rates of increase.

Julian Huxley's teaching and research have contributed much to modern efforts to bring science into the service of mankind. He was a Director General of UNESCO from 1946 to 1948 and is author of On Living in a Revolution *and many other works.*

be a reasonable figure for world population, with five million as a lower limit; in any case we can be certain that the figure could not have reached twenty million.

In the much earlier stage of mere food-gathering, we can at least say that this method of subsistence could not have supported as many people. The maximum world population reached by food-gathering man was probably not more than half that reached by man as hunter—say five million, with two or three million as lower limit, and ten million certainly above the upper limit.

By about 3500 B.C. when civilization began, with the building of towns, the invention of writing and the keeping of accounts, and the discovery of metals, there must already have been a considerable rise in world population. Once more, all we can do is to make an intelligent guess at the total figure. Twenty million seems to be the right order of magnitude, and forty million certainly beyond the possible upper limit.

From that time, more intensive agriculture, trade, and manufacture certainly led to a more rapid increase in numbers. The hundred-million mark must have been passed somewhere between 1000 and 500 B.C., and the two-hundred-million mark during the early or middle Roman Empire.

By the seventeenth century we have more to go on. World population in 1650 has been estimated at 545 millions, and this is probably accurate within 10 per cent either way. The one-billion mark was definitely passed during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and the two-billion mark during the first third of the twentieth. Unless some quite unforeseeable calamity befalls the world, its population will pass three billions certainly before the first decade of the twenty-first century is out, and almost certainly before the end of this present century.

THE present annual rate of increase is about 0.9 per cent. For the sake of simplicity let us say one per cent—which, barring unforeseen accidents, it will very soon attain. This does not seem very high—until you begin to calculate what it means in absolute figures of individual human beings. It means an increase of twenty-two million people in each year—three every two seconds or so. Translated into terms of days it means that every twenty-four hours there are about 60,000 more people in the world—the population of a good-sized town. Monday, Wheeling, West Virginia; Tuesday, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Wednesday, Beaumont, Texas; Thursday . . . , and so on throughout the 365 days. And this does not just represent the number of births, but the net increase, the difference between births and deaths.

What is more, there has been an *increase in the rate of increase itself.* If we take the figures from the beginning, we find the rise gradual until comparatively recent times:

Period	*Rate of Increase*
5500 B.C.–3000 B.C.	0.04%
3000 B.C.– 850 B.C.	0.06
850 B.C.–1650 A.D.	0.07

Since the Renaissance, however, the rise has been more marked. Consider, for example, the following figures, the first five of which come from Professor Kirtley Mather, the last from the UN Statistical Office:

Period	*Rate of Increase*
1650–1750	0.29%
1750–1800	0.44
1800–1850	0.51
1850–1900	0.63
1900–1950	0.75
1937–1947	0.82

The remarkable fact is that if these are plotted on a graph, they show a more or less steady rise. In other words, the increase of the rate of increase itself since 1650 has been a steady one, showing no sudden spurt at the beginning of the industrial revolution, nor any sign of slackening in the present—if anything, the reverse.

II

THESE are the central facts about population. The immediate question they provoke is this: can the world's resources suffice for the needs of its increasing population? The question has received very different answers. The pessimist and the scaremonger see the world facing speedy disaster. Food is the most basic need, and accordingly land for food-production is the basic resource. Yet this is being dissipated—by erosion, by exhaustion of fertility, by faulty methods of cultivation—so that while the number of mouths to be fed has been steadily going up, the yield of food

has actually been going down. And, say the pessimists, even if this were not so, even if soil-fertility could be restored, new land brought under cultivation, and the yields of old land raised, we could never manage to do this quickly enough or on a sufficiently grand scale to catch up with the alarming increase of humanity which modern technical and humanitarian trends are promoting. For the complete pessimists, the only remedy is to reverse those trends, at least in some of the major regions of the globe, and once more to let disease and infant mortality, premature death and famine, take their heavy toll—a suggestion which I personally regard as quite unjustified.

That is the out-and-out pessimist's thesis; there are, of course, numerous less extreme variations on the theme, but all agree in proclaiming the extreme gravity of the situation and its essential gloominess. William Vogt's book, *Road to Survival,* is perhaps the best-documented presentation of the pessimistic answer.

On the other side, we have the ostriches and the optimists, who either refuse to face the problem, or else conclude that food can readily be made to catch up with mouths, and indeed to outstrip all hungry pressure. Systems of land-tenure, they say, can be improved almost overnight; methods of agricultural production can be speedily reformed; and science can be relied upon to give a few waves of her wand which will magically improve yields, open up new areas to exploitation, and provide vast amounts of new synthetic foodstuffs.

It is true that some of the ostriches take their heads out of the sand for brief intervals, and that the optimism of most of the optimists is a somewhat tempered one. But all hold the essentially optimistic belief that the situation can be saved by concentrating on scientific and agricultural improvement.

Let me recall some of the facts which seem at first glance to support their argument. First of all, soil-erosion can certainly be dealt with, as is illustrated by the fact that the famous Dust Bowl in the United States is now producing more wheat than before it received its name in a baptism of good soil converted into useless dust. Second, only about a third of the land climatically suitable for growing crops is at present cultivated, and, though there are many difficulties, certainly some, and probably a good deal, of the vast unused area could be brought under cultivation.

Even greater and more rapid increases in available food can be expected from better and more intensive methods of cultivation. World output of mineral fertilizers could easily be doubled, with immense benefit especially to backward countries. The world average of wheat-yield per acre is less than a third of that of the best countries, and less than a fifth of that of the best farms in the best countries; and most of that falling-short is remediable.

Similarly, the world average for milk-yield per cow could easily be doubled, and probably more than trebled. Irrigation could transform the whole agricultural picture in semi-arid regions. The effective yield of grassland can be not only increased but multiplied by new methods of cultivation and of grass-drying. The heavy toll taken by weeds and pests and by plant and animal diseases could assuredly be halved by the use of modern methods. Genetics, aided by new techniques, such as artificial insemination and the grafting of ova, could add a big slice to the performance of all our crop-plants and domestic animals. And finally, even without drawing on the remoter possibilities of providing synthetic foodstuffs by chemical methods, there are many quite new sources of food, particularly of proteins, waiting to be exploited. The most promising method seems to be to grow yeast on molasses; but it may also be possible to extract valuable proteins from green leaves or from the microscopic plants that make up the plankton of the oceans.

Thus, if we really set our minds, our muscles, and our machines to it, it would clearly be possible, one way or another, to increase the world's food-supply very appreciably in the space of a few decades, and probably to multiply it two- or three-fold in the space of a few generations.

At first sight, all this supports the optimists. But as soon as we begin to look at the question as a race between resources and population, we are forced to a much more sober and indeed more somber view.

In the first place, the large majority of the

world's 2.2 billion people are to some degree undernourished, perhaps a half, certainly a third of them seriously so. Even if there were to be no further growth of the world's population, a large increase in food-production would still be necessary to provide the minimum standard of health and existence which the growth of science has forced upon our consciousness and our conscience.

However, the world's population certainly *is* going to grow further. Let me recall that its present yearly rate of increase is nearly one per cent, and has been showing a tendency to become higher. But even if we discount this tendency, even if we take only a constant rate of one per cent, the world's population will double itself in not much over two generations.

Even if the rate of increase were to drop steadily during that period until it reached only one-half per cent, which is about the limit of any possibility we can envisage, world population would still be over the three billion mark soon after the end of the century. Let me again rub in the inescapable fact that every day there are some sixty thousand more mouths to feed in the world, and that every day this daily figure itself is going up.

NO, EVEN the optimistic, once they shed all trace of ostrichism and face the facts, find that they have to be cautious. Sir John Russell, the great expert on agriculture, for instance, says: "The increased food-production that may confidently be expected is more than ample for population increases at Western rates. But it could easily be outstripped locally where Eastern rates of increase prevail." That word *locally* is a masterpiece of understatement, indeed of wrong implications, reminding one of the story of the headline in the English newspaper, "Storm in Channel: Continent isolated." For of course what Sir John calls "Eastern rates of increase" prevail among the majority of human beings now existing—in the populations of Asia as a whole, of most of the Balkans, of the U.S.S.R., of Latin America, of North Africa—and will very soon be prevailing in the rest of Africa, too. So "locally" applies to over two-thirds of the human race! And this great block of humanity is made up of populations increasing at rates of 1.25 up to 2.5 and even 3 per cent per annum. In ten recent years the *increase* of the population of the Indian sub-continent was greater than the total population of Britain; and the official Health Survey and Development Committee of India, in its report of 1946, believes that to this existing increase of five million a year there could readily be added a further three million lives saved by health measures, which would give an increase of eighty million every decade!

The population of Formosa is doubling every thirty years. Egypt, that narrow strip enclosed between walls of complete desert, must certainly have supported less than five million people at the height of its ancient power; when I first went to school the population was almost nine million, and it is now twenty million; during my lifetime it has very nearly trebled. I may add that rarely have I seen such poverty, and never such a contrast between rich and poor. Tunisia is equally overcrowded (and its people almost equally poverty-stricken), with a total of 3.3 million. I shall never forget the impression made on me by Haiti—a population of over 3.5 million crowded on to 10,000 square miles of shockingly eroded land, and what is more, a population that has doubled itself in thirty years, and is still continuing its reckless proliferation. We all vaguely know of the explosive threat contained in Japan's population-pressure—but how many people realize that it is now double what it was less than sixty years ago and is now increasing at the rate of over 1.5 million a year?*

In the inter-war period, Italy was always complaining, with some reason, about its overpopulated condition (even though no steps were ever taken to remedy it—indeed, quite the contrary); but with its forty-five million against Japan's eighty, and its increase of only about 50 per cent in fifty years, it is not in the same class.

BUT let us leave such details. It is clear that, in any event, we shall have a great struggle to see that the world's people are fed adequately, and maybe a struggle to see that large sections of them are fed at all. But as soon as we really begin to think a little more deeply, we realize that a great deal more is involved than this question of whether the

* London *Times*, March 8, 1950.

production of food can keep up with the production of people.

In the first place, we have also to think of the less crudely material resources, like scenery and open space, natural beauty and the wildness of nature, including wild-life. The larger wild birds and mammals have already been wholly or nearly exterminated in most parts of the world, until today the wonderful spectacle of big game on the large scale and in its pristine freedom is being threatened even in its last African refuge. North Americans have seen the virtual disappearance of the bison, and the extinction of the passenger pigeon and the heath hen, to mention only a few obvious examples. In Britain we passed through this stage long ago —think of the vanished beaver and wolf, spoonbill and sea-eagle, the pitiful remnants of kites and harriers, wildcats and pine-martens, choughs and bitterns. We are now entering on a new phase, in which human pressure threatens to spoil and destroy more and more not only the wildness, but also the beauty of our country. There just isn't enough room in these little islands for all the activities of their population—forestry and cement-working, military training and food-production, mining and industry, the eating up of the countryside by the growth of towns, and the enjoyment of nature. The result is a not very satisfactory compromise, and one which is likely to grow increasingly less so.

Then the growth in total world population has more or less automatically led to a growth in the size and number of big cities in every continent, until many of them are now demonstratively inefficient as cities, and no longer adequately perform their functions of providing convenient, efficient, and pleasant living conditions for those people who must live in dense agglomerations. For cities resemble animals in having a limit to their efficient size: a land animal only twice the size of an elephant could not carry on, at least in a wild state where it had to compete with other creatures.

A survey made a few years ago, in, I think, Australia, showed that, under present conditions, cities begin to grow less efficient after passing the half-million mark. The time and energy spent in getting to and from work, the traffic congestion in the center and along the main arteries, the overheads involved in the general system of transport and communications, the degree to which the city-dweller is cut off from nature and the country—these and much else increase disproportionately with any further increase in the city's population. And yet in spite of this, and of attempts at regulation, monstrosities like London and New York are still continuing their self-defeating growth.

There is also the hard fact that unless something is done to check the existing tendencies in Asia and the incipient tendencies in Africa toward rapid population increase, any effort that is made to raise their standard of nutrition will largely spill over and become transformed into yet further increase in numbers—with the inevitable effect (among others) of prolonging food shortages elsewhere. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has recently stated that in the ten years since 1939 the increase in world population has been greater than the increase in world food production.

III

However, these points are all merely single items. It is the situation as a whole that is so portentous—the realization that the increase of world population has been going on inexorably for thousands of years; that it shows no signs of slackening, still less of coming to a stop; that it is already tending to press on world resources; and that this pressure is tending to grow stronger, with all kinds of disagreeable and indeed disastrous consequences, if present trends are allowed to continue for any length of time.

At the risk of repetition, I would like to stress the fact that most people, once they have realized this, have a vision of our human future as a race—resources trying to catch up with population. Most of them still, consciously or unconsciously, accept the idea that an increase in the number of human beings in the world is not merely inevitable but somehow a good thing. The result is that they are forced to envisage the future of our species as a constant effort to satisfy the material needs of this ever-increasing swarm of people.

I maintain, on the contrary, that we need a new view of human destiny: a reconsideration of man's whole attitude toward the world in which he finds himself and the life he is called

upon to live in it, the aims of his existence and the methods to be used in pursuing them.

Why, in heaven's name, should anyone suppose that mere quantity of human organisms is a good thing, irrespective either of their own inherent quality or the quality of their life and their experiences?

This preoccupation with quantity as against quality is partly mere mental laziness; partly due to our competitive profit-making economic system, which tends to measure everything by the quantitative yardstick of its money value; and partly the result of our preoccupation, in the past couple of centuries, with the discoveries and applications of the physical sciences, whose results all depend on accurate quantitative measurement, and are all expressible in metrical terms.

Whatever the cause, the result has been unfortunate in many ways, and it is high time we took stock of our position.

EARLIER views of human destiny have never had a scientific basis. They have for the most part been based on religious doctrines, such as those of karma and reincarnation in the East, or Christian theology in the West. Sometimes further beliefs springing from the conditions of a period have been grafted on to the traditional doctrines, as with the crude materialist ideas of inevitable progress that reflected the spirit of Victorian industrialism.

Today, the time is overdue to use scientific method in tackling this overshadowing problem of human destiny, so that our approach can be both scientific and unitary. By a scientific approach I mean an approach based on knowledge and the appeal to fact, as against one based on mere authority or alleged revelation, or derived only from logic and a priori argumentation, in either case leading to dogmatic conclusions of one sort or another. And by a unitary approach, I mean that we must avoid like the devil all the old dualisms—of soul versus body, spirit versus matter, religion versus science: they are all rooted in ignorance, and therefore bound to be misleading. The highest spiritual manifestations of man's life are just as natural as are material aspects like digestion or locomotion. There must be no territory forbidden to science, and exclusively reserved to religion or philosophy; but equally science must not shrink from entering the territories of mind and spirit, however difficult and scientifically unorthodox they may appear.

Such an approach strips man of many false trappings, to clothe him with a mantle of reality, which need not lack either beauty or grandeur for being real. It sees him first in his material aspect, as the latest and most peculiar of the animals, needing food for his sustenance and all kinds of other material substances for his complicated way of living. During the present century, we have for the first time discovered what kinds and amounts of foodstuffs are needed to keep a human being in health, have surveyed the food-producing capacities of the world, made some survey of other major resources like coal and oil, waterpower and metals, and estimated the world's human population and surveyed its trends.

This is man's first attempt at a world stock-taking, and the work must continue, and must become fuller and more accurate. We cannot carry on with the complicated business of living efficiently unless we adopt business-like methods.

One important point that has already emerged is that the majority of the human species is inadequately nourished. Food is the basic resource; and clearly a first claim on our planning is the raising of the level of nutrition wherever it is below the minimum needed for health and energy.

But man also is not merely a material mechanism. He has a mental aspect and his intellectual, emotional, and spiritual properties are certainly no less important than his material nature and needs. And they too can be approached in a scientific way. The scientific approach need not and cannot concern itself with metaphysical questions about the greater "reality" of mind or matter, or with theological speculations about the soul. But it can and must be naturalistic, and ask what properties are possessed by the human mind and spirit, and what functions they play in human life. It can attempt a survey of man's non-material as well as of his material needs, and of the possible methods of meeting them.

AS SOON as we bring mind and spirit into our survey, we are faced with the fundamental difference between means and ends. Material resources are always and only means. Ends, on the other hand, always

and inevitably have a mental or psychological element. They always in some sense involve satisfactions. The satisfaction may take various forms: of enjoyment—simple and straightforward enjoyment, or in the deepest sense of providing joy, like the enjoyment of beauty; or of expression—the simple satisfaction of work well done, the high satisfaction of self-expression through creation, or the paradoxical but profound satisfaction derived from expressing the deep urges leading toward self-sacrifice; or of the sense of being in a satisfying relation to some larger group—family, or school, or parish, or nation, or some community of select spirits whose ideas transcend the present.

Human satisfactions are almost infinitely various. Their higher ranges include artistic creation, religious communion with a higher power, athletic achievement, enjoyment of natural beauty, intellectual understanding, participation in ennobling rituals, the satisfactions derived from pictures and fine buildings, or literature, or music, or the ecstasy of love.

This variety exists partly because we most of us need a wide range of satisfactions, some of which are mutually exclusive at any one moment: there are confirmed city-dwellers whose lives are rendered satisfying only by spells in the mountains or by the sea. It is partly because our life passes through many phases, each demanding different satisfactions: the aims and needs of a boy of twelve inevitably differ from those of a man of thirty. It depends partly on the division of labor in modern societies: some of the satisfactions open to an artist or a farmer are different in kind from some of those open to an artisan or a scientist. Finally it depends on man's inherent variability: an intellectual genius and a pleasant, rather stupid fellow will have some quite different needs, and the extrovert and the introvert will not demand the same satisfactions.

It is clear that men's more ultimate aims and more satisfying satisfactions are in their essence qualitative, and are liable to be frustrated if overridden by purely quantitative aims, the mere demand for more. And that holds for the demand for more people just as much as for more material goods. Furthermore, all quantitative aims turn back on you after a certain point, for to have too much of material objects is as bad, though bad in a different way, as to have too little. But with qualitative aims there is no such change from positive to negative. It is always possible to be wiser, or more sensitive, to have a richer inner life and to lead a nobler practical existence: growth in these domains is without a limit.

IV

But enough of generalities: we want to know the particular and practical upshot of all this. First, we need a population policy. Every nation should have its own population policy, as it has now its own trade or foreign policy, and these should be integrated in a world population policy implemented by the United Nations. For most regions the policy should be directed to reducing the rate of population increase. This is something that has never yet been consciously envisaged by any nation, but is none the less urgent for that. Population policy should aim at raising the standard of life of those vast hordes of people who are now over-multiplying largely *because* they are under-privileged; should build up a birth-control and family-planning service within the general public health system; and should begin a radical campaign of public education concerning the whole subject.

For there will be immense resistances to overcome. There is nationalist resistance to anything that might reduce national military or economic power. There is plain laziness and unreflecting prejudice. There is religious resistance on religious or semi-religious grounds, as with the Roman Catholic church, or with China's deep-rooted ancestor-cult. Thus when Dr. Warren Thompson, head of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems, in his report to General MacArthur on the population problem in Japan, recommended a birth-control policy, he was bitterly attacked by Catholic representatives, whose alternative solution was to give Japan "territorial rights over some rich but undeveloped areas" elsewhere!*

Religious resistance to any deliberate regulation of population is often based either on allegedly moral reasons, or on the ground that

*London *Times*, March 8, 1950.

procreation is something so sacred that it must not be interfered with. To me, this whole attitude itself seems immoral. What is sacred above all else is human personality in its highest reaches. The worst immorality is to prevent life, as represented by the human species, from realizing more of its possibilities.

Quantitatively, more people should be enabled to reach a fuller development; qualitatively, new kinds of potential experience—in aesthetic perception, for instance, or in intellectual understanding—should be realized in actual achievement, and new levels of possibility, such as telepathy and so-called mystical experience, should be explored.

Obviously, we must improve the machinery needed as means towards this end—the physical machinery of healthy human bodies; the material machinery of tools and transport systems, books and houses, instruments and factories; and the social and political machinery that provide the necessary framework for human communities.

I have no space to deal with this, save to stress the urgent necessity of constructing efficient machinery for preventing war. It is vital to work for any and every positive kind of internationalism, regional or global. It is a good thing to learn to overcome our nationalist prejudices by working together with our neighbor nations, as in Benelux or European Union, and to launch projects of world scope but with particular aims—world health campaigns or schemes for the development of backward areas. During the present half-century, we have taken the first tentative steps away from unrestricted national sovereignty toward some kind of world government. It is essential to move farther and faster along this road.

To raise the general level of nutrition and health to a decent minimum standard is also a priority job. So too is the achievement of a minimum standard in housing and comfort, social security, and education. Without all this, the so-called backward peoples—who are backward largely because they are under-privileged—will continue to be a drag on the progress of the rest of the world (as well as a burden on its conscience), and also a breeding-ground of discontent and trouble (as well as of unwanted excess population).

Now that the world has become one *de facto* in so many respects, the only way to get it to work with even a reasonable minimum of efficiency and happiness is by treating it as a partnership—a partnership between nations, groups, and classes, with the over-all objective of achieving true progress for the whole.

This reminds us that, however urgent and essential the job of raising the under-privileged two-thirds of humanity out of their substandard morass, we must still continue to devote a reasonable amount of attention to maintaining, *and raising*, the highest level of life and achievement in the advanced countries. For that is a necessary ingredient in present progress, and also a guide for achieving a right direction of development for the backward or under-privileged majority.

The substandard morass includes ignorance among its ingredients, as well as poverty and suffering, disease and squalor. The under-privileged cannot possibly take their place in a partnership of world advance without more knowledge—of the good life that they should desire, and the methods by which it could be realized. As with food or health, we need to raise the upper as well as the lower level of knowledge: without new research and its applications, the human partnership will get bogged down.

But the biggest change will come when we begin to apply our new outlook to the workings of our societies. At present our approach is concerned almost entirely with economics, social security, and physical health. This material approach is frankly not enough: however adequately it deals with the foundations of life, it leaves out all its upper stories. Our new view of human destiny insists that emotional and intellectual and spiritual satisfactions must also be taken into account.

A proud sense of participation and of community with the group to which we belong, belief in our work and its value, a sense of dedication in developing our potentialities to the full, and also in aiding, however slightly, the progress of humanity; the capacity to accept and transcend pain and suffering; the capacity for a true and full enjoyment of life—these all need integrating into the pattern of our living.

Let me give two illustrations of this. One concerns the satisfactions to be obtained from

the enjoyment of unspoiled nature, noble scenery, untrammeled open space, and wild life. These satisfactions are different in kind from any other: we cannot afford to lose them. Accordingly, since economic interests and mere quantity of population are pressing hard upon them, we must set aside certain physical areas in which these needs of people shall be paramount and shall override others such as their economic interests or their housing needs.

The other is the place of beauty embodied in buildings. I had the good fortune as a boy to win a scholarship to Eton: this entitled me, as a "poor scholar" under the terms of Henry VI's munificence, to grow up in more intimate association with noble architecture than could be purchased for their sons by the parents of any of the Oppidans. And from this intimacy with the splendid late Gothic of the Chapel and the Hall, and the fine Tudor of Lupton's Tower, I received something of lasting value, without which I should have been a poorer human being.

I think of my good fortune here and elsewhere and then of the lot of the considerable majority of my fellow citizens who have to grow up and exist in surroundings that are either dull, drab, and uninspiring, or downright ugly, squalid, and depressing. *Exist* is the word: for beauty is a necessary ingredient of full living.

Once we really grasp that our duty and our destiny is to provide and to live a richer life, we shall regard it as socially immoral to build ugly factories, to plan a drab and lifeless housing estate, or to spend money on vulgar public building.

It costs very little more to build a factory which shall be a source of pride and enjoyment to those who work in it, or a suburb which should do the same for those who live in it; and the little more should be regarded as a basic necessity. Beauty is part of the necessary emotional cement of society. Thus, every industry should have a headquarters which worthily symbolizes it and its value, both to its workers and to the nation at large; and its regional and local buildings should also canalize the emotions in their appropriate ways. And beauty and dignity of building are essential in schools and colleges.

But first we must begin to believe in ourselves—in our own age and its future. If we consciously or subconsciously prefer to believe in a past age and are too frightened of change to believe in the future, this will reveal itself in our architecture.

The essential is to realize that a new view of human destiny is needed. Any such new view, if it is to be effective in the present state of our knowledge and of the world, must, I think, come under the general heading of evolutionary humanism. What is more, we badly need some such new view of our destiny as a practical implement of our own society, and a weapon in the struggle for power between East and West.

For, make no mistake, in the modern world ideological weapons are in the long run more potent than physical ones. The East possesses a powerful weapon in the shape of revolutionary communism. But the West has as yet no single ideology which unites it—only a mixture of partial ideologies—such as various brands of religion and theology, the American way of life, parliamentary democracy, the cult of the common man, and the welfare state, which more or less cancel each other out in an eddy of confusion, instead of providing a single driving force.

Evolutionary humanism could be truer and more fully founded on scientific fact than Marxist communism; more extensive, in assigning a larger place to the creative mind and spirit; and more universal, in stressing the need for variety in the world's life and culture; and more effective, as based on proud participation that is also free.

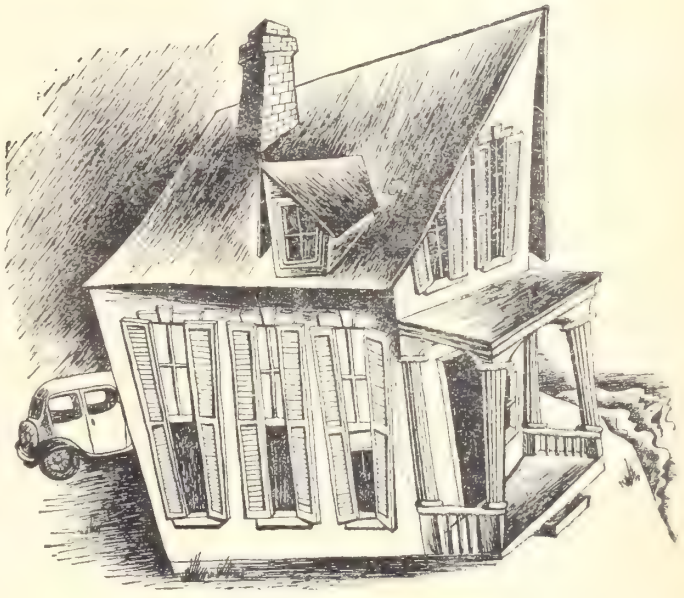
Our old complacencies have given place to frustration and uncertainty; but that will never win any battles or provide any driving force. Perhaps it needed the combined threat of population pressure and militant communism to rouse us from our intellectual lethargy and confusion and force us to set our ideas in order and take a new and positive ideological stand.

Two Manx Tales

Nigel Kneale

Drawings by Lillian Freedgood

Minuke



The estate agent kept an uncomfortable silence until we reached his car. "Frankly, I wish you hadn't got wind of that," he said. "Don't know how you did: I thought I had the whole thing carefully disposed of. Oh, please get in."

He pulled his door shut and frowned. "It puts me in a rather awkward spot. I suppose I'd better tell you all I know about that case, or you'd be suspecting me of heaven knows what kinds of chicanery in your own."

As we set off to see the property I was interested in, he shifted the cigarette to the side of his mouth.

"It's quite a distance, so I can tell you on the way there," he said. "We'll pass the very spot, as a matter of fact, and you can see it for yourself. Such as there is to see."

It was away back before the war (said the estate agent). At the height of the building boom. You remember how it was: ribbon development in full blast everywhere; speculative builders sticking things up almost overnight. Though at least you could get a house when you wanted it in those days.

I've always been careful in what I handle—I want you to understand that. Then one day I was handed a packet of coast-road bungalows, for letting. Put up by one of these gone tomorrow firms, and bought by a local man. I can't say I exactly jumped for joy, but for once the things looked all right, and—business is inclined to be business.

The desirable residence you heard about stood at the end of the row. Actually, it seemed to have the best site. On a sort of natural platform, as it were, raised above road-level and looking straight out over the sea. Like all the rest, it had a simple two-bedroom, lounge, living-room, kitchen, bathroom lay-out. Red-tiled roof, roughcast walls. Ornamental portico, garden-strip all round. Sufficiently far from town, but with all conveniences.

It was taken by a man named Pritchard. Cinema projectionist, I think he was. Wife, a boy of ten or so, and a rather younger daughter. Oh—and dog, one of those black, lop-eared animals. They christened the place "Minuke," M-I-N-U-K-E. My Nook. Yes, that's what I said too. And not even the miserable excuse of its being phonetically correct. Still, hardly worse than most.

Well, at the start everything seemed quite jolly. The Pritchards settled in and busied themselves with rearing a privet hedge and

shoving flowers in. They'd paid the first quarter in advance and, as far as I was concerned, were out of the picture for a bit.

Then, about a fortnight after they'd moved in, I had a telephone call from Mrs. P. to say there was something odd about the kitchen tap. Apparently the thing had happened twice. The first time was when her sister was visiting them, and tried to fill the kettle: no water would come through for a long time, then suddenly squirted violently and almost soaked the woman. I gather the Pritchards hadn't really believed this—thought she was trying to find fault with their little nest—it had never happened before, and she couldn't make it happen again. Then, about a week later, it did: with Mrs. Pritchard this time. After her husband had examined the tap and could find nothing wrong with it, he decided the water supply must be faulty. So they got on to me.

I went round personally, as it was the first complaint from any of these bungalows. The tap seemed normal, and I remember asking if the schoolboy son could have been experimenting with their main stop, when Mrs. Pritchard, who had been fiddling with the tap, suddenly said, "Quick, look at this! It's off now!" They were quite cocky about its happening when I was there.

It really was odd. I turned the tap to the limit, but—not a drop! Not even the sort of gasping gurgle you hear when the supply is turned off at the main. After a couple of minutes, though, it came on. Water shot out with, I should say, about ten times normal force, as if it had been held under pressure. Then gradually it died down and ran steadily.

Both children were in the room with us until we all dodged out of the door to escape a soaking—it had splashed all over the ceiling—so they couldn't have been up to any tricks. I promised the Pritchards to have the pipes checked. Before returning to town, I called at the next two bungalows in the row: neither of the tenants had had any trouble at all with the water. I thought, well, that localized it at least.

When I reached my office there was a telephone message waiting, from Pritchard. I rang him back and he was obviously annoyed. "Look here," he said, "not ten minutes after you left, we've had something else happen! The wall of the large bedroom's cracked from top to bottom. Big pieces of plaster fell, and the bed's in a terrible mess." And then he said, "You wouldn't have got me in a jerry-built place like this if I'd known!"

I had plasterers on the job next morning, and the whole water supply to "Minuke" under examination. For about three days there was peace. The tap behaved itself, and absolutely nothing was found to be wrong. I was annoyed at what seemed to have been unnecessary expenditure. It looked as if the Pritchards were going to be difficult—and I've had my share of that type: fault-finding cranks occasionally carry eccentricity to the extent of a little private destruction, to prove their points. I was on the watch from now on.

Then it came again.

Pritchard rang me at my home, before nine in the morning. His voice sounded a bit off. Shaky.

"For God's sake can you come round here right away," he said. "Tell you about it when you get here." And then he said, almost fiercely, but quietly and close to the mouthpiece, "There's something damned queer about this place!" Dramatizing is a typical feature of all cranks, I thought, but particularly the little mousy kind, like Pritchard.

I went to "Minuke" and found that Mrs. Pritchard was in bed, in a state of collapse. The doctor had given her a sleeping dose.

Pritchard told me a tale that was chiefly remarkable for the expression on his face as he told it.

I don't know if you're familiar with the layout of that type of bungalow? The living room is in the front of the house, with the kitchen behind it. To get from one to the other you have to use the little hallway, through two doors. But for convenience at mealtimes, there's a serving-hatch in the wall between these rooms. A small wooden door slides up and down over the hatch-opening.

"The wife was just passing a big plate of bacon and eggs through from the kitchen," Pritchard told me, "when the hatch door came down on her wrists. I saw it and I heard her yell. I thought the cord must've snapped, so I said, 'All right, all right!' and went to pull it up because it's only a light wooden frame."

Pritchard was a funny color, and as far as I could judge, it was genuine.

"Do you know, it wouldn't come! I got my fingers under it and heaved, but it might have

weighed two hundredweight. Once it gave an inch or so, and then pressed harder. That was it—it was *pressing* down! I heard the wife groan. I said, 'Hold on!' and ripped round through the hall. When I got into the kitchen she was on the floor, fainted. And the hatch-door was hitched up as right as ninepence. That gave me a turn!" He sat down, quite deflated: it didn't appear to be put on. Still, ordinary neurotics can be almost as troublesome as out-and-out cranks.

I tested the hatch, gingerly; and, of course, the cords were sound and it ran easily.

"Possibly a bit stiff at times, being new," I said. "They're apt to jam if you're rough with them." And then, "By the way, just what were you hinting on the phone?"

He looked at me. It was warm sunlight outside, with a bus passing. Normal enough to take the mike out of Frankenstein's monster. "Never mind," he said, and gave a sheepish half-grin. "Bit of—well, funny construction in this house, though, eh?"

I'm afraid I was rather outspoken with him.

Let alone any twaddle about a month-old bungalow being haunted, I was determined to clamp down on this "jerry-building" talk. Perhaps I was beginning to have doubts myself.

I wrote straight off to the building company when I'd managed to trace them, busy developing an arterial road about three counties away. I dare say my letter was on the insinuating side: I think I asked if they had any record of difficulties in the construction of this bungalow. At any rate I got a sniffy reply by return, stating that the matter was out of their hands: in addition, their records were not available for discussion. Blind alley.

In the meantime, things at "Minuke" had worsened to a really frightening degree. I dreaded the phone ringing. One morning the two Pritchards senior awoke to find that nearly all the furniture in their bedroom had been moved about, including the bed they had been sleeping in: they had felt absolutely nothing. Food became suddenly and revoltingly decomposed. All the chimney pots had come down, not just into the garden, but to the far side of the high road, except one which appeared, pulverized, on the living-room floor. The obvious attempts of the Pritchards to keep a rational outlook had underlined most of my suspicions by this time.

I managed to locate a local man who had been employed during the erection of the bungalows, as an extra hand. He had worked only on the foundations of "Minuke," but what he had to say was interesting.

They had found the going slow because of striking a layer of enormous flat stones, apparently trimmed slate, but as the site was otherwise excellent, they pressed on, using the stone as foundation where it fitted in with the plan, and laying down rubble where it didn't. The concrete skin over the rubble—my ears burned when I heard about that, I can tell you—this wretched so-called concrete had cracked, or shattered, several times. Which wasn't entirely surprising, if it had been laid as he described. The flat stones, he said, had not been seriously disturbed. A workmate had referred to them as "a giant's grave," so it was possibly an old burial mound. Norse, perhaps —those are fairly common along this coast— or even very much older.

Apart from this—I'm no diehard skeptic, I may as well confess—I was beginning to admit modest theories about a poltergeist, in spite of a lack of corroborative knockings and ornament-throwing. There were two young children in the house, and the lore has it that kids are often unconsciously connected with phenomena of that sort, though usually adolescents. Still, in the real-estate profession you have to be careful, and if I could see the Pritchards safely off the premises without airing these possibilities, it might be kindest to the bungalow's future.

I went to "Minuke" the same afternoon.

It was certainly turning out an odd nook. I found a departing policeman on the doorstep. That morning the back door had been burst in by a hundredweight or so of soil, and Mrs. Pritchard was trying to convince herself that a practical joker had it in for them. The policeman had taken some notes, and was giving vague advice about "civil action" which showed that he was out of his depth.

Pritchard looked very tired, almost ill. "I've got leave from my job, to look after them," he said, when we were alone. I thought he was wise. He had given his wife's illness as the reason, and I was glad of that.

"I don't believe in—unnatural happenings," he said.

I agreed with him, non-commitally.

"But I'm afraid of what ideas the kids

might get. They're both at impressionable ages, y'know."

I recognized the symptoms without disappointment. "You mean, you'd rather move elsewhere," I said.

He nodded. "I like the district, mind you. But what I——"

There was a report like a gun in the very room.

I found myself with both arms up to cover my face. There were tiny splinters everywhere, and a dust of fiber in the air. The door had exploded. Literally.

To hark back to constructional details, it was one of those light, hollow frame-and-plywood jobs. As you'll know, it takes considerable force to splinter plywood: well, this was in tiny fragments. And the oddest thing was that we had felt no blast effect.

In the next room I heard their dog howling. Pritchard was as stiff as a poker.

"I felt it!" he said. "I felt this lot coming. I've got to knowing when something's likely to happen. It's all round!" Of course I began to imagine I'd sensed something too, but I doubt if I had really; my shock came with the crash. Mrs. Pritchard was in the doorway by this time with the kids behind her. He motioned them out and grabbed my arm.

"The thing is," he whispered, "that I can still feel it! Stronger than ever, by God! Look, will you stay at home tonight, in case I need—well, in case things get worse? I can phone you."

On my way back I called at the town library and managed to get hold of a volume on supernatural possession and what-not. Yes, I was committed now. But the library didn't specialize in that line, and when I opened the book at home, I found it was very little help. "Vampires of southeastern Europe" type of stuff. I came across references to something the jargon called an "elemental" which I took to be a good deal more vicious and destructive than any poltergeist. A thoroughly nasty form of manifestation, if it existed. Those Norse gravestones were fitting into the picture uncomfortably well; it was fashionable in those days to be buried with all the trimmings, human sacrifice, and even more unmentionable attractions.

But I read on. After half a chapter on zombis and Rumanian werewolves, the whole thing began to seem so fantastic that I turned seriously to working out methods of exploding somebody's door as a practical joke. Even a totally certifiable joker would be likelier than vampires. In no time I'd settled down with a whiskey, doodling wiring diagrams, and only occasionally—like twinges of conscience—speculating on contacting the psychic investigation people.

When the phone rang I was hardly prepared for it.

It was a confused, distant voice, gabbling desperately, but I recognized it as Pritchard. "For God's sake, don't lose a second! Get here—it's all hell on earth! Can't you hear it? My God, I'm going crazy!" And in the background I thought I was able to hear something. A sort of bubbling, shushing "wah-wah" noise. Indescribable. But you hear some odd sounds on telephones at any time.

"Yes," I said, "I'll come immediately. Why don't you all leave——" But the line had gone dead.

Probably I've never moved faster. I scrambled out to the car with untied shoes flopping, though I remembered to grab a heavy stick in the hall—whatever use it was to be. I drove like fury, heart belting, straight to "Minuke," expecting to see heaven knows what.

But everything looked still and normal there. The moon was up and I could see the whole place clearly. Curtained lights in the windows. Not a sound. I rang. After a moment Pritchard opened the door. He was quiet and seemed almost surprised to see me.

I pushed inside. "Well?" I said. "What's happened?"

"Not a thing, so far," he said. "That's why I didn't expect——"

I felt suddenly angry. "Look here," I said, "what are you playing at? Seems to me that any hoaxing round here begins a lot nearer home than you'd have me believe!" Then the penny dropped. I saw by the fright in his face that he knew something had gone wrong. That was the most horrible, sickening moment of the whole affair for me.

"Didn't you ring?" I said.

And he shook his head.

I've been in some tight spots. But there was always some concrete, actual business in hand to screw the mind safely down to. I suppose panic is when the subconscious breaks

loose and everything in your head dashes screaming out. It was only just in time that I found a touch of the concrete and actual. A kiddie's paintbox on the floor, very watery.

"The children," I said. "Where are they?"

"Wife's just putting the little 'un to bed. She's been restless tonight: just wouldn't go, crying and difficult. Arthur's in the bathroom. Look here, what's happened?"

I told him, making it as short and matter of fact as I could. He turned ghastly.

"Better get them dressed and out of here right away," I said. "Make some excuse, not to alarm them."

He'd gone before I finished speaking.

I smoked hard, trying to build up the idea of "Hoax! Hoax!" in my mind. After all, it could have been. But I knew it wasn't.

Everything looked cosy and normal. Clock ticking. Fire red and mellow. Half-empty cocoa mug on the table. The sound of the sea from beyond the road. I went through to the kitchen. The dog was there, looking up from its sleeping-basket under the sink. "Good dog," I said, and it wriggled its tail.

Pritchard came in from the hall. He jumped when he saw me.

"Getting nervy!" he said. "They won't be long. I don't know where we can go if we—well, if we have to—to leave tonight——"

"My car's outside," I told him. "I'll fix you up. Look here, did you ever 'hear things'? Odd noises?" I hadn't told him that part of the telephone call.

He looked at me so oddly I thought he was going to collapse.

"I don't know," he said. "Can you?"

"At this moment?"

I listened.

"No," I said. "The clock on the shelf. The sea. Nothing else. No."

"The sea," he said, barely whispering. "But you can't hear the sea in this kitchen!"

He was close to me in an instant. Absolutely terrified. "Yes, I have heard this before! I think we all have. I said it was the sea: so as not to frighten them. But it isn't. And I recognized it when I came in here just now. That's what made me start. It's getting louder: it does that."

He was right. Like slow breathing. It seemed to emanate from inside the walls, not at a particular spot, but everywhere. We went into the hall, then the front room: it was the same there. Mixed with it now was a sort of thin crying.

"That's Nellie," Pritchard said. "The dog: she always whimpers when it's on—too scared to howl. My God, I've never heard it as loud as this before!"

"Hurry them up, will you!" I almost shouted. He went.

The "breathing" was ghastly. Slobbering. Stertorous, I think the term is. And faster. Oh, yes, I recognized it. The background music to the phone message. My skin was pure ice.

"Come along!" I yelled. I switched on the little radio to drown the noise. The old National Program, as it was in those days, for late dance music. Believe it or not, what came through that loudspeaker was the same vile sighing noise, at double the volume. And when I tried to switch off, it stayed the same.

The whole bungalow was trembling. The Pritchards came running in, she carrying the little girl. "Get them into the car," I shouted. We heard glass smashing somewhere.

Above our heads there was an almighty thump. Plaster showered down.

Half-way out of the door the little girl screamed, "Nellie! Where's Nellie? Nellie, Nellie!"

"The dog!" Pritchard moaned. "Oh, curse it!" He dragged them outside. I dived for the kitchen, where I'd seen the animal, feeling a lunatic for doing it. Plaster was springing out of the walls in painful showers.

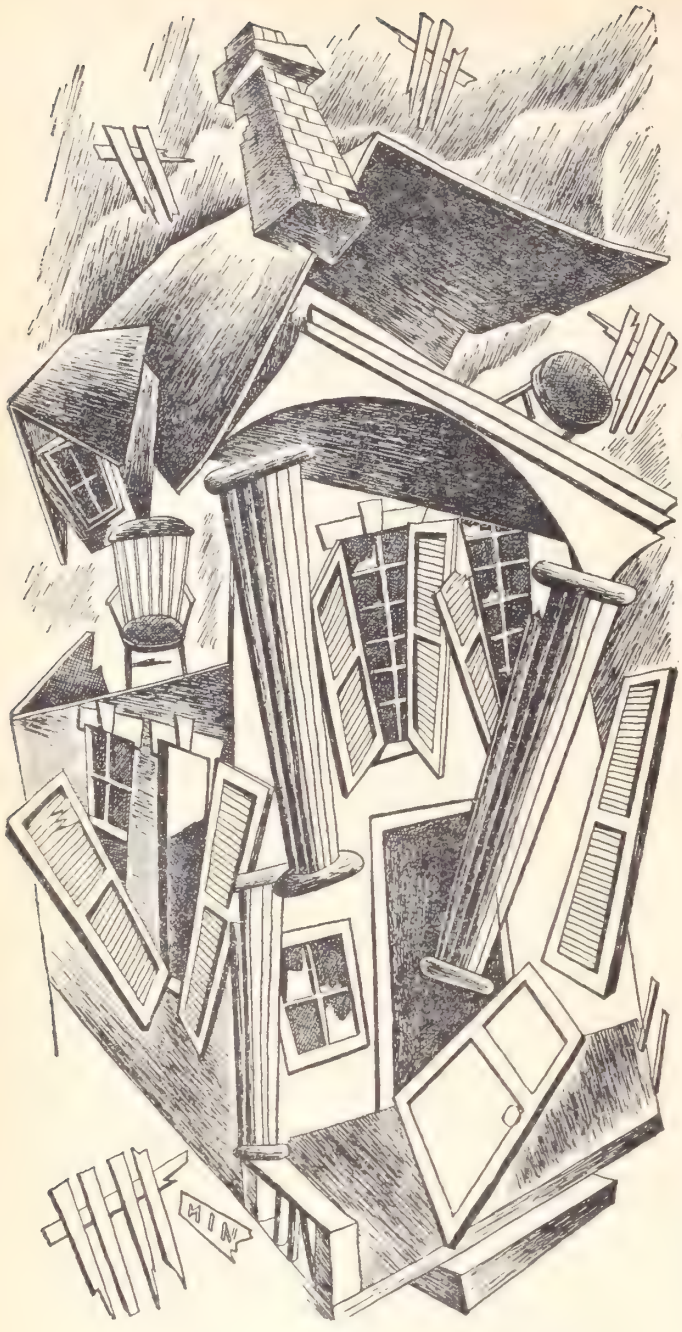
In the kitchen I found water everywhere. One tap was squirting like a fire hose. The other was missing, water belching across the window from a torn end of pipe.

"Nellie!" I called.

Then I saw the dog. It was lying near the oven, quite stiff. Round its neck was twisted a piece of painted piping with the other tap on the end.

Sheer funk got me then. The ground was moving under me. I bolted down the hall, nearly bumped into Pritchard. I yelled and shoved. I could actually feel the house at my back.

We got outside. The noise was like a dreadful snoring, with rumbles and crashes thrown in. One of the lights went out. "Nellie's run away," I said, and we all got into the car, the kids bawling. I started up. People were coming out of the other bungalows—



they're pretty far apart and the din was just beginning to make itself felt. Pritchard mumbled, "We can stop now. Think it'd be safe to go back and grab some of the furniture?" As if he was at a fire; but I don't think he knew what he was doing.

"Daddy—look!" screeched the boy.

We saw it. The chimney of "Minuke" was going up in a horrible way. In the moonlight it seemed to grow, quite slowly, to about sixty feet, like a giant crooked finger. And then—burst. I heard bricks thumping down. Somewhere somebody screamed.

There was a glare like an ungodly great lightning-flash. It lasted for a second or so.

Of course we were dazzled, but I thought I saw the whole of "Minuke" fall suddenly and instantaneously flat, like a swatted fly. I probably did, because that's what happened, anyway.

There isn't much more to tell.

Nobody was really hurt, and we were able to put down the whole thing to a serious electrical fault. Main fuses had blown throughout the whole district, which helped this theory out. Perhaps it was unfortunate in another respect, because a lot of people changed over to gas.

There wasn't much recognizable left of "Minuke." But some of the bits were rather unusual. Knots in pipes, for instance—I buried what was left of the dog myself. Wood and brick cleanly sliced. Small quantities of completely powdered metal. The bath had been squashed flat, like tinfoil. In fact, Pritchard was lucky to land the insurance money for his furniture.

My professional problem, of course, remained. The plot where the wretched place had stood. I managed to persuade the owner it wasn't ideal for building on. Incidentally, lifting those stones might reveal something to somebody some day—but not to me, thank you!

I think my eventual solution showed a touch of wit: I let it very cheaply as scrap-metal dump.

Well? I know I've never been able to make any sense out of it. I hate telling you all this stuff, because it must make me seem either a simpleton or a charlatan. In so far as there's any circumstantial evidence in looking at the place, you can see it in a moment or two. Here's the coast road. . . .

The car pulled up at a bare spot beyond a sparse line of bungalows. The space was marked by a straggling, tufty square of privet bushes. Inside I could see a tangle of rusting iron: springs, a car chassis, oil drums.

"The hedge keeps it from being too unsightly," said the estate agent, as we crossed to it. "See—the remains of the gate."

A few half-rotten slats dangled from an upright. One still bore part of a chrome-plated name. "MI—" and, a little farther on, "K."

"Nothing worth seeing now," he said. I peered inside. "Not that there ever was much

——Look out!" I felt a violent push. In the same instant something zipped past my head and crashed against the car behind. "My God! Went right at you!" gasped the agent.

It had shattered a window of the car and gone through the open door opposite. We found it in the road beyond, sizzling on the Tarmac. A heavy steel nut, white-hot.

"I don't know about you," the estate agent said, "but I'm rather in favor of getting out of here."

And we did. Quickly.

Curphey's Followēr

It began one night in the gradual quietness that follows closing-time. Lot Curphey was on his way home from Ballaroddan village, not quite solid on his feet, and with little crumbs of song still coming out of his mouth; too cheerful to swear at the faintness of the starlight.

He was a small man, chiefly from shortness of the legs, with a tufty hairiness about the face. Warm, now, inside a huge yellow coat given to him by John James Quilleash, his employer. Under its long skirts his left leg limped from an injury by a plowshare years before; now and then the thick cloth dipped in the dust.

About half a mile from his cottage he was chilled by the night air and beginning to notice things.

He felt that he was being followed.

He stopped and turned. There was no sound but a sheep's cough far away on his right. He scraped his foot sharply in the loose surface.

A few yards away something slithered. Curphey could see a black patch against the lighter darkness of the road. Too small for a dog.

"Shoo, cat!" he said loudly. For a second his back tingled at the odd stillness of it. Possible horrors bobbed in his mind.

He stamped towards it with a hollow-feeling foot. The thing moved; and as it moved, it flapped. And spoke unmistakably.

"Quaa!"

That was how Lot Curphey met the duck.

It followed him along the road, stopped when he did, shuffling along behind at a respectful number of small paces. Twice he tried to chase it home, taking it to be a stray from the yard of old Skillicorn, who was unpleasantly litigious. Each time it scuttled close again as soon as he turned his back.

He came to the cottage where he lived alone, and went straight in and lit the oil lamp.

An eye glittered in the flare, low down on the threshold. He stooped, lamp in hand, and the duck grew clear.

The creature was amazingly ugly.

It stood on the rough slate step boldly, but with its right leg oddly twisted, like a bored corner boy. One eye looked in his face; the other was closed and hollow. Its feathers lay many ways; in patches there were none. Those that remained were a shiny black.

After a moment he picked it up, careful about where he touched it, and it was quiet in his hands. Thin, with skin loose in his fingers. A glance by the lamp showed the damage to its leg was old, and no treatment needed. And it was too skinny to eat.

He tossed it outside and clapped his hands loudly. A little later the door was opened once more, for a green crust to follow it.

In the half-light of the next morning, Curphey found the black duck among the seedlings in his front garden patch. He shouted and flung his hat at it. Having to clamber sleepily after his hat, he trod on three Brussels sprouts. He swore, loud in the clammy air, tried to restore them, and swore again; threw a handful of gravel at the duck with seeming effect, and set off up the side path that pointed to Quilleash's farm.

The duck came behind, running crookedly. It trailed him as determinedly as in the darkness, using its wings when the man gained.

Curphey came into the farm street hurriedly, ready to be embarrassed, with a glance behind and a nervous dab at his hat. At his limping heel scrambled the duck. It ignored



the other birds that watched curiously from the midden.

"It's taken a fancy to me," said Curphey to the rest of the hands. He felt more comfortable when their laughter turned safely on to the duck. "Mus' think I'm a—a charity for oul' twisty ducks!"

That day it followed him everywhere. When he went on the plow, a black head bobbed down the furrows a couple of yards behind, puzzling the hovering gulls and crows. He was uneasy. His mind ran vaguely on catnip and aniseed, and once, feeling uncomfortably traitorous to Quilleash, on the properties of his yellow coat; he stood, in a quiet moment, among the farmer's fat, preening Aylesburys to try its effect on them. But they seemed immune.

During the break he gave the creature a half bun that had fallen in a puddle. At dinner-time it waited outside the kitchen door, menaced by a striped cat. It accompanied him to the stables and pigsties, and was chased by a dog as ragged as itself. And in due time it trailed Curphey home.

By the end of the second day he had come to accept it as a whim of his own invention. He had also been made familiar, to the point of exasperation, with the habits of Mary's Little Lamb.

People would come to cottage doors as they passed, grinning slowly. He discovered small audiences at crossroads. Boys sniggered on the hedges. A carter reined in his horse and raised his hat ironically as the ugly bird twitched along the roadside. Some were alarmed: an old woman pulled a shawl over her head, and hid in a field clutching a charm-herb, till they passed; a pair of small girls on a garden patch were pulled suddenly indoors. Dogs barked. Nobody claimed the duck.

Lot Curphey found a habit of waving his yellow-coated arm broadly, with a certain fluttering of the fingers and jerk of the thumb; meant to convey a bright humor, rich with enjoyment of the situation, and the duck as a witless butt. A new, exciting self-consciousness ran through him. His limping foot felt as if it danced.

On the evening of the fourth day, the duck went with him to the village pub. It was timid among the houses, and used its wings to keep a safer, crooked course; but never far behind.

At the door he stopped, winking and waving to the sunlit loungers. He stooped over the bird, picked it up, and went into the pub with a conscious air of making an entrance. Inside, he stood, duck in hand.

The place was bright, with smoke deadening the mellow beeriness. The bar had half a dozen round it. One turned, wiping his frothy mustache pleasurably.

"Well, it's himself! An' will ye look what's at him!"

They swung round. Big Moughtin the smith prodded a too-absorbed drinker. "Take y'r face out o' that! The man's brought his duck!"

Curphey approached, pleased.

"Is that the one they're all on about?"

Kermit Kermode, behind the bar, drew Curphey a pint on the house and screwed up his eyes.

"It's an ugly devil. Did ye hatch it out of a bad egg or what? Come on, stick it down here an' let's have a sight."

And the duck stood among the wet rings left by glasses, leaning on its crooked leg, the one eye fixed on Lot Curphey. "I had a book of ducks' illnesses," said little red-faced Quirk, looking round the bar. "By the look of it, she hasn't left many out, eh?"

"Who are you, insultin' me prize bird!" said Curphey.

Amused, they treated him to a second pint, then another, and he warmed inside the yellow coat. The room grew still brighter. The others watched him, letting their interest ripen.

"Did ye train her up," said big Moughtin, "to follow ye? In the place of a dog, like?"

"Hardly at all," said Curphey, and winked. "The power o' the human eye, it was. Me havin' two, an' her only one, give me a natural advantage." He stretched out a hand and chucked the bird's black bill. It scarcely moved.

"Aw, it's the funniest thing y' ever seen," he said, "when it gets goin'." He giggled.

He put the duck on the floor and let it follow him round the room, jerking among the iron table legs, past the spittoon. Moughtin began to laugh, slowly at first, then deeper and more painfully, without stopping. Round and round they went, Curphey twisting and dodging, and urging the duck on. He was beginning to enjoy the act. In a tiny, false voice he called, "Come on, then! Who's an ugly funny bird, then? Come to daddy an' have y'r oul' neck screwed! Where's the pie-dish, then?" He began to pull faces.

Quirk gave little amused barks. Moughtin was shaking.

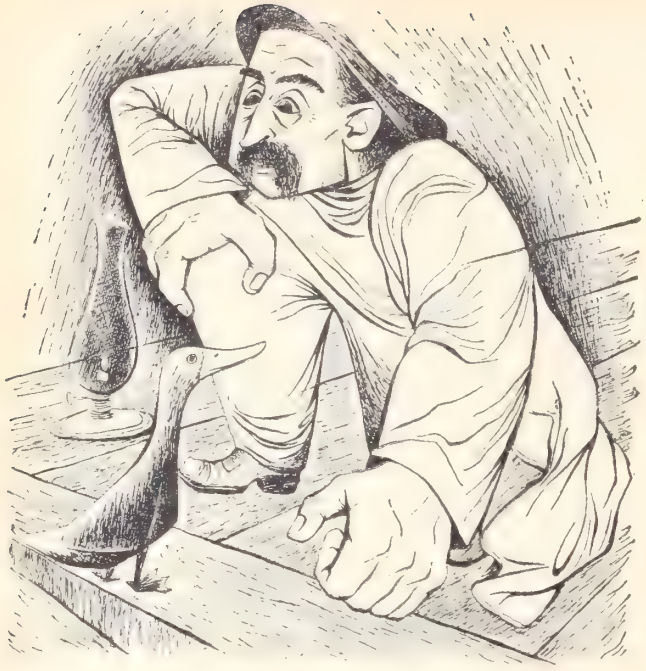
Curphey went faster, glass in hand. He pretended anger at the duck's performance, and spoke furiously and hoarsely, knowing it would have no effect. "Put a move on! Ye one-eyed insect! Left, right, left, right! Don't ye know which is y'r left? Me handsome man-eater disgracin' me!"

Moughtin had tried to drink, and was being thumped on the back.

"Halt!" Curphey thrust his head out at the duck. It stared at him without expression. "What are ye lookin' at me that way for? Eh? O-o-oh, I see! Well, I'm sorry, but I can't do it. Ye see"—a stage whisper—"y're not really strong enough to be killed. An' I haven't the time just at the present, though I'm sorry to disappoint ye!"

He turned to the bar, and from his pocket brought a handful of ripe corn, rattling on the varnished wood.





"Will ye dip some o' this in a drop o' gin, Kermit?"

Big Moughtin, grasping the idea, sighed with expectation.

The duck was replaced among the glasses. In front of it was the doctored corn. Curphey offered a few grains in his hand. After a moment's hesitation, they went quickly.

"Aw, she's used to it!" said somebody. The duck was nuzzling after the grains among the slopped beer.

"A bit more, Kermit! An' I'll have another pint meself."

They placed the duck on the floor again. It waddled a few steps after Curphey, then staggered on its sound foot.

There was a howl of delight.

"Whassa marrer?" Curphey shouted at it, with a sham hiccup. "You shay I wash drunk?"

The duck's bill opened and shut. Its eye blinked. One wing drooped. A gray foot groped, slipped back to safety. It could not walk.

Curphey grabbed it by the neck and swept it high. "By yer leave, Kermit!" he giggled, and stuck its head into his own beer mug.

After a moment there came a quiet guzzling.

They clustered round to watch, laughing. Two or three fresh customers stood in puzzlement. "Drinks f'r both of them on me, Kermit!" shouted Moughtin. "The bird can down it like a right fella!"

For the rest of the evening, Lot Curphey tormented his duck.

It was soon helplessly drunk. Set on the bar counter, it could only gaze into his eyes with a love-lorn fixity, while its head swayed and its legs slid.

For a long time he addressed it in monologues, pretending sometimes to listen and to receive offensive answers.

"What did you say? Did you say that? Ye wicked ungrateful creature, I wonder ye can look me in th' eye! Stand up straight when ye speak to y'r elders, will ye! Now, as I was sayin', strong drink is detrimental to the soul an' the linin' of the gizzard——"

They treated him again and again, keeping him going.

"Ye sorry fowl! I know why y're follerin' me all around—I can read ye like a book. Ye want me to learn y' how to swim." More laughter. "So I will, so I will, have no fear! Ask, and it shall be given unto—— Wait a minute, though!" A doubtful scratch at his chin. "Ye might drown!"

The audience responded.

Curphey frowned at the ceiling through the bottom of his glass. He swung round with a secret whisper. "I'll tell ye what! Didn't y'r mothers once tell ye about th' Ugly Duckling?" A nod at the dozing duck. "This must be himself! He's passed the time to change into a swan an' he wants help—forgotten how to do it! Here, give me strength, Kermit. Fill up!"

Gradually the sense went out of his talk.

"Aw, y've had enough," said Kermode at last, "or ye'll never get home tonight man."

"Li'l duck," murmured Curphey. "Whad say? Now—listen, li'l duck——"

"Ye'd better take y'r clever duck away now, Lot!" said Kermode loudly in his ear. "Let her sleep it off. It's hard on closin' time."

The comedian brought him into focus.

"I will, Kermit, I will." He picked up the duck and buttoned it inside his coat. Once again, Moughtin began to laugh, wheezily now, at the two heads looking muzzily out of the yellow coat.

" 'Night, boys!" said Curphey, and moved unsteadily towards the door.

It was then that big Moughtin did a tactless thing. He named the cause of all their laughter.

"Look at it!" he said. "The thing is; he—

he's the bloody spittin' image o' the duck!" And wheezed enormously. His own joke pleased him most of any during the evening.

Curphey stopped, suddenly quiet. There came a stillness in every part of the room. Only Moughtin's wheezing.

Curphey looked round the bar. His lips made a movement, then closed. He turned, and went from the pub, leaving the door swinging.

His steps were quick and unsteady in the darkness.

He went faster, hot-faced and limping. In a few minutes he was above the village. His breath came tightly. Against his chest he felt the warmth of the duck.

Curphey stopped, dragged it savagely from his coat. Its bill gave a little guttural sound. "By God!" said Curphey. He shook it.

In a sudden fury he flung it from him. Its wings opened before it hit the road, and it fluttered crazily in the darkness. He raised his foot to kick.

It dodged drunkenly.

He began to chase it. First in clumsy, set rushes, then snatching here and there; tripping over the heavy wings of his coat, swearing and growling. He could not see it, and listened for its pattering. Once he trod on it, and it cried out and flapped away.

In the first weak moonlight they came to where the hedge was low.

In a frenzy, the duck scrambled aside over ditch and hedge, into rough open turf. Curphey splashed after it, clawing fiercely.

He could see it in the dimness, exhausted.

As he sprang, his foot gave under him. With a great smacking squelch, he fell flat on his face. He lay quietly on the boggy earth. The bird crouched, still, in a patch of reeds, until the tiny bubbling and sucking noises ceased.

The moon rose higher, and whitened the stone that had stunned him. His face lay in a puddle of brown mountain water, so shallow that it barely covered his nostrils.

When he did not appear for work next day, Quilleash sent to his cottage and found it locked. Seaching down the road to the village, they sighted his boots among the rushes not far away on the other side of the hedge. They turned him over, and were shocked, and curious at the manner of his death.

"Found drowned, it'll have to be," said one.

Presently he was wrapped in two gray blankets and carried to the road. A hand-cart waited to take him down to the village. It set off, soaked blankets flapping heavily in the smart spring wind.

A short distance down the road ahead, something moved at the ditch's edge. "There it is!" said a man.

The duck looked up as they came near; leaning sideways. Its black eye ignored the cart and stared past, up the empty road.

When they were far down the hill, one glanced back.

A tiny shape, the duck was still standing there. Its head seemed to jerk from side to side, looking for something.

The day after the inquest, it was stabbed with a long-handled pitchfork, by the son of the old woman who gathered charm-herbs. He wore a bunch round his neck.



I Weep for the Chinese

Walter Robb

I WEEP for the Chinese. As a backdrop for the depiction of my woe, let us take the Philippines. Chinese in the Philippines date back so far that every Filipino has some Chinese blood in his veins. However, the Filipinos have retained their deep Malayan culture, somewhat influenced by Spain and ourselves, and there are today only seventy to eighty thousand Chinese in the islands, compared to some twenty-one million Filipinos.

The Philippines are also independent. And, prior to their independence, the laws were made in the Filipinos' behalf, not in behalf of the Chinese. Yet the handful of Chinese do 85 per cent of all the business in the Philippines and the greater portion of the manufacturing. They have the richest local bank, aside from the government's banks, and many of them engage in private banking, including the buying and selling of foreign exchange, without the formality of incorporation.

What strong national government have the Chinese had in all these centuries, to see that justice was meted out to them in the Philippines as Chinese citizens? To all intents and purposes, none. The salvation of the Chinese, all along, has been their own resourcefulness. I weep, since this is true throughout the world. Over the whole globe, one of the peoples who have migrated most widely and, on the whole, found ways to reward themselves most richly, have been the Chinese—the ubiquitous Chinese with too flimsy a government behind them to count.

FOR wings to our stage in this lachrymose drama of Chinese tragedy, paint in Indonesia, Singapore, the Malay States, Siam, Indo-China, and, more dimly, many other countries in both hemispheres, including the United States.

Say you wish to ship a California product from San Francisco to Tientsin, where a Chinese wishes to buy it for re-sale in his commercial territory, now under Mao Tze-tung's regime. You quote a price. It is satisfactory. The Chinese doubles it; when he sends you two dollars for one, you deposit one of the dollars to his personal account in one of our banks—the one he designates. You make a business profit; he makes one, too, re-selling what you sold him, and he doubles his capital besides. In addition, he has half of this doubled capital at his disposal in the United States for his further convenience in international trading.

A Chinese business man's word is as trustworthy as a cashier's check: in our own times, just as during the clipper-ship era at Canton and Macao a century ago, it is possible to do millions of dollars' worth of business with a Chinese on the basis of his word alone. There is only one catch: you must always, to the last detail, keep your word with him. If you

Mr. Robb's tears for the Chinese are based on thirty-five years of experience in the Philippines where, as a newspaper correspondent specializing in business news, he found that much of his attention was taken up with the Chinese communities there.

revoke, he wants nothing more you have to sell; if you are a buyer, he has nothing to sell you.

This boycott may also extend to other Chinese, who are ordinarily his rivals, but are one with him in the matter of mutual good faith in business. For the Chinese live everywhere under their own laws. Of the laws of the country where they have settled, they wish to know only the ones that may affect them—in order to adapt them to their own. This holds for China itself, and should serve to allay anxiety as to China vis-à-vis Soviet Russia. Perhaps the strongest law (some may call it a custom if they wish) by which the Chinese live is the concept that all men have an inalienable right to the fruits of their toil.

"Never quarrel with another man's rice" is a rule that goes beyond mere daily bread or wages and extends to any wealth and property good fortune affords a man. Political chimeras cannot alter this race-deep predilection, which seems to me destined to open anew long borders of Russia to commercial intercourse with the West; just as at Canton it opened Chinese commerce with the West when the imperial policy at Peking was precisely the contrary.

Chinese are always sufficient unto themselves and they have the faculty of creating their own environment. To this end, they utilize whatever government they find over them. In the Philippines, for example, they have the government add a modicum to the merchants' sales tax they pay. This serves to run their schools; the government collects it and puts it into the Chinese school fund. Adamant to the views and opinions of the public around them, the Chinese go their own way, their eyes steadily fixed on their own goals.

II

Chinese in the Philippines are two peoples, Cantonese and Fukienese, who outnumber the Cantonese three to one. Cantonese rarely go to the provinces. They stay in Manila and are the city's grocers, bakers, laundrymen, dry-goods dealers, dealers in Chinese porcelains and art, tailors, cooks, and waiters.

Chinese guilds supervise all their activities. No grocer or baker may be sued if his creditor (usually an importing house) wishes to remain in business in the Philippines. The guild concerned sees to that. Philippine laws are on the creditor's side, but they are a nullity.

An American opened a modern grocery in Manila twenty-five years ago. It was an attractive store and its prices were in line with those of its competitors, but the audacious owner lost his capital trying to keep it running. It turned out that while the Cantonese were competitors of one another in selling, in buying they were a sodality. They bought at 5 to 15 per cent below what the American had to pay, and bought only from American importers who gave them this advantage; either the special, secret, and obviously unlawful discounts had to be forthcoming or no Cantonese would place an order.

The American threw in the towel and was not even bitter about it.

Besides their united front for mutual advantage, Cantonese grocers in the Philippines also carefully follow the fluctuations of commodity markets in the United States and Australia. They somehow always know what the salmon runs have been, or promise to be; what California's sardine pack is; and other such basic facts. And they know at the day's opening the quotations on the world's currencies and, therefore, when to buy in order to get the most favorable values for their Philippine pesos. A Chinese payment of dollars in Seattle for a cargo of flour may entail a purchase of guilders at Amsterdam, a shift from guilders to sterling at London, or francs at Marseilles or Antwerp, and a final swap for dollars at New York.

I have seen Chinese importers lay down Bangkok or Saigon rice in Manila, with freight and charges paid, including the duty of fifty cents a sack, cheaper than their competitors—and sometimes even the Philippine government itself—could buy the rice in Indo-China or Siam. Doubtless this involved various excursions in exchange; but the Chinese never explained. They just went on importing and merchandising rice at prices no one else could approach. I am convinced that such an astute people will be ruined in our harsh modern world by their more naïve neighbors.

I also weep for Chinese shrewdness in keeping their private affairs to themselves. I remember an American at Manila who closed

a million-peso property deal with the president of the Chinese bank. The Chinese was the buyer.

"All right," said the American, "I'll have the draft put through your bank—I take it that's the way you want it done."

He could not have been more mistaken. He was to draw through any other Manila bank except the one in which the Chinese was the principal stockholder. Because, as the Chinese explained with some emphasis, he did not want his associates at the bank *to know anything about his business.* Yet all these Chinese were united in the interests of the bank, and all business matters were resolved upon by their different guilds and their chamber of commerce.

From the independence of the Philippines in 1946 to December 9, 1949, Manila's gold market was free. In January of this year, a new law was passed allowing only 75 per cent of the Philippines' gold production to go into the free market. Explaining this move, Miguel Cuaderno, Sr., president of the Central Bank of the Philippines, where exchange-control is administered, observed in a letter:

> Local buyers of gold from local mines, who used to pay around 100 pesos (*i.e.*, $50) per ounce, had been shipping the gold out of the country and had been selling it abroad at around $65 to $75 per ounce, bringing back a portion of the proceeds to the Philippines in the form of non-essential goods; or the gold was being used to buy copra from neighboring countries which was being shipped to Europe for dollars which did not accrue to the Philippine economy.

Most of these "local buyers" were Chinese merchants who found purchasers for the gold in the mosaic of Chinese business and industrial interests scattered over the Far East.

Buy gold at fifty dollars, sell it at sixty or higher net, and you can bring choice English suitings, for example, into the Manila market duty-free; that is, you can make more than enough from your purchase and sale of gold bullion to meet the duty. Thus, when Manila tailors want fine suitings, you are the merchant who has them at the lowest prices. Yet, relative to your costs and his, your prices are not as low as your competitor's are. He asks more for his suitings, but he paid more for them, too.

Fukienese start lower in the Philippine scale than the Cantonese, and often go higher. Frequently they begin as porters or *pingamen* ("*pinga*" being the Manila name for their palmabrava shoulder poles). Or they keep household notions shops at street intersections in the residential districts, and larger stores downtown from which the corner-shops buy. They garden in the city's environs and operate stalls, in defiance of Manila ordinances against aliens' doing so, in the public markets. They are craftsmen, too: carpenters, cabinet makers, shipwrights, sailmakers, ironmongers, blacksmiths, founders. It was they who built Manila's walls, monasteries, and churches, and cast the bells for the church towers.

It was also they who, during two and a half centuries, packed the oriental stuffs for the Acapulco galleons and stowed them abroad—owning large portions of the goods themselves, though every foot of space was allotted by the king's laws to Spaniards and was intended for their maintenance in the Philippine colony. Seville merchants constrained the kings at Madrid to limit the galleons' tonnage and the available space. But this legislation was largely offset by the skill of the Fukienese packers.

Fukienese today buy and cure fish for Manila, besides shipping quantities to the provinces; they have all but a monopoly of the important lumber business; they are Manila's salt and tobacco merchants; they manufacture numerous staples that are in daily demand. They also finance Filipino manufacturers and then retail their products. They set up chains of stores whose provincial branches are closely articulated with the production and sale of all Philippine crops. They grow to be large importers, wholesalers, and bankers. They build and operate coastal trading ships.

A young Fukienese whose character is good and acumen obvious, advances rapidly from porter to clerk in a Chinese shop or office. His employer notices him and his pay becomes a moiety of the year's gains, making him a minor partner in the business. Later he is put in charge of a

store; perhaps one of the neighborhood shops in Manila or the suburbs, or, still later, a general store in a provincial town or village where he lends money against crops and carries on both barter and ordinary trade. Aside from this store, usually, there is no other market in the community.

The Fukienese managing the store is high in the owning organization by now. He takes a wife and furnishes a pleasant home for her above the store. This is the best place for a home. Half the bustle of the community goes on below its windows. It is on a plaza and near the *municipio,* corresponding to a town hall, where the police make their headquarters. The parish church stands just across the plaza. The public market is near by. Best of all, the home and the store and the warehouse below are next door to the home of an influential Filipino, the mayor, or the doctor, or the leading local attorney. This gives the Fukienese protection. That his serviceable neighbor has easy credit at his store and receives generous contributions to his campaigns for office, goes without saying. It is a mutual convenience.

The wife the Fukienese chooses is a Filipino girl. He has no religion himself—philosophy serves for him—but his children, taking the ways of their mother, grow up Christian. They do not work in the store, junior partners fill the positions there; but the Fukienese is a true and generous father to them. None of them is ever abandoned, all of them are well-educated, and the marriage, which is often no more than a common-law union, lasts out the father's sojourn in the Philippines.

But the Fukienese does not transmit to these children his talent for business. The children go to their mother's community, never to his. Since they find their interests outside the store, they do not learn to click out calculations on the abacus and manipulate the steelyard. Foreign exchange does not fascinate them. They do not even learn their father's language. He, imperfectly and indifferently, learns their mother's. When they mature and concern themselves with politics, they are often frenetically patriotic and given to support of legislation aimed at affording Filipinos less disastrous competition from the Chinese. But since the legislation does not impart a classic genius for trade, it fails for the most part. By this time, usually, the Fukienese merchant is no longer around.

Years before, on a visit to Fukien, he took a Chinese wife there and founded another family. Now that he is older and has the wealth for it, and the store is run by a younger Fukienese, he has left the Philippines and returned to his Chinese family—much interested in flowers and the symbolism of plum blossoms. But his concupiscence never leaves his children in the lurch, in either land. I weep for a man so depraved, or do I report myself erroneously? After all, there is intestinal stamina in a man like that.

III

CHINESE immigration to the Philippines was prohibited during the forty-eight years of our regime, only children and dependent relatives of Chinese legally residing there being admitted. But it was marvelous, even mysterious, how great the number of these children and dependents was. The immigration office raised questions about it from time to time, but to little effect. With nothing to substantiate their place in an alien land except their knack for trade and their weird ability to remain incorruptibly Chinese, the Chinese in the Philippines remained and prospered.

Their answer to Japan's seizure of Manchuria in 1931 was a boycott—they stopped buying Japanese imports. That this was unlawful made no difference; no authority could trace it to any one man's door. Japan countered by sending merchants to the Philippines to run stores to compete with the Chinese. They were good stores: goods well displayed, fair prices, everything plainly marked on a one-price basis. The Chinese continued to display goods indifferently, mark nothing, and wait the situation out.

Pearl Harbor followed; then, eventually, Japan's defeat. The Japanese were driven from the Philippines, their property confiscated. The commercial field was once more left to the Chinese—and to a few others, including such Filipinos as could by rare luck or rare ability contrive to remain in it; and although the number of these Filipinos grows, demand grows faster and the field for the Chinese broadens year by year.

The war took Japan's capital along with

Japan's markets, but multiplied the capital of the overseas Chinese, and of larger numbers in China itself, again and again. Chinese have brief patience with immediate circumstances. They are gamblers at fast games. But they have long patience with events.

One Chinese in Manila today mills the nut called *lumbang* that he buys five hundred miles away in Mindanao. The oil rivals linseed oil in paints. This man's press is a hollow log. His mill is a granite roller revolving in a round bin with granite coping and floor. The sweep is like the one at which Samson tugged in Gaza, except that it is pulled by a fat and docile ox. The mill is primitive in all its parts, but the owner's knowledge of foreign currencies, prices current for fats and oils, freight rates, and the top market for paint oils when he has a cargo to sell, is unbeatable.

Rice is perhaps the largest branch of business in the Philippines handled by Chinese. Except when the Philippine government participates under its Rice and Corn Act, the Chinese buy the whole of the islands' biggest crop and they mill, wholesale, and retail the rice.

To finance a ripe crop in their territory, some Chinese use considerable American capital, without the formality of borrowing it at interest. Their general stores buy heavy stocks of staples—kerosene, gasoline, salmon, sardines, canned milk, and butter—on ninety-days payment, that may be stretched a month or two more. The stores then re-sell these supplies to smaller stores for cash, which goes at once into crop loans at good interest. The little stores gladly pay cash, because the general stores charge them no profit.

Everyone is happy but the American importers. But even they are cheerful victims because the amounts involved are comparatively large and the bills are sure to be paid in due course.

Sugar is the only big Philippine crop of which the Chinese are not primary buyers and middlemen. When the crop was crude sugar, Chinese financed and handled it. It is now centrifugal sugar and goes to market from mills owned by American, Spanish, and Filipino corporations. Chinese general stores network the cane regions, however, and make numbers of crop loans.

Other export crops are copra and Manila hemp, the hemp being a Philippine monopoly. Chinese are the primary buyers and dealers in both crops, which come in the main from thousands of small Filipino farms and are therefore next to rice, and above sugar, in the country's economy. All nations admit these products duty-free, and when there is no war and no cold war, the demand in world markets for Manila hemp equals about 1,400,000 bales a year, a bale being 275 pounds.

It was the Japanese who made Davao the leading hemp region of the Philippines and themselves grew 85 per cent of Davao's total crop. Chinese originally figured in the industry only as general-store keepers and middlemen, and Japan bought much of the hemp itself.

The Japanese reduced the marketing of the fiber to an immaculate transaction, stripping the petioles only when mature, sorting the fiber into the precise grades stipulated by the government, and selling it at intervals at neighborhood auctions to the highest bidders. Nothing was left to the buyers' judgment, no rule of *caveat emptor* applied. If a lot proved to be below its certified grade, the difference in price was made good to the buyer and charged to the producer, who might also be fined.

The weakness of this system was its perfection. In time, though Japanese grew 85 per cent of Davao's hemp, more than four bales in five found their way to the exporters' presses and warehouses through Chinese middlemen—the most astounding feat of merchandising that ever came to my attention.

I once asked an American buyer from whom he preferred to buy, the Japanese or the Chinese. He is an alumnus of Bowdoin College, and from Maine. He told me he much preferred buying from the Chinese.

But *why*, I asked. Didn't he know they would water-down the hemp before weighing it up; bale lower grades with higher ones; slip a stone or two into the middle of a bale; and resort to other schemes to get the best of a bargain?

Yes, of course, he knew all that, he replied impatiently, the light of battle in his eyes. "But," he added proudly, "I beat 'em every time!"

The Japanese took every hazard out of the

business that a trader liked to find in it, and ennui assailed the buyers at the Japanese auctions. At the go-downs of the Chinese dealers, life took on meaning again. The Japanese are gone altogether, since the war; nobody wants them back at Davao, and the Chinese dealers' place in the Manila hemp industry is stronger than ever before.

In copra, the Philippine coconut-oil mills are in big hands. The leading Filipino in the industry is Senator Vicente Madrigal, a self-made multimillionaire in Philippine industry, commerce, and agriculture. Looming high over even Madrigal are the leviathans of the soap companies: Procter & Gamble and Lever Brothers. Just the same, one large mill is a Fukienese property with its own brands of soap, margarine, and cooking compound, and, since the war, a surplus of oil for exportation.

IV

EVERYWHERE the story is the same. Chinese *govern themselves*—by their own laws, customs, and philosophy—at home and abroad. This philosophy, these laws and customs, are battlements protecting private property and the rights to acquire and enjoy it. Meet a Chinese anywhere, and you will find that this idea is his life. It is hard to imagine that Mao Tze-tung's objective compasses much more than the extension of the idea more broadly to China's rank-and-file. Of course, there is more than that in Mao's treaty with Moscow, but treaties notoriously contain lip-service to circumstances, and the present Sino-Russian treaty may well turn out to be of that category. In any case, Chinese respect for private property will not subside under it.

In 1939 Dr. C. T. Wang gave me a newspaper interview at his Hong Kong home. He had had an ambassadorial career, but Chiang Kai-shek was not using him, and he had gone into commercial banking. Many Chinese still called him *the* ambassador. He talked to me of Japan's absurd policy of aggression toward China and he confirmed the views on Manchuria that I had heard from Chinese in Manila.

When the National government neglected vital public works in the Yangtze valley region and evoked calamities from drought and flood, he told me, millions of Chinese migrated to the maritime provinces of Manchuria. Japan kept up public works there, to make conditions inviting to Japanese—few of whom responded. The result was a Manchurian population of forty-five million Chinese.

Manchuria, he added, would eventually belong to these Chinese, and they would outfarm, out-toil, and of course out-trade all rivals. They would not be uprooted and not with impunity be despoiled. They would, I was assured eleven years ago, in the last analysis reduce Japan's adventure in Manchuria to zero by the pressure of their energy and ability.

As other Chinese in Manila put it to me, the Japanese in Manchuria were *too few,* and the Chinese there were *very many.* Russia is bound to find this out.

CHINESE individually, and collectively when need be, are so far out front that all their rivals are in the ruck. Nothing their government has done for them to date is responsible for this—only they themselves. But when their government resolves itself into an agency worthy of them, I am convinced that its place in the world will be as favorable as their own.

As must by now be obvious, I share the admiration for the Chinese that nearly all Americans who have actually lived in the Orient come to feel. Today I weep, as they do, for the Chinese. I weep, as I suspect them also of doing, crocodile tears.

U.S. *vs.* A & P: Battle of Titans

John Williams Andrews

THE Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company—the name brings up an image of global enterprise, trade winds and oceans of discovery, the romance of the East. Actually, the enterprise was purely American; two young business men from Maine, expanding, in the middle of the last century, their modest hide-and-leather business into tea, sold at cut-rates in a gaudy little store in Vesey Street, New York. It was not until the nineteen-thirties that it became truly global. It was not until the nineteen-forties that it began seriously to tangle with a companion Titan, the United States government. Today, the continuation of A&P, as America has known it for ninety years, depends on the outcome of a great new anti-trust action, United States *versus* A&P.

A&P began, back in 1859, as the Great American Tea Company, selling teas for thirty cents that had been selling for a dollar, advertising the elimination of the middleman, and accumulating the anguished squawks of the harried competition. A band played on Saturdays in the store; red, white, and blue globes shone in the windows; and a huge gaslight "T" swayed over the sidewalk. As new stores were opened, they were in the Vesey Street pattern. A Baltimore newspaper of the seventies reported the new Baltimore store as "more resembling the fairy palaces . . . in the Arabian Nights than the business establishments one generally sees in this section." "Tea Clubs" were formed by mail to stimulate the country business, and premiums were given away to the tune of "This is the day / They give babies away / With half-a-pound of tea."

By 1869 the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company had been formed, embodying, it has been suggested, the Founders' ambition to emulate the Union Pacific Railroad in linking the two oceans. By 1880 there were a hundred stores, scattered up and down the Eastern seaboard, and the older founder, George F. Gilman, had retired to a life of splendor in Bridgeport, Connecticut. By the early nineties, George Huntington Hartford, the younger founder, and his sons, George and John, still expanding the chain, had begun the manufacture of A&P products—baking powder made by a chemist behind a screen in Vesey Street. By 1900, there were two hundred stores; by 1912, there were four hundred. A&P wagons—with teas, coffees, and groceries—moved over some five thousand peddlers' routes. By 1916, sales were running close to the forty-five million level.

The true spurt into vastness, however, came just before America's entry into World War I. John Hartford, the younger son, had discovered the magic of "economy stores"—one-man, standardized affairs, operating without deliveries, credit, or premiums, and putting all savings into lower prices. Seven thou-

A graduate of Yale Law School, Mr. Andrews has practiced law in New York City, been a newspaperman in China, and worked for the Department of Justice in Washington. From 1948 to the end of 1949 he was a member of the Anti-trust Division.

sand five hundred of these stores were opened in some nine hundred working days; they revolutionized the food merchandising business in America. By the end of 1924, A&P could boast no less than 11,413 stores across America. By June 1926, it had 14,220 stores, sales were close to the half billion mark, earnings before taxes were over $13 million. By 1932, about the time that A&P's competitors, ahead of A&P, were launching into the Supermarket, A&P had over 15,000 stores. It was a Titan, vaster than Henry Ford at his peak; vaster than James Cash Penney, Sears Roebuck, and Montgomery Ward together; approximately equal to the entire automobile business of 1932. It was the Great American Food Romance. By 1942, its sales were almost a billion and a half, its profits close to thirty millions.

TODAY, with sales still climbing and the Atlantic and Pacific truly linked, A&P faces what the management calls the "destruction" of A&P, and the government calls "divestiture in the public interest." If the government is successful, A&P will be split into seven competing retail chains; the manufacturing phases of the business will be divorced from the retail phases and from each other; and the great Atlantic Commission Company, the vast A&P purchaser of fresh fruits and vegetables, will be wholly dissolved.

It is a curious case. We have had other divestitures—the Pullman case, which broke up the old empire of the Pullman cars; the Paramount Motion Picture case, in which, after years of trial and error, the courts decreed the separation of the production phase from the exhibition phase; the still undetermined cases against American Telephone & Telegraph and Western Electric, against du Pont, U. S. Rubber, and General Motors, against the Big Four Meat Packers. These cases have made their flurries in professional circles, but the man-and-woman-in-the-street have paid little heed. The A&P case is different. It has reached down into the homes. Husbands and wives discuss it over the breakfast table. You can pick up an argument in any train or street car. Opinion is passionate, personal—even violent.

It is largely on the side of A&P. The Gallup poll of November 20, 1949, showed almost twice as many people for A&P as for the government. Editorial opinion is even more weighted, if the forty-eight-page reprint of 728 editorials and commentaries, issued by A&P, is an accurate reflection. Each of our 150,000,000 people must eat; a wife or husband in each of our 38,000,000 families must buy its daily bread; the A&P case, in its basic issue of consumer prices, involves not only those who buy from A&P, but all who buy. It is not extraordinary that the case should be occupying the attention of such a large proportion of the public. It is not even extraordinary that opinion should be one-sided, considering the fashion in which the story has thus far been presented to the American people.

II

THE A&P divestiture action was filed by the United States Department of Justice on September 15, 1949, and, for a day or so, created little or no stir. The Sherman anti-trust laws are part of the folklore of the American people, but the legal and economic implications are, at best, only generally understood; the dry reading matter of an anti-trust action cannot compete with the comics or the morning's murder.

On September 20, 1949, however, the situation began to change. On that day, in some two thousand newspapers across the country —big dailies and little country weeklies—the first of the great A&P advertisements appeared. Under the generalship of Carl Byoir, A&P's public-relations counsel, tall headlines rode across full pages in the finest tradition of expert advertising. "DO YOU WANT YOUR A&P PUT OUT OF BUSINESS?" "Do You Want Higher Prices?" "This would mean higher food prices for you . . . less food on every dinner table. . . . Do they [the American people] want to continue to enjoy low prices and better living? Or do they want to break up A&P and pay higher prices, and have lower living standards? What do you want? . . . If A&P is big, it is because the American people, by their patronage, have made it big."

On Thursday, September 29, 1949 (regular chain-store "ad" day) the second A&P ad appeared—a full page again. "WHY DO THEY WANT TO PUT A&P OUT OF BUSINESS? They say . . . *and these are the anti-trust lawyers' own words* . . . that we 'have regularly under-

sold competing retailers.' To THIS CHARGE WE PLEAD GUILTY: we confess that for the past ninety years we have constantly stepped up the efficiency of our operations in order to give our customers more and more good food for their money." The sub-heads shouted, "Do You Want Higher Prices?" The text painted a picture of America mobilized behind A&P—customers, farmers, suppliers, "our 110,000 employees," the labor leaders. "The entire American system of efficient, low-cost, low-profit distribution which we pioneered will face destruction and the public will suffer."

ON OCTOBER 18, 1949, Attorney-General McGrath, speaking to the Connecticut Bar Association, quickly struck back on behalf of the government. "The successful prosecution of the pending civil suit," he said, "will not increase, but should decrease, grocery prices. . . . The existence of monopoly power and its ruthless use in disregard of the public interest threaten economic freedom, retard efficiency, and curtail progress. Our system of free enterprise cannot survive unless the advantages of competition accrue to all of us."

On the same day, Assistant Attorney-General Bergson, in charge of the Anti-trust Division, spoke in Chicago. "A&P," he said, "has overlooked a very significant fact in its advertisements. The filing of the recent civil suit did not mark the beginning of the Department's anti-trust litigation against A&P. In 1942, the Department instituted a criminal anti-trust case, involving the same conduct that is the subject matter of the civil suit. . . . After six months of careful consideration . . . the Court found A&P guilty. . . . A&P appealed to the Court of Appeals. . . . In February of 1949 that court unanimously held that A&P had been properly convicted. A&P could have asked the Supreme Court of the United States to review this conviction. . . . They chose not to do so. Instead, they paid maximum fines totaling $175,000. . . .

"Suppression of the truth is equivalent to the suggestion of what is false. In a mild way, that sums up A&P's advertising. . . . A typical deception is found in the advertisement which reads, quote: 'They say . . . and these are the anti-trust lawyers' own words . . . that "we have regularly undersold competing retailers," ' end quote. This advertisement asserts that this is the charge against A&P. And to this charge A&P in headline type pleads guilty. . . . These words were deliberately lifted out of context. I'll read you the paragraph of the complaint in which they are found:

> Defendants, by coercing and receiving unlawful buying preferences, have become enabled to and *have regularly undersold,* regularly taken patronage away from, and sometimes eliminated *competing retailers.* . . .

"The Court did not convict A&P of being big. . . . A&P was convicted . . . because, and I quote the Court, of the 'predatory application of its mass purchasing power' and the abuse of that power through boycotts, blacklisting, preferential rebates, price wars, and below-cost retailing in strategic areas in order to eliminate local competition. . . . The aim of this case is to restore active and vigorous competition to the food industry."

It was not to be expected that these speeches would reach many ears. A curious story developed at this time, of how certain sections of the press excluded or attenuated coverage of the government's side of the case. Don Hollenbeck treated the matter in some detail in broadcasts over WCBS on October 22 and November 26, and some historian, in years to come, may include a footnote on a possible relationship between newspaper advertising and editorial policy. But even with comprehensive coverage, it would not have been possible for a few inches of a speech by a government official, couched in legal terminology, to make much headway against broadsides which multiplied, week after week, themes designed to dismay and alarm the food-and-price conscious American householder. The scareheads—"Higher Prices," "Less Food," "Less Money in the Pay Envelope" were sandwiched with glowing references to America the Wonderful, American Sportsmanship, and A&P's beneficent mission.

ON JANUARY 5, 1950, a new theme began to develop—the "THEY HAVE BEEN WRONG BEFORE" theme—"they" being, as usual, the Washington anti-trust lawyers, pictured as engaged in a personal vendetta against A&P. The new ads took up the

"Washington Bread Case" and the "North Carolina Potato Case," in each of which A&P was acquitted by directed verdict, and the "Dallas Case," where an indictment against A&P was abandoned by the government in favor of an identical criminal complaint in the Federal District Court at Danville, Illinois. No mention, naturally, was made of the Cease and Desist Order of the Federal Trade Commission in 1938, calling upon A&P to conform to the provisions of the Robinson-Patman Act; nor of the two indictments in 1941, which resulted in fines to A&P; nor of the four civil actions in 1941, in which A&P, with other defendants, consented to decrees prohibiting price-fixing and the coercion of price-cutting grocers.

The "Danville Case" was mentioned, with a promise to tell the public all about it. This promise was fulfilled on May 12, 1950. The super-head ran: "THIS TIME THE ANTI-TRUST LAWYERS WON A CASE AGAINST A&P. . . . They say that this suit [the divestiture suit] is based on the fact that they won a suit against us at Danville, Illinois, in 1946. They did. . . . Immediately thereafter, in a letter explaining his decision, Judge Lindley wrote: 'I HAVE NOT CONDEMNED THE A&P SYSTEM. I HAVE NOT MADE A FINDING WHICH COULD BE THE BASIS FOR A SUIT OF DISSOLUTION.' So, now we have the anti-trust lawyers saying that their suit to dissolve A&P is based on Judge Lindley's decision; while Judge Lindley himself says his decision could not be the basis for a suit of dissolution."

On the day on which this statement appeared, Judge Lindley gave the Chicago *Daily News* a somewhat different version of his decision.

"I decided," said Judge Lindley, "that they violated the law. I did not attempt to make a finding to be the basis of a suit for dissolution. I was not asked to do this. This was beyond my province in the case before me. Whether the conduct of A&P since my decision has been such as to correct the abuses I found or of such character as to justify a decree of dissolution is a question for the court in which the suit is pending."

Judge Lindley told the *Daily News* that the letter mentioned by A&P was "a casual answer to criticism" following his decision. "He did not remember," said the *News*, "to whom he had written."

III

THE Danville case was a remarkable affair, not because of the legal issues involved (there was little or no new law), nor because of the length of the trial (twenty-five weeks), nor the length of the record (some 60,000 pages). It was extraordinary because, for the first time in its eighty-five years of existence, the A&P was revealed in its full stature and inner workings. *Business Week*, when the Dallas indictment was handed up in 1942, remarked: "The Department of Justice did contrive, of legal necessity, to work in a few Winchellisms, which will give the trade a peek through A&P's hitherto blacked-out keyhole." With the Danville trial, the full curtain went up.

A&P was shown to be a completely integrated empire, fourteen corporations piled one on top of the other, pyramiding upward, through two great holding corporations, to the George Huntington Hartford Trust, of which the two brothers, Mr. John and Mr. George Hartford, were the sole trustees. The Trust held 99.97 per cent of the voting stock of the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company of New York; A&P New York held all of the stock of A&P Maryland, which in turn owned outright the three great manufacturing companies—Quaker Maid Company, which made for A&P stores two hundred and more products, from baking powder to vinegar; White House Milk Company, with milk-processing plants in Wisconsin; and Nakat Packing Corporation, America's largest canner of Alaskan salmon and operator of great Alaskan fishing fleets. A&P Maryland owned outright the enormous American Coffee Corporation, buyer of green coffees from Colombia and Brazil; A&P New Jersey, which roasted and packed the coffees and also operated retail stores in twenty-four states; A&P Nevada and A&P Arizona, which operated stores in sixteen additional states; and the super-colossal fruit and vegetable purchaser, Atlantic Commission Company. There was not even a shade of a minority interest anywhere from A&P New York on down.

The retail stores were an empire in themselves, scattered from coast to coast, operating in forty states and the District of Columbia, with A&P Delaware holding A&P rights to do

business in the states not yet invaded. Thirty-seven wholesale warehouses supplied the stores, receiving the A&P-manufactured products and the products purchased by the A&P divided into seven great divisions—New England, Atlantic, Eastern, Southern, Central, Central Western, and Middle Western. No division was a separate corporation, but each was fully equipped with a president, vice-presidents, a board of directors, and operating officers. Each division was divided into units, each unit being also an operating segment in itself.

An elaborate system of bookkeeping kept the financial relationships between the parts of the empire in order—bookkeeping "profits" for the companies and for each business phase, goods "sold" from level to level, rebates, discounts, allowances. But the whole was monolithic. "It is all the A&P Tea Company to me," an official testified at Danville, and this concept carried down to the littlest clerk. All of A&P's "real" profits, with the exception of certain profits of Atlantic Commission Company (Acco), were made from the over-the-counter sales to the American housewife.

A&P might spread huge across the United States; it might reveal, in its slightest gesture, the presence of a colossus; it titanic sales (835 million pounds of meat in 1946, 2 million *tons* of fresh fruit and vegetables, 300 million loaves of bread, 74 million pounds of butter, 100 million dozen eggs, 100 million pounds of poultry, 17,500 tons of cheese, 245 million pounds of coffee, 50 million dozen doughnuts —to mention but a few items) might involve it in activities the world over. But A&P's basic operation was utterly simple, cutting through all its corporate lines. It was just a blown-up grocery store, buying or manufacturing the supplies it sold to the housewife over the counter.

Its basic operating policy was equally simple: to buy at the lowest possible price, and, except where the strategies of empire dictated otherwise, to sell at the lowest possible price. A&P officials referred to this policy as the "two-price level" policy—the lower price (both buying and selling) for A&P and the higher price (both buying and selling) for A&P's competitors. It was excesses in pursuit of this policy that first brought A&P in conflict with laws against restraints of trade.

IV

THE A&P's side of the dispute with the government has been so widely heard, and the government's side so little heard, that it seems essential for understanding to set forth the story of the A&P's methods as the courts found them (Judge Lindley in the District Court and Judges Minton and Kerner and Chief Judge Major in the Circuit Court). According to their version of the story, A&P entered a new phase as early as 1925.

At that time, in the various produce centers of the country, A&P maintained "brokerage" offices, ostensibly independent of A&P and often run under the names of the managers, but actually under the strict control of headquarters in the Graybar Building in New York, where the Hartfords had their offices. These brokerage offices bought merchandise for A&P, exacting, through the weight of A&P's vast purchasing power, large reductions in cost, and receiving also, on top of these discounts, a brokerage commission which went into A&P's coffers as a further reduction in cost—a differential not available to A&P's competitors. (This unequal device, in the early days of the Depression, had been one of the causes for the outcry against chain stores, which resulted in the passage of the Robinson-Patman Act.) "In 1935," said the Circuit Court, "gross revenues from this source amounted to $2,500,000."

After the Robinson-Patman Act had outlawed this device, A&P made the first of its shifts of method. The "brokerage" offices were rechristened "field buying offices" and, as the Circuit Court put it, "buyers, instead of getting credit for alleged brokerage, induced their suppliers to reduce their price further to A&P by the amount of the brokerage fee." This was called "net buying." The "inducement," the Court found, included "blacklisting" of recalcitrant suppliers. An A&P official had written: "Any canner who declines to work on a net basis . . . we feel should then be placed on the Unsatisfactory List." Lists of manufacturers were prepared, with appropriate symbols:

> N—Have agreed to a NET basis. (Be sure it's really net when trading.)

G—Have definitely agreed to hold the brokerage for us until our Headquarters officials figure out a practical method for this to be paid legally. . . .

R—Refused either plan and under no circumstances is any business to be given except with the writer's OK.

P—Have been approached but no definite agreement and should be aggressively followed, therefore, until agree to either net or gross . . . no business should be done without the writer's approval.

Blacklisting has, for years, been held by the courts to be an unfair method of competition.

Promptly, A&P ran afoul of the Federal Trade Commission. The A&P attorneys argued mightily for the legality of "net buying"; but a Cease and Desist Order was issued against A&P, requiring it to cease accepting allowances and discounts in lieu of brokerage. A&P appealed to the Third Circuit, which upheld the order, and to the Supreme Court, which refused review.

A&P THEN made its second shift of method. In a national release to the trade, it announced that it would no longer buy from any supplier who offered to sell to it through a broker or who so sold to others. The new device was called "direct buying," and it did not bother A&P that its action "clearly affected the business of brokers." The District and Circuit Courts both quoted the remark of an A&P official: "The brokers are dying hard." Nor did it bother A&P that their action affected that part of the trade which could not buy direct. But the device boomeranged when the Danville case came to trial.

An A&P official had written in connection with "net" buying: "If net prices are not agreeable to a seller, a quantity discount or advertising contract should be essayed, effective the date brokerage payments stop and payable to Headquarters." The same devices were being used in connection with "direct buying." But such discounts and allowances, under the Robinson-Patman Act, could be paid preferentially only where the seller could make savings in his costs of manufacture or shipment because of the quantities purchased, or where true services were rendered.

The trouble was that A&P's discounts did not seem to bear any direct relationship to the economics inherent in large-scale manufacture for a large buyer. A&P's contracts with suppliers were "rigged," as the Circuit Court put it; they were designed to give a "semblance of compliance with the Robinson-Patman Act"; but the primary consideration with A&P seemed to be "to get the discounts, lawfully, if possible, but to get them at all events."

"Whatever the system used," said the Circuit Court of this pattern of A&P's buying, "or by whatever name designated, A&P always wound up with a buying price advantage. . . . Only A&P was blessed, and the supplier had to make his profit out of his other customers at higher prices, which were passed on to the competition A&P met in the retail field."

The device of advertising allowances effected the same result. Newspaper space advertising allowances "were contracted for, not alone at the cost of the advertising, but at cost plus one hundred per cent to A&P." A&P would also contract with its suppliers for a percentage allowance, agreeing in the vaguest terms that it would display the goods of the supplier in just such a fashion as it would ordinarily be expected to display them. In other words, it would get paid for what the Court refers to as "pretended services," which no supplier would pay for who was not under pressure to do so. It was A&P's policy, "and a usually successful one," to get "a larger allowance of this kind than its competitors. If it did not get the allowance it sought, the threats to take away the business of A&P were used and brought the supplier into line."

These practices, illegal under the Robinson-Patman Act, and outlawed by Congress to give the small fry a chance to compete with the great chains, did not make for the kind of fair competition which must exist if the little fellows are to survive in the jungles of Big Business.

ATLANTIC Commission Company, wholly-owned buying arm of A&P, engaged in these same practices—and others. In the early days, Acco had exacted the highest possible discounts, piling on top of them a buyer's brokerage, shifting with A&P to net buying, shifting again with A&P to direct

buying. "Its practices over the years," said Judge Lindley, "leave a bad odor."

Acco's other activities still further cut away the chances of the smaller concerns. Acco acted as broker-*seller* for the surplus produce of suppliers, collecting brokerage which went into A&P's pocket, selling at prices which made the goods expensive to A&P's competitors, and also getting first choice of the supplier's produce and selling the balance, which "might be and often was an inferior grade." Acco acted as broker-*buyer* for jobbers who sold to A&P's competitors, collecting brokerage which went to A&P, while the higher price was passed on to the competition. Acco used its huge buying power to buy on cash terms, but refused to accept the "risks-in-transit" burden which less favored competitors had to assume. Acco bought on a "sales arrival" basis, forcing the shipper to assume the risks of any price-change. Acco took merchandise on consignment—it could buy for A&P at A&P's large discount, or it could sell and pocket a commission. Each of these devices still further increased the two-price differential in favor of A&P.

Acco sold produce to jobbers in carload lots, with simultaneous agreements to buy back less than carload lots—but at the lower or carload rate—and it gave its less-than-carload-lot business to jobbers who bought through Acco, price and quality being the same.

Acco even exacted *double* brokerage. "Vetter at Louisville," said Judge Lindley, "bought the same merchandise through Macaluso and Acco, although the purchases had been completed through Macaluso. . . . Other dealers paying unearned brokerages to Acco were the Gordon Fruit & Produce of New Haven, and DeCarlo of Buffalo, and the Mercurio Company of Providence. These odorous unjustified transactions cannot be excused in any manner."

Acco "made a determined and persistent effort to establish a close relationship with and influence over growers' co-operatives." Judge Lindley mentions the Northwest Apple Growers, Sowega Products, Farmers' Co-operative Exchange of North Carolina, and Florida Citrus Exchange, the transaction with the latter coming, as the Court put it, "dangerously near being an agreement in restraint of trade in itself."

Acco promoted the famous Super-Coop, which caused the food trade, in 1940, to cry out, "monopoly!" Super-Coop was designed to "secure a larger and more effective control of the shippers by Acco. . . . Acco was to benefit in the form of a lower expense rate"—the usual A&P purpose—"resulting from the larger volume handled, a greater availability in quantity and selection of supplies for A&P, and an organization readily useful as a propaganda agency to fight A&P's enemies." Super-Coop "was camouflaged to make it appear as though the shippers were the moving force in the organization." John Hartford was doubtful as to Super-Coop's legality, and it was finally dropped by A&P, but not until it had become notorious.

The trouble with Super-Coop was the same old trouble. A&P, "by the use of its integrated power and control," could buy merchandise at prices it "would not otherwise have obtained, at prices less than those of competitors, with a resulting handicap to competitors."

A&P even turned its manufacturing potential to the same use. When it could not get the discounts or allowances it thought were its due, it would threaten to go "into the manufacturing and processing business itself, since it already possessed a considerable establishment and experience that would enable it to get quickly and successfully into such business if a recalcitrant supplier, processor, or manufacturer did not yield." The prime illustration in the record is the case of the Ralston Purina company, which raised its discount rate to A&P from 7½ cents a case to 17½ cents a case. The government, at Danville, introduced a letter from Ralston which read in part: "The discounts allowed in this contract are not made in lieu of brokerage, but represent an arbitrary reduction from our list prices which it was necessary to make to hold the flake cereal business of the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company and to secure from them an agreement not to enter into the business of manufacturing flakes for five years."

Counsel for A&P, in their appeal brief, dismissed this letter as "no more than the extravagant words of a supplier trying to defend prices that he knew were too high." On this and kindred evidence, however, the Circuit Court was convinced that this type of threat, designed still further to decrease the

chances of the competition, represented a general A&P practice.

According to the findings of the Court, A&P seems not to have left even the smallest stone unturned. It forced suppliers to discontinue store deliveries, because, with its warehouse system, it could reap no advantage and was unwilling for its competitors to do so. It forced suppliers to abandon premiums, not wanting itself to bother with them. On "bag and label allowances" it realized a "substantial difference between the cost to it and what it realized out of the transaction from other suppliers." "Everything," said the Circuit Court, "was grist to the mill that was grinding down prices to A&P to enable it to maintain the two-price level to its advantage."

But it was at the retail level—down at the grass-roots where Mr. and Mrs. America buy their daily bread—that the effects of this policy had their clearest impact. The two-price level, so carefully cultivated at the buying level, could, at the selling level, be translated into an overwhelming power to harry or eliminate competition. "Profit margins are slight," said Judge Lindley. "The difference between profitable operation and loss is fractional. . . . When the net profit is in the neighborhood of 2 per cent, an advantage of 5 per cent in buying in one dealer immediately places him in an overpowering position so far as his competitors are concerned."

A&P'S PRACTICES had created this advantage. With the funds realized from savings on buying prices—whether by discriminatory preferences, discriminatory allowances, or whatever—the A&P policy makers could manipulate the retail policies of their empire pretty much at will. A&P's retail operating policy, it clearly appears, was to capture volume—25 per cent of the available business, said the government, and Judge Lindley said: "I think it clear that the amount of available business in any given area was the starting point on which A&P's activity in that territory was planned, and that, in many instances, it was A&P's definite program that its supermarket merchandising should eventually enjoy 25 per cent of the available business. . . . To reach this goal, reduction of gross profit rates was continuously made in various places. . ."

He gave examples of below-cost operations: "Boston," he said, "operated at a loss from 1934 to 1941; Providence from 1934 to 1940. . . . Toledo operated at a loss from 1932 to 1938 inclusive; Indianapolis in all the same years except 1936; Detroit in the years from 1932 to 1937 inclusive; Cincinnati from 1932 to 1937 inclusive. . . . For two years after 1938 the Atlantic Division was operated at a loss, resulting in an increase in volume from $108,000,000 to $151,000,000." In 1941, in the Albany unit, the sales activity resulted "in the astonishing actual retail operation of the entire unit at a net loss of $28,999." And there were many other illustrations in the record; for example, in 1939 the New England Division and Atlantic Division both lost money—$252,665 for the first, $288,752 for the second.

Judge Lindley discussed the government's deduction from the record—that, in 1925-1926, of A&P's thirty-three units, only one had more than 15 per cent of the total available business in its territory, eleven had from 10 to 15 per cent, twelve from 5 to 10 per cent, and nine had less than 5 per cent; whereas in 1941, of A&P's thirty-nine units, eight had from 15 to 20 per cent, eighteen from 10 to 15 per cent, ten 5 to 10 per cent and three less than 5 per cent. He referred to the board of directors' meeting of the central division in May 1941, when a program of supermarkets and special development stores was outlined, "aiming at obtaining 20 per cent of the available food business in cities where there was an available volume of $20,000 or more per week." "There were in the division," he said, "eight cities where A&P had over 50 per cent of the available business, fifteen cities from 40 to 50 per cent, fifty-one from 30 to 40 per cent, fifty-one from 20 to 30 per cent, fifty-five from 10 to 20 per cent, seven with less than 10 per cent."

The Circuit Court drew a sharply outlined picture of the relationship between low-price or below-cost sales and the capture of volume. "If Area X is having a tough experience competitionwise," it said, "or the area looks prospective in which to increase the volume of business, the gross profit percentage in this area is lowered. This lowers the price at which goods may be sold and the volume increases at the expense of somebody. Sometimes the gross-profit rate is fixed so low that

the store runs below the cost of operation, even with all the advantage derived by the store in reduction of the cost of its merchandise occasioned by the headquarters' allocation of its predatory profits and accumulations."

The Circuit Court noted the general formula by which A&P operated. "When the gross profit rate is reduced in Area X," it said, "it is an almost irresistible conclusion that A&P had the power to compensate for any possible decline in net profits by raising the gross profit rate and retail prices in Area Y. . . . Thus Area Y, at the desire of the policy makers of A&P, can be brought to aid in the struggle in Area X, which in numerous instances, as the record shows, sustained heavy net losses for periods extending over a substantial number of consecutive years. There must inevitably be a compensation somewhere in the system for a loss somewhere else, as the over-all policy of the company is to earn $7 per share per annum on its stock."

The Circuit Court summed up the entire A&P enterprise—the immense food empire, sprawled across the United States, engaged in processing and manufacturing, wholesaling and retailing, and pressing its advantages at every point. "The inevitable consequence of this whole business pattern," said the Court, "is to create a chain reaction of ever-increasing selling volume and ever-increasing requirements and hence purchasing power for A&P, and for its competitors hardships not produced by competitive forces, and, conceivably, ultimate extinction."

THE Court, obviously, had two major elements in mind, though in the long run they would come to one and the same thing. "There is evidence in this record," it said, "of how some local grocers were quickly eliminated under the lethal competition put upon them by A&P when armed with its monopoly power." The evidence in the record, cited by Judge Lindley, included, among others, the plight of one Culwell, of Dallas, Texas, who "testified that . . . A&P conducted every day sales at retail prices below his cost. His sales in 1937 were $73,000, profit, $4,000; his sales in 1938, $65,000, his profit, $3,000; 1939, sales were $62,000, net profit, $2,000; 1940, $60,000, net profit $2,000; 1941, $59,000, net profit $1,100. In June 1942, A&P moved its neighboring store fourteen blocks away. Culwell's business jumped from $59,000 in 1941 to $80,000 in 1942, net profit to $3,000. The Court also included the boast of an A&P executive of "past achievement of financial ruin to other competitors," and a letter from an A&P official to the manager of the Richmond warehouse, "I certainly don't think that the Sanitary next door to you at Carey Avenue is a competitor and the hotter we can make our program the quicker this outfit will realize that they have no place in the supermarket business in Richmond."

The second aspect was not less important—affecting, as it does, the ultimate consumer, the housewife. Already, on the facts found, the housewife who did *not* buy at A&P was paying higher prices in her particular food store, because of the deliberately executed two-price-level buying policy of A&P. But the housewife who purchased "good foods at lower prices" in the A&P itself was also subject to A&P's strategical manipulations. Where volume was being captured through below-cost selling, she might benefit; but in areas supporting the below-cost areas, her prices would be higher—at the whim of A&P.

And, potentially, there might be nothing except A&P's own self-imposed restraint to keep prices down. Already A&P could balance division against division, unit against unit, store against store. Already, because of its size, backed by the practices cited above, it could undersell at will. In plain language, the Court could foresee a time when A&P's low-buying, low-selling, volume-capturing practices would have eliminated competition. Then prices could be raised at will. It seems a correct analysis of the Court's view that A&P already possessed the power to slay or let live, and that this was a situation the Sherman Act had been expressly designed to prevent.

V

SO MUCH for the charges against the A&P as the courts have found the facts. What are we to say about them? That is a difficult question to answer. In the first place, the housewife—or her husband—who reads this article should bear one point in mind: It is impossible to evaluate the activities of the A&P empire from the worm's-eye-view one gets from trading with one particular A&P

market. It requires the over-all view—that which a court obtains after six months of trial, or which attorneys get, on either side, after months and years of preparation for trial.

Beyond this, there is the matter of the anti-trust laws themselves. They are "good laws"—even A&P makes that statement in one of its ads, though protesting their application to itself. Whatever their faults of vagueness and occasional ineptitudes, they have contributed as much to the greatness of America as the businesses, big and small, that they were designed to control and protect. Not long ago, there appeared a magazine article entitled, "Competition Is So Vulgar," dealing with the accepted system of restraints of trade which has been Great Britain's way of doing business for generations. Competition, as we know it, is a comparative rarity in Britain. Prices have long been set and policed to protect the weakest links in the production and distribution chains. We are paying a lot of money these days for Britain's inability to compete effectively in world markets, a situation due, at least in part, to her non-competitive system. And it is interesting to note that many people in Great Britain, and also in the nations on the Continent which have promoted the doctrines of nationalization, are now looking with increasing interest at the American anti-trust laws, which they once thought were only "window dressing," as a possible alternative to government control. Whenever these laws are stiffly enforced in the United States, there is always an outcry; yet even those who join in it recognize the value of competition to American industry.

One may add that it is unfortunate that the A&P advertising campaign to date should have been couched in such terms that if divestiture of A&P should be ordered by the courts, important segments of the American public will doubt the soundness of the judicial process. Not long ago I received a letter from a woman of profound understanding in many matters; she wrote: "Whether the A&P combination is legal or illegal, honest or dishonest, the low A&P prices have been a boon to all housekeepers, rich and poor alike." Such opinion is very general, but it misses the point. The Sherman Act does not directly concern itself with prices, whether high or low. It concerns itself with the full play of competition, on the theory that competition, given full play, will further the American principle of "freedom to compete" and will, in the long run, keep prices down. Even a distinguished judge missed the point. "What does it matter," he asked, "what will happen fifteen years from now?"

The issue is deep and far-reaching. Monopoly and high prices come when competition dies. When competition is dead, it can scarcely be revived, yet control must be exercised—and the only control presently available is governmental control. This is another way of saying that business monopoly leads to governmental monopoly, which is another way of saying socialism.

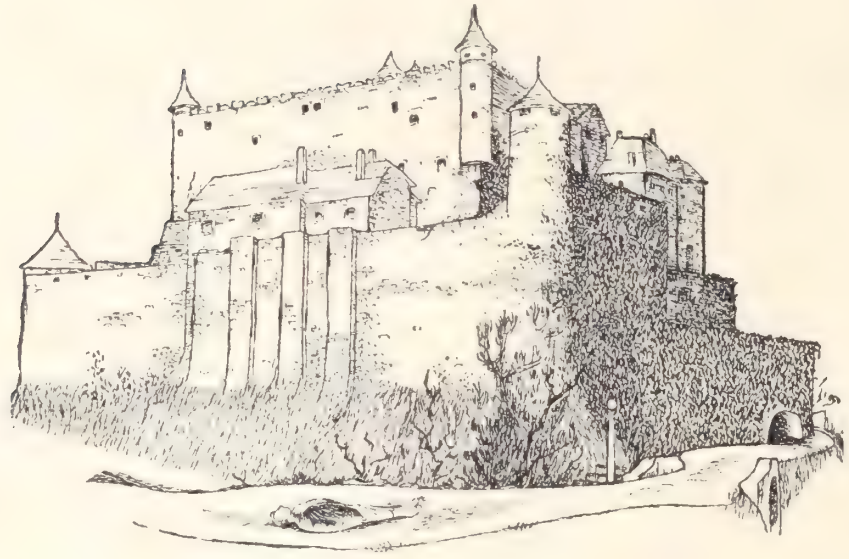
The question of whether or not the courts will order dissolution of A&P will be long in doubt. The government will argue that "A&P has made it clear that it is incapable of abandoning its predatory activities merely because a court orders it to do so"; hence, that divestiture is necessary. A&P will argue, at a minimum, that it has put its house in order. Whatever may be the decision in the District Court, appeals seem certain—to the Circuit Court, and, thereafter, to the Supreme Court. It will be several years before divestiture, if ordered, becomes an accomplished fact.

In the meantime, it is important that no propaganda campaigns should be permitted to obscure the true issue at the root of the A&P case. Anti-trust experts have a phrase: "Show me the power and I will show you its abuse." Or, as that American oracle, a taxi-driver, remarked to me recently, "What's the use of power if you don't abuse it?" There is no such thing as a permanently benevolent tyranny.

Sir Carl of Heldart: a Novell

Victoria Lincoln

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson



A FEW days ago I made a major literary discovery. I had been overtaken with one of those seizures with which every housewife is familiar, seizures in which she is possessed to know, right down to the last bent hairpin, exactly what her house is harboring and where it lies. This recent orgy of mine had been peculiarly satisfying; the basement storeroom offered a fascinating field for research; so did the pasteboard cartons up under the eaves. I was quiet again, and already a little bored, when I began on the Saratoga trunk. I don't know if it is a Saratoga trunk, actually, but that's what we call it in our house, an old monstrosity that has taken to itself, through many movings, the detritus that one can't quite throw away. I fumbled vaguely past old curtains that fit no windows, brought out a little box of mateless earrings, wondered dimly what they had been saved for, and, of course, thrust them back again to provide a similar question for the age to come; and suddenly, just as I began to realize that I had finally lost all interest in the enterprise and could now return to another careless year or so, all passion spent, I made my discovery.

Listlessly, just as I was within an ace of shut-

The author of February Hill *and, most recently,* Celia Amberley, *has usually portrayed modern family life with realism and humor. But realism, as the creator of "Sir Carl" vividly demonstrates, does not flower in early youth.*

ting down the lid, I had stumbled on treasure.

In a large manilla envelope, at the very bottom of the trunk, there were notebooks, several of them, and the handwriting on the covers I recognized for the prototype of my own.

I began to read, crouched among the rag-bags and the book-boxes. The light was bad, the attic drafty, but I was immobilized in a growing awe. At the age of fourteen, I now realize sadly, I held powers in my hand that I have never since recaptured.

The work, to be sure, is not all that I believed it to be at the time of writing. Thirty years have brought me a certain detachment. However, I should like to pass it on to you for what it is worth.

THE holograph manuscript, which fills two thick notebooks, appears to be the work of several people. At those moments (and they are rare) in which the story progresses with a degree of calm, the handwriting becomes successively a distinguished perpendicular, a dashing backhand, and that bland, flowing script which was the desired outcome of the late Palmer Method. But when the winds of passion blow, the letters shoot up, doubling their size and straining forward, so that the page looks like a cornfield in a summer storm.

A journal of the period turned up in the same haul. "Do not read," runs the warning legend on its cover. "To be destroyed unread as worthless in advent of my death." To my surprise it turned out, upon examination, to be less an opening of the heart than of the mind.

Along the way I came upon this critical dictum: "And if I were cast upon a desert island with only one book, I should want that book to be *The Prisoner of Zenda.*" Obviously, *Sir Carl of Heldart: a Novell* was written under strong influence. It is the work of a member of a school; the spelling alone retains a stubborn individualism.

The scene is set with a lavish sweep of the hand: "The opening ball of the Paris season was in full swing. The thoughtful host had provided several darkened alcoves surrounded by potted palms, and although it was early in the evening, all of these were already filled with their usuall type of occupant."

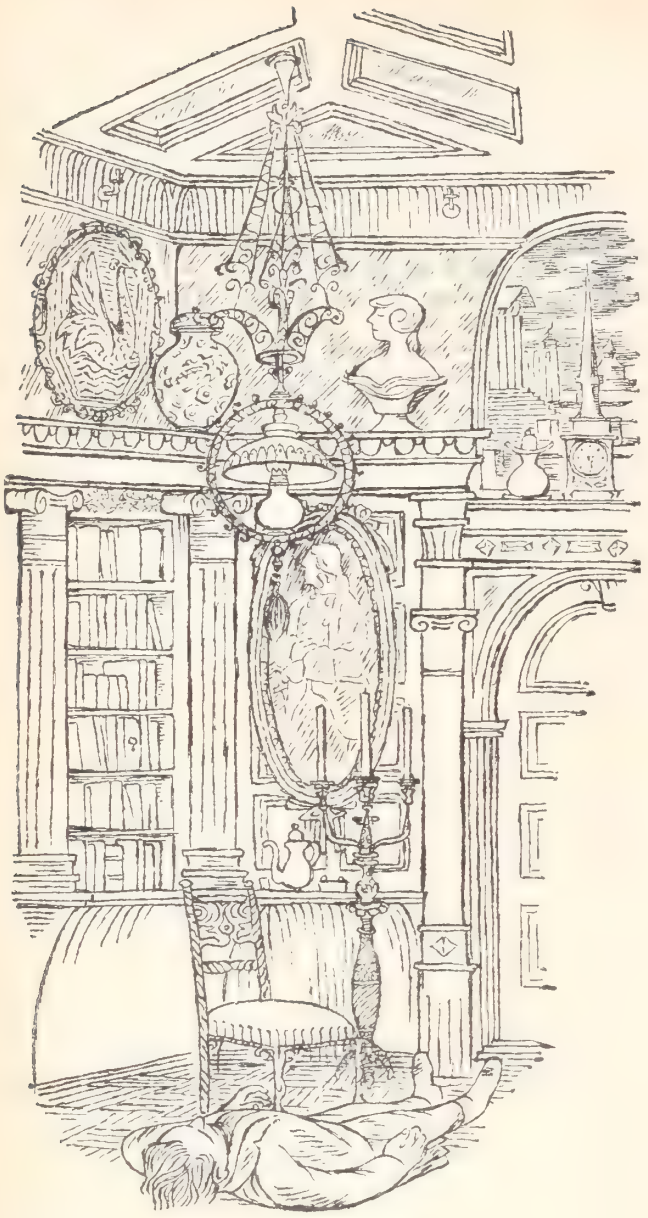
And then I give you Lucie. "All, did I say? I correct myself. In one sat a lady *alone*!" Lucie Delavigne—la petite Delavigne, as theater-going Paris lovingly styles her—is a delicious blonde "with a tiny upward quirk at one corner of her mouth." We see her first "toying with an extremely flirtatious appearing black ostrich feather fan, her little face touched with enui at the monotony of continual entertainment." But suddenly she starts forward, tense.

"Carl was in Maurevania. But how, how could two men be so alike, in carelessly royal bearing, height, build, voice? It must be! But no, no, how?"

But it was, none the less, and presently we have them embraced behind the potted palms. Their ecstasies, however, are short-lived. Carl, it appears, is sole heir to the Duke of Heldart, "a title which does not recognize morgannatic



". . . toying with an extremely flirtatious appearing black ostrich feather fan . . ."



"It's your father the Earl, Sir," said the man quietly. "He's dead."

marriages"; and, passionately as he loves Lucie, he has decided that "the line must go on." I was in full accord with him on this. Flavia of Ruritania had renounced Rudolph Rassendyl for a similar scruple. But Lucie, unfortunately, saw things otherwise.

"Her bosom heaved under the Spangled Egiptyan scarf that she wore. 'Oh, what a fool I was!' she cried. 'A silly mislead fool. I worshiped you as a God and now. . . . Go! Go! Go!' "

So, "with a tortured little gesture indiscribably like some hurt wild thing," he leaves her and returns to the Castle of Heldart, where he "flings himself through the great oaken portal tossing his hat and coat to the astonished butler," and gives over to brooding. One night it looks as if his noble resolution has weakened: he suddenly runs berserk and rips all the portraits of his ancestors to ribbons with his jackknife. But just as he has finished up the last, while the echoes of his manic laughter are still dying away in a ghastly chuckle, he is confronted by old Stranz, the butler.

"It's your father the Earl, Sir," said the man, quietly. "He's dead."

(The persons of title in this book are promoted and demoted from page to page without comment.)

The madness has passed. Destiny has taken over.

"Take me to him," said Earl Carl of Heldart.

LUCIE, in the meantime, has gone south. "She arived in Florence on a clear morning when Italy was at its best. Going to a splendid old hotel overlooking the sea, she hired rooms." She casts about for diversion. Upon inquiring for "a stable or riding school where one may hire horses," she is "directed by an obsequeous waiter to Carranzo's on the Place del Paradiso which had fine horses for hire." Immediately ("Was it Fate?" I inquire) her horse throws her and she is picked up, with a slight concussion, by one Michael Trent, a fast worker. She regains consciousness to receive "a glorious bunch of red rosebuds with a card that said simply, 'May I take you to luncheon at the Rosa del Avantio? Their terrace garden is superb.' " Carelessly, she flings herself into adventure.

Now we return to Carl. A bitter wind is wailing around the towers of Heldart Castle (which is, I notice, referred to throughout this chapter as Reslau Castle) and Carl is at his favorite sport of "staring at the dying embers with unseeing eyes" when he becomes aware of "a faint tapping at the postern door." He draws his revolver, strides to the door, and flings it open. (It must have been Stranz's night out.) A tall man, heavily cloaked, lurches past him and falls unconscious to the floor. Carl kneels and looks into the stranger's face.

And here comes a sentence that for sheer labor-saving must have few equals in the field of prose fiction: "His own face paled and his breath came in short gasps, for the face was

the face of Frederick, his brother, the older boy whom he had adored who ten years ago when he was twenty and Carl was fifteen had disappeared on that glorious summer day never to return."

Never you mind *what* glorious summer day. Carl had a long-lost brother who had just slipped his mind, and now he is free to get behind the potted palms again.

Or is he? Carl writes to Lucie telling her that Frederick has turned up, but the letter goes astray. Frederick just stays quiet around the house. And the Maurevanian government, being still in the dark and much opposed to "morgannatic marriages," sees to it that Carl is continually thrown in with the Dutchess (or, occasionally, Countess) of Rathbergen.

"I know about your actress-girl, you silly, silly child," she tells him; but for political reasons she suggests that they play along and pretend to have an affair.

Unfortunately, the Dutchess reeks sex appeal. "Her hair was black as the wings of night . . . her shoulders drooped. . . . Carl found his heart pounding furiously and his breath coming short." I had to get back at Lucie somehow, I suppose. Anyway, it all keeps him so busy that it's several chapters before he gets around to asking Frederick where he's been keeping himself all that time.

When it comes, it's quite a story; "I have been in a German prison . . . yes, and justly. . . . I stole, huge sums by forgery and jumbled accounts . . . oh, I was driven to the wall by my creditors, I was half mad. . . . At last I fought a duel and . . . killed my man. . . ."

Fortunately, everyone sees just how it was. Old Stranz drops to one knee and says, "Hail, my Lord," and Carl, wet-eyed, takes him by the hand. "Frederick," he says simply, "my brother."

SPRING comes, and Lucie, in Italy, "feels the call of the North once more." "I've a lover up there," she says to Trent, "and I want to go back. I must."

"Trent grasped her and held her in a crushing grasp. 'Michael!' she cried. He dragged her into the shaddow. Their lips had met when a shock as of a falling body threw them apart."

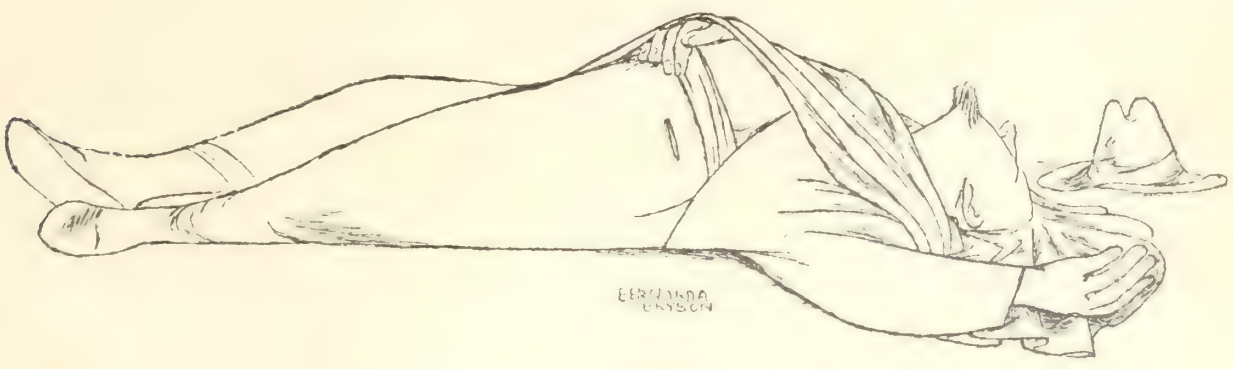
The rest of this chapter I find a little baffling. I hope it will be easier for you. The falling body turns out to be that of a certain Roderick Playne, who, with his dying breath, addresses Trent as George Trevor and tells him that "the game is up."

"God . . ." run his final words, "Sir Carl has fallen for the Countess and she will tell him all . . . and Frederick's come back . . . what a mess for nothing . . . men . . . guards . . . broke through lines on my horse . . . they got me. . . ."

It all, however, appears crystal clear to Trent, who slips off his dinner jacket and hands it to Lucie, saying tersely: "Put it on. It will be cooler in the car."

And the next words are: "Chapter 15. In the meantime events moved rapidly in the little kingdom of Maurevania." This is the book's sole instance of understatement.

Frederick goes for a walk in the woods and is pursued by a poisonous snake. He is something of a naturalist, and, "being well aware that the serpent dreadded water," he leaps a brook to escape it, spraining his ankle in the process. He swoons, is recalled to consciousness by a soft hand, opens his eyes, and springs



"In the meantime events moved rapidly in the little kingdom of Maurevania."

to his feet with a cry: "Isolde!" And a cry returns like an answering trumpet: "Frederick!" It is the Dutchess of Rathbergen, who had not recognized him with his eyes closed. It seems that she had known him under another name in that German jail. Only he had lost her address and *they* had told *her* that he was married to an Englishwoman.

We leave them embraced ("and the sun shone golden and a great Silence reigned") and return to the denouement.

"Lucie, crouched in the speeding car stared with hidious fascination at the speedometer . . . forty-six . . . fifty . . . fifty-two. . . . Gradually her mind became drunken with the sense of the deadly speed. . . . This man, Michael, to what strange doom was he bearing her?" Dawn breaks, and suddenly, ahead, she sees the towers of Heldart.

"Michael! Stop the car! Let me out here!" But he laughs at her. "Do you think I would take you to your lover?" His face is hard and the car holds to its ghastly 52 m.p.h. "Maddened . . . she flung herself before him . . . trying to wrench the wheel from his grasp, to clutch the breaks. . . ." Then, a sickening lurch, and blackness.

But Lucie has merely suffered another slight concussion. She regains consciousness to find the car in flames and Michael dying beside her. She takes a moment to reflect. "Why had she ever dallied with him silly little fool that she was . . . played and forgotten in Italy . . ." His eyes open.

" 'Lucie . . . forgive me, Lucie. . . .' Suddenly Lucie was filled with a great unreasoning tenderness. 'I forgive you, Michael,' she whispered and she kissed him. He opened his eyes again and smiled and so smiling he died."

I don't remember writing much of this, but I do remember writing that. I remember the room I was in, my bedroom in Bigelow Street, Fall River; I remember the very feel of the pencil in my hand. I wrote it in tears, which were not for Michael, or for Lucie, but for the beauty of my own art. It had me stopped so that I hardly cared about doing the final scene at all.

It was brief. Carl comes by on horseback. Lucie, still in ignorance about Frederick, offers herself: "You . . . you will not have to give up your title. No, hear me. . . ." Her magnaminity sweeps away any little notions that Carl might still have retained about Isolde von Rathbergen, and they stand in each other's arms. And, the valley into which the car had rolled having now, what with their exaltation and mine, risen into a peak, we conclude: "And at their feet stretched out the country of Maurevania . . . and, beyond that, the world."

Comprehensibly enough, those lines ended not only the book but my own romantic period. I felt that I had *got* it, my reading and my writing alike passed to other fields, and my next novell was called *Cadogan, a Commedy of Culture*. It began, "Godfrey Cadogan sat his horses heavily and was kind to his women."



"He opened his eyes again and smiled and so smiling he died."

What It Was Like (Part II)

Eleanor Lattimore

Life continued to be a nightmare for more than a month after my husband returned from Afghanistan. For more than a month I wakened every morning to a bad dream and went to bed at night to toss and turn sleeplessly. A few months ago I would not have believed that an American wife could have the experiences I was having. I felt as if I were in Moscow, or on the moon, not in the United States of America. America had become a land of fear instead of freedom, and the paradise in which I had been living had come to seem a fool's paradise because I had been so foolishly unaware of the black roots of this thing which had been spreading under our American feet. I knew it had grown up to destroy freedom in other countries, and I had of course seen little dark frightening shoots of it nearer by, but never dreamed it would spring up to tangle round *my* feet.

We had been a naturally rather happy-go-lucky American family, whom war and circumstances had caused to work pretty hard at being responsible citizens. We had traveled a good deal but liked America best. Since the end of the war we had lived happily and quietly in a university community and it was terrifying to be catapulted into the glare of publicity which awaited my husband when he stepped off the plane at Idlewild on April 1, 1950.

Since Senator McCarthy had made his first cowardly attack on him eighteen days before, and particularly during the week since he had made the fantastic charge that he was the "top Russian espionage agent in this country," I had managed to keep away from the press. Now suddenly we had become as public as Ingrid Bergman and her baby.

By afternoon Owen was in all the headlines and our pictures were everywhere. Before we could go home there was to be a press conference in a New York hotel, and we hated having to duck from the taxi into the hotel elevator for fear of staring strangers.

The elevator was filled with newsreel equipment being taken up to the conference room. I had expected to slip in at the back and was disconcerted to have to sit next to Owen at a little table, facing the crowd and all the newsreel cameras. Owen is usually very much at home with newspapermen, but it made my heart ache to feel how tense and tired he was from his long journey and the shock of the attack. He couldn't of course take time then to answer McCarthy's lies. That would have to wait for the Senate hearing which he had asked for. He could only repeat that all of McCarthy's charges were based on two complete false assumptions: that he had ever been connected with the State Department and that he was or ever had been a Communist.

This continues Mrs. Owen Lattimore's story, begun in last month's issue, of her husband's "ordeal" from her point of view. Unlike the first piece, this is not a part of Mr. Lattimore's current book but supplements the information in it.

As I sat there beside him and heard him say, "I have never advocated or supported the cause of communism either within the United States, in China, in the Far East, or anywhere in the world," it all seemed to me so fantastically unnecessary. He had always written everything he thought, and had always been so independent in forming and presenting his opinions that no one who knew him and his writings could possibly believe he was a Communist.

I thought then, as I was to think many times later, what a scandalously wicked waste of everyone's time and money this whole thing was being—since my husband's real record was so easy to read. It just didn't make any sense that he had to be subjected to this "trial by headline" simply because of sensational charges by an irresponsible and publicity-seeking Senator. It seemed to me then, and still seems to me, that the sensational news was not that McCarthy had called Lattimore a Russian agent, but that a United States Senator could stoop so low as to make fantastically unfounded charges against a private American citizen without the Senate and his own party rising up to repudiate him.

At last we could go home. Owen slept on the train and I struggled to make an outline of the chaotic mass of lies in McCarthy's speech so that Owen could prepare his replies with a little less agony. It was a nauseating effort and I could hardly stomach it. Even one lie makes me indignant, and this enormous mass of lies, many of them stupid and trivial but some colossal, filled me with such anger and indignation as I had not thought possible.

We later counted ninety-six misstatements of fact in this one speech, and the task of answering them seemed Herculean.

Our son David met us at the station. When we reached our once peaceful house in the country, wanting only to fall into bed, and saw two cars in the driveway with camera equipment protruding from their windows, we thought we couldn't face another photographer or another question. We stopped to see our next door neighbors and stole home through the woods to our back door. Later David went out and explained something to the newspapermen. We didn't ask him what he said.

II

The next day we packed up and moved to Washington, to be near the lawyers, and Owen's files which had been moved there to facilitate the work of preparing for his hearing. We expected that at the hearing everything would be cleared up and we would be home again in a few days. As it turned out we were in Washington most of the time for a full month, the most expensive month of our lives, financially, physically, and spiritually. During this month Owen carried on a fight not only for his good name but for the things he had always stood for; his right in general to maintain his integrity as a scholar and to form and express his opinions honestly, in his country's service, without fear of persecution or vilification; and his right in particular as a student of Far Eastern problems to express an opinion on China which differed from the opinions of the China Lobby without being called disloyal or a Communist.

He could not carry on this fight simply by calling McCarthy and his witnesses liars, or by making ringing declarations about democracy and the Bill of Rights. He had first to answer the charges point by point and with careful and painstaking documentation, and this not only took an enormous amount of the time of many people but was humiliating in the extreme, since scores of innocent acts and casual relationships out of many years of his past had been twisted to use against him, and many others viciously invented. But beyond this he managed somehow to lift the whole fight out of the sewer where McCarthy had placed it and turn it into a fight for freedom in which, before the month was over, he himself had become only a symbol, and the issue of freedom of opinion and expression was what stood out. This was made evident by the hundreds of letters which poured in from professors and students and writers repeating the refrain, "You are fighting our fight."

He could not have won the battle, even in a month, without the help of loyal friends. Especially, he couldn't have won it without Abe Fortas, his lawyer. But it was chiefly Owen's own clear record, his courage, his sure conviction, and his understanding of the

basic issues which enabled him to succeed. I have always been proud of being Owen Lattimore's wife, but never so proud as I was during that month of his "ordeal by slander."

Owen has written a very human book about this battle and what he believes to be its causes and its meaning in American life, and it would be pointless for me to repeat what he has written. I would rather try to describe a little of what it was like for me, and will be like for many other women if McCarthyism is allowed to grow up in our land.

My first problem in Washington was to find a place for us to live. Within a few days we had had several houses offered to us, but the only thing we could do at first, since we dreaded the publicity of a hotel, was to ask Owen's parents to move over to our house in Ruxton so that we could use their small apartment. McCarthy's attack had already caused inconvenience and expense to a number of our friends, and its effects on these two old people were not the least of our worries. Mother had been about to go into a hospital to have a cataract removed, but she was so worried over our troubles that the operation had to be postponed for more than a month, and Father's health also suffered greatly from the strain. We hated to move them but didn't know what else to do for a couple of days, until we were loaned the house of some friends who were away.

Then we had a team to feed. Owen's good friends Joe Barnes and Stanley Salmen had both come to help him prepare his statement and we were all working under such pressure that there was no time to go out for meals. Fortunately nineteen-year-old David and his red-headed friend Emily Lewis undertook to shop and cook and wash dishes and make beds, and what they lacked in skill they made up for in ingenuity and devotion—with the aid of a nearby delicatessen.

One of my humble jobs was to look after the files and be able to produce information and documentation just when it was needed. This was a three-ring circus because some of the files were at Abe's office, some were still at Owen's office in Baltimore, and some at home in Ruxton, and the writing team was working at the house in Washington. So it meant looking ahead as much as possible to know what might be needed and entailed much telephoning to Baltimore and shuttling back and forth in Washington.

At the hearings I sat behind Owen with a little black file box and managed pretty well to pass documents up to Abe when they were needed. But our first day in Washington I slipped up badly. I was at the apartment working with Owen, when the telephone rang. Abe wanted immediately a copy of a memorandum Owen had written in connection with a conference he had attended at the State Department. McCarthy had accused the State Department of suppressing this document—which, he said, would prove his charge that Owen was the "architect" of the Department's Far Eastern policy. McCarthy demanded that the Department make the memorandum public, and threatened to "expose" it himself if the Department didn't do so. This was a characteristically devious and underhand maneuver. McCarthy knew that the document was one of a number which the Department had asked non-official Far Eastern experts to submit, and that the Department had assured these people that their memoranda would be regarded as confidential, this being their usual policy in order to encourage precisely the kind of free and uninhibited expression of opinion that McCarthyism seeks to kill.

We knew that the State Department would not break its rule and release the memorandum, even though the release would be beneficial to it and to Owen. We therefore decided to release it ourselves, immediately, so as to deflate McCarthy's balloon. "Immediately" meant so quickly that the next editions of the newspapers following McCarthy's statement would contain the story of our release and the text of the memorandum. Abe was therefore quite ready to skin me when I couldn't find it. Fortunately for my skin a copy was found at the last possible minute and rushed to the mimeographers. As a matter of fact there wasn't any mystery about this memorandum. Owen had already published the substance of it in a magazine article several months before which anyone could buy for fifty cents!

On the morning of the hearing I suddenly realized with horror how conspicuous we were going to be and that I had been much too busy to think about

clothes. David had come down from Harvard with one suit, and he had had to buy another the day before because a zipper had jammed. And I hastily borrowed a hat that morning because my own was looking so bedraggled. But I wasn't surprised to read in a paper the next day about the "little doctor with the shiny-seated pants" and his "handsome but rougeless wife." A lot of our friends watched us all day on television; and one man, who wrote Owen that he had been the butler at a house where we had dined twenty years ago and had followed Owen's career ever since, said he saw me take a little nap toward the end of the morning. I may have closed my eyes, because sitting before the television lights all day was very nearly unbearable. But I never felt less like sleeping. I was bursting with pride in my husband. The unwonted applause at the end of his statement was not only by his friends—for we had made no effort to invite friends to the hearing—but was a really spontaneous outburst by almost everyone in the room.

This was the first time I had ever attended a Senate hearing, and even if I had not been emotionally involved I would have been moved by the drama and the dignity of it—until the middle of the afternoon when Senator Hickenlooper began his questioning. Then the drama became cheap melodrama and the dignified questioning by the other Senators was replaced by a soap opera version of how to catch a spy. The day ended with the dramatic announcement by Senator Tydings that four out of five members of the committee had examined a lengthy summary of the FBI file on Owen and that "it was the universal opinion of all the members of the Committee present and all others in the room, of which there were two more, that there was nothing in that file to show that you were a Communist or had ever been a Communist or that you were ever in any way connected with any espionage information or charges. So that the FBI puts you completely, up to this moment at least, in the clear."

This announcement seemed to me then to be a most natural culmination to Owen's day of triumph. I had enough respect for the FBI to know they could have nothing in their files which would in any way bear out McCarthy's charges, and I had enough respect for Senator Tydings to assume that he would say so. Even though by that time I considered myself a disillusioned woman compared with my innocence of a few weeks before, I was amazed to hear the next day that a lot of people thought Tydings had "stuck his neck out" by saying what was obviously true. I was to learn only later how strong the political pressures were on some members of the committee which might make it difficult for them to put simple justice above other considerations.

The only thing that surprised me at the time about Senator Tyding's announcement was that Owen's file was "quite lengthy." Since he had never belonged to an organization labeled "subversive" by the Attorney General and had known very few individuals now considered subversive I couldn't imagine what could make it long. I did not know then to what lengths fanatics in the China Lobby must have gone to see that all sorts of "allegations"—many of them completely fictitious—reached those files, and therefore how fortunate it was that the FBI must have obtained information from other sources which counteracted them.

Since most of these allegations had been aired by McCarthy it was good that Owen had this public chance to clear them up. I do not know if denials are attached to allegations in the FBI files or if there is any way of "clearing" one's FBI record, but at least he had an opportunity to clear his name before the public, as much as it ever can be cleared of such a smear. I suppose that because of a vicious newspaper convention his name in the press will always be followed by "the man whom Senator McCarthy accused of being the top Russian agent in this country," whereas McCarthy will not be dubbed "the man who falsely accused Owen Lattimore of being a Communist," or "the man who defended the Malmedy murderers," but merely "Joseph McCarthy, Republican, of Wisconsin."

At any rate, by the end of the day we were so happy that the ordeal was over that we felt gay and carefree. When we got home I put on my best dress (it happened to be *red*), and we all went out to celebrate. David had felt as proud of Owen as I did, and, as he told us later, "full of filial piety." He thought, as we all did, that our fight was over. He went back to college that weekend, and when

he took the zipperless trousers to the "Gold Coast Valeteria" to be mended and the tailor said to him, "I guess McCarthy dropped dead already," he thought the comment was apt.

III

THE day after the hearing we moved back to Maryland. McCarthy had boasted, however, that he would produce witnesses to prove his allegation that Owen had been a Communist (he seemed to wish he could forget his No. 1 spy charge). We heard over the weekend that he was traveling around trying to line some up but we didn't really think he would succeed. We knew, of course, that he could always get Freda Utley, and we rather hoped he would, since she would hardly impress anyone favorably. But we had heard that McCarthy had decided, too, that Freda wouldn't help his cause, and that he did not want her called.

A few days after the hearing, however, there was a report on the radio that Louis Budenz, the Communist-turned-Catholic who had become an ardent and assiduous professional informer, had been subpoenaed to appear the following week. Owen had never met Budenz and knew of him only as a man with a lurid Communist past; but the day we had to spend in the Senate Caucus Room listening to him describe his sordid life in the Communist underworld in which he spent ten years was a gruesome experience. He built up a picture of a sinister murky world of Communist conspiracy which for all I know may exist. He then plucked Owen from a normal open bright American world and attempted to connect him with his own dark past. Nothing he said about Owen had any relation at all to reality, Budenz didn't even try to base it on anything more than flimsy hearsay, but the psychological effect on his listeners seemed to me terrifying. If Abe had been allowed to question him, or if the committee had used more than a fraction of the material Abe had supplied them with, Owen could have been taken out of that picture much faster than he was put into it. But that didn't happen, and when the afternoon session was finally over we felt as if we had spent an entire day in a sewer.

The other sewer session we attended was the one at which Freda Utley finally did testify, but it had moments of comic relief which made it easier to bear. Here was someone I had known. We had felt very sorry for her when her husband was a victim of a Soviet purge and had done a good deal to help her. I knew she had turned against Owen—as she had against many others who had befriended her—and I knew of her connections with the China Lobby, but I had not seen her for years and was not entirely prepared for the spectacle she made of herself.

A great part of her "evidence" consisted in quoting out of context things that Owen had written and then giving her fanciful interpretation of their meaning. I do not know why lawyers tell their clients to "keep a poker face." Abe asked me to, and I tried, but during this session I found my mouth dropping open again and again at her fantastic distortions, and Abe's eyes in the back of his head looked very disapproving whenever I obviously registered disgust. But the newspapermen were muttering too, and the committee became restless and annoyed. And when during the questioning she admitted that she had advocated a negotiated peace with Hitler Germany during the war, written a pro-Axis article for *Reader's Digest* a month before Pearl Harbor, and attacked American policy in postwar Germany as pro-Communist, nobody paid much more attention to what she said about Owen Lattimore.

IN CONTRAST to Budenz and Utley the witnesses called by Owen were straightforward people who attempted no ideological double-talk. Bella Dodd was called because she had been a higher-up Communist than Budenz but had never heard of Owen Lattimore. She had been expelled from the Party because she tried to be honest, and while Hickenlooper tried to show that she was still a radical everyone could see that in answering questions she was trying to be honest with herself instead of just agreeing with her questioners. General Thorpe was called because as chief of MacArthur's counter-intelligence he had investigated Owen three times and knew he was a loyal American. Demaree Bess had been asked to come down on the afternoon Freda Utley testified because Owen had been his house guest on his only visit to Moscow, in 1936, and he knew just what Owen was doing there. Both of these men are solid

conservatives of the finest kind, and though Thorpe was heckled and Bess allowed only to read the letter he had previously written to Senator Tydings, they were obviously so real and genuine and American that we felt on familiar ground again.

By MAY 2, when Owen appeared for his final hearing everyone, and particularly the newspapermen, seemed to be pretty sick of the whole thing, and the atmosphere of the Caucus Room was quite different from the day a month before when he had appeared for the first time. It was crowded again, and many of our friends were there, but there was a sort of feeling of anti-climax, a wondering how long this thing could drag on.

Owen and Abe had worked very hard on a statement for this hearing and Joe Barnes had come down again from New York to help them. It not only answered all the new charges which had been made but, like the first one, dealt with the broader issues of foreign policy and freedom of expression. When Owen read the sentence, "My obligation is to do everything that I can, by the emphatic and conclusive refutation of these charges, to establish, beyond question, beyond dispute, and beyond further challenge, the right of American scholars and authors to think, talk, and write freely and honestly, without the paralyzing fear of the kind of attack to which I have been subjected," there was a loud burst of applause.

The whole thing was dragged down again by a day and a half of dreary questioning, most of it by Hickenlooper and most of it about people, organizations, and events with which Owen had no connection. We are still curious as to whether he could have heard allegations that Owen was connected with them or was shooting entirely in the dark.

I liked to sit behind Owen and Abe at the hearings. They almost never spoke to each other—no consultations, no whispers, no note passing. Even during Hickenlooper's tricky questioning Abe seemed relaxed, as if he had complete confidence that Owen could handle the questions without falling into traps. But his being there gave Owen confidence and strength.

Owen's answers were always very sure, but in the midst of one of his unsuccessful fishing expeditions Hickenlooper asked a question which involved me, and I fell down on it. "Did your wife, in California in 1943, give a lecture at the Tom Mooney Labor School?" Owen turned to me. The name was totally unfamiliar and I immediately said I didn't remember it. But if I had taken enough time to think I would have remembered that among the scores of schools, churches, and clubs I had spoken to about China in that war year there was a labor night school. If it was called the Tom Mooney School then I didn't know it. And if it turned out to be a Communist school, which I certainly didn't know, it probably did them good to hear something in support of Chiang Kai-shek and China's gallant resistance which was the opposite of the "Communist line." It didn't seem important one way or the other, but after the noon recess Hickenlooper triumphantly produced an old newspaper with an announcement of my lecture, and I felt very foolish not to have remembered it.

Except for this "guilt by matrimony," as Owen called it, Hickenlooper was able to dig up nothing incriminating in Owen's past. By the end of the second afternoon the hearing just petered out. Tydings had gone to a meeting. Nothing was wound up or finished. We just went home, feeling that complete vindication was something the most innocent man could never achieve by this haphazard procedure.

IV

On THE third of May we came home to Baltimore, not to relax, although we were bone tired, but to try to forget McCarthy and his accomplices while we tackled the mass of work which had collected on our desks during the weeks when everything but the hearings had been neglected. But we were not allowed to forget McCarthy as day after day, from friends and in letters, one story after another began to unfold of the effects which the attack on Owen had had on the lives of other people, friends and relatives and students and colleagues, and on the life of our university community. Its full effects upon our own lives also became manifest only gradually.

I think the first thing we became aware of when we came home was the number of

people who had formerly been only casual acquaintances who had become real friends, and the number of new friends we had acquired. This was heart-warming, because we knew that there must be others who had become suspicious of us, or afraid, and that we would discover these only gradually. The occasion when Owen came nearest to feeling that his bitter fight had been worth all that it cost was a dinner and reception given by the Johns Hopkins faculty. The hall was packed with his colleagues who had come to testify to their confidence in him and to let him know that they appreciated his part in a struggle which they knew was theirs.

We were eager to see all of our friends, and they wanted to hear about our experiences and to know what they could do to help to curb this McCarthyism of which they had suddenly become aware. We were also eager to answer the hundreds of letters which had poured in since March 13. Many of our Baltimore friends, and many people who had written us, had gone to a good deal of trouble to express their concern and to offer us generous help. Nothing is more dampening than an ignored offer of help and friendship and we needed both, but we were in a real dilemma. We were physically exhausted. Neglected work had piled mountain high. And Owen's publisher wanted him to complete a book about his Washington experience before the end of the month. This meant that both of us must continue to neglect almost everything else and work night and day for another three weeks, but it seemed more important and urgent than anything else we could do. Most of our friends were wonderfully understanding and patient, but we did find ourselves running the risk of losing some of the friends we had been so happy to gain, and one in particular turned violently against us because she felt that help she had been at some pains to offer had been unappreciated.

Because our friends and neighbors had all been so kind it was a shock to read in the paper one day that according to a Gallup poll half the people in the United States thought that McCarthy was doing good. It seemed incredible that so many Americans either approved of the kind of thing McCarthy had done to us, or didn't care—that they must believe like the Communists that the end justified the means, or at the very least that "where there is smoke there is fire." To say this about fire is so easy, and so false. A most apt comment on it was made by a Navy man who served on the stern end of a destroyer during the war, laying smoke screens. He said that whenever he saw vast and unnatural quantities of smoke his first thought was that there must be a smoke machine at work.

Where were all these people described by Mr. Gallup? We kept hearing about them but we didn't meet them, and unlike Haldore Hanson and Mrs. Brunauer we didn't receive threatening letters from our neighbors. But for weeks we kept expecting to, and whenever I gave my name to a dry cleaner or a grocer or a stranger anywhere I wondered which one of Mr. Gallup's columns he belonged in. A Negro friend once described to me how it felt never to know where she would meet prejudice and rebuffs, and now I think I know how she feels.

Among the thousand or so friendly letters we have had there have been a few unpleasant ones, of course, but surprisingly few. One thing I try to keep from doing is wondering about the very few old friends who haven't written us at all, but the suspicions which McCarthyism breeds make it difficult sometimes to be sensible.

There have been a few bitter disillusionments. The man who could have helped Owen more than anyone else, and would have increased his own stature by doing so, did nothing. Others, who were in government jobs and therefore vulnerable, were afraid. We had letters from only three people in government jobs, and they, I'm proud to say, were all women. We also had letters from several wives of government officials. One State Department wife wrote, "He is really carrying the brunt of the fight for all of us." I do not know if her husband saw the letter.

Out of these experiences, a few, a very few, real enemies emerged whom we never dreamed we had, people who out of jealousy or imagined slights had been nursing grudges and seized this opportunity for revenge. The most surprising of these revealed himself as a result of one of the completely innocent incidents of our lives, which turned into a boomerang. Since we live in the country, on weekends our house is always full of guests. One weekend in June of 1945 we had invited

Jack Service, an old friend who had just returned from China, to come over from Washington, and also Andrew Roth, a young naval officer who had told Owen when we met him in Washington that he would like to consult him about a book about Japan which he had just finished. We had also invited two young Hopkins faculty members for lunch on Sunday as we thought they would be interested in meeting Jack. One of them brought his fiancee and the other his wife and two small children and we had a picnic lunch in the woods, after which Owen and Jack spent some time looking at the galley proofs of Roth's book. Four days later not only we but of course our other guests were shocked to read that both Service and Roth had been arrested in connection with the "Amerasia case." Service was never indicted and Roth's indictment was soon dropped. It was of course a pure coincidence that they were both at our house that day. Neither of them had ever been there before. But of course this coincidence was enough to make the picnic interesting to McCarthy.

In McCarthy's Senate speech he claimed to have secured an affidavit and a statement from two of our guests which gave really lurid accounts of our innocent picnic, with secret documents, surreptitiously exchanged brief cases, and other soap opera details. Knowing McCarthy's genius for invention we asked both men if they would send statements over to us in Washington. To our great surprise one of them not only ignored our request but, when friends asked him about it, did not deny having signed the affidavit McCarthy described, although as far as I know he has never attempted to explain why he thought we had invited him to witness our nefarious deeds. When he gave his evidence that Owen must be a Communist, he did not say that he had ever read one of his books or had had a political discussion with him; what he produced was a long accumulated file of the China lobbyist Kohlberg's allegations.

The efforts of McCarthyites to sow suspicion and dissension in our university community fortunately misfired in the case of Malcolm Moos, our other picnic guest. A rumor had reached us, undoubtedly planted for the purpose of making trouble between us and our friends, that he too was ready to testify that Owen was a Communist. This would have seemed fantastic and gone immediately into the wastebasket, even without a later message which contradicted it, if it had not been for the incredible news we had just had about the other man, whom Owen had equally trusted. So we were very happy when Malcolm Moos responded immediately to our request for his recollections of the picnic, which corresponded entirely to ours, and generously offered to testify before the committee. He later told us about a visit he had received from three of McCarthy's men which throws some light on the methods which they used in their efforts to secure information.

On March 26, after eleven at night, three men came up to the Moos's apartment, having told the receptionist downstairs that they were expected. Mr. and Mrs. Moos were just going to bed when they knocked, in the kind of bed that lets down from the wall in the living room of their small apartment. When Mrs. Moos went to the door in her dressing gown the men told her that it was urgent for them to see her husband and that they were "from Oberlin." Since her husband didn't go to Oberlin she thought this a little strange, but she asked them to wait a minute and rushed back to push the bed back into the wall and warn her husband. When they came in they introduced themselves as Congressman Kirsten from Wisconsin and two ex-FBI men. (Kirsten is an *ex*-Congressman employed by McCarthy.) They said they had just come from five hours with our other picnic guest and that he had given them a signed statement. Mr. and Mrs. Moos told them they had seen nothing strange about the picnic and had seen no documents except the galley proofs of Roth's book. The men took no notes and did not ask them to sign anything, and after about fifteen minutes they left. But what they reported to McCarthy was made into a very different story.

THE costs to us of the McCarthy attack have been unbelievable. It has taken two months out of our lives and left us so exhausted that it will take another two months to recover. During this time Owen's regular work has had to be done largely by others and he has had to cancel lectures and writing commitments. We have had to employ extra help of all kinds, and keep two households going while we were living in

Washington. Our mimeographing alone, much of it done at overtime rates, cost more than $1,100, travel and telephone another thousand, and the cost of the transcripts of the hearings more than $300. All of this is much more than a college professor can afford —but the expense we expected would shipwreck us completely turned out to be nothing at all.

On that desperate day when Owen was in Afghanistan and I heard of McCarthy's attack I had gone to the best law firm I knew, feeling that whatever it might cost we could sell our house and Dave and I could go to work and we could raise the money somehow. Many people in the firm worked unstintingly on the unpleasant job, not only skillfully but sympathetically and cheerfully, and to our amazement they refused to charge a fee. I cannot think of a finer public service than to wage their kind of a fight for freedom at this crucial time.

I do not think I have become embittered by this experience. I have been terribly angry and frightened that it could happen to anyone—and it might have happened to anyone. I have been terribly indignant that we have had to pay so high a price. But I have also become aware of a danger to our American life which I did not know about, and so inspired by the number of good and fine people who are not afraid to make real sacrifices to fight that danger, that I have been given a new purpose and new courage.

*Anthem for Boeotia**

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Boeotum in crasso
aere natum

—Horace,
Epistles, II, 1, 244

Boeotia, Boeotia!
Oh hear our vanward cry:
Let fogs that choke, and cinder-smoke
Conceal us from the sky.
Oh light be dim and wit be slow
And argument non seq.,
For nothing that we need to know
Exists above the neck.

Boeotia, Boeotia!
What miracles are wrought
Where anthill men are past the ken
Of independent thought.
So let the vein be varicose,
The brain of sullen brass:
Who are the foes who dare oppose
Expendables en masse?

Boeotia, Boeotia!
No special race or birth,
But every type that deemed it ripe
To dominate the earth.
Then roar applause, our final cause:
Man's intellect is null!
Invigorate, in armor-plate,
The Legions of the Dull.

* In ancient legend the homeland of dull-witted people.

The Snout

Loren C. Eiseley

I HAVE long been an admirer of the octopus. The cephalopods are very old, and they have slipped, protean, through many shapes. They are the wisest of the molluscs, and I have always felt it to be just as well for us that they never came ashore, but—there are other things that have.

There is no need to be frightened. It is true some of the creatures are odd, but I find the situation rather heartening than otherwise. It gives one a feeling of confidence to see nature still busy with experiments, still dynamic, and not through nor satisfied because a Devonian fish managed to end as a two-legged character with a straw hat. There are other things brewing and wriggling in the oceanic vat. It pays to know this. It pays to know there is just as much future as there is past. The only thing that doesn't pay is to be sure of man's own part in it.

There are things down there still coming ashore. Never make the mistake of thinking life is now adjusted for eternity. It gets into your head—the certainty, I mean—the human certainty, and then you miss it all—the things on the tide-flats and what they mean, and why, as my wife says, "they ought to be watched."

The trouble is, we don't know what to watch for. I have a friend, one of those Explorers Club people, who drops in now and then between trips to tell me about the size of crocodile jaws in Uganda, or what happened on some back beach in Arnhem Land.

"They fell out of the trees," he said. "Like rain. And into the boat."

"Uh?" I said, noncommittally.

"They did *so*," he protested, "and they were hard to catch."

"Really," I said.

"We were pushing a dugout up one of the tidal creeks in northern Australia and going fast when smacko we jammed this mangrove bush and the things came tumbling down.

"What were they doing sitting up there in bunches? I ask you. It's no place for a fish. Besides that they had a way of sidling off with those pop-eyes trained on you. I never liked it. Somebody ought to keep an eye on them."

"Why?" I asked.

"I don't know why," he said impatiently, running a rough, square hand through his hair and wrinkling his forehead. "I just mean they make you feel that way, is all. A fish belongs in the water. It ought to stay there—just as we live on land in houses. Things ought to know their place and stay in it, but those fish have got a way of sidling off. As though they had mental reservations and weren't keeping any contracts. See what I mean?"

"I see what you mean," I said gravely. "They ought to be watched. My wife thinks so too. About a lot of things."

"She does?" He brightened. "Then that's

Ever since "The Long-Ago Man of the Future," which we published in January 1947, Professor Eiseley, chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, has been opening up fresh eons for Harper's *readers.*

two of us. I don't know why, but they give you that feeling."

He didn't know why, but I thought that I did.

II

IT BEGAN as such things always begin—in the ooze of unnoticed swamps, in the darkness of eclipsed moons. It began with a strangled gasping for air.

The pond was a place of reek and corruption, of fetid smells and of oxygen-starved fish breathing through laboring gills. At times the slowly contracting circle of the water left little windrows of minnows who skittered desperately to escape the sun, but who died, nevertheless, in the fat, warm mud. It was a place of low life. In it the human brain began.

There were strange snouts in those waters, strange barbels nuzzling the bottom ooze, and there was time—three hundred million years of it—but mostly, I think, it was the ooze. By day the temperature in the world outside the pond rose to a frightful intensity; at night the sun went down in smoking red. Dust storms marched in incessant progression across a wilderness whose plants were the plants of long ago. Leafless and weird and stiff they lingered by the water, while over vast areas of grassless uplands the winds blew until red stones took on the polish of reflecting mirrors. There was nothing to hold the land in place. Winds howled, dust clouds rolled, and brief erratic torrents choked with silt ran down to the sea. It was a time of dizzying contrasts, a time of change.

On the oily surface of the pond, from time to time a snout thrust upward, took in air with a queer grunting inspiration, and swirled back to the bottom. The pond was doomed, the water was foul, and the oxygen almost gone, but the creature would not die. It could breathe air direct through a little accessory lung, and it could walk. In all that weird and lifeless landscape, it was the only thing that could. It walked rarely and under protest, but that was not surprising. The creature was a fish.

In the passage of days the pond became a puddle, but the Snout survived. There was dew one dark night and a coolness in the empty stream bed. When the sun rose next morning the pond was an empty place of cracked mud, but the Snout did not lie there. He had gone. Downstream there were other ponds. He breathed air for a few hours and hobbled slowly along on the stumps of heavy fins.

It was an uncanny business if there had been anyone there to see it. It was a journey best not observed in daylight, it was something that needed swamps and shadows and the touch of the night dew. It was a monstrous penetration of a forbidden element, and the Snout kept his face from the light. It was just as well, though, the face should not be mocked. In three hundred million years it would be our own.

There was something fermenting in the brain of the Snout. He was no longer entirely a fish. The ooze had marked him. It takes a swamp and tide-flat zoologist to tell you about life; it is in this domain that the living suffer great extremes, it is here that the water-failures, driven to desperation, make starts in a new element. It is here that strange compromises are made and new senses are born. The Snout was no exception. Though he breathed and walked primarily in order to stay in the water, he was coming ashore.

He was not really a successful fish except that he was managing to stay alive in a noisome, uncomfortable, oxygen-starved environment. In fact the time was coming when the last of his kind, harried by more ferocious and speedier fishes, would slip off the edge of the continental shelf, to seek safety in the sunless abysses of the deep sea. But the Snout was a fresh-water Crossopterygian, to give him his true name, and cumbersome and plodding though he was, something had happened back of his eyes. The ooze had gotten in its work.

IT IS interesting to consider what sort of creatures we, the remote descendants of the Snout, might be, except for that green quagmire out of which he came. Mammalian insects perhaps we should have been—solid-brained, our neurones wired for mechanical responses, our lives running out with the perfection of beautiful, intricate, and mindless clocks. More likely we should never have existed at all. It was the Snout and the ooze that did it; with perhaps there also among rotting fish heads and blue, night-burning bog lights, the careful finger of God.

It was not much. It was two bubbles, two thin-walled little balloons at the end of the Snout's small brain. The cerebral hemispheres had appeared.

Among all the experiments in that dripping, ooze-filled world, one was vital: the brain had to be fed. The nerve tissues are insatiable devourers of oxygen. If they do not get it, life is gone. In stagnant swamp waters, only the development of a highly efficient blood supply to the brain can prevent disaster. And among those gasping, dying creatures, whose small brains winked out forever in the long Silurian drought, the Snout and his brethren survived.

Over the exterior surface of the Snout's tiny brain ran the myriad blood vessels that served it; through the greatly enlarged choroid plexuses other vessels pumped oxygen into the spinal fluid. The brain was a thin-walled tube fed from both surfaces. It could only exist as a thing of thin walls permeated with oxygen. To thicken, to lay down solid masses of nervous tissue such as exist among the fishes in oxygenated waters was to invite disaster. The Snout lived on a bubble, two bubbles in his brain.

It was not that his thinking was deep; it was only that it had to be thin. The little bubbles of the hemispheres helped to spread the area upon which higher correlation centers could be built, and yet preserve those areas from the disastrous thickenings which meant oxygen death to the swamp dweller.

There is a mystery about those thickenings which culminate in the so-called solid brain. It is the brain of insects, of the modern fishes, of some reptiles, and all birds. Always it marks the appearance of elaborate patterns of instinct and the end of thought. A road has been taken which, anatomically, is well-nigh irretraceable; it does not lead in the direction of a high order of consciousness.

Wherever, instead, the thin sheets of gray matter expand upward into the enormous hemispheres of the human brain, laughter or, it may be, sorrow enters in. Out of the choked Devonian waters emerged sight and sound and the music that rolls invisible through the composer's brain. They are there still in the ooze along the tideline, though no one notices. The world is fixed, we say: fish in the sea, birds in the air. But in the mangrove swamps by the Niger, fish climb trees and ogle uneasy naturalists who try unsuccessfully to chase them back to the water. There are things still coming ashore.

III

The door to the past is a strange door. It swings open and things pass through it, but they pass in one direction only. No man can return across that threshold, though he can look down still and see the green light waver in the water weeds.

There are two ways to seek the doorway: in the swamps of the inland waterways and along the tide flats of the estuaries where rivers come to the sea. By those two pathways life came ashore. It was not the magnificent march through the breakers and up the cliffs that we fondly imagine. It was a stealthy advance made in suffocation and terror, amidst the leaching bite of chemical discomfort. It was made by the failures of the sea.

Some creatures have slipped through the invisible chemical barrier between salt and fresh water, into the tidal rivers, and later come ashore; some have crept upward from the salt. In all cases, however, the first adventure into the dreaded atmosphere seems to have been largely determined by the inexorable crowding of enemies and by the retreat further and further into marginal situations where the oxygen supply was depleted. Finally, in the ruthless selection of the swamp margins, or in the scramble for food on the tide flats, the land becomes home.

Not the least interesting feature of some of the tide-flat emergents is their definite antipathy for the full tide. It obstructs their food-collecting on the mud banks and brings their enemies. Only extremes of fright will drive them into the water for any period.

I think it was the great nineteenth-century paleontologist Cope who first clearly enunciated what he called the "law of the unspecialized," the contention that it was not from the most highly organized and dominant forms of a given geological era that the master type of a succeeding period evolved, but that instead the dominant forms tended to arise from more lowly and generalized animals which were capable of making new adaptations, and which were not narrowly restricted to a given environment.

There is considerable truth to this observa-

tion, but, for all that, the idea is not simple. Who is to say without foreknowledge of the future which animal is specialized and which is not? We have only to consider our remote ancestor, the Snout, to see the intricacies into which the law of the unspecialized may lead us.

If we had been making zoological observations in the Paleozoic Age, with no knowledge of the strange realms life was to penetrate in the future, we would probably have regarded the Snout as specialized. We would have seen his air-bladder lung, his stubby, sluggish fins, and his odd ability to wriggle overland as specialized adaptations to a peculiarly restricted environmental niche in stagnant continental waters. We would have thought in water terms and we would have dismissed the Snout as an interesting failure off the main line of progressive evolution, escaping from his enemies and surviving successfully only in the dreary and marginal surroundings scorned by the swift-finned teleost fishes who were destined to dominate the seas and all quick waters.

Yet it was this poor specialization—this bog-trapped failure—whose descendants, in three great movements, were to dominate the earth. It is only now, looking backward, that we dare to regard him as "generalized." The Snout was the first vertebrate to pop completely through the water membrane into a new dimension. His very specializations and failures, in a water sense, had pre-adapted him for a world he scarcely knew existed.

The day of the Snout was over three hundred million years ago. Not long since I read a book in which a prominent scientist spoke cheerfully of some ten billion years of future time remaining to us. He pointed out happily the things that man might do throughout that period. Fish in the sea, I thought again, birds in the air. The climb all far behind us, the species fixed and sure. No wonder my explorer friend had had a momentary qualm when he met the mud skippers with their mental reservations and lack of promises. There is something wrong with our world view. It is still Ptolemaic, though the sun is no longer believed to revolve around the earth.

We teach the past, we see farther backward into time than any race before us, but we stop at the present, or, at best, we project far into the future idealized versions of ourselves. All that long way behind us we see, perhaps inevitably, through human eyes alone. We see ourselves as the culmination and the end, and if we do indeed consider our passing, we think that sunlight will go with us and the earth be dark. We are the end. For us continents rose and fell, for us the waters and the air were mastered, for us the great living web has pulsated and grown more intricate.

To deny this, a man once told me, is to deny God. This puzzled me. I went back along the pathway to the marsh. I went, not in the past, not by the bones of dead things, not down the lost roadway of the Snout. I went instead in daylight, in the Now, to see if the door was still there, and to see what things passed through.

I found that the same experiments were brewing, that up out of that ancient well fins still were scrambling toward the sunlight. They were small things, and which of them presaged the future I could not say. I saw only that they were many and that they had solved the oxygen death in many marvelous ways, not always ours.

I found that there were modern fishes who breathed air, not through a lung but through their stomachs or through strange chambers where their gills should be, or breathing as the Snout once breathed. I found that some crawled in the fields at nightfall pursuing insects, or slept on the grass by pond sides and drowned, if kept under water, as men themselves might drown.

Of all these fishes the mud skipper *Periophthalmus* is perhaps the strangest. He climbs trees with his fins and pursues insects; he pulls worms like a robin on the tide flats; he sees as land things see, and above all he dodges and evades with a curious pop-eyed insolence more suggestive of the land than of the sea. Of a different tribe and a different time he is, nevertheless, oddly reminiscent of the Snout.

But not the same. There lies the hope of life. The old ways are exploited and remain, but new things come, new senses try the unfamiliar air. There are small scuttlings and splashings in the dark, and out of it come the first croaking, illiterate voices of the things to be, just as man once croaked and

dreamed darkly in that tiny vesicular forebrain.

Perpetually, now, we search and bicker and disagree. The eternal form eludes us—the shape we conceive as ours. Perhaps the old road through the marsh should tell us. We are one of many appearances of the thing called Life; we are not its perfect image, for it has no image except Life, and life is multitudinous and emergent in the stream of time.

Yesterday at the zoo I saw a pair of spectral tarsiers, remote relatives of ours, far-wandered from the Eocene. They were cold and ill in a small box, and very soon to die. I think they knew it, for they clung together and found warmth and comfort—ever so little—in their small, disconsolate world.

It caught my throat in passing, for there—a million lives removed from our own—something—the sympathy we conceive is human—flickered bravely in another shape and looked wistfully out of alien and nocturnal eyes. I think that in that moment I ceased to fear the passing of my kind. The things we are and the things we are not will be realized in other shapes. I saw the forms as One and I thought that life must not lose faith in life so long as the last ribbon-like leech lashes in the last stagnant pool on a planet from which mankind has been expunged. And as I thought it, a vision formed across my eyelids and a face was turned to mine. The eyes held a look of promise, and for the first time I saw that visage without shuddering, and with something close to affection. It was the face of the Snout.

Eames vs. Hammock

HAROLD A. LARRABEE

Gone are the painful days of fitting
All comers to right-angled sitting;
Today you find yourself enfolded
By furniture that's contour-molded.

But you can have your plywood chairs—
For none of Mr. Eames's wares
Can match the hammock when applied
To the human underside.

Here we have the happy junction
Of ancient form and modern function;
String achieved the seat elastic
Long before the days of plastic.

So for physiques of all degrees
Comfort waits beneath the trees,
No matter how you lie or sit
A hammock is a perfect fit.

The Easy Chair

Ninety-Day Venus

Bernard DeVoto

"O BRIGHT Anadyomene!" Foam-born, at least foam-upborne in a verbena bubble bath, she is thin-faced as Botticelli's Venus was. We do not know about her hair, whether it be the same dull-red gold and long enough to reach her knees if modesty would free it to, because she has wrapped a towel round it. No, not a towel, this is a turban; she will wear it all day and her hair is soaked in olive oil; tomorrow, docilely yielding to a whim manufactured for her, she will change the part in it. Beside her on a stool are a half-emptied cocktail glass and a portable phonograph. Her lips are parted—perhaps they are moving too—and she is reading a book. It is Maurois' *Portrait of a Genius.* The phonograph is playing Saint-Saëns' "Sonata in D Minor." The genius of Maurois' title is Proust, and with Proust one takes Saint-Saëns, as with the *blanquette* of veal for a family dinner one takes an unpretentious Beaujolais.

So *Vogue* lets us see her, but she was different when *Vogue* itself first saw her. I think her name was Arlene then, though it may have been Thelma. She was sad with girlhood, with a girlhood too drear, too doleful, too commonplace. Some color was missing from the sunlight. She could not quite make out the syllables she knew the wind out of the woods was whispering. Though she stood on tiptoe and reached out her hands, they fell short of—well of something which she could not see or feel or name but which she knew was precious. She had no word, either, though in the end she would find one, for her unrest. She knew, though, that this lonely pang would some day break the dull chrysalis that encased her; surely, oh surely, her heart said. We may call it discontent and if it is not divine, at least we know that it can be creative. Poets have it, and advertising agencies, and the little podded grass that aspired to be corn. I do not know how long Arlene had to live in the cocoon. There comes a day, as we all know, when the air is full of butterflies. Say that one day, on tiptoe, she stretched out her hands a full inch farther—a girl's reach should exceed her grasp, or what's *Vogue* for? And that was the moment of triumph, of creation.

It was the moment of rebirth, too, and of rebaptism. Would she be Janice now, or Sandra, or Élise? *Vogue* held its breath and then approved her instinct, and its own in picking her to keep an eye on, when she closed for one that had everything and called her new self Gloria. Gloria's unrest had wings now and they had carried her to the magic casements that must swing open, and that was *Vogue's* job. She could begin her novitiate right away and the first step was to introduce her to the van Pieters. To Wouter van Pieter and his wife Mimi, and their children, Ten Broek (called Tot) and Leonie (called Marshmellow), and to their Afghans and Bedlingtons, and their friends, and their ways.

IT HAS never been clear where the van Pieters live. At the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Fifth Avenue, and yet where the Main Line passes Newport, and where Long Island or Westchester meets Avalon at the horizon and the lotuses grow just off Washington Square. They are all of us just one step more, one bracket higher. They are as unpretentious as their Beaujolais but as sound as their regional claret, as stout as

their Ch. Cos d'Estournel, as noble as their best Burgundy. (Since they live quietly, with the *sancta simplicitas* of twelve servants on one page and the bohemian grace of none at all on the next, they have only a few Burgundies. They have enough, however, so that Wouter can choose among them to discriminate exactly according to the status of their guests.) Simplicity and *la vie chic,* mannerly nonchalance, ease that is yet firm in the code, *délicate, endimanchée.*

Thus when the van Pieters dine (alone) on corned beef and cabbage, the well-chilled beer will be in a large carafe, and a carafe is to be insisted on too for the Tavel—it is Rosé, Gloria—for a Supper That May Have to Wait for Hours. For one or two guests, an accommodating light wine, and yet if Sunday night is servantless there may be beer. Cold beer for cold boiled halibut with lobster and shrimp on a very hot night, but a youthful Moselle with the slices of smoked sturgeon for a Garden Luncheon. Dear Gloria, the biggish red Burgundy or red Hermitage with the squab of a mere Dinner Party "can be finished off with the cheese, after the interruption of the Dessert." Sometimes you may have supper with a few loved ones and a friend has given Mimi half a pound of caviar. This is no problem for the butler or, I dare say, for Wouter van Pieter, but there is an implied choice that Gloria will be encountering and she may as well learn now what the overtones are. Given half a pound of caviar (and crab gumbo by the chef) there are those who think a very dry Champagne of a good year the right thing. Sound—that is, sound enough; one rung down from ours, it is an impeccable choice; but perhaps, may Wouter say?, perhaps such a wine is too easily come by, whereas *le chic* will be patient to search out the harmonious and superior. So a superior Chablis, very hard to find, "say a Vaudesir or a Valmur of 1945." For a headache, dear, three pellets of awspaireen.

GLORIA is to be molded and fitted to this society in ninety days, an ordeal by *chic.* But it would not be fair to hurl her into it without a short period of conditioning. She must first learn the steps, the strokes, the form. These are free spirits, oh, *un peuple à propos,* and so she may begin with the drolleries of madcap whim. Thus she may buy a black velvet belt for her white shorts, for this will show she has the assurance of the well aware. Awareness is the all, awareness of so many things, in so many dimensions. Subtleties are the all too, so Gloria will get up at 5:00 A.M. to see the secret part of the day, and will serve spritzers at a cocktail party, and will prune back the one branch that screened out a view. (Pruning shears, Hammacher Schlemmer, $12; firm gray cotton denim beach costume, jacket $7, pants $3.50, Best's.) Gloria will free her color sense to caprice, she will fill a green glass bowl with pink shells and put it on a terrace table, and on some wanton morning will heap a blue plate with frosted purple grapes. It would be wrong to ask of her too much gustatory awareness as yet but she may practice the elements of gaiety by putting a flick of curry in the French dressing. The quaint remains, and she will make herself some batiste nightgowns like those that Mimi's *grandmère* wore. Her wings may be a little tired by now and we will impel her but lightly to the printed page, though she must get some conditioning for what lies ahead. Let her read Jane Austen in a hammock (Lewis & Conger?) and for this waggery she will wear something in lemon yellow and robin's egg blue, Onondaga silk shantung by Brigance, $70, and sandals of Allied kidskin by Joyce, $9. Then to severity, but not too fast: "Read Plato's *Critias* (only twelve pages) or the last ten of the *Phaedo.*" That must be Tot's Plato, for the one on the van Pieter shelves is royal octavo in plum-colored calf and the *Critias* can hardly run ten pages.

I wonder if Gloria took as long as I did to find out what *découpage* is. None of my dictionaries knew, Larousse unhappily among them, and I had to ask at least twenty people before I found one who could tell me. If it was Mimi who directed her to try something in *découpage,* then Mimi had better reinspect her drolleries for she is trembling on the verge of what she calls old hat—already in the basement preparation-rooms of the Museum of Modern Art they are setting up pyrography and decalcomania. Still, with *découpage* the trial run was about over. When Gloria had washed her pearls in lukewarm water and soap flakes (did Black, Starr & Gorham approve of that?) and had made a bowl of hot, hot chili, the van Pieters nodded

yes. She was worthy and she was ready. There was no point in giving her a rest period for she was not breathing hard, but she might devote an evening to quiet meditation and purify herself for the rites that would begin tomorrow: *Vogue's* 90-Day Plan, June to September. (But she must make a memorandum to remind her of one hushed impulse left over from the preliminaries: on St. John's Eve she would read *Puck of Pook's Hill* to the children, sitting in a meadow.)

AMBIENCE. That is what the van Pieters have, they and their way of life. Again I cannot find it in the dictionaries and apparently the French misspell it besides oddly misconceiving what it is. And ambience was what Gloria would achieve if she stuck the course. Much of it she must get for herself. She had the elements by now and had watched the van Pieters quite a while, and listened to them. No one could give her more than an outline but that much she got, as when an architect sketches a plan for a client on an envelope. She got that plan, and she was told what the end in view was: "a mental mosaic that has form, since every piece completes the picture."

Think of that mosaic in *Vogue's* format, Coca-Cola on one inside cover and on the other a three-carat marquise-cut diamond in a brooch or bracelet, "feminine and dramatic," from DeBeers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., priced from $4,000 to $8,000. Ambience, *le chic,* harmony, the foods and the wines, the music and the books, the awarenesses and the allusions. As for the books and the music on records for the portable beside the bath—each has, the impresario says, its own ambience, and the ambiences are linked together. They join and widen out, blend, rise higher, and lead on. We may think of the spectrum, the structure of a fugue, or the flying trapeze.

Sun will be tranquil on the van Pieter lawn this summer, only gentle breezes will stir the lily pads or widen the curve the fountain makes, and yet in this drowsy peace it will be right for Gloria to have an awareness of regret. So she is to read a biography of Scott Fitzgerald, and this will naturally take her to Fitzgerald's own story of his fall, *The Crack-Up.* Now mark the soaring wings for the autobiography in turn leads, "only a short walk up the garden path" the impresario says, to the so droll *Is Sex Necessary?* A tucked shirt and a wide skirt of apricot cotton broadcloth will be right for this smooth glide from the agony of human loss to a belly laugh, and play *"Le Boeuf sur le Toit"* on the phonograph for it will remind Gloria of Fitzgerald and mirth and food. Meanwhile Dusharme, the Pearl of Hair Cremes, and for the note that makes not a fourth sound but a star shall today be a Garden Buffet Luncheon with ramequins of sweetbreads and mushrooms?

ONE of the designs in the mosaic of awarenesses will be spun round the the spirit. So Henry Morton Robinson's *The Cardinal,* which will be a fine hair-shirt for Gloria to wear beneath the "quick breath of a brief dinner-jacket" of her peach-blossom evening dress. Thence to the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Ronald Knox's translations of the Bible, most new and therefore *chic,* and these are sonorous names and titles for Gloria to mention with casual charm at an Outdoor Seated Luncheon, which is where a young Traminer fits in. From that height she may drift down to Msgr. Knox's detective stories but the ambient mind must not list toward any single creed and so will go on to Dr. Schweitzer's book about Bach, a Protestant composer, and Wanda Landowska playing eight preludes and fugues from *"Das wohltemperierte Klavier."* Listen compliantly, for a harpsichord is *pour le chic* and later on there will be songs from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Until then, Lanvin's *"Arpège,"* white silk crepe spattered with leaf green, and aspic of shellfish with a Pouilly-Fuissé. The Ettrick Sheperd harmonizes with this, for he has become a new awareness, a very new one. The mosaic needs an awareness of nature too; make it *The Voyage of the Beagle,* with the adjective "enchanting" annexed to it, surely for the first time in history. It calls for a spritzer and so Gloria will read Will Cuppy's *How to Attract the Wombat.*

Gloria dear, you do not have to attract the wombat but only mention him. . . . So many awarenesses can be piled up in ninety days that a girl can scatter allusions to them as she scatters smiles, and all rich, all knowing, all glossy with patine: Rouault, Ravel, Edward Bellamy, *The God that Failed,* Charles Wil-

liams, René Dubos, *The Medieval Mind,* Mary Barron, Château Montrose, Berlioz, buttered pumpernickel with chopped dill, Marchette Chute, Lady Norelco for a daintier underarm, and again Proust. They are fine words. They have the music and the rainbows of the fountain. Or call them rings that can be tossed in the soft summer air and kept in play, all of the same size, the same depth, the same value. And all meaning Sesame, the corn that will open the cave where the jewels are.

One thinks of Arlene in Brookville, all the Arlenes in all the Brookvilles. She has managed to get an hour squeezed free, this hottest July afternoon, to spend under a dryer at the Bon Ton Beauty Box. She was able to get that free hour because the day *is* hot, and so she will get cold cuts from the delicatessen for dinner, and one of the neighbors has taken little Joe with her own children to the wading pool in the park. "Learn to darn socks as well as you do *gros point,*" she reads, one of the madcap whims that Gloria was to have, and she is off to the van Pieters' where there will be *coquille* of shellfish in mayonnaise and pan-broiled guinea hen, and Arlene having said, "Poof! there goes perspiration," with Stopette, is wearing tucked organdy and lace over pink rayon taffeta. If only, before she has to make fresh mustard for the boiled ham, if only she had read *The Cocktail Party* and knew what Mimi has been saying about Wilenski on Degas.

It is not an ignoble wish that urges a tired woman toward the fantasy-land where everyone has read or seen Mr. Eliot's play or heard the records of it. It is the wish that gave every folklore the legend about the enchanted wood. What is pathetic is that it should be twinned so credulously with our own cheap fairy tales: the lotion that will make your skin beautiful if you apply it every night, the cream that will take the wrinkles out of it. And with much sorrier self-delusions: that an unattractive woman becomes attractive with perfume behind her ears, that a piece of cantilevered wire will make her breast *seem* youthful. But it is pandered to with an infinitely worse cheapness, the fantasy-land it is channeled into is unspeakably ignominious and vulgar.

You can find, you can be led to, an exact formula, to books, music, ideas, dresses, and personal deodorants that will give you personality. Efficiently, with no lost effort, with no process of weathering, with no seed-time-to-harvest, you can take them from a contrived selection and mix them to an engineered result. Worse still: if you do not know or understand the "St. Matthew Passion," or the meaning of treason in American history, on the principles of a reducing diet in ninety days you can qualify yourself if not to understand them at least to allude knowingly to them in the presence of others who are alluding to them, who may even know them. Worst of all, the knowing allusion will do as well as knowledge or understanding, indeed better since it is the end in view. Art and thought are a smartness, a chic, a conversation. You may wear Pablo Casals as you would flowered rayon crepe and add a few sprigs of Charles Waterton to your mind as you would add chives to cream cheese. The assured air of one who serves two wines a day makes the counterfeit better than the reality, the falsies better than Diana's breasts, an allusion to a new often-mentioned book better than the experience of art or thought. Conversational awareness. It is the worst grossness of the phony.

When Gloria was half-way through her course, the weekly magazines began to print pictures of a kind we have not seen for some years. There were a few changes—the planes were jets, the bombs had a new shape—but they were all too familiar. A tank blew up. A plane crashed. Boys' faces were contorted at a dressing station or haggard at some halting-place on a road. The dead had been laid out in orderly rows and covered with blankets. No bombs fell near the van Pieter place. Gloria looked at the pictures in her verbena bubble bath, then read a few pages farther in *The Paradox of Oscar Wilde,* while the phonograph played Ljuba Welitch singing "Salomé." Tomorrow she would rub her heels in the sand—hard—to make them smooth.

Problems, Problems Everywhere

This is a petition received for the Trusteeship Council by the Secretary-General of the United Nations, as translated from the Swahili.

Ngara Bugufi, via Mwanza,
Tanganyika Territory, East Africa
June 16, 1949

SIR,

We beg to explain to you and to tell you about the Chief of Urundi, who has requested you to give him our country, Bugufi.

We are tired of his begging for our country. It is not true and he should not be permitted to rule us. When the Germans came, they came to the Chief of Bugufi, who gave them their headquarters at Bihalamulo and Bukoba and all over Usumbula; then they established another one at Kitega. During the time of the German Government, it was given to Rukila to rule us as far as Urundi, because the Urundi were disrespectful to our chief.

After we heard that the Chief of Urundi had asked for our country, we were surprised. The Chief of Urundi left our country and has never ruled us. . . . The Chief of Urundi is afraid. . . . He was put out of the country because he cheated [his people] by force because they wanted to know about the affairs of their country. He was bad.

I myself know of the fellow by name of Henury Kitanga, who has written to say that Bugufi country belongs to the Chief of Urundi. We say that he is a trouble-maker, a jealous man, and a liar. He used to be a bodyguard of the Chief of Urundi, who tried to get our country handed over. Henury Kitanga was surprised when he saw that the people understood his tricks. He could not take our country and he was hated.

He is not going to explain to the people any more. Henury Kitanga is not a descendant of our country. He was born at Kisaka (Rwanda). His family is Muzilankende, where he came from a long time ago. He was brought to Urundi at the time Chief Mwezi was the ruler, and he was bad. The Chief banished him to Bugufi. There he became a hard and bad ruler. He could not leave, and so decided to sell our country. We know that he has tried to rule our country, but he cannot sell it. We put him out of Government and now he is causing trouble everywhere. The people do not want to see him. He has been to Court several times. That is why we write to explain our case. We know that he has bought a farm with money.

We want to explain our case. We do not want the Chief of Urundi to rule us. We want you to know that we do not want to be ruled by the Chief of Urundi.

We beg you to understand and to give serious attention to this matter so that you may be able to explain it to the Chief of Urundi.

Very sincerely,
(signed) Chrisostom Muyombana

"Tie It Up in a New Package"

Jean Glasscock

FEDERAL aid to education is a well-known specter at any feast of college administrators. Much has been written and spoken about the dire consequences almost certain to ensue if the independent colleges are forced to turn to the federal government for their principal support.

But these colleges today face another grave danger, a danger that is more immediate, more insidious—and is never mentioned. This unnamed specter is the loss of integrity that academic institutions may suffer through their efforts to obtain the funds that will keep them free from federal aid. And the worst of it is that at this moment for many colleges the only alternative to loss of integrity seems to be loss of effective existence.

This state of affairs has been in the making for some years; since the war it has come into sharp focus. As the colleges, with walloping operating deficits created by inflation, decreased income from endowment, and other factors too familiar to need rehearsing here, have desperately sought needed funds, they have discovered that in general those who have funds to give prefer to give them for the new, the experimental—not for the basic needs of the colleges. There are shining exceptions: the alumni and alumnae (God bless them!) and some other individuals who have realized that the essentials *are* the essentials.

The essentials for any college are excellent teachers, able students, and adequate physical facilities. There is not a college in the country that does not need funds for faculty salaries, for scholarships, and for buildings. There are the meat-and-potato, the bread-and-butter needs.

Most large foundations and some individual donors say frankly, however, that they are not interested in meeting these meat-and-potato needs. For instance, the president of the Carnegie Corporation stated in his annual report for 1947: "The officers of the Corporation are guided by the precept that foundation money is the venture capital of philanthropy. Because of this, consideration is always given to plans which test innovations or are designed to renew or invigorate. A caution is then due the reader: There is small probability that grants will be made for endowment, for buildings, for equipment, or for the current support of established enterprises."

This is a wholly understandable, and even laudable, position, and if it were confined to a few foundations and individuals, its effect on education would be salutary. Since, however, it is becoming epidemic among donors generally, it can spell disaster for the colleges. For unfortunately there is considerable difference between venture capital as it applies to, let us say, an oil company, and venture capital as applied to the colleges.

An oil company uses venture capital to drill a wildcat well. If the wildcat produces, it

During her four years as Director of Publicity at Wellesley College, and especially during that institution's Seventy-Fifth Anniversary Fund Campaign, Jean Glasscock has learned first-hand the nature of the college fund-raising problem.

pays not only the cost of its drilling but handsome profits and, eventually, the cost of drilling other wildcats. On the other hand, even if an educational wildcat produces eminently satisfactory results, it must continue to be supported; a successful wildcat of this breed becomes an "established enterprise" and as such may not win further support.

Because college administrators know all too well that the acceptance of a grant for an experimental project often entails an obligation to take over its support, usually at a not far distant time, they are frequently chary about welcoming such gifts. Not long ago, after much soul-searching, one of the ranking medical schools in the United States refused a tempting offer of money to establish a new department. It did so because it simply could not foresee any means of supporting the department once it had been established.

How, under these circumstances, shall the colleges support their *going enterprises?* It is in solving this problem that they are most likely to lose integrity.

For when the professional fund-raisers—who know well from practical experience what appeals to donors—advise a college administration that, much as they regret the fact, there is no point in asking a potential donor for funds to meet the basic needs of the college, a dialogue something like this is likely to follow:

Fund-raiser: "We have to have something new and different to sell. What shall it be?"

Administration: "What we really need is money to pay for the essentials."

Fund-raiser: "No one will pay for the essentials if he knows that they are the essentials. Perhaps, though, we can put a new face on some of the old things—wrap them up in a new package."

Administration (usually reluctantly, at least at the outset): "Well, let's see what can be dreamed up."

At that point ingenuity, deviousness, resourcefulness, and imagination are brought into play. Certain witchwords (to use A. P. Herbert's phrase) must be employed: the project must be *experimental,* it must be capable of setting a *pattern* for other institutions to follow, must form an *arch between departments,* and should involve *field work.*

The more successful the dreamers have been in concocting a scheme that, as it glistens alluringly in its "new package," also underwrites current expenses, the happier, in one respect, is the college administration. Yet, because college presidents and deans as a rule are men and women with high principles, they shrink from securing funds under what amount to false pretenses.

Shall they approve of a plan to pluck a few courses from various departments, add an integrating seminar, create a new interdepartmental major—and try to find someone to support an *experiment* that might set a *pattern* for others and would form an *arch between departments* and involve *field work?* Shall they seek funds for, perhaps, a "wholly new guidance program," and thus attempt to pay the salaries of the deans, the housemothers, the college physicians, and, if luck holds, even some members of the faculty masquerading in the guise of "general advisers"?

The best of them, of course, do not and will not. But often the temptation is tremendous.

I do not, of course, mean to suggest that experiments have no place in our educational system. They do indeed have a place, and a most useful one. But the present tendency toward giving new money for *nothing but* experiments is unjustly penalizing the sound institutions and jeopardizing the education any college can offer its students. Someone must support the courses in Shakespeare and Plato; someone must provide for the teaching of introductory zoology as well as for cancer research by graduate students and members of the faculty. In fact, unless someone is willing to pay for the broad training of undergraduates in fundamental principles and techniques, we shall have inadequate scholars in the future for the cultural and scientific projects that have great meaning for society.

Alumni and alumnae are doing all they can to meet the fundamental needs of their colleges. But they can hardly meet all of them unaided. Parents of students, friends of the alumni, friends of the college, businesses and industries for which a supply of college-trained people is imperative, foundations, and others who understand the importance to a free society of maintaining the independent colleges in vigor and strength—all must help.

I believe they will do so. But the situation at this moment is grave.

After Hours

FORTUNATELY summer like all things comes to an end. I've never felt this way about it before, but this has been a season of being a summer-bachelor, a man without a family, and with a rapidly growing sense of inadequacy. I started out bravely enough, if not exactly willingly, with a vague schedule in my mind, and a list of things to be done. The list was neatly written on a piece of yellow paper, the items numbered, and the whole thing carefully folded and stowed away in my engagement book. Several times each day I consulted it. The first item on the list was "demothing" which someone else might call moth-proofing, and each time I looked at it I wondered briefly what it meant; it was a kind of meaningless word (a hyphen would have helped). After a few days I thought I ought to get rid of it.

De-mothing is, I discovered, not something one jots down on a list lightly, not if he knows what it entails, which I didn't, and only the end of summer and the emergence of the woolens will tell whether I ever found out. Handling overcoats and blankets in hot June is something that can, I found, only be done in quick doses between cold showers. The touch of wool not only makes one hot but the smell of the stuff that repels moths somehow seems to repel every vestige of freshness left in the air in the house. But it wasn't the quantity of woolens that oppressed me; it was my own inability to decide what to do with them. I made two piles, one for the cleaners, and one just to go straight into a closet with camphor flakes, and I kept shifting things from one pile to another with no clear conviction of whether I could get away without sending the whole lot to the cleaner. My decision was finally an arbitrary one, and, as I say, only time will tell, time and little holes. I see an occasional moth flitting around the bedroom still, but I am told that there's no use bothering to pursue it; it's too late anyway. It will long since have laid its larvae, and the larvae will have eaten my dinner jacket.

ANYWAY I got de-mothing off the list, and a good many other things too, but I never got rid of the list itself. It became, in fact, a sort of solace to me. I think I averaged about one new list a week, and there are still items on my tenth or twelfth list that were on the first one. I can think of no reason why I transfer them except to make myself feel virtuous, because I've long since abandoned any conviction that I might do something about them. Take the cellar for example. One morning while I was waiting for the coffee to perk, I jauntily wrote down a list of what seemed to me essential household chores. One of these was "clean out cellar," along with "get kitchen walls washed" and "repair dining-room linoleum." I should have known better. By the end of the second week "clean out cellar" had become a black blot on my conscience, whereas if I'd never written it down on the list I could easily have convinced myself that this was something that might better wait for my wife's autumnal return. I transferred it, along with the kitchen walls and other large areas of the house that needed attention, to each new list, until after three or four weeks I hit on a solution. I made a special category down at the bottom of the page with items numbered a, b, c, d, instead of 1, 2, 3, 4. I headed it "Household Someday" and, except to transfer it to each new list, I haven't given it a thought since.

The psychology of the list came to fascinate me, and I found out I was continually playing tricks on myself. I would write things down on the list that I couldn't possibly forget in any case just for the satisfaction of crossing them off. I even caught myself writing things down I'd already done, and firmly drawing a line through them. One morning I misplaced my list somehow, and all day long I felt like a man who had lost the meaning of life. This slavishness, I decided, was nonsense, so I consulted several women, for I had already learned that women live by lists. I discovered that my technique was all wrong. In the first place no good list-maker uses a clean piece of paper, but rather the back of an old envelope, and a soft pencil not a pen. In this way the list becomes so rumpled and smudged that there are always a certain number of items that are unreadable. This is a very good way to get rid of items. If you can't read them you draw a line through them. In the next place the practiced list maker has a far more realistic point of view about lists. You write things down so you *don't* have to do them. That is, the very fact of having written them down gets them off your mind. If they are really essential things, you'll do them anyway; if they are just things that you think you ought to do, putting them on a list takes care of your conscience. By the time I discovered this my conscience was so snarled up that it was too late.

I discovered many things too late. I discovered, for example, that being an "extra man" in summer is no guarantee of sociability. In winter "extra men" are very much in demand, out every night, the apple of the hostess's eye. In summer there are more extra men than men. What hostesses are looking for are "nice couples." I discovered that two hours alone in the house in the evening are twice as long as two hours in the early morning, so I finally started to get up and attack my list at six, get my chores done, and keep my evenings conscience-free. That meant that all I had to do was to find something to do with my evenings. One evening I made lists of people to call up about spending the evening with, but this never really solved my problem of being an extra man. I even tried working at my typewriter, but I had got so used to being interrupted by my family that I couldn't concentrate. (I had to go away for the week-end to write this—where there were plenty of people to apologize for interrupting me.)

Nebuchadnezzer's Head

In preparing the Centennial number of *Harper's* (next month, advt.) the sophisticated moles who have been burrowing in the back numbers of the magazine have encountered numerous items of extraordinary interest and amusement. One such item—encountered by a mole who doesn't really like artists, or at least the hoity-toity attitude they assume these days toward commerce—has a very close affinity to a group of letters published in this column some months ago under the heading "No Red Hair on Angels." You may remember that they were letters from a man who runs a business of supplying art for churches and the recipient was one of the painters.

Well, here is an item published in *Harper's* in 1853:

> There is something very quaint and odd in the "items" rendered in a painter's bill presented to the vestry of a Scottish Church, for certain work "done and performed." It is a veritable extract from a Scottish newspaper, published in 1787:
>
> "To filling up Nebuchadnezzer's head.
>
> "To adding new color to Joseph's garment.
>
> "To a sheet-anchor, a jury-mast, and a long-boat for Noah's ark.
>
> "To painting a new city in the Land of Nod.
>
> "To making a bridle for the Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs.
>
> "To putting a new handle to Moses's basket, and fitting bulrushes."

Especially for Summer

The evening I sat in with the audience, the Cliché Club, a radio program presented in the New York area on Wednesdays at 8:30 by Station WJZ of the American Broadcasting Company, had its session in Studio Six D of the RCA Building at 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Six D is a long, high room, functionally furnished in yellow walls, green curtains, and lines of neon light in

angular coves across the ceiling. Great spherical bumps in one wall—suggesting leaky plaster and ill-applied paint on a superhuman scale—are intended to break up the acoustics rather than add to the *décor,* but they lend the room an occultly professional air. This is accentuated by the scattering of microphones, the wheeled blue boxes of the sound-effects man, and the sight—through thick glass—of clocks and dials and soundless conversationalists in the control booth.

The Cliché Club is a relatively new program. It is—such, at least, is the term—a "panel quiz" program, distinguished from "quiz" programs of the ordinary sort by the fact that a group of experts, rather than the audience in off the street, is put through the wringer at the hands of an omniscient master of ceremonies. The Cliché Club shares this category on broadcast air with "Twenty Questions" and "We Take Your Word," though its owners and charter members have been pleased to discover that most listeners who write in such comparisons have joined it in their minds with "Information Please," the great-grand-daddy of the genre. This, to the members of the panel, is an identity in which they are still somewhat staggered to share.

The nature of the shared facilities of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, which hadn't occurred to me until I sat waiting for the panel experts to arrive, is closer to a carnival tent than to the smooth-running, chromium-plated industry I had supposed it to be from the outside. There is an impermanence about radio, as though the walls and hangings were only movable scenery, that fits in well with the evanescence of the spoken word. I remarked with a new sympathy that on the green baize table set up for the experts were a number of microphones clearly marked with the initials of the American Broadcasting Company. This insignia, however, was merely stenciled on a metal shield which fitted over the microphone proper, and underneath could be seen, with judicious peeking, the strange and unexpected letters NBC. I was about to bring up this anomaly with a tall and eager usher who bore the impressive cloth patch of "guest relations" and who also appeared to come with the building, but at the very moment he became deeply involved in letting in the members of the public who were to form the studio audience. In a completely wrong-headed impulse to be helpful, I told him that I thought they were supposed to come in a different door. "Oh but no," he said. "These are the good, good people."

The job of making formal welcome to the good people, soon distributed in a hemisphere of light metal chairs at what seemed to me dangerous proximity to the equipment, fell to the producer of the Cliché Club, a young man named David Yellin, who viewed the course of events through round glasses with a look of almost continuous surprise. Mr. Yellin was occupied with spurious dignity in pouring a paper cup of water at the place of each member of the panel, and he invested this—as well as the chore of warming up the audience—with an ability to satirize himself and whatever he is doing that does not prevent him from doing it very effectively. As he was talking, the cliché experts themselves had come in and taken their seats, followed by the entrance—backing through the door and applauding himself vigorously—of the Cliché Club's president, Walter Kiernan.

Mr. Kiernan is the closest anyone could come to my mental image of what a man would look like if he spent most of his waking hours in front of a microphone—as in fact Mr. Kiernan does, being what announcer Les Griffith was soon to describe as ABC's "man about radio." Mr. Kiernan's garb was informal to the point where the word ceases to be meaningful, and new heights of color were reached in Studio Six D with the arrival of his shirt and tie, whose pastel tones were in furious conflict with each other, or with any other color you might care to pick. Mr. Kiernan's demeanor is amiable but deliberate, as though timed to some inner sense of cheerfulness and synchronized long ago with the chronometers on studio walls.

The program's director, George Wiest, his horn-rim spectacles pushed back over his hair, maintains an iron grip on the flow of time even at moments when he is most convulsed by the fact that it has escaped him into a flood of ad lib. Now, behind the glass of the control booth, he had raised a commanding arm and, as the second hand swung around to zero, he bore it down in the final gesture that remains, to me, one of radio's few spine-tingling traditions. His forefinger came to rest in the direction of Keene Crockett, the sound-effects man, who then rapped out a cliché of rhythm on a

set of marimba blocks as Les Griffith identified the program about to begin:

Dot-di-di-dit-dit . . .

"The Cliché Club . . ."

Dot-dot.

". . . is now in session."

The game on which the Cliché Club is based was the brainchild of Vera Lawrence, who is now its story editor, and of Carol Lynn Gilmer, who is a regular member of the panel (both are editors of the *Reader's Digest*). It is a variation of verbal charades, in which a brief and dramatic story is used to suggest—and also to conceal—a familiar phrase or time-worn expression. Mr. Kiernan tells the stories; Miss Gilmer and the other panel-members, with an expert ear and often an engaging lack of success, try to guess the cliché intended. The stories are contributed in the customary manner by listeners, who receive a Rand McNally atlas for their pains and a Wittnauer watch if two minutes go by before the right answer is forthcoming.

This evening, for instance, Mr. Kiernan led off with a story from Miss Gwen Verseput, of Teaneck, New Jersey, about her grandfather's inability to gauge the weather. "He seems to be having his troubles with the elements," Mr. Kiernan said. "Grandpappy'll say, 'Looks like rain tomorrow,' and tomorrow'll be a clear, sunny day. . . ." The answer (and the panel didn't get it either) is of course: "the weather doesn't agree with him." In retrospect this is so clear that it presumably falls into the family of cliché stories which Mr. Yellin later described to me as "groaners," since they can be expected to produce a groan from both panel and audience.

Miss Verseput's groaner also brought into the program a few moments of the byplay that is its chief charm and link with the past triumphs of Kieran (no kin to Kiernan), Adams, and Levant on "Information Please." The regulars on the panel include Miss Gilmer; Miss Agnes Rogers, author of *Women Are Here to Stay* and frequent contributor to *Harper's*; and Mr. Ed Hill, assistant city editor of the *World-Telegram and Sun*. The program's guest (Mr. Lee Rogow substituting, as it happened, for Mr. Hill) was Harold Hoffman, former governor of New Jersey, who did not hesitate to pick up Mr. Kiernan's pointed reference to the advisability of allowing a resident of Teaneck to receive a watch. "Generally," said Governor Hoffman, "they only give me the works."

Toward the end of the program come the stories referred to, for convenience, as "short takes." These are reduced to a single sentence and the time allowed to thirty seconds, one guess to a customer. Here is a short take sent in by Miss Sylvia Neumeister of Chicago that sums up the possibilities: "He didn't wash either on the trip across the ocean or the trip back." Mr. Kiernan, after repeating this one several times, seemed to prepare for a groan at the answer: "a dirty double-crosser."

Later I was told by Miss Dee Delano, who helps Miss Lawrence collect clichés and sort out the mail, that one of their greatest surprises has been the number of variations that have been produced in the word "cliché." At the time of writing, Miss Gilmer and Miss Delano have collected fifty-eight different spellings, of which I am sorry to have space for only a representative few: glee-shay, celiche, cleashase, crochet, crouchade, kneiche, cleechay, kleechey, cloushay, tru-shave, que-shay, clique, clushaw, pre-shave, and quel-shaw. "But," as Miss Delano happily added, "the wonderful thing is that no matter how far off the spelling is they always get the point of the game."

Miss Lawrence and Miss Delano also commented on the frequency with which certain clichés turn up in the mail—"raining cats and dogs," "passing the buck," and "striking a happy medium" being among the favorites. They had been especially relieved when finally all forty-eight states had been heard from, but are still trying to establish the regional patterns that apparently have much to do with how a cliché is defined. "Do you think the rain will hurt the rhubarb?" seemed to lack national familiarity, but they had already noted one logical concentration of entries: "You're never too old to learn" comes most frequently from St. Petersburg, Florida.

Mr. Wiest, the director, who used to be a song-and-dance man in vaudeville and whose remarkable sense of timing is a priceless asset of the program, also took the mail to be an index of success. When Mr. Yellin told him that the day previous they had received 463 letters, he nodded sagely before giving his verdict. "That," he said, "is a lot of mail, especially for summer."

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Hemingway to Howells

Richard H. Rovere

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S ***Across the River and into the Trees*** (Scribner, $3) is a disappointing novel. Though it has moments of strength and beauty, it also has moments of tawdriness. The work of most novelists is not irreparably damaged by an occasional lapse from taste and consistency, but along the hard, clear surface of Hemingway's prose, a junky phrase is a road block. This book often reads like imitation Noel Coward. Thus:

> "Every day is a disillusion."
>
> "No. Every day is a new and fine illusion. But you can cut out everything phony about the illusion as though you would cut it with a straight-edge razor."
>
> "Please never cut me."
>
> "You're not cut-able."
>
> "Would you kiss me and hold me tight and we both look at the Grand Canal where the light is lovely now, and you tell me more."

It runs on like this much of the way. It is an incredibly talky book. It is almost garrulous, a strange thing for a Hemingway novel to be. The reason, I think, is that Hemingway is here using dialogue not as a tool of narrative but simply as a means for the author to unburden himself of opinions. The male talker is Colonel Richard Cantwell, a typical Hemingway hero but closer to the writer in temperament and experience than any he has ever drawn before. Cantwell is just Hemingway's present age, fifty-one. Like Hemingway, he believes that the full impact and meaning of life can be known only through mortal combat and mortal love of woman, both of which he happens to have known abundantly. Cantwell honors literature, too, for its ability to capture and convey these things. He is also fond of painting, duck-shooting, music, liquor, Italians, fine machinery, and simple people who say simple things simply. Indeed, Cantwell differs from Hemingway only in the fact that he is a professional soldier and a connoisseur of good writing, while Hemingway is a professional writer and a connoisseur of good soldiering.

It is said that this novel grew out of an experience of a couple of years back in which Hemingway came closer to death than he had ever come before. Cantwell is a cardiac sufferer who by rights should not be alive at all. The novel follows him through his last few days of life. He knows that death will not overlook him on its next round, and he wants, as every Hemingway hero must, to meet it with grace. He is penitent, too. His trade, he says, has made him brusque and brutal, and he wishes to be that way no longer. "I should be a better man with less wild boar blood in the small time which remains," he tells himself. The small time which remains he spends in the company of a high-born, nineteen-year-old Venetian beauty named Renata, a descendant of doges and a young woman whose wisdom and understanding of life are as breath-taking as her face and figure. She is a lovely but improbable creature, pure

idealization on Hemingway's part. (It seems to me slightly amazing that Hemingway can ask us to believe in a nineteen-year-old who can say, "You don't know how long a week can be when you are nineteen.") Anyway, one of Renata's superlative assets is common sense, and although she is in love with Cantwell and unaware of how near to death he is, she has no intention of marrying a man thirty-two years older than herself. Naturally, this simplifies Cantwell's problem. They spend the few days together talking and making love, but mostly talking. He composes several oral disquisitions on war, love, life, literature, and politics. Toward the end, he beats up two sailors who had whistled at Renata and leaves them in pools of their own blood. Having, I would take it, attained the grace he wanted, having seen Renata for what she does not guess is the last time, and having taken part in an unsatisfactory duck-shoot, Cantwell is at last called for by the ferryman. He crosses the river and goes into the trees, somewhere along the road from Venice to Trieste.

What predestined the novel to failure, I think, is the closeness of Hemingway's identification with his hero. Because Cantwell is Hemingway, he is static, a known and fixed quality throughout the book. He is always credible but seldom interesting, because Hemingway, writing of himself, has nothing to learn of himself in the process of composition. He does not obey Henry James's law of "emergence," which, as Vincent McHugh says in his ***Primer of the Novel*** (Random House, $3), a treatise on fiction that is often very brilliant but sometimes only smart, should be at work in every novel and, more than that, should be "simultaneous with growth—not merely the growth of a character in the reader's mind but his growth in *himself*. Thus, the revelation of character is no mere assembly of parts but a stream of becoming, a continuous flowering in which the whole plant goes on growing while each sepal opens."

What we known of Cantwell at the end of this book is hardly more than what we knew at the start. This is a particular disappointment in a Hemingway novel, for Hemingway's most conspicuous gift has always been for placing his characters in the stream of becoming. Even in such short works as *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber* and *The Snows of Kilimanjaro,* both of which have points in common with *Across the River and into the Trees,* his characters undergo continuous change and growth. Enough friction is generated in the dialogue and confrontations to wear down several finishes and destroy several resistances. There are, certainly, some writers who can deal with themselves as Hemingway can deal with others; there are, indeed, some who can deal with no one but themselves. But Hemingway is not one of them, for although he is as much concerned with the depths of personality as anyone else, he can learn about personality and explain it only in terms of movement and open conflict. He is a superb instrument of observation. But like any other instrument of observation, he can observe anything on the horizon except himself; no matter how much he is pivoted and adjusted, he cannot turn himself inward. (I do not think that his successes with Nick Adams in the short stories alter this proposition; Nick was always a younger, outgrown Hemingway who could be seen in the perspective of time.)

Hemingway, of course, cannot put pen to paper without getting certain interesting results. Though much of the dialogue in this novel is only talk, some of it, particularly when Cantwell is speaking with one of the minor figures, is very fine talk. Some of the narrative and descriptive prose is as good as the best. Two minor figures, a Venetian maître d'hôtel and a young and rather prissy enlisted man, a comic-book reader who seems to be Hemingway's judgment on the young Americans he is old enough to be a father to, are worthy additions to the gallery. But a Hemingway novel is not redeemed by its occasional successes. Moreover, this work is shot through with an atrabiliousness of mind that Hemingway has not shown in many years. As Cantwell plays out his almost Socratic role, he unloads a number of opinions on living persons, some named, others not, that are informed by almost everything but charity. In some cases, perhaps, these are merely expressions of the brutality Cantwell sought to shed. "For a while," Hemingway writes, "he was [Dante], and he drew all the circles. They were just as unjust as Dante's, but he drew them." But whatever they express in Cant-

well, and whether they are more or less just than Dante's, they are unavoidably Hemingway's and they are, to say the least, unattractive.

"The business of the novelist," Schopenhauer said, "is not to relate large events but to make small ones interesting." This is a statement of limited usefulness. To make small events interesting is hardly the sole business of the novelist, nor is it under all circumstances his proper business. Vincent McHugh points out that the novel is so great a thing —"not a form [but] a medium capable of accommodating a great variety of forms"—that every one of its principles has been proved exceptionable by some novelist at some time. There have been great novels written simply for the purpose of relating large events, but Schopenhauer's precept is applicable much of the time and particularly today, when the notion seems to be everywhere that fact in the form of invention is necessarily more interesting than fact as fact. As a matter of fact, it can be, but as a matter of fact, it seldom is.

The most striking case that I have recently seen of the misuse of fiction to relate large events is ***Secret*** (Houghton Mifflin, $3), a novel about the development of the atomic bomb by Michael Amrine, a young journalist who was editor of publications for the Federation of American Scientists and in that capacity was closely associated for some time with the leading nuclear physicists. Mr. Amrine is probably one of the few articulate men who know that strange world from the inside.

This means that he could have served us very well with a straight account of what he knew and thought and felt. It is plain from what he has done here that he might have written one of the century's most important histories. Instead, he has cast his knowledge into a novel that is as embarrassingly inadequate a work of the imagination as anything one is likely to happen on in months of hunting. The characters, who obviously have live models, are mummies; their dialogue is flat. To fail to make invented men seem real is only a common failing of novelists; to make real men seem unreal is a far more serious matter. Because we know something of Mr. Amrine's authority, we can, if we read him with care, pick up quite a few bits of information about the large events, but the feeling we are left with is that fiction, which should lead to a higher truth, has been employed to lead us to a lower order of truth than that which might have been reached by a simple exposition of the writer's experience and knowledge. Anyone contemplating a novel on life in the State Department, life in the paint industry, or life on *Life* should read Mr. Amrine before making his decision final.

Yet to use the novel as Mr. Amrine has used it is not invariably a bad thing. In ***The Margin*** (Knopf, $3), J. D. Scott, an Englishman whose experience has taught him quite a bit about the British Civil Service and the British film industry, has written a book that makes excellent use of his knowledge of these backgrounds and is at the same time a fine study of character. He takes a young Englishwoman, makes her a Socialist bureaucrat in an office that has dealings with film people, and shunts her back and forth between her fellow civil servants and a representative collection of movie people.

The Margin is a quiet, unpretentious novel, never very brilliant but always competent and solid, and the excellent thing about it is that it obeys Vincent McHugh's principle of the character's "growth in himself." Margaret Warriner, Mr. Scott's bright young planner, does not seem a particularly rewarding character at the start of the book, but she grows in interest with it and grows in stature with each experience, until in the end she has become one of the most interesting and sympathetic young women in recent fiction. What Mr. Scott wants us to learn about government life and movie life we learn, unobtrusively, through her, and nearly all of it is worth learning. *The Margin* is in no sense a great or important novel, but within its limitations, which one feels the author knows about quite as well as we do, it is an altogether admirable one.

The Plenipotentiaries (Harper, $3), a novel about post-1945 expatriates by a leading member of the large Paris chapter, H. J. Kaplan, is a case of a fairly successful combination of large and small events. Mr. Kaplan is intrigued by what he considers a peculiar circumstance of modern history; he sees a paradox in the fact that Europe today, a Europe whose curiosity about America can no longer be either idle or academic, must learn about us either through the Americans who are at odds with their own civilization and are living abroad or through American literature, which, whether it is produced in Paris or in Oxford, Mississippi, is the expression of antagonistic temperaments. "The outsider turns ambassador!" one of his expatriates remarks. "It's a swindle!" One can question his description of Europe's plight—after all, we have soldiers there, too, and Coca-Cola salesmen, and tourists—and one can also question the element of swindle, as indeed Mr. Kaplan does at the end, when he argues that it is proper for America to be represented by outsiders because we are really a nation of outsiders, a great federation of misfits. This seems to be begging the question slightly, but putting aside the soundness of both question and answer, Mr. Kaplan's preoccupation with his paradox has led him to the writing of a highly literate, highly amusing novel of people and ideas. Three of his representative outsiders—an earnest, humorless young painter; a liberal zealot of the type currently being turned out by the women's colleges; and a snob of both literary and aristocratic pretensions—are members of the present expatriate generation. The fourth is a holdover from Hemingway's day, an elderly and comfortable essayist for an American Sunday supplement. They are not large spirits, but they are true ones, and they do illustrate, as Mr. Kaplan wishes them to, how the American experience can manifest itself in those who find it alien and seek to escape it.

Mr. Kaplan is an entertaining novelist, and he seems likely to become more than just that.

A short while back, I had occasion to read and re-read a good deal of Edith Wharton and William Dean Howells, both of whom, as it now happens, are represented in fat jumbo volumes. In ***An Edith***

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B. F. Halverson was a quiet and a kind man who through native brilliance and a sense of dedication became a top-level physicist. His teaching, his work on cancer research, his family and home were all his world. With the war came for him a summons to a Manhattan project, to the testing ground and to the remnant of Hiroshima. The old securities were gone, the path back to his laboratory must lead through Senate investigation, newspaper interviews and the toils of the F.B.I., with always in the background the pressure of military secrecy.

This is a very human story of a man in a world he unwillingly made; in an age when conscience is put to public trial. $3.00.

Secret

by Michael Amrine



THE Road of Empire is long indeed and longest for him who is kicked along its way, his back toward love, his face toward death in a land he never sought. That was how it seemed to the soldiers of the Emperor, who faced home only to promise new and blinder obedience and who faced forward to escape the blow of a superior. That is how it seemed to Takeo, who, with his fellows, sought what comfort and what diversion there might be along the undesired road of Imperial duty.

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Long the Imperial Way

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Wharton Treasury (Appleton Century-Crofts, $5), Arthur Hobson Quinn has packed together *The Age of Innocence,* three short novels, and eight short stories. In ***The Selected Writings of William Dean Howells*** (Random House, $5), Henry Steele Commager has reprinted two novels, *The Rise of Silas Lapham* and *A Modern Instance,* and two volumes of memoirs, *A Boy's Town* and *My Mark Twain.*

The fiction of both Mrs. Wharton and Howells leaves me with the impression I have had before that our literature, while as rich in genius as any other, is comparatively poor in writers of the second rank. So far as Mrs. Wharton is concerned, *Ethan Frome* seems to me the only novel that still stands up. *The Age of Innocence* is a bore. I cannot imagine anyone reading it for pleasure today, and it requires a difficult backward thrust of the mind to imagine a day when it could have been read for pleasure.

Mrs. Wharton is still commonly thought of as a writer of great feminine grace, but I should suppose that there are a dozen women at work today, and most of them not destined to end up in treasuries, whose command of the language is fully equal to hers. It was, I am certain, remarkable that Mrs. Wharton was able to penetrate her environment at all, but the fact is that her imagination was never powerful enough to allow her to see very far beyond it, and *The Age of Innocence* now seems less a comment on than a conventional product of the thing it satirized. Some of the shorter fiction makes better reading than the novels, and some of the trick stories, which in their time might have been expected to be very short-lived, seem the best of all. *False Dawn,* a novelette in the group of four called *Old New York,* which deals with a rich young American who goes to Italy to buy Renaissance paintings for his father and there has his taste corrupted by a peculiar young Englishman who later turns out to be John Ruskin, struck me as one of her sprightlier efforts.

Mr. Quinn, however, will have none of her trickery and he omits the story, which has humor and suspense, attributes that show up rarely in her work, from his treasury.

Howells, to my mind, was a far better novelist than Mrs. Wharton and a stylist of far more grace. His fiction lacks power today, but it does not lack interest. What seems true of both, however, is that their nonfiction has far more power of survival than their fiction. I learned this about Mrs. Wharton from her autobiography, *A Backward Glance,* which was done in the period in which, according to all her critics, she was in a sharp decline. It is generally accounted a rather shoddy book, but it seemed to me to be a very good one, not profound but charming and perspicacious. In it, one gets pictures of New York and Newport and London that are far sharper than those in the novels, and a sturdy, long-suffering personality comes through it very clearly. The same thing is true of Howells. *A Modern Instance, The Rise of Silas Lapham,* and *A Hazard of New Fortunes* can be read as valuable documents of our civilization—and painlessly, too, for Howells' prose was really perfect of its kind—but they lack today the power and warmth of a book like *My Mark Twain,* which is one of the finest of our literary memoirs, as astute in criticism as it is affectionate in memory, and *A Boy's Town,* his recollections of Hamilton, Ohio, in which at times he displays almost as much power as Twain himself. The most surprisingly good of Howells' books, I have found, is his *Literary Friends and Acquaintances,* a volume of reminiscences adequately described by the title. It is a rambling account of his years in Boston and New York, and full of what must certainly be extravagant praise of figures long forgotten, but it is a book which lives and breathes, and it has been more interesting to me as literary history than all the scholarly reconstructions.

For getting the feel of the nineteenth-century literary community, for living in Boston in the sixties and seventies and New York in the eighties and nineties, a page of *Literary Friends and Acquaintances* is worth approximately five of Van Wyck Brook's histories. This is by no means a criticism of Brooks, who after all could do nothing but reconstruct, but it is assuredly a tribute to Howells.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

There are four books published in August and early September which *Harper's* readers will approach with at least a nod of recognition. They are a varied lot, but parts of all of them have appeared in the magazine: *Ordeal by Slander* by Owen Lattimore, *The Little World of Don Camillo* by Giovanni Guareschi, *The House of Breath* by William Goyen, and *Butcher's Dozen* by John Bartlow Martin. They are all commented on below.

Fiction

The House of Breath, by William Goyen.

In my opinion this book by the author of *Her Breath upon the Windowpane* in our July issue will be one of the controversial literary subjects of the year. It is the story of family relationships in the small town of Charity, Texas, told in a dialect—almost a ballad—form, by the various members and friends of the family. Some will label its style confused, pretentious, neo-Thomas Wolfe with homosexual overtones. To others it will seem poetic magic of the most poignant beauty and intensity. Here is unquestionably a new and remarkable talent and a book which can be read, like poetry, over and over for deeper meanings and unexpected flashes of insight.

Random House, $2.75

The Little World of Don Camillo, by Giovanni Guareschi.

Those who read the excerpts from this book in our August issue need only pick it up and go on where they stopped reading in the magazine. Those who did not see it in the magazine should be warned that here they will find the bitter and inevitable dissension between Catholicism and communism transformed into hilarious and charming personal skirmishes between the Catholic priest and the Communist mayor of a small village in northern Italy. The grace and humor of these episodes, in which Christ often plays the role of kindly and witty media-

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

tor, never obscure the difficult issues, but the author at least makes one believe that when both ideologies are taken in their best meanings and put in the simple context of everyday living it is possible that they might live side by side. It is, perhaps a dream world, but a wonderfully funny one. A Book-of-the-Month Choice for August.

Pellegrini & Cudahy, $2.75

The Small Hours of the Night, by Timothy Angus Jones.
A book about the nightly peregrinations of dethroned and uprooted royalty in postwar Paris as seen through the eyes of a young Englishman, a courtier hanger-on. Though the scenes are in the most brilliant settings in Paris and on the Riviera, the sum total of the aimless pleasure-seeking is a most colossal boredom which carries right over to the reader. And the story seems to have been told so many times before. It is so crisply written and so well endorsed by its publishers that one feels that perhaps one has missed the point. Then one re-reads sections like the one quoted below and is reassured in one's own opinion:

> Night after night with the same little court, it was not the places we tired of but the courtiers. So few we were and so casually assembled, there was no inexhaustible subject of conversation, no large book of people or memories that could be opened out flat and read aloud together, to keep the mind revolving and to preserve the habit of speech. . . .
>
> So mostly we sat in silence, and moved from place to place as frequently as possible, hoping each time to find something new and exciting, and chatting if at all to the girls who served behind the bar.

Such boredom must somehow be deserved. Houghton Mifflin, $2.75

Non-Fiction

Ordeal by Slander, by Owen Lattimore.
"What It Was Like" by Mrs. Lattimore in the August *Harper's* is Chapter II of this book. Her story (and the one in this issue) give more than any reviewer could hope to, of the personal atmosphere of Gestapo-like terror, the involvement of friends and family, the unbelievable financial burden, the physical strain that such unprovoked and unjustified attacks as Senator McCarthy's could bring to any innocent one of us. Mr. Lattimore's sections, written at white heat, yet with admirable objectivity at the same time, report in detail what it is like to be accused as the "top Russian espionage agent" in the country, and they set down for the record what his accusers said and what he said and did in refutation. Obviously it was important to him to clear his name and reputation, but in every line of the book it is apparent that what Mr. Lattimore cares about is seeing to it that our precious democratic right to diverse opinion does not go down the drain with the political dishwater of Senator McCarthy and his kind. And the book is terrifying because it shows how easily, with less courage, wit, and judgment (fortunately the Lattimores had plenty of all three) on the side of the accused, such preposterous charges might frame an innocent man.

Little, Brown, $2.75

Rise Up and Walk, by Turnley Walker.
The fact that each year polio seems to be attacking a larger and larger number of adults has resulted in a growing literature on the subject. We have had Bentz Plagemann's *My Place to Stand.* Now we have this terse but moving story of another adult (aged thirty-seven) writer's struggle with the same disease. There is a certain sameness about the stories, of course, but there are differences too, as each man's reaction to pain and crisis is both different and the same. What religion does to help one person, work and family relationships do for another, but the basic motivating force is always personal courage. If we have to have the scourge we are lucky to have both courageous and articulate people to interpret its nature to the world. (Incidentally neither of these authors can say too much about the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.) Book-of-the-Month Club choice, with *The Little World of Don Camillo,* for August. Dutton, $1.75

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Two books that sound like a gruesome duo turn out to make fascinating and informative reading though the background is not pretty:

Butcher's Dozen, by John Bartlow Martin.
Six detailed, factual stories of crime (actually many more than six crimes are involved) are here told so that they are more enthralling than fiction ever was. For they are told, as all *Harper's* readers know, by an author whose first concern is with fact, to be sure, but whose second concern is creative and certainly no less important: What do these facts mean in terms of human beings and human motivations? Included in the volume are "Butcher's Dozen" which appeared in our issue of November 1949 and "The Ring and the Conscience" which we published several years ago. The other sections tell the stories of a Chicago gang-fight against a syndicate, of another Midwestern gang, of a young engaged couple who become involved in the murder of the girl's younger sister, of a young murderer waiting for execution, and one section called "Notes on Crime Writing." Sad, strange, human, and absorbing. Harper, $3.50

12 Against Crime, by Edward D. Radin.
The twelve who Mr. Radin here describes are men who are not of the police or detective squads but whose special knowledge or skills enable them to help in the solution of crime—blood specialists, medical examiners, finders of lost persons, arson-smokers-out, professors, authorities on the psychology of sex, even wood specialists (it was a wood specialist [xylotomist] who proved that Hauptmann had built the ladder in the Lindbergh kidnap case). The studies build up an excellent composite picture of the careful expert and tell hair-raising stories of crime detection along the way.
Putnam, $3

Book Forecast

Pregnancy

From the literary point of view this is a good fall to be pregnant. In September McGraw-Hill is publishing ***Understanding Natural Childbirth: A Book for the Expectant Mother*** by Dr. Herbert Thoms in collaboration with Dr. Laurence G. Roth. Prentice-Hall in the same month issues ***Natural Childbirth*** by Dr. Frederick W. Goodrich, Jr., which is described as a manual for expectant parents—both. Doubleday announces that on September 21 they will publish a book called ***An Interesting Condition*** by Abigail Lewis, who explains for those who, like herself, may at first resent the idea of pregnancy, just what the whole performance was like for her from the third month till several weeks after the birth of the child. No sentiment here. Somewhat later on, early next year in fact, Coward-McCann announce a new Danish author, Ulla Albeck, who writes ***We Two: Our First Seven Years,*** a very frank and, the publishers say, a very moving book about pregnancy and mother love.

Biography

The fall is full of biography too. A superficial glance at the publishers' schedules reveals that Viking has a biography of Franklin's favorite sister, ***Jane Mecom*** by Carl Van Doren, as well as ***The Story of Ernie Pyle*** by Lee G. Miller; Macmillan will publish in November a biography of Vergniaud, leader of the French Revolution, by Claude G. Bowers, U. S. Ambassador to Chile, and distinguished author of *Jefferson and Hamilton;* a biography of the Chinese Communist leader, Mao Tse-tung, by Robert Payne will be published in October by Henry Schuman; Charlotte Williams has written a political biography of Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black which Johns Hopkins Press will publish in November; and the Philosophical Library has announced an authorized biography, ***Marc Chagall: His Life and Work,*** by Isaac Kloomok. Early in the new year the chief veterinarian for the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus has his autobiography scheduled on Little, Brown's list. A wonderful idea. And finally, a biography which brings us right back to pregnancy, ***Immortal Magyar: Semelweis, Conqueror of Childbed Fever,*** by Frank Slaughter, will be published by Henry Schuman.

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Harper's MAGAZINE

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To our readers:

This month *Harper's Magazine,* launched in 1850, celebrates the beginning of its second century of publication. Since the menu for this Centennial banquet is long, and the dishes are set forth so as to accent their variety rather than their logical relationships, perhaps a word of guidance to the epicurean may be in order.

The central theme of the issue is the past century, 1850-1950, with its implications for the future. This theme is dealt with, in various aspects, in "The Century" (DeVoto), p. 49; "The Age of Taste" (Lynes), p. 60; "The Big Change" (Allen), p. 145; "The Villains" (Johnson), p. 221; "Mountains of Paper" (Burlingame), p. 229; "A Century of Books" (Grattan), p. 268; "The Writer's Lot" (Rovere), p. 278; and the picture section, "America on the Move" (Kouwenhoven), p. 97. Mrs. Roosevelt deals with part of the century in "Women Have Come a Long Way," p. 74; and Thomas Mann views its European aspects in "The Years of My Life," p. 250.

Another theme—subordinate in emphasis—is the story of *Harper's Magazine* itself. This is told in "One Hundred Years of *Harper's,*" p. 23; discussed from the point of view of two inveterate consumers in "Reader, Transatlantic" (West), p. 77, and "Constant Reader" (Davis), p. 161; and further commented upon in the "Easy Chair," p. 215, and in "Personal & Otherwise," p. 8.

By way of variety the accent is on the present in "The U.S.A. from the Air" (Langewiesche), p. 176. We present also two short stories, by Katherine Anne Porter, p. 88, and William Faulkner, p. 200; verse by W. H. Auden, p. 58, and Peter Viereck, p. 87; and "Hardy Centennials" (Hamburger), p. 37.

Now, having sorted out the proteins, calories, vitamins, and minerals so that you may suit your own literary diet, we invite you to sit down and—we hope—enjoy yourself.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE: Frederick L. Allen, *Editor in Chief;* Russell Lynes, Katherine Gauss Jackson, Eric Larrabee, Catharine Meyer, Anne L. Goodman, *Editors;* John A. Kouwenhoven, John Fischer, Richard H. Rovere, *Contributing Editors.* David Frederick, *General Manager;* Waldo W. Sellew, *Advertising Director;* Fred M. Singsen, *Assistant to the Publisher;* John Jay Hughes, *Circulation and Promotion Manager.*
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L E T T E R S

THE WHITE HOUSE
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July 6, 1950

Dear Mr. Allen:

I am happy to salute Harper's Magazine, a distinguished American institution, on the occasion of its Centennial and to send my best wishes for its second century. The prestige it has enjoyed over the years, together with its continuing vitality, is a happy augury for its future.

Very sincerely yours,

Harry Truman

Mr. Frederick Lewis Allen,
Editor-in-Chief,
Harper's Magazine,
49 East 33 Street,
New York 16, N.Y.

Personal & Otherwise

Two years after *Harper's Magazine* was established, Thoreau asked, in a journal entry which he later incorporated in *Walden,* "Why should we leave it to Harper & Brothers to select our reading?" Forty-odd years later, Henry James complained in one of his notebooks that "alas, there is no inspiration or incentive whatever in writing for *Harper's* save the sole pecuniary one. They want, ever, the smaller, the slighter, the safer, the inferior thing; and the company one keeps in their magazine is of a most paralyzing dreariness." (The company doesn't look so dreary in retrospect, as we will see. But James was annoyed.) And, in somewhat the same vein, though more boisterously, Ezra Pound suggested in 1912 that the motto for the newly-founded *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* should be "To Hell with *Harper's* and the Magazine Touch."

It is probably not irrelevant that all three of these writers (two of them certainly among the greatest of all American authors) deliberately isolated themselves from the dominant interests of their countrymen, and that two became expatriates. For *Harper's* from the beginning reflected (and reflected upon) the developing interests and concerns of those who were directly involved in shaping the realities of American life. For many years it has been, as Bernard DeVoto says in this month's "Easy Chair" (p. 215), a magazine primarily of appraisal, of critical inquiry; but the criticism and appraisal have always assumed, implicitly if not explicitly, that the shaping forces of American civilization are too important and too interesting to be evaded or ignored. Its virtues and its limitations, through all the changes of its hundred-year history, have been the result of the fact that it has been, as the editors said of it sixty-two years ago, "the reflex of current movements and institutions."

The history of the magazine, and of the way it developed from a sort of undigested *Reader's Digest* of foreign periodical literature into the first truly national monthly magazine of general interest, is recounted in the present editor's review of "One Hundred Years of *Harper's*" (p. 23), immediately following this column. (There, also, readers will find an eloquent statement of what *Harper's* conceives its job to be as it goes into its second century.) Elsewhere in this issue there are retrospective articles by two *Harper's* contributors who have also been faithful readers: one by Rebecca West, surveying the old volumes as they looked (and look) to one of the most distinguished English authors of our time (p. 77); and the other by Elmer Davis, best known now as a radio commentator and former head of the OWI but known long before that as a versatile and accomplished writer of essays and stories (p. 161). There is also an ample selection of pictures and text from old issues of the magazine in "America on the Move" (p. 97), showing how America looked to our authors and illustrators during the nineteenth and early twentieth century, and there are references to the magazine's

John A. Kouwenhoven, contributing editor of Harper's, *has composed the picture section, "America on the Move" (page 97), and written this Centennial P&O. He is chairman of the English Department at Barnard College and author of* Made in America.

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The Club's Editorial Board has remained unchanged, except by death. Heywood Broun and William Allen White died in 1939 and 1944 respectively, and were replaced by John Marquand and Clifton Fadiman. Last year—when the Club had distributed 100,000,000 books —a brochure was published giving the complete list of selections made by this Board. It reads like a *Who's Who* in literature over the past quarter century. Copies are available upon request.

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This advertisement appeared in the April, 1926, issue of HARPER'S. *With minor changes it still describes the Club's system of operation*

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aims and achievements in a number of other articles in this issue.

All that remains to be done here, therefore, is to indicate briefly how the changes in American interests and preoccupations have been reflected in the kind and quality of material the magazine has printed at various times.

ANYONE who reads rapidly through the one thousand two hundred and five issues of *Harper's* which have thus far been published (as P & O has done in the past three years) will, I think, discover that the magazine's way of looking at the world has gone through three major phases. For convenience these can be called the phase of visual description (extending roughly from 1850 to 1880), the phase of interpretive sensibility (from 1880 to 1920), and the phase of insight and analysis (after 1920).

The phase of visual description was, on the whole, a period during which most of the writers and illustrators were intent upon recording, almost as objectively as a camera lens could do it, the external realities of an expanding world. The first two books reviewed in Volume One, Number One of *Harper's* indicate the two main directions in which this centrifugal interest was to expend itself for the next thirty years. One was Bayard Taylor's *Eldorado: or Adventures in the Path of Empire*, a first-hand reportorial account of the gold rush to California; and the other was William Cullen Bryant's *Letters of a Traveler*, a collection of "sketches and scenes" in France, Italy, Bavaria, England, Cuba, as well as various parts of the United States.

Looking back on the early issues of the magazine, historians and scholars have been most impressed by the wealth of fiction which they contain—and with good reason. For those were the days of the great serials by Dickens and Thackeray, by Trollope, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Thomas Hardy, and Henry James (whose *Washington Square* began to run serially in the July 1880 number). And there were stories by Melville (including a long chapter from *Moby Dick*), William Gilmore Simms, Edward Everett Hale, and even Horatio Alger. But the emphasis in the magazine at the time was by no means mainly on fiction. In the issue of January 1855, for example, the publishers announced that the editorial program for each number would include:

(1) Biographies of distinguished Americans.

(2) Illustrations of American scenery, life, and manners.

(3) The agricultural products of the United States.

(4) Narratives of governmental exploring expeditions.

(5) Voyages, travels, and sketches.

(6) Social, political, and religious sketches in Europe.

(7) A series of articles on the Holy Land.

(8) Natural history.

(9) Consular experiences by our consuls abroad.

(10) Memoirs of the reigning dynasties in Europe.

(11) Other articles, departments, etc.

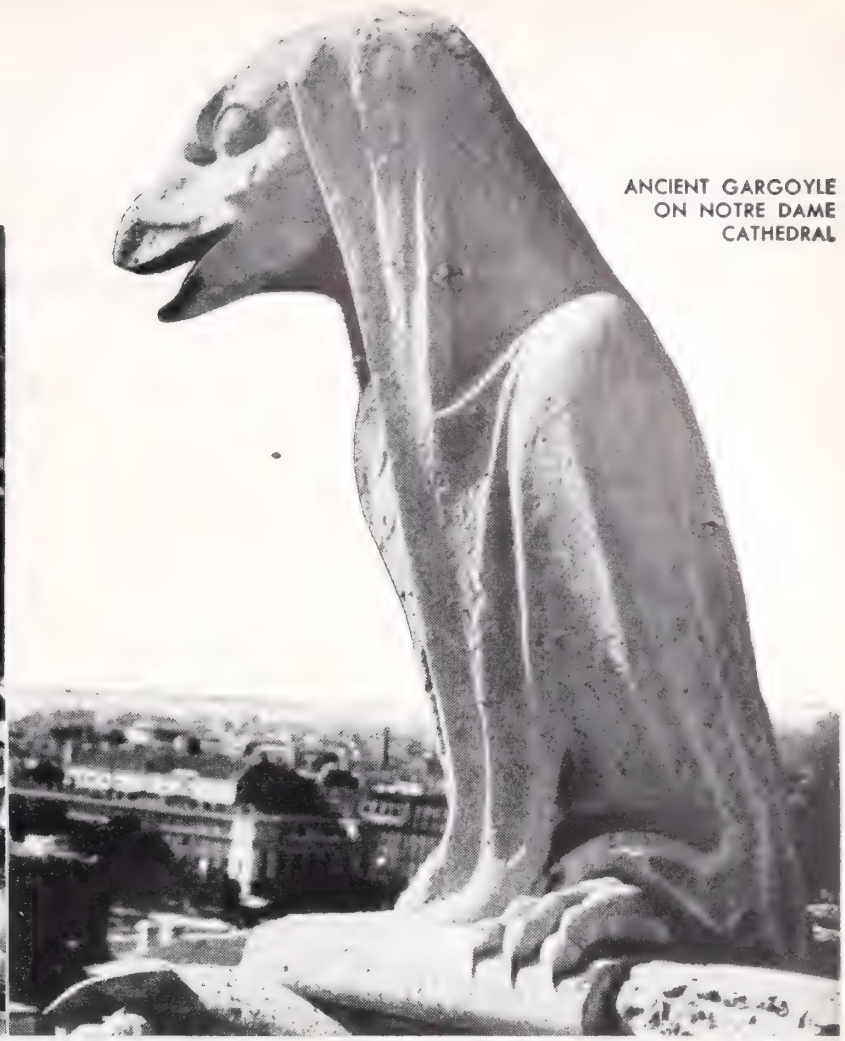


Edwin A. Abbey draws "Two Readers of* Harper's" *in a railroad car of the eighteen-seventies.

(From an article on "American Humor," by S. S. Cox, Harper's *April 1875)*

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The "etc." was, presumably, fiction. But the emphasis was clearly upon the kind of "descriptive illustrated article" typified by George Ward Nichols' "Down the Mississippi" (November 1870), Richard F. Burton's "A Journey to the Land of the Moon" (about Central Africa, October 1860), or Eli Bowen's detailed technical account of "Coal and the Coal Mines of Pennsylvania" (September 1857). (Excerpts and illustrations from many articles of this kind are included in "America on the Move.") The coverage in these articles was so extensive and fascinating that it is easy to see why Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in an address to the American Library Association in Boston in 1879, said that "Studying the subject objectively and from the educational point of view—seeking to provide that which, taken altogether, will be of most service to the largest number—I long ago decided that, if I could have but one work for a public library, I would select a complete set of *Harper's Monthly.*"

DURING the eighties the pictures and text in *Harper's* began to reflect a shift in outlook, and for the next forty years the characteristic point of view of its contributors was what I have called interpretive sensibility. One notices the change first, perhaps, in the illustrations. Increasingly the emphasis shifts from the importance of the thing seen to the importance of the way in which an individual artist sees it. The anonymous woodcuts and wood engravings of the sixties gradually give place to signed reproductions of highly subjective paintings, etchings, and drawings, as in Joseph Pennell's illustrations for his wife's article on "An Albert Dürer Town" (September 1893) or Lucius Hitchcock's pictures accompanying Arthur Symons' romantic appreciation of "Seville" (March 1901). Even in the work of photographers like Rudolph Eickemeyer, Jr., who illustrated Sadakichi Hartmann's "A Winter Ramble" (November 1901), the camera had become a vehicle for subjective impressions rather than for factual record. If some of the illustrators, like Remington and C. S. Reinhart, remained objective in their point of view, their work seemed somehow less significant to their contemporaries, as Henry James's comments on Reinhart (p. 128) reveal.

The shifting emphasis in the text of the magazine is suggested by an announcement of editorial policy in the November 1903 number. Two items on the list of "Some of the things the magazine will do" were:

> It will print at least eight short stories in every number.
>
> It will, above all, maintain a distinctly literary standard, avoiding such subjects as sports, politics, "graft," crime, etc.

Henry Mills Alden, the editor, discussed these and other aspects of editorial policy in his column, "The Editor's Study," for several years. In his article on "Fifty Years of *Harper's Magazine*" (May 1900) he had noted that the "descriptive article" in its old form had been dropped, and that fiction was increasingly displacing articles of an informative nature. Three years later in the "Study," while denying that the magazine wished to exclude serious articles, he nevertheless insisted that it was in the best fiction that "the deeper currents of our modern life and thought are most interpretatively indicated." And since newspapers and other magazines covered current events and the elaborate discussions of political, social, and artistic movements, *Harper's* could "appeal directly to the reader's sensibility" through fiction.

ALL during the eighties and nineties the percentage of fiction had increased, though the number and distinction of serials had declined. There were, to be sure, serially published works like Hardy's *Jude the Obscure* (then called *Hearts Insurgent),* Alphonse Daudet's *Port Tarascon* (translated by Henry James), Du Maurier's fabulously popular *Trilby,* and several of William Dean Howells's. But the short-story was the dominant form, and the magazine in this period published much of the finest work of such currently neglected but far from uninteresting writers as Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Sarah Orne Jewett, Constance Fenimore Wool-



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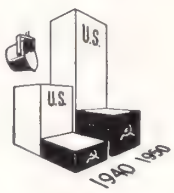
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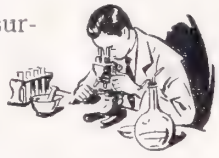
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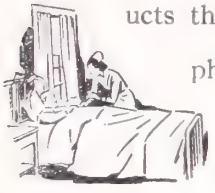
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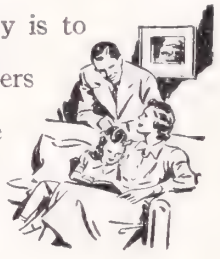
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ALDEN was right, of course, in denying that serious articles were excluded. Turning over the pages of those old numbers one comes upon a number of extraordinary journalistic achievements. In September 1891, for example, the London *Times's* correspondent in Paris, Henri de Blowitz, wrote a devastating analysis of international politics on the Continent in which he specifically prophesied that a general European war, with France and Germany ranged against each other, would break out (as it did in 1914) over the succession to the throne of Franz Joseph of Austria. In the field of exploration there were articles by Sven Hedin, Peary, Amundsen, and Stefansson; and in the arts such pieces as Montgomery Schuyler's excellent studies of Western architecture in the nineties, Theodore Child's article in January 1887 in praise of Monet, Degas, and Renoir; and the composer Dvorák's article on "Music in America" in February 1895. In the field of economics and business there were the brilliant articles by Professor Richard T. Ely on the problems of monopoly, of corporate organizations, and of industrial relations. In history and international politics, there were the powerful and prophetic series of articles by Admiral (then Captain) Mahan, and, side by side in a single volume (1896), a historical study of Washington and one of Mad Anthony Wayne written, respectively, by Professor Woodrow Wilson and by New York's police commissioner, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. (It is an odd coincidence, also, that another of Wilson's articles on Washington was published in the same issue, July 1896, with an article by Henry Cabot Lodge, who—a little over twenty years later—would lead the isolationist fight against Wilson's League of Nations. Lodge's article, which described the system of English elections, ended significantly enough by asserting that whatever the faults of our own elec-

1776 Declaration of Independence . . . British in N.Y.

1793 Whitney invents cotton gin; U. S. balloon ascent

1812 War of 1812-1814: second U. S. war with England

1825 Opening of Erie Canal: Buffalo to New York

1842 Adam Gimbel opened his first store in Vincennes

1863 Lincoln signs Emancipation Proclamation

1873 panic in New York; banks, stock exchange close

1876 Philadelphia Centennial; . . . Bell's first telephone

1893 financial panic; Edison's motion picture machine

1904 Wright Brothers' first airplane flights; N.Y. subway

1929 the long depression . . . banks, stock market close

1950

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Where the Sheriff's Wife and the Ojibwa Squaw were equals on the floor.
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toral system we could best cure them "by attending to our own affairs . . . and not by nervously and weakly seeking to imitate other people.")

THE shift from description to interpretation during this period is best illustrated, perhaps, in the magazine's handling of science. For a number of years each issue contained a column called the "Editor's Scientific Record," a descriptive listing of discoveries and advances in various scientific fields. In 1879 that column was dropped and the magazine began to publish a considerable number of full-scale scientific articles, many of considerable importance. Surely, J. J. Thomson's article on "Cathode Rays," in September 1901, must be one of the earliest articles in a general magazine to describe the radioactive properties of uranium.

In the course of the next few years *Harper's* published a series of important articles on what we now call atomic physics by Sir Ernest Rutherford, Sir Oliver Lodge, and other scientists. Robert Kennedy Duncan's articles on industrial chemistry in the nineteen hundreds (one of which led indirectly to the founding of the Mellon Institute) were landmarks in the application of recent scientific discoveries to American industry.

Along with the shift from description to interpretation there was also a shift from what may be called a strictly middle-class outlook to a preoccupation with Society and upper-class life. In fiction it was the shift from Dickens to Henry James and (heaven forbid) Mrs. Humphry Ward.

In the article it was the shift from pieces about gold miners, cowboys, and farmers to articles like Casper Whitney's "Riding to Hounds in England" (September 1894) or Richard Harding Davis's "The Streets of Paris," illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson (the following month). In travel articles, or in the illustrations of far-away places which accompanied them, curiosity about the present had been replaced by reverence for the old and the quaint—especially the quaint. Throughout all his wanderings, Thomas A. Janvier said in a 1906 article about Mexico, "byways and back streets" had always been most

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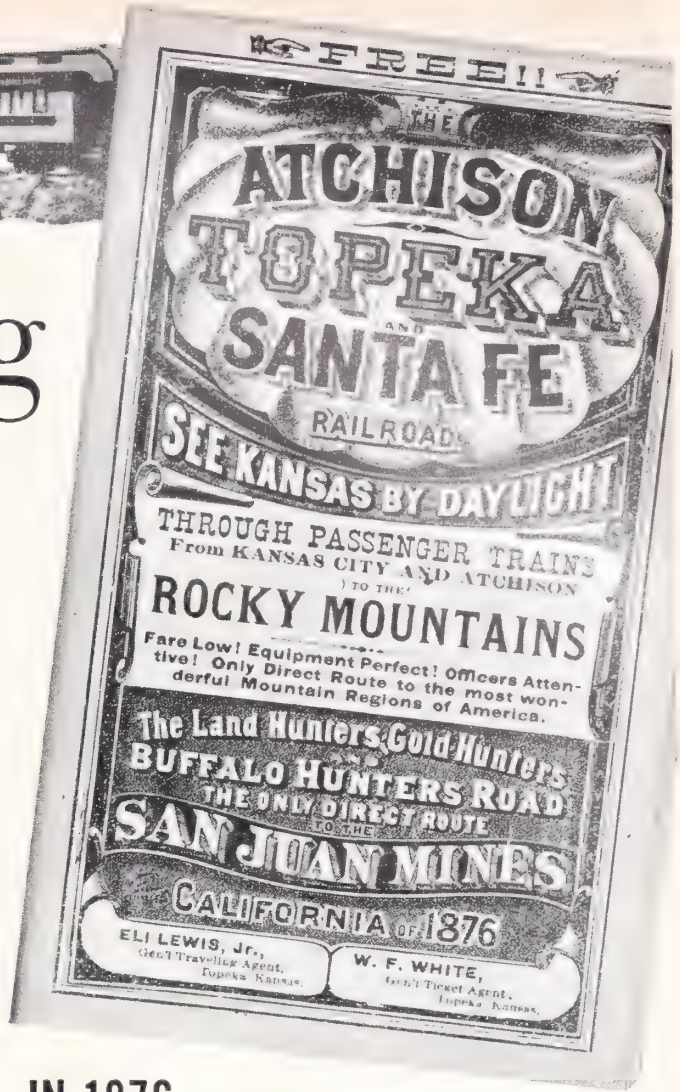
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Trail-Blazing Railroad of the Southwest



Santa Fe

Yesterday, the Santa Fe helped establish towns on the prairies, in the hills, and along the Pacific and helped people them with pioneers. Today, it proudly serves the great empire it helped to build.

Almost a hundred years ago, there was a young man in the Old West—a young man with vision and courage . . . C. K. Holliday, whose dream of a great railroad serving the West and Southwest has come to reality in the 90-year development of the Santa Fe.

Starting as a 17-mile between-settlements railroad in Kansas, Santa Fe has grown to be the longest railroad in the nation and the only railroad under one management between Chicago and California.

Its history is the history of a young and vigorous nation, when tough, daring men in denim and leather forged a great empire in the Southwest with timber and iron, steampower, and a ready Sharps rifle . . . preparing the way for farm and industry.

As you travel west in luxury and comfort on a Santa Fe streamliner today, remember how the Santa Fe grew—conquering the frontier, opening the West to settlement and commerce, pioneering new methods and science in railway progress to serve America in war and peace.

IN 1876, when this old timetable was printed, the Santa Fe was eight years old.

It pushed as far west as Pueblo, Colorado, and was carrying settlers by the thousands to break prairie sod and dig for gold and silver.

Before the turn of the century, it built its way to blue water on the Pacific, the Gulf, and the Great Lakes.

TODAY, the Santa Fe has grown to be the nation's longest railway system, with 13,073 miles of track.

Along Santa Fe's historic route—the old Santa Fe Trail—modern adventurers may ride the world's most famous fleet of streamliners, paced by the *Super Chief*, *The Chief* and *El Capitan*.



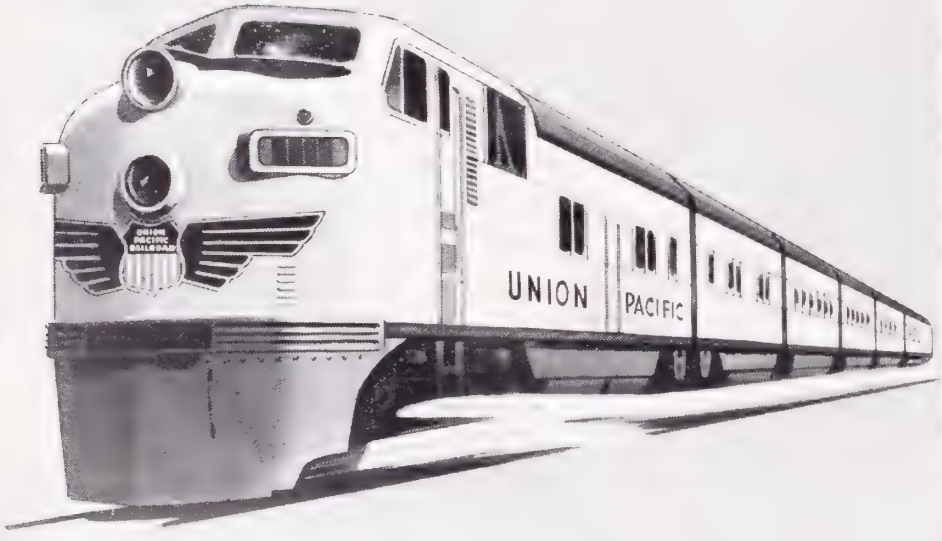
SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES





Sands of the desert... Romantic and picturesque, perhaps . . . but not ideal for enjoyable travel . . . For clean, cool air and restful comfort we suggest Union Pacific's daily

Streamliners



The "City of Los Angeles". . ."City of San Francisco". . ."City of Portland," all in daily service between Chicago and the West Coast . . . Pullmans and reserved coach seats.

Write Union Pacific Railroad, Room 390, Omaha, Nebraska, for free booklets • California and Pacific Northwest.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Road of the Streamliners

to his liking. What he—and his readers—enjoyed were "browsings in nooks and corners." There was something of this quest of the quaint even in the illustrations and articles about the first world war and its aftermath, as witness such an article as "The Russian Revolution in a Police Station" by *Harper's* special representative in Russia, Arthur Bullard (February 1918), or the illustration of airplanes over Château-Thierry, by Walter Hale, which concludes the picture section in this issue (p. 144).

SINCE 1920 the emphasis in *Harper's,* as in much serious contemporary writing, has been less upon sight than upon insight, less upon appreciative sensibility than upon analytical understanding. Actually, of course, the phases I have described overlap, and there is no sharp line separating them. But the shift in character from the second to the third (and present) phase was more decisive than the change which had occurred in the eighties.

As the present editor makes clear in his article on "One Hundred Years of *Harper's,*" the content and format of the magazine were considerably altered shortly after Thomas Bucklin Wells succeeded Henry Mills Alden as editor in 1919. By 1925 the illustrations which had from the beginning been an outstanding feature of the magazine were dropped, and other periodicals took over the job of visual description and interpretation. Even when illustrations began to appear again in *Harper's* in the early forties, they, like the text of the magazine, tended to reflect the contemporary interest in probing the inner reality of people and things rather than describing them objectively or reacting to them subjectively.

THE change in content is clearly illustrated by the change in the "Easy Chair." This column—the oldest and most distinguished in American journalism—had been "invented," as a later occupant put it, by Donald G. Mitchell (the "Ik Marvel" of *Reveries of a Bachelor)* in October 1851. For the next two years Mitchell carried it on, with occasional assistance from Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Then, in 1853, George Wil-

The Uneasy Chair

FRANKLY, WE ARE ENVIOUS OF EDITORS.

They seem to have so few worries.

ONE of the editors of this esteemed, 100-year-old journal even calls the throne where he sits in studied and olympian judgment "*The Easy Chair.*"

To us in the insurance business "*The Uneasy Chair*" is a much more fitting name for the varnished oak which daily shines the seat of our pants.

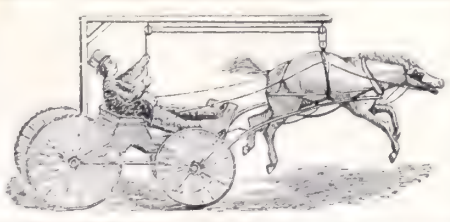
We're right on the edge of that chair day in and day out.

We find only worriment—never merriment—in learning, for instance, that a rubber band is a dangerous thing to monkey with. An accountant (*we heard about him from a doctor's report*) snapped a rubber band at a fly. He hit the fly which rebounded and went into his eye—causing him to lose quite a few days away from his ledgers.

And then there was that veterinarian who collected a tidy sum from us several years ago. Not using his usual horse sense he tried to lift a Shetland pony which had fallen off his operating table, back onto it. He got her back and also a sprained back, which laid him up for several months.

ACCIDENTS as absurd as these can happen to anyone. And very often do. In fact, accidents are happening to people at the fraught-with-thought rate of one every three seconds.

Back in the days when Harper's was still a teen-ager and THE TRAVELERS was just a babe, highways were already one of the main sources of danger for U.S. citizens. *The runaway horse, not the runaway car, was of course the chief offender.*



So grave was this menace that one inventor—fortunately anonymous, we think—suggested the horse-and-buggy accessory pictured below to cope with this danger.

EVEN if this imaginative invention had worked, it wouldn't be much help today. The only time most of us see a horse is when we look at television.

For many years now, THE TRAVELERS and some of the other insurance companies have worked closely with local police forces and traffic committees to cut down highway accidents. And in most cases the work has been pretty effective. But not effective enough. While good work is curbing accidents in one spot, things go to pot in ten others.

As we look over the traffic toll, we sigh for the good old days and say to ourselves: *give us a road filled with prancing horses any day as against a road filled with horseless carriages.*

Take it from us, you are in considerably more peril today as you buzz off in your car than your grandfather was with a skittish nag between the shafts of his fringe-topped surrey.

This oaty nostalgia will get us nowhere, for we must confess that the automobile is here to stay and has been for a long time. In fact, the first automobile accident happened so long ago that we don't know when or where it took place.

BUT since this is a time for pointing with pride to the past, we'd like to mention that THE TRAVELERS issued the very first Automobile Insurance policy back in 1898.

THE TRAVELERS has a fairly impressive series of "firsts." Among them are these:

THE TRAVELERS wrote the first Accident Insurance policy. Date: 1864.

THE TRAVELERS was also the first to create an Aircraft Liability policy and to announce a complete program applying to the hazards of aerial transportation. This was in 1917.

And some 14 years earlier, in 1903, THE TRAVELERS was the first insurance organization to establish a school for instruction of representatives, so that insurance buyers might have dependable advice.

Since THE TRAVELERS issued that first auto policy in 1898, we have aided car owners through Automobile Liability insurance in countless costly accidents. We wish we could enjoy in our "*Uneasy Chair*" just a smidgeon of the sleep and worryless hours that Travelers Automobile insurance has let millions of people indulge in over the years.

TRAVELERS

LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn. Cash Assets, $1,500,000. Issues LIFE and ENDOWMENT policies in approved forms. Ample security, low rates. Also insures against ACCIDENTS causing death or total disability. Policies written by the year or month. Has paid $7000 per day for Six Years in benefits to policy-holders.

THE TRAVELERS published its first advertisement in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, issue of January, 1871, announcing that we had "*paid $700 per day for six years to policy-holders.*" Benefits paid to Travelers policyholders in 1949 amounted to over $225,000,000, or approximately $900,000 each business day.

In 1871, THE TRAVELERS offered only two or three kinds of insurance. Today, THE TRAVELERS is the largest all-line insurance organization in the United States—offering a great variety of insurance forms to meet the needs of individuals, families, partnerships, and corporations.

TO urge you to consider THE TRAVELERS simply because we are a big company, may not be too convincing an argument, at first blush. But *we do think* the fact that THE TRAVELERS has grown so large by serving so many people and so many businesses is sort of an indication that we are a good company to rely on when you need insurance.

And because we are so big, there's always a TRAVELERS agent or broker handy to discuss your insurance needs and advise you.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.



DENMARK—Artist at work on world-famous Danish porcelain. Copenhagen visitors enjoy seeing this beautiful china being made.



GREAT BRITAIN—Coachman, resplendent in uniform, at annual Lord Mayor's Show, London, famed annual event of pageantry.



ICELAND—The Great Geyser, the most famous of all hot springs. This unbroken column of hot water rises 160-180 feet.

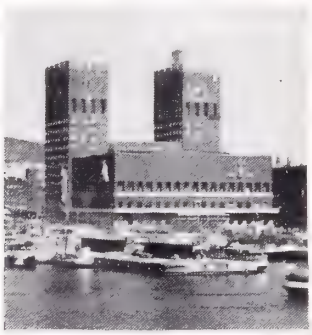
"Let's go to Europe"

IT COSTS LESS...YOU GET MORE

IN THE "THRIFT SEASON"



IRELAND—7th century Round Tower in Co. Waterford. Many fine specimens of these watch towers can still be seen today.



NORWAY—New City Hall seen from the harbor of Oslo, Capital of Norway, which celebrates its 900th anniversary this year.



SWEDEN—Stockholm City Hall, symbol of modern Sweden, and its renowned middle-road social and economic progress.

EUROPE . . . its exciting cities . . . its romantic places . . . its music . . . culture . . . glamour . . . are only a few air-hours or a few sailing-days away.

Lower costs during the "Thrift Season"—from September through April—put the thrill of a never-to-be-forgotten vacation within your budget. So why not plan to visit Europe now when its famed cultural, educational, entertainment seasons are at their height.

Travel in Europe is an education in itself. And whatever your interests you'll find programs which facilitate study in your chosen fields. Art, science, music, handicrafts, social welfare—these are but a few in which Europe excels, and which can best be studied at this time of year.

Your trip will cost less than you think! Travel rates are as much as one-third lower and there are plenty of moderately-priced accommodations. Favorable exchange rates stretch your dollars and you can bring back $500 worth of purchases duty free. That is why more and more people are choosing the September-through-April "Thrift Season" as *the* time to go!

Your Travel Agent is your best counselor. He will help plan your trip and save money. For further information, write each country in which interested. Address: National Tourist Office of (name of country), Box 1247, Grand Central Sta., New York 17.

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European Travel Commission

UNDERSTANDING . . . THROUGH TRAVEL . . . IS THE PASSPORT TO PEACE

liam Curtis took over the column, and for almost forty years (until November 1892) he made it a wise and charming commentary on manners and morals.

For eight years after Curtis's death the column lapsed (though there were other columns, such as the "Editor's Study" and the "Editor's Drawer," which continued). Then in December 1900 William Dean Howells took over.

For the next twenty years Howells continued to write for the "Easy Chair" his reflective, lucid essays on books and men and ideas. But as Alden had promised in announcing that Howells would write the column, the essays carefully avoided "the discussion of what are known as 'burning questions,' and of themes that divide sects in religion, parties in politics, and classes in society."

In 1920, however, there was a significant change. Edward S. Martin succeeded Howells, and the "Easy Chair," like the rest of the magazine as Wells edited it, began to concern itself more and more with such controversial issues as prohibition, Darwinism versus Fundamentalism, and other "burning questions" of the time. And when Wells's successor, Lee Foster Hartman, installed Bernard DeVoto in the "Chair" in 1935, it at once became the challenging storm center of independent journalism which it has continued to be ever since.

THERE is not space here even to list the writers (and, more recently, the illustrators) who have contributed to *Harper's* in the past thirty years.

A few of them are represented in this Centennial number, along with others who here make their first appearance in our pages. But all, in one way or another, have helped make *Harper's* indispensable to those readers who, as the present editor says, "serving some as recognized leaders and others, however obscure, as a sort of balance-of-power element in the struggles between organized groups, are ready to think for themselves and act as that thinking directs them." To serve such readers well, in these decisive yet bewildering years, is indeed to serve America, and mankind.

—J.A.K.



✻ KAYSER
seventy years young
congratulates
HARPER'S
MAGAZINE
on the occasion of its
centennial
celebration

Kayser, because—you owe it to your audience!

HOSIERY GLOVES LINGERIE **KAYSER**



THE SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA, with its famed world-wide service from branches located in more than 20 countries, including 50 offices in the United States from coast to coast, has won universal recognition for the diversity and usefulness of its comprehensive life insurance and annuity plans. The specific needs of men, women and children under widely differing circumstances are taken care of surely and effectively, and a variety of optional policy privileges offers valuable alternatives, including a continuing service to safeguard the interests of the beneficiary when the proceeds become payable.

A few of the many popular types of policies issued by the Sun Life of Canada: — Ordinary Life, Limited Payment Life, Endowment, Family Income, Retirement Pension, Salary Continuance, Mortgage Cancellation, Children's Special Insurance, Single Premium Plans, Educational Policies, Immediate and Deferred Annuities, Salary Savings, and Group Insurance.

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More Than One and a Half Million Policies in Force

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

One Hundred Years of Harper's

The Editor

PERHAPS on such an august anniversary occasion as this, one should take out a purple paintbrush and suggest that the brothers Harper were seized with a majestic inspiration in 1850, when they founded *Harper's Magazine* as an offshoot of their book publishing and printing firm of Harper & Brothers; that they had bright-colored visions of the future of American journalism and American literature. But the blunt fact was stated by Fletcher Harper, years later: "If we were asked why we first started a monthly magazine, we would have to say that it was as a tender to our business, though it has grown into something quite beyond that."

As a tender to our business. The brothers Harper had a big printing plant; they published a growing list of books; for several years they had been getting out series of books that appeared at monthly intervals and were called, collectively, "Harper's Family Library" and "Harper's School District Library."

There were important advantages, they had found, in keeping a large volume of printing work streaming steadily and predictably through their plant. Why not add to this reliable traffic by producing also a popular monthly magazine? That may not have been a sublime idea, but it was an eminently practical one.

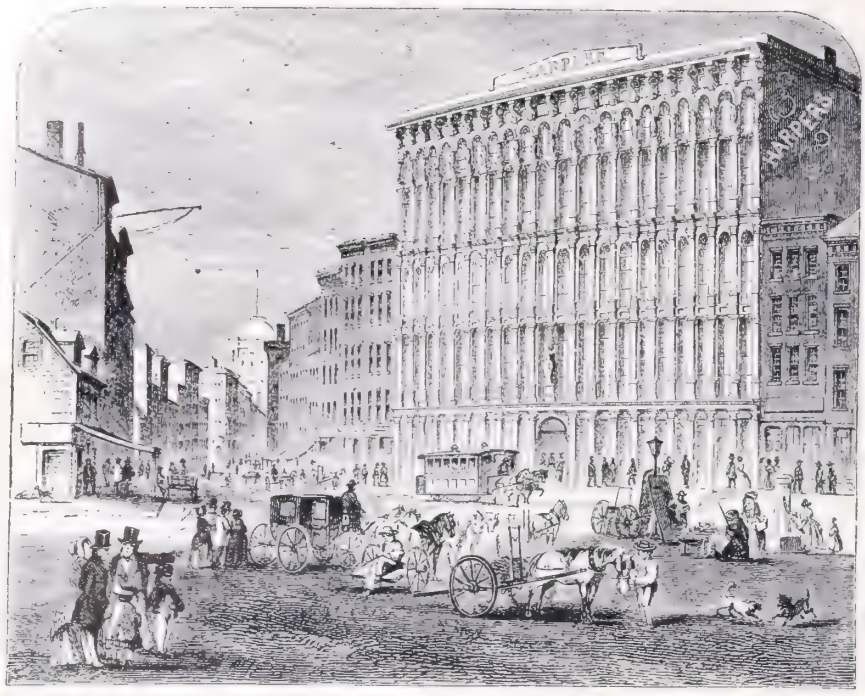
And what would they put in this magazine? Obviously, the best English novels of the day, in serial form. The great Victorian novelists were then in their heyday. The successive works of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, and other major English writers were gobbled up eagerly by an expanding American public. These wonderful story-tellers had no real rivals in the United States, where, in addition, there was a shortage of skillful journalists and men of letters generally. There was, of course, the New England group—Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes—but with the exception of Longfellow they were either still little known outside New England or were, in our modern phrase, pretty highbrow for the majority of literate American readers. So naturally it was decided that *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* would concentrate on reprinting English novels month by month, and also reprint the best English articles and stories. The Magazine would be, as the professors of literature say, "eclectic"—which means, in ruder parlance, that it would lift things from a lot of sources.

And so, unassumingly, *Harper's Magazine* began in June 1850—as a tender to the business of Harper & Brothers and as an eclectic journal: let us say as a sort of *Reader's Digest* of its day.

What made the founding of the Magazine an important event was not the original motive behind it but something else—the character and quality of the men behind it, and what they and others subsequently made of it.

II

THE careers of the four Harper brothers—James, John, Joseph Wesley, and Fletcher—would have delighted Horatio Alger. These men were the sons of a hard-working farmer who lived in the outskirts of what, at the beginning of the last century, was the village of Brooklyn. Their schooling was limited. James Harper, the eldest of them, began work as a printer's apprentice in New York City in 1810 at the age of six-



The Old Harper & Brothers Building, Franklin Square

Designed by James Bogardus in 1854, this iron-and-glass structure was a landmark in American architecture.

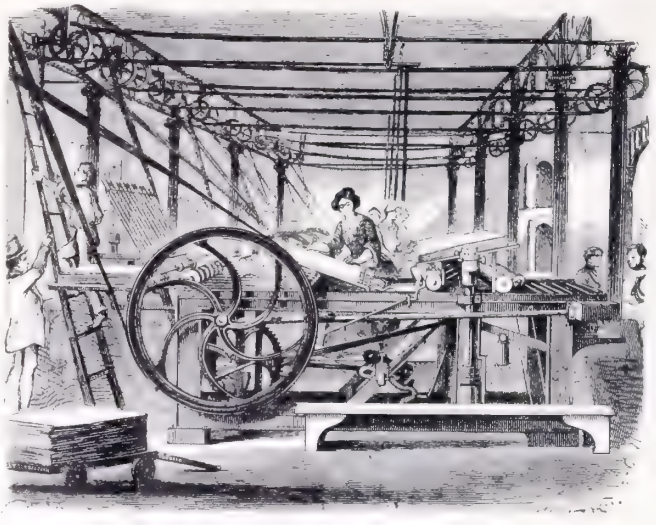
younger brothers, Wesley and Fletcher, grew up, they took them too into the growing shop. Before long J. & J. Harper became Harper & Brothers. And as time went by, its business expanded mightily.

Incidentally, there is one story of those early days which has always pleased us. For a time, the power to run the presses was provided by a fine white horse which was harnessed to a beam projecting from a vertical shaft, which revolved; by a system of gears the motion of this shaft was translated into power for the presses. Every day, from seven o'clock in the morning until twelve, and then from one till six, the horse walked round and round the vertical shaft. At last he grew old and was retired to a farm to enjoy a leisurely old age. For a few days he pranced light-heartedly about the fields. But then, it seems, he began to feel that sense of frustration which often afflicts the elderly. At any rate, one morning at seven the old horse heard a factory whistle blow, left his shed, went out to the middle of the field where there was a large tree, and duti-

teen. And when he arrived in the city to start his career, he did so—this is a fine Alger touch—by crossing from Brooklyn *in a rowboat.*

As an apprentice, and then as a wage-earning employee, James Harper worked hard and long at a hand press; Thurlow Weed, who later became noted in politics, used to labor alongside him in those days, and testified that at the end of the regular ten-hour stint young Harper would say, "Let's just break the back of another token"—meaning another two hundred and fifty impressions—and they would go on for hours more. Young James lived with strict Methodist frugality and saved his pennies. And at the age of only twenty-two —about the age when college undergraduates, today, are deciding whether to try for a job with AT&T or GE or the National City Bank —he set up a little independent printing shop with his younger brother John, aged twenty. They called themselves J. & J. Harper. That very year—it was 1817—these two boys printed their first book, an edition of *Seneca's Morals,* for a local publisher. Presently they were printing more books for which they collected advance orders from book-dealers; and thus they moved rapidly into becoming publishers on their own.

They continued both to do printing jobs for others and to print and publish books for which they saw a demand; and as their



The Adams Presses which printed the Magazine in the 1850's. For* Harper's Weekly, *which had to be printed more rapidly, rotary presses were used.

(From "Making the Magazine," Harper's, *December 1865)*





Just what the Doctor Ordered

A side light on the American meat industry

He really doesn't want a *whole* critter on the hoof—not that he wouldn't like to convert him into steaks and roasts for his home freezer.

What "Doc" does want are certain parts of the steer that *ain't eatin' meat.* In the meat industry they call them by-products.

Altogether the doctor has available more than 50 products of meat animal origin, including insulin, thyroid, liver extract, surgical sutures, hormones—and he's looking forward to several new "wonder drugs" that are still in the research stage.

Making these products generally available is no small order. The pancreas glands of 1,500 cattle or 7,500 pigs, for example, are required to make one ounce of insulin.

The only practical way of saving these millions of tiny glands is provided by America's meat packing companies.

Even healthy folks, who have no need for any of the medicines of animal origin, gain by the packers' policy of saving "everything but the squeal." Saving and selling by-products helps offset a sizable share of the costs of processing the number-one product—meat.

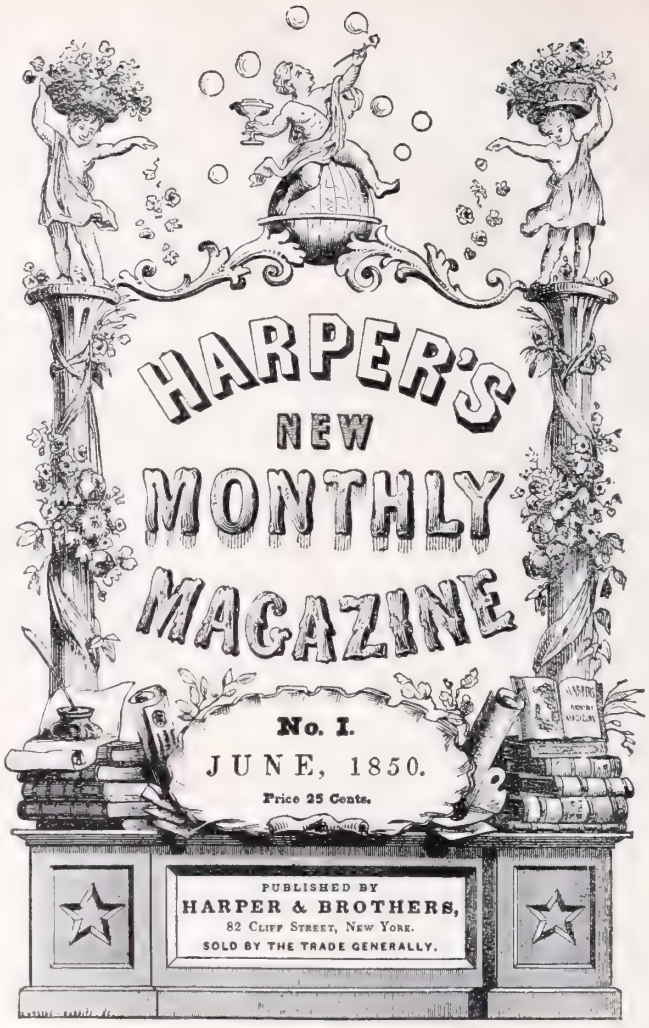
AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

fully walked round and round the tree till he heard the twelve o'clock whistle. For an hour he rested; from one o'clock till six he walked round the tree again; and this thereafter became his daily routine.

In due course the Harper presses were powered by steam, a force which cannot give any such personal demonstration of happy adjustment to habit. And the business continued to grow, until by the early eighteen-fifties its broadening operations were carried on in no less than nine five-story buildings in the vicinity of Cliff Street and Franklin Square, New York. By this time the Harper & Brothers establishment was believed to be the largest of its kind, not only in the United States, but in the world, with the German firm of Brockhaus in Leipzig standing second. It employed several hundred people, and it combined, as the Magazine said in January 1854, "all the departments of labor necessary for the production of books in their perfected form"—editing, composition, press-work, engraving, binding, storing, and selling.

It was said of the four brothers that if you asked one of them which was Harper and which were the brothers, he would say, "Either one is Harper, the rest are the brothers." They worked as an effective, smooth-running team. James, the eldest, looked after the mechanical end of the business; John, the financial end; Wesley looked after the proofs and corresponded with authors; Fletcher, the youngest, who at first was in charge of the composing room, later became the chief publishing idea-man, and when the firm went in for magazine publishing, became the driving journalistic force behind the new venture. The four men occupied desks in the counting room, and when a problem of policy came up, they would gather round John's desk to decide it. Their method was simple: one veto was enough to kill a proposal. This method has not always worked in the affairs of the United Nations, where the members of the Security Council have been noticeably not brothers; but on Cliff Street it served very well indeed.

Two quite different episodes give us glimpses of the character and standing of these men. The first was the election of James Harper as Mayor of New York in 1844. James had never been in politics, but at a time when the young city was having



Cover of the First Issue

acute growing pains he was nominated and elected. He served only one term of one year; but during that year he set up for the first time a uniformed police force for New York (who had copper buttons and hence came to be known as "cops"); he also set up for the first time a contract street-cleaning service; cattle were forbidden to be driven below Fourteenth Street; and swine were excluded from the public thoroughfares. From that list of James Harper's chief reforms one gets a sudden sense of the semi-rural primitiveness of the largest American city in the eighteen-forties. But one also gets a sense of the prestige and public admiration that James Harper, the farmer's son, had already won, and of the energy and public spirit which he applied to his new job as Mayor.

The other episode was a disastrous fire which broke out in the Harper & Brothers print shop on Saturday, December 10, 1853, and in an incredibly short time had reduced the entire Harper plant to ruins. Such a terrific fire had not been seen for a long time



Harper's Magazine and New York Life both moved westward with America.

Harper's, then, as now, a powerful and influential journal of literate opinion, reported the great migration ably and faithfully to its readers.

New York Life insurance policies went along with the pioneers to "secure to their families or friends some resource in case of accidents . . ."

By 1859, the year the poster above was circulated, the Company was proud of its "14 years standing" and its "accumulated capital" in the amount of one million, six hundred thousand dollars.

Now, in its 106th year, New York Life has in force, throughout the entire nation, close to four million policies protecting families, individuals and businesses.

And now, as in the perilous pioneering days of a century ago, New York Life is still helping the people of a growing nation plan ahead, build for the security of their families and maintain the spirit of personal independence that is one of their proudest heritages.



NEW YORK LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

A mutual company founded in 1845
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

in New York; people by the scores of thousands collected to watch it; the glowing heat was so fierce that firemen, across Franklin Square from it, had to set up doors on end upon the sidewalk to shield themselves while they trained against the fire their inadequate streams of water. That evening the four brothers met at the house of one of them to decide what to do. The loss would come to over a million dollars; their insurance amounted to only $200,000. Nevertheless they decided to go right on—and to rebuild at once. The January issue of *Harper's Magazine* had been on the press, and everything was gone—plates, proofs, copy, everything. They wired to the contributors to rush them fresh duplicate copy, they farmed out the printing to other shops, and by superhuman efforts they produced the January issue scarcely a fortnight late—on January 10. It might be added that they simultaneously farmed out their book-manufacturing to printers as far west as Buffalo and Cincinnati; and also that when they rebuilt the plant, what they constructed was a building of iron and glass which in recent years has been called by students of architecture one of the pioneer precursors of modern functional design.



"Editorial Counsel"

Henry Mills Alden rejecting a manuscript in his tiny office in the Franklin Square building.

(From "Fifty Years of Harper's Magazine," Harper's, *May 1900)*

It makes one proud to know that the enterprise for which one works was set in motion by men who combined independence, thrift, and industrial imagination with such a bold refusal to accept defeat and such a forward-looking spirit.

III

ANOTHER thing made the founding of *Harper's Magazine* important—and this is the way in which it evolved. The unassuming venture of 1850 was an immediate success; within six months it had a circulation of 50,000 copies, which in those days was a very creditable figure. Almost at once Fletcher Harper and his editor, Henry J. Raymond, began to change the character of the Magazine and to broaden its scope. Along with such distinguished English serials as Dickens' *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*, Thackeray's *The Newcomes* and *The Virginians*, Trollope's *Orley Farm* and *Small House at Allington*, they began to publish more and more American articles and stories, and thus made the Magazine not only a showplace for English fiction but a mirror of American life and ideas as well.

In short, *Harper's* rapidly transformed itself into a popular American magazine with a wide variety of subject matter and something approaching a national audience. To us today, those early issues, with cherubs blowing bubbles on the pale tan cover, with some 160 pages packed with small print, and with no advertising except for announcements of the books of Harper & Brothers, look both quaint and a little formidable. But to a family in a steepled town on the Erie Canal, or on a remote Ohio farm, the Magazine was a welcome messenger from the great world, bringing information and ideas and entertainment to be devoured eagerly beside the open fireplace or the Franklin stove of an evening, by the light of a whale-oil lamp. Now they could learn about life in the Balkans, about



WALL STREET IN 1850—Courtesy New York Public Library

How 100 years proved that "Vision is Indispensable to Progress"

Jenny Lind was a sensation at the Castle Garden . . . California was admitted as a State . . . and in 1850 the U.S. entered 100 years of the greatest social and industrial progress since the dawn of time.

What sparked this swelling forward surge?

—A free way of living that encourages human initiative, ambition and progress . . . hard-working people who do a good day's work for a good day's pay . . . thrifty people who invest their savings to help industry grow . . . and men with vision, courage and management ability.

Broad highways and shining ribbons of steel rails—busy seaports and humming factories—apartment houses and skyscrapers—washing machines and television—higher wages and more leisure time . . . these are only part of the score chalked up.

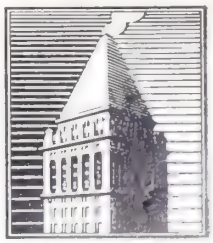
Many businesses play a role in America's progress, including the country's competitive banks under private management. In 100 years the number of banks has grown from 824 to 14,700, deposits from $146-million to $163-*billion*, loans from $364-million to $52-*billion*. Farmer, policeman, business man—the banks serve everyone.

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"Vacation Capital of the Nation"





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For Atlantic City's Blue Book and 1950 Color Folder
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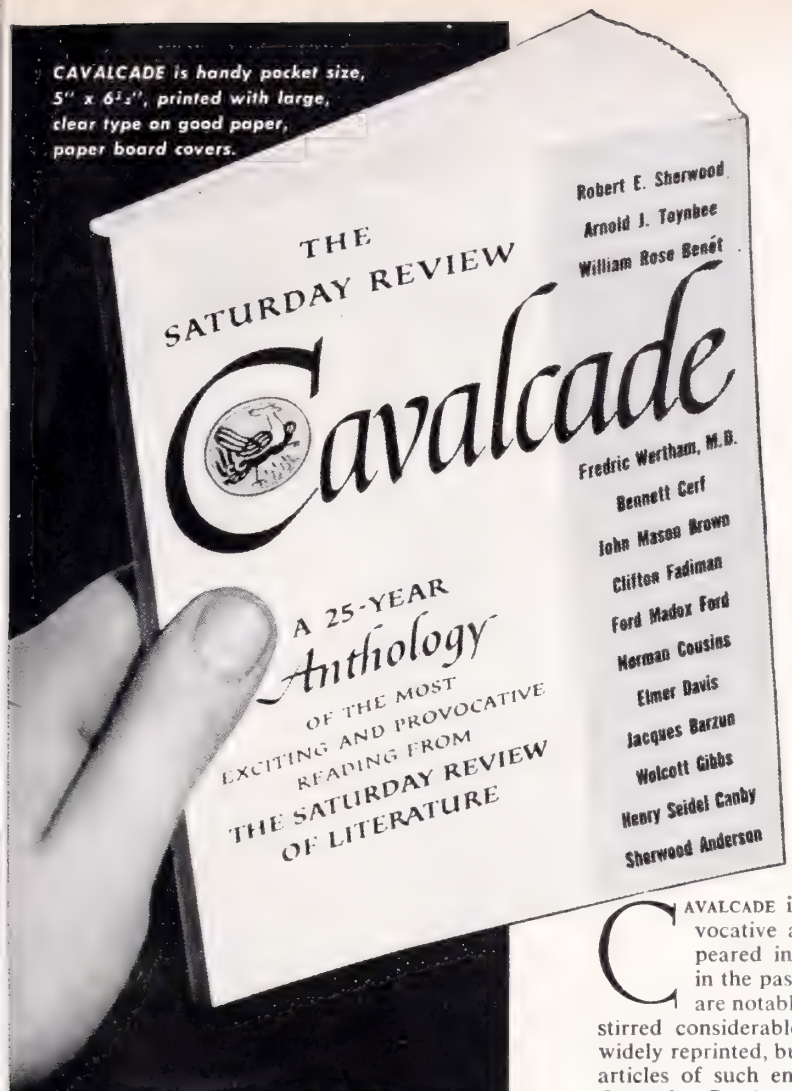
how cotton is grown and manufactured, about elephant-hunting in Ceylon, about the Baltimore & Ohio's remarkable railroad line over the Allegheny Mountains; and get a digest of recent world events, along with reviews of important current books, and of course the wonderful English serial novels. For the first time, the United States had what might reasonably be called a general national monthly magazine.

DURING those pioneer years it had been Fletcher Harper who had been the real animating force of the Magazine; Henry J. Raymond (who later founded the *New York Times*) and Alfred H. Guernsey had been nominally the first and second editors, but they might have been more aptly described as Fletcher Harper's able assistants. However, only a few years after young Henry Mills Alden became the editor in 1869, the full weight of responsibility fell upon him with the death of Fletcher Harper; and it was Alden who was chiefly responsible for the growing dignity, distinction, maturity, and range of *Harper's* during the later years of the nineteenth century.

Those were the years when it drew upon the talents of such men as the artists and illustrators Edwin A. Abbey, Howard Pyle, and Frederic Remington; the English novelists George Eliot and Thomas Hardy—and George du Maurier, whose *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson* ran serially in the Magazine; the American novelists and story-writers Henry James, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Stephen Crane, Richard Harding Davis; and a profusion of article-writers of eminence in a dozen different fields. In that golden age of what we now think of as the old-fashioned family magazine, illustrated with exquisite line engravings, *Harper's* was rivaled for pre-eminence only by the younger *Century* and the still younger *Scribner's*—with the *Atlantic Monthly* as a somewhat more austere competitor for place on the library tables of the solid and respectable citizenry from coast to coast.

Alden, who was the editor of *Harper's* in those days—and for a long time thereafter, for his term of service, believe it or not, reached from 1869 to 1919, a full fifty years—

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Inaugural Parade by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
"Roosevelt and Hopkins" by ELMER DAVIS
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was an extraordinary figure. He had magnificent, deep-sunk eyes and he wore a nineteenth-century full beard. He occupied a tiny office, just large enough to hold his desk and chair, and huge piles of manuscripts, and a small chair for one caller. He was a poet, and a man of sensitive and discriminating taste; one should add that he was a gentleman, for one should emphasize the fastidiousness and attention to propriety that characterized *Harper's* and its leading rivals during those gilded decades and brown decades. These magazines were edited for ladies and gentlemen of either means or intellectual interests, or preferably both. In other words, they were aimed definitely at an upper class of refined tastes. From time to time they dealt with the question of poverty in the United States, but the tone was likely to be, unconsciously, the tone of an aristocrat reminding other aristocrats of the regrettable conditions among the unfortunate if picturesque members of the lower orders, people for whose unhappy state they had a measure of responsibility, but who were quite foreign to them.

The distinction of these magazines was a great national asset. Nobody can measure the educational value, to hundred of thousands of Americans, of the *Harper's* of that day. Yet its remoteness from the everyday interests of the rank-and-file was to prove a liability; for times were changing.

IV

During the eighteen-nineties and the early nineteen hundreds, there was a revolution in the magazine publishing industry. A number of publishers were discovering a new mass market, to be exploited with the aid of national advertising on a new and expanding scale. Frank A. Munsey and S. S. McClure discovered that if you lowered the price of a magazine and substituted for the dignified and genteel material in the leading magazines of the nineteenth century a diet of material less discreet, less literary, and more popular, you could enlarge your sale and attract big advertising; and Edward Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and George Horace Lorimer of the *Saturday Evening Post* applied this new lesson on an unprecedented scale. One might say that these pioneers of mass journalism had discovered the middle class. It might be truer to say that they had discovered the average twentieth-century American—unintellectual and often half-educated, but wide-awake, intelligent, confident, and ready to spend his money freely.

Many of the magazines of that period of change were sensational, vulgar, and venal. Even the best of the new monsters of journalism lacked the intellectual and cultural distinction that *Harper's* and *Scribner's* and the *Century* still possessed. But the newcomers were vital; they succeeded; and in due course their revenues from national advertising were so huge that they could afford to buy the most successful authors and artists away from the older leaders. The handwriting was on the wall; these old-style magazines must revitalize and humanize themselves or die.

Over the next generation many of them died—the *Century*, the *World's Work*, *Scribner's*, the *Forum*, the *Review of Reviews*. *Harper's* was saved when in 1925 Thomas Bucklin Wells, the bold and forthright editor who had succeeded Henry Mills Alden in 1919, made a daring move. Wells realized that because of the change that had taken place in the American scene it was no longer practical to appeal to a class or group that was supposed to combine wealth, discrimination, and literary taste. He realized that wealth, or at least the capacity to spend money for nationally advertised products, had now become so widespread that those who possessed it were in a great many cases quite satisfied with the journalistic fare provided by the mass-circulation magazines; and that the only way to win a loyal public for a periodical with more exacting standards was to aim it at a somewhat different though overlapping public—to thoughtful and discriminating people, of whatever income bracket, who appreciated fine quality, felt a deep sense of responsibility for the general national well-being, and possessed genuine intellectual curiosity. He pulled the illustrations out of *Harper's*, put it in a plain brick-orange cover, and went in for a new program focused upon human, energetic, and often controversial articles on the burning issues of the day.

One should not overemphasize the change which took place in *Harper's* in 1925; for to go through the old bound volumes of the magazine is to be impressed by the continuity which characterizes them. In the eighteen-fifties and -sixties, Fletcher Harper was producing a popular family magazine, aimed at a pretty large common denominator of American readership. In the latter decades of the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth, Henry Mills Alden was producing a select magazine for respectable and well-to-do gentlefolk of nice tastes. After the change which took place in 1925, Thomas B. Wells was pointing the Magazine less toward well-to-do gentlefolk than toward readers who combined brains and taste with a concern over public affairs. Yet in a real sense all three men were really aiming at the same people. The essential difference was not so much between the three policies as between the times in which they were applied.

Fletcher Harper was working in a time when the American people were scattered, communications were slow and haphazard, good reading matter was scarce, and there were no media of mass entertainment. Alden was working in a time when there was a better chance to select one's reading matter, and when the ugliness and barbarity of an untamed industrialism were so appalling that most well-to-do people shrank away from it; if in those days you had money, you built yourself a French château or an Italian villa or an English country house, filled it with imported *objets d'art*, and hoped that no hideous factory was visible from its well-trimmed lawn. You might get your money from factories, but you knew that they had nothing to do with culture, which was remote both from money-making and from the untutored masses of the American people. Tom Wells was editing in a day when democracy was expanding fast, when the automobile and the movies had demonstrated, and the radio was beginning to demonstrate, that mass education and mass production could take millions of people out of what had been con-



Photography and Harper's

are just about the same age. But, until George Eastman developed the small, easy-to-use camera and the roll film for it, photography was largely in the hands of a few professionals.

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SUPPOSE we don't try to put in words what happens with your first taste of this great whiskey. Instead, do this . . . Imagine you have started with the basically finest whiskey ever made in old Kentucky . . . Then you have waited for 6 full, round years to ripen it slowly, perfectly . . . Then take from your memory the finest-tasting whiskey you have ever known and imagine one still silkier, still mellower, still smoother. Do all these things . . . and *then* taste Old Charter!

OLD CHARTER

KENTUCKY'S FINEST
STRAIGHT BOURBON

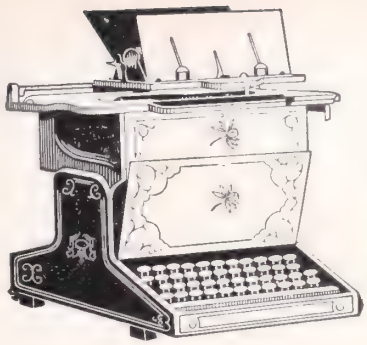
6 YEARS OLD

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 6 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

sidered the humdrum world of poverty; when opportunity was becoming so widespread that a taste for things of high quality had become less a matter of income status than a matter of personal temperament. The Magazine had changed less than its surroundings.

But it did put on a new dress; and just as a new dress can suddenly transform a woman, so *Harper's* seemed suddenly to have been renovated and modernized. And it took a new lease on life.

IT HAD a further advantage now. For since the days of the four Harper brothers, their publishing firm had gone through an interesting development. In the late nineteenth century it had more fully integrated itself, until it was not only printing and publishing books, but printing and publishing *Harper's Magazine* plus *Harper's Weekly* plus a fashion magazine, *Harper's Bazar,* plus a boys' and girls' magazine called first *Harper's Young People* and then *Harper's Round Table.* But an operation so big and also so varied and complex proved to be more than the successors of the four Harper brothers could cope with successfully; and after the depression of the eighteen-nineties the firm ran into financial trouble. It was learning what many other integrated concerns have learned to their cost: that it takes an uncommonly versatile management to be able to supervise a lot of quite different operations successfully. Harper & Brothers was rescued from bankruptcy only by the timely intervention of the master of Wall Street, J. Pierpont Morgan. And in the years that followed, it not only scrupulously saved every possible penny but also drastically de-integrated itself—if one may use such a barbarous term. What it did was to abandon—as many another corporation has had to abandon—what had become excess baggage, and to concentrate upon what the management best knew how to do. *Harper's Round Table* had already been abandoned. *Harper's Bazar* was sold to Hearst (who added another *a* to its name and made it a prosperous property). *Harper's Weekly* likewise was sold (and presently perished). Even the printing plant was abandoned. And so well did the stripped-down operation suc-



76 years ago

Mark Twain wrote this letter

on a Remington Model 1 Typewriter

BJUYT KIOM M LKJHGFOSA:QWERTYUIOP:,8088C2G6W R-

HARTFORD, DEC. 9,

DEAR BROTHER:
I AM TRYING T TO GET THE HANG OF THIS NEW F FANGLED WRITING MACHINE, BUT AM NOT MAKING A SHINING SUCCESS OF IT. HOWEVER THIS IS THE FIRST ATTEMPT I EVER HAVE MADE, & YET I PERCEIVETHAT I SHALL SOON & EASILY ACQUIRE A FINE FACILITY IN ITS USE. I SAW THE THING IN BOSTON THE OTHER DAY & WAS GREATLY TAKEN WIHTH IT. SUSIE HAS STRUCK THE KEYS ONCE OR TWICE, &NO DOUBT HAS PRINTED SOME LETTERS WHICH DO NOT BELONG WHERE SHE PUT THEM.
THE HAVING BEEN A COMPOSITOR IS LIKELY TO BE A GREAT HELP TO ME,SINCE O NE CHIEFLY NEEDS SWIFTNESS IN BANGING THE KEYS.THE MACHINE COSTS 125 DOLLARS.THE MACHINE HAS SEVERAL VIRTUES I BELIEVE IT WILL PRINT FASTER THAN I CAN WRITE. ONE MAY LEAN BACK IN HIS CHAIR & WORK IT. IT PILES AN AWFUL STACK OF WORDS ON ONE PAGE. IT DONT MUSS THINGS OR SCATTER INK BLOTS AROUND. OF COURSE IT SAVES PAPER.

SUSIE IS GONE,
NOW, & I FANCY I SHALL MAKE BETTER PROGRESS. WORKING THIS TYPEWRITER REMINDS ME OF OLD ROBERT BUCHANAN,WHO, YOU REMEMBER, USED TO SET UP ARTICLES AT THE CASE WITHOUT PREVIOUSLY PUTTING THEM IN THE FORM OF MANUSCRIPT.I WAS LOST IN ADMIRATION OF SUCH MARVELOUS INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY.

LOVE TO MOLLIE.
YOUR BROTHER,
SAM.

(The Susie he mentions was his young niece.)

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"What can Palmer training give me? I asked myself six months ago. Answer: Already I've sold to *Coronet, Reader's Digest* and others."—Mrs. Katherine Benion, Milton, Pa.

You Write While Learning

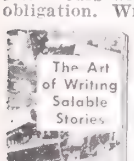
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ONE HUNDRED YEARS

ceed that by the early nineteen-twenties the firm was ready to be reorganized and set on its own feet.

In the reorganization, the control of Harper & Brothers came into the hands of Thomas B. Wells, the editor of *Harper's Magazine,* and his friends; the Morgan interest was reduced to a block of non-voting stock, which in a few years was retired; and the financial showing of Harper & Brothers continued to be so good that the rejuvenated Magazine now enjoyed a most reassuring backing. Meanwhile the firm had left the old Franklin Square building in 1923 and had moved uptown to the more salubrious air of Thirty-third Street, where it entered a new phase of carefully planned and continuing growth.

Since those days there have been many changes of one sort or another in *Harper's Magazine*—of personnel, of format, of size, and of editorial emphasis. Wells, retiring in 1931, was succeeded as editor by the sagacious and versatile Lee Foster Hartman, on whose death in 1941 the present editor took over. (Any account of the Magazine during the past quarter-century should also mention two remarkable assistants—Virginia Watson, an incredibly rapid and knowledgeable reader and copy-editor, and George R. Leighton, whose zest for remorseless reporting was contagious.) The Magazine is now once more illustrated, though only with line drawings; it is a little larger in the era of the striped cover than in the era of the brick-orange cover. But one who has worked on its staff uninterruptedly for over twenty-five years can testify that its basic aims have remained constant.

V

THESE aims have already been summarized in the magazine itself, in a report of an address written by the present editor when *Harper's* was awarded a medal for distinguished service in journalism at the University of Missouri in 1945; but perhaps they will bear re-stating in this Centennial Number.

First, of course, the magazine must be interesting — interesting enough, at least, to hold its subscribers and newsstand buyers and find new ones. This is a sort of pre-



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liminary objective, a *sine qua non* for any publication that hopes to be able to pay its bills. But in the case of *Harper's Magazine* we interpret it in a special way. We make no effort to limit the magazine to material which will appeal to the millions of people who, whatever their merits, either do not really know how to read or do not care to make the effort, whose interest in the realities of the present-day world is only casual or superficial, and who are indifferent to distinction of thought and expression. We deliberately edit for a minority of educated—though not necessarily formally educated—people, intelligent people, responsible people, whom our promotion department, not without reason, refers to as the real leaders of America. At present our circulation is about 160,000; that is a practically microscopic figure when set alongside the circulations of the monster slicks and digests. But it includes so many people who write, speak, teach, edit, manage, and govern that we may perhaps be permitted to remind you that the ignition system is a very small part of an automobile.

(2) ***A monthly magazine, we believe, should provide news, in the widest sense***—more selective, more considered, and more concentratedly illuminating than the newspaper or even the news weekly can ordinarily provide; far more timely than books ordinarily can offer.

(3) ***It should provide interpretation and discussion of the important issues before the public***—more thorough than a newspaper can provide, but less demanding of sustained, specialized interest than a book. This discussion should be honest, searching, independent, disinterested, and aimed at serving the general public interest: no special pleading, no pressure-group stuff, no axe-grinding, no kowtowing to any private interest or power, no evasion of the uncomfortable fact. We live today in an all-too-organized world of mighty governments, corporations, institutions, associations, parties, and blocs, each with its own publicity machine; wearing its own blinders to all that does not serve its own special ends. Wise public policy is not likely to result from taking a decibel count of the uproar made by this and that lobby in Washington. Some places



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there must be where the general interest, as contrasted with each and all of these special interests, can have a hearing; where the attempt is made to balance and adjust their conflicting claims. This, we think, is a job for the independent magazine. It should be just as far-sighted as possible. And it should try to make, now and then, at least an approach to wisdom.

(4) ***The magazine should provide a platform for original and inventive thinkers,*** for voices crying in the wilderness, for really creative ideas wherever they may be found. We live also in a period when there is a gradually increasing growth of staff-written magazines, each of which must, almost of necessity, keep its columns closed to ideas which do not fit its own explicit policy. Under such circumstances it is not only the general as against the special interest, but also the unorganized individual who should have a platform. It seems to us to be one of the functions of the independent monthly magazine to give him a place where he can speak his mind. That is one of the reasons why we at *Harper's* scan eagerly the manuscripts which flood into our office at the rate of seventy or eighty per working day. We are looking for the seminal idea, the objective judgment on the trend of things, the air-clearing outburst of indignation, which will suddenly throw everything about us into a new perspective—and which is as likely as not to come from some individual who sits all by himself, unorganized, unrecognized, unorthodox, and unterrified.

And (5) ***likewise the magazine should provide a vehicle for the artist in literature***—in fiction, in poetry, in the essay, in whatever form he may invent, within the limits of space available.

Those five aims—one merely preliminary, the others positive—seem to us worth while, for our own magazine and for others too. They are the aims toward which we grope—forever beset, needless to say, by a sense of our shortcomings.

Even when we editors feel, ourselves, that what we have printed is well worth public attention, there is always somebody who will attack us savagely for having printed it. We are called, from time to time, New Dealers, Fair Dealers, fascists, reactionaries, visionaries, Communists, red-baiters, apologists for Wall Street, or victims of the unscrupulous propaganda of this outfit or that. Sometimes the thought occurs to us that perhaps we are idiots not to realize that a magazine is just a commodity, and that we could probably sell more copies if we just made everything short, easy, inoffensive, and trivial; if we never let anybody criticize in our columns anything that had more friends than the man-eating shark, and never tackled any subject which required more concentration than an ill-educated reader can summon up at his most scatter-brained moments. But we think that the sort of independent interpretation and discussion that we try to provide is acutely needed in the United States today.

It may be that no magazine which honestly tries to head for the goals that we have been defining can ever attract readers in vast numbers. It may be that even in Utopia the great majority of men and women will rather watch a television show than enjoy brilliant writing, however readable, or follow the tough logic of an article on "The Mirage of Pensions" or "Science, Secrecy, Security." But it is helpful nevertheless, we believe, if this tough logic comes home to what may be called the leaven of democracy—to those well-informed, clear-headed, thoughtful, public-spirited, and civilized men and women who, serving some as recognized leaders and others, however obscure, as a sort of balance-of-power element in the struggles between organized groups, are ready to think for themselves and act as that thinking directs them. And we believe that whoever serves those people serves America.

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Hardy Centennials

PHILIP HAMBURGER

(An imaginary glance at the manner in which several periodicals might conceivably celebrate their hundredth birthday, if they were old enough.

***From the back cover of the* Reader's Digest**

Your firm faith is our firm faith. Out of 12,384,179 Centennial congratulatory messages we have chosen three as representative. They speak louder than anything we might say in our behalf. For they come from the heart and they give us the courage to go forward.

The inspiration in your recent article "Hamsters: Tiny Pasteurs" made me break open my pig bank and buy a hamster and become a scientist. I hope you live to be 500 years old!

Master J. W. S. (aged 4)
Phichit, Siam

Greetings from far-off Vanua Levu! You would not believe the excitement that crosses the island when the monthly packet of the Fiji edition of the *Digest* arrives! Men, women, and children plunge into the sea to reach the ship carrying its precious cargo. Like happy porpoises, they swim back to shore with their copies, and seated for miles along the beach thumb feverishly through the articles of lasting interest. Congratulations!

Mrs. H. R. B.
"The Reefs," Nanduri

I live, and have lived for the past forty-three years, in a tree house near Rahway, New Jersey. I am The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met. Nothing could ever make me come down from my house except the *Digest*, and once a month I go to Rahway and buy a copy. You have no idea what a morale builder it has been, and I feel as though the whole world passes through my tree. Carry on!

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RFD 2, Rahway, New Jersey



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HARDY CENTENNIALS

Any one of a number of Western magazines

Well, hombres and hombresses, we've hit the century mark. Many a long, lonesome trail we've crossed together. Muchos cactus, muchos roundups! We wish all you Range Pals could have been with us the night we reached the watering hole known as "One Hundred." Old Sol had just dipped his big nose over the edge of the mesa, and the prairie grass was alive with purple fire. It sure was pretty. The cattle down in Hopalong Glen sensed something was up. We could hear 'em stomping about, tense and restless. You know, them critters *know*. It's a fourth sense. As for the hosses—well, the corral was as nervous as that stuttering cowhand we told you about last month who married the ranch owner's daughter. (Some folks think that's the best story we ever did print, and we are grateful for their comments. Remember, pards, if you write, ALWAYS ENCLOSE A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE.)

To get back to the Big Night, we moseyed down to the corral. Which hoss should we take? There was Daisy May, who'd been in the Gulch Fight and held the lantern in her teeth while we took out Prospector Sam's appendix with a pen knife, but Daisy May, bless every shank, looked tired. There was Firebrand, who carried the mail that time, hidden in his mouth, but he looked tired, too.

Well, we picked Pretty, a newcomer, but every inch a hoss, saddled her, and rode off into the night, to the Watering Hole. You could cut the silence with a bowie knife. No sound but a far-off coyote scream, and a hoot owl hootin', and crickets chirpin', and from somewhere up in the hills an old brave lettin' loose with a war whoop. It was spooky in the silence, alone with Pretty and our thoughts. The more we sat and thought the harder it became to think and when the dawn peeped up we hadn't thought of anything. Pretty whinnied for her grub and we headed back to the ranch. Guess every fellow has one experience in his life that sticks out all over his memory, like a rattler in a washtub, but that night was the most heart-warming and impressive tribute to

the glory of the West, Old or New, we ever heard about in fact or fiction.

Adios, amigos. Hasta la vista!

***From the Milestones Department of* Time**

Celebrated. TIME, Grand Old Man of the newsweeklies, its one hundredth birthday, for the first time, with modest staff party at Westchester's Westchester Biltmore Club. TIME employees ate peanuts, popcorn, shrimps-on-sticks; reminisced (*see* PRESS); watched Rockettes, imported for occasion; watched Senior Editors in costume pageant: "TIME, the Weekly Newsmagazine" (*see* THEATER); watched special screening of March of Time's latest short: "Yale" (*see* CINEMA); heard eighty-minute speech by Thomas E. Dewey (*see* FOREIGN AFFAIRS). Concluded deeply-moved Timelder statesman Henry Robinson Luce: "Said TIME in pre-birth prospectus: 'The world is round.' Says TIME today: 'The world is round.'" (*See* SCIENCE).

The New Yorker

THE OPTIMIST

Pop: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

Johnny: What is an optimist, Pop?

Vogue

We look back—and gasp. Not a real gasp, but a tiny muffled gasp, almost a sigh. What has become of the eyebrow? We have watched the century unfold like a brutish crinoline accordion: T.R. and the Big Stick . . . Normalcy . . . Sulfa . . . Neutrons . . . Protons . . . Valentina . . . The Bomb . . . Cyclotrons . . . and the eyebrow! Once real . . . a thing of beauty . . . lending distinction to character . . . thin palette of "naturalness" . . . one's *own*. . . . Its disappearance has been subtle as silk, soft and silent as hand lotion. Skirt lengths vary in annual and semi-annual confusion . . . tumble and rise again; hips sit tight . . . become loose; materials are in flux (don't let your mind even *dwell* on pre-Cold-War days). But the eyebrow? Always a steady course toward volun-

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tary *necessary* extinction . . . and so . . . the eyebrow is gone. Do we mourn? A thousand taffetaed cries of No!

Partisan Review

If we were to leave behind for a moment the problem of *being* one hundred, and dwell upon the problem of *feeling* one hundred—the dominant preoccupation in an age predominantly occupied—we will find, no doubt, in the mystically identical remark of Eliot, Cocteau, Vaihinger, William James, Proudhon, Broadwater, Maritain, Bernanon, Kierkegaard, and Kafka, that *"Rien est tout et tout est rien."* Merely by way of concaving the convex, it follows that *"Tout est tout"* and *"Rien est rien."* Glancing at the proposition, or, in Dwight Macdonald's phrase, "Hitting it in the hipbone," it likewise becomes instantly apparent to all but the *Mitteldummköpfe* that to *feel* one hundred is quite another kettle than *being* one hundred. *"Rien est tout et tout est rien."* Good enough. But good enough for whom? And, *if* good enough, *why* good enough? There is, too, the problem of clarity of expression, and its triplets: style, *Geist,* and content. Our confusion in the matter of the matter is related to the larger confusion—perhaps the universal confusion—and not since Henry James raised his umbrella to a lowering London sky, and cried out, "Looks like *rien* to me," have the clouds been more ominous, or what would appear to be more ominous.

Any one of a number of love story magazines

Love is an eternal thing, and being one hundred is not one bit different from being sixteen, or thirty, or even fifty.

We are not going to pat ourself on the back but merely tell a story of beautiful old age and what it can mean to you. We like this story so much that we call it "Your Story"—and here it is:

Mildred de Prier did not look her age. As she sat in the walnut-paneled living room and looked out one of the windows at the gathering dusk of New York, she delicately balanced her cocktail glass on one knee.

Mildred could not restrain a feeling of being pleased with herself. Here she was, a milliner's assistant from Scranton, Pennsylvania, who had come to New York eighty-four years ago to earn her living, now drinking cocktails at one of the famous soirees of Harry Fanson, the celebrated horse breeder and *bon vivant.* For more years than she cared to remember she had heard the fabulous tales of Harry Fanson: of his munificent charities; of his escapades with the Crowned Heads of Europe; of his cabin cruiser *Sen Sen;* and of his basic, gnawing loneliness.

It was a watchword among the girls in her "set" that the girl who caught Harry Fanson would have all the material comforts that one could desire, but she would also have her troubles. Harry Fanson's name had been linked romantically with literally hundreds of beautiful women, from the days of the Lincoln Adminstration until today.

Mildred shot a quick glance across the room, through the hubbub of sophisticated chit-chat and over the blue haze of smoke and the steady clink-clink of cocktail glass against cocktail glass.

Far in the corner, trim in a white dinner jacket and patent leather pumps, a man was feeding a large collie a *canapé.*

Mildred de Prier sucked in her breath sharply.

"Harry Fanson," she said to herself, "I have read about you in the papers but I never thought that I would be in the same room with you. Fate—never mind how—has brought us together this evening."

Continuing her thoughts, she said, "You do not look one hundred and four years old, and I—I pride myself on the fact that I do not look as though I were secretly celebrating my one hundredth birthday tonight." How could Harry Fanson know that Mildred de Prier had vowed that when she reached one hundred she would, by hook or crook, be in a room with him?

Her reveries were interrupted by the arrival at her side of a distinguished-looking gentleman bearing a tray.

"Just *one* more," said Mildred, selecting from the heavily-laden tray an amber martini.

"You're cute," said the waiter, unabashedly winking at her.

Mildred did not know whether she should act pleased or insulted.

"Fresh!" she said, solving her dilemma.

The waiter went about his tasks. A group of merrymakers drifted over to talk with Mildred, and for several delirious moments she held her own in the conversational whirl. The talk was of books and dogs, and Mildred was on firm ground. She had a dog, and she told amusing tales of "Pup" that sent around a general laugh. A booming masculine voice suddenly interrupted her monologue.

"Do I hear talk of the species canine?" said the voice, and glancing upward, Mildred found herself staring into the cool, steel-blue eyes of Harry Fanson. Inwardly, she wilted. Outwardly, she kept her poise.

"Bow wow," she said, and Harry Fanson laughed—a long, hearty, rumbling laugh, the laugh of a man who seizes life unafraid.

"I want to talk with you," said Harry Fanson, dismissing, with a well-bred flick of his wrist, the other members of the group. Disgruntled, they wandered away.

"You may think," said Harry Fanson, "that I have merely been feeding my collie a *canapé* across this crowded room, but I spied you a full hour ago and I knew even then that we were made for each other."

"Bow wow," said Mildred, and Harry Fanson laughed that glorious laugh of his. It reminded Mildred of mountains, and the rolling ocean, and great forests of tall redwoods.

"I think there may still be time," said Harry Fanson, "to get to Tiffany's and buy a ring. Come!"

Together, they slipped away, descended in the elevator, and entered his long black limousine, which was parked outside the apartment house door. As the starched chauffeur started the car on its journey a heavy rainfall fell over the city, but Harry Fanson paid the rain no heed. He took one of Mildred's hands in his.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Bow wow," said Mildred.

"Little Bow Wow," said Harry Fanson. "I love you."

Schools and Colleges

THE schools and colleges whose announcements appear in this section all will send catalogs or further information on request. If you wish counsel on an individual problem, Harper's School Bureau will be glad to advise you from an informed and impartial viewpoint. Address Mrs. Lewis D. Bement, Director of Educational Guidance, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, 16.

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Look at the School from the Inside

IT HAS been frequently said that sometime in his career every citizen should take a turn at being a public servant of some sort, for in this way he might gain some concept of what it is like to be on the receiving end of public scrutiny. The same, I think, might be said of working in a school. The attitude that one takes away from school as a graduating pupil is a compound of sentiment, suspicion, pleasure, pride and, with luck, a little respect for learning. The parents' attitude toward school is quite different. School becomes a third force in the family, an institution that steps between parent and child, and it becomes in many adult minds a wholly unreasonable ogre that delights in making silly rules, that takes pleasure in establishing unattainable standards, and likes to make parents feel that they don't really know anything about their own offspring.

I suppose that there has always been and will always be a war between parents and schools, but it is a respectable and bloodless battle, and schools like government bureaus need criticism from the citizens to see that they do their job. But get on the inside of the school and look out at the parents, and the picture strangely changes. Parents in the eyes of the school principal and of the teacher become part of their children, because the teacher sees the child as a member of a family unit. There is a gap between parent and teacher that can only be partially bridged, not for any lack of eagerness on both sides but because there is a difference in point of view almost like that between generations,

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LOOK AT THE SCHOOL

which can never quite be reconciled.

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"Sir," she said to me (West Virginians evidently like to say "sir"), "could I see you for a minute?" I told her to come into the office. "Sir," she said again, "would you do me a favor? Would you keep this for me?"

She held out her hand and in it was a little, nickel-plated, pearl-handled Colt automatic.

"Where," I asked, "did you get that?" And in her reply was the distance between teacher and pupil, teacher and parent, but confidence at the same time.

"Why, sir," she said, "Daddy gives us each one when we're sixteen."

Get on the inside and look out. Think of the school not as a place to which children go but to which children come, not as a place to which children are sent but to which you welcome them. It looks quite different. Instead of seeing your child as the focal point of the school, if you are on the inside you see a group of human beings taking their place in a community. You see teachers as professionals with tremendous pride in their profession, and you change the aphorism to read, "Those who can, teach." And if you are a school head you struggle to solve all of the hundreds of problems of the institution (everything from plumbing to study schedules) for one single purpose, to let those who can, teach, and those who can, learn.

Schools vary as teachers and principals vary and as parents and children vary. In the days when *Harper's* was founded there was just one curriculum in all schools. It was something like this: mathematics, Latin, Greek, rhetoric, logic, the art of speaking, and perhaps philosophy. Discipline was the watchword, not only intellectual discipline, but the birch-rod kind as well. The private schools prepared boys for college (there was no college for women in the fifties) and those who could not

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

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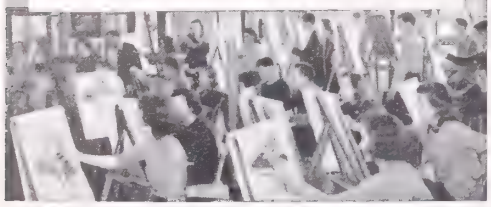
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LOOK AT THE SCHOOL

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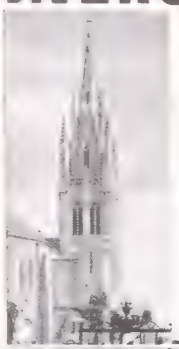
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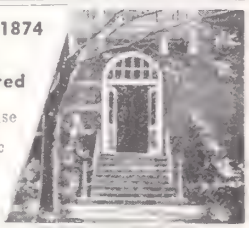
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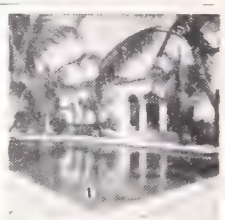
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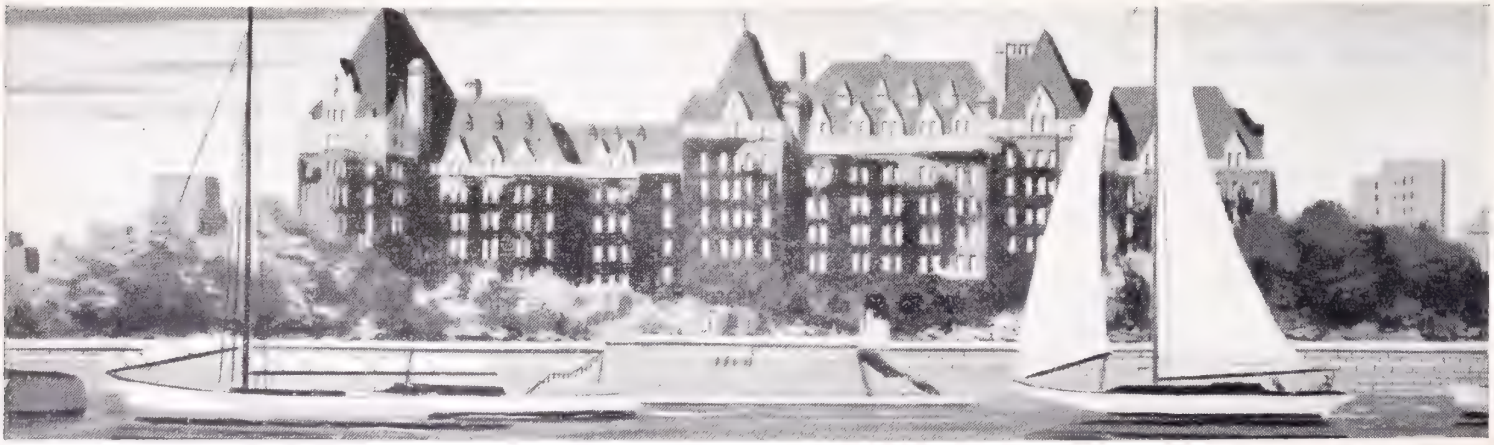
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Harper's
MAGAZINE

The Century

Bernard DeVoto

THE past, we think, was slower. The United States from 1940 to 1950 is a disc spinning so fast that we can barely cling to it or stay on our feet. But a century seems in retrospect to have moved at a measured, tranquil pace. Change in earlier days was not our master but our servant; season grew to season and the crop came to harvest. This is the visual illusion that makes a body seem to move the more slowly as we get farther away from it. History needs some such device as that by which the movies show a plant growing from slip to leaf to flower in fifty feet of film. It would correct the parallax and show that in all ten decades the motions of American society have been close to cataclysmic. We could then see for ourselves that all but one of them have been contained. . . .

East of Lake Ontario, there may have been debatable ground: which area was truly Canada, which truly the United States? But westward there was not much margin. You could move the boundary a few miles north of the 49th Parallel or a few miles south of it without encountering much difference. But only a few miles: geography, climate, the flow of rivers, the architecture of mountain ranges divided one nation from the other as if by blueprint.

Along the southern edge, as three hundred years of Spain in North America demonstrated, the margin was even narrower: one area was the United States and the other Mexico by natural fiat. Earth's creation had surveyed and staked a continental domain between the Atlantic and the Pacific, between Canada and Mexico, for a single people, a single economic system, a single political organization. One determinant of our society is that the United States is a nation which occupies a continental unit. Another one is this: the United States is an empire whose imperial and national boundaries are the same.

A minor but clear-seeing prophet said, "Disunion and Civil War are synonymous terms. The Mississippi, source and mouth,

Bernard DeVoto, historian, critic, novelist, and former teacher and editor, has appeared in Harper's *two hundred and eight times and has, for the past fifteen years, occupied the "Easy Chair." His latest book of many is* The World of Fiction.

must be controlled by one government." That was in December 1860. In December of 1862 a major prophet repeated what he had said at his inauguration: "Physically speaking we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other nor build an impassable wall between them," and added that the people of the American heartland must forever "find their way to Europe by New York, to South America and Africa by New Orleans, and to Asia by San Francisco." These men were proclaiming the necessity of economic and political unity in a unified geographical system. Thomas Jefferson had anticipated them in 1803, but so had Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, in 1682.

With an explosive heightening of energy the nation completed the occupation of its continent in a two-year period, 1846-1848. Mexico and Great Britain ceased to be illogical and irrelevant sovereignties in the American geographical system. The event brought to an end the imperial contention for the Great Valley and the Far West that had begun in the seventeenth century, if not indeed in the sixteenth. The Spanish and Russian Empires had been merely peripheral forces in this struggle but there had been a full century of conflict between the French and British Empires to possess and politically unify the American continent. By the time this struggle ended in victory for the British it had created the American empire. For the people whose representatives met in Philadelphia in 1775 and again in 1787 to make a nation were already an imperial people. As they made the nation they entered a half-century of conflict with Great Britain for the same great stake, the richest area in the world. That conflict settled itself along the lines laid down, leaving only the two illogicalities in the West that vanished before mid-century.

The attainment of our continental boundaries precipitated the crisis which gave the nation its final shape and pattern, and which made the nation and the empire the same thing. The United States into which Volume I, Number 1, of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* issued in June of 1850 was already committed to the final testing. A self-governing people had created a democratic republic: was the system strong enough and flexible enough to maintain itself in a whole continent? Could the conflicting interests, feelings, and beliefs of irrational man in society adapt themselves to the rationality of natural conditions? Was there a self-limiting contradiction within the democratic forms? Could American society govern itself in the single system that the continent demanded, or was that demand too strong for government, admittedly man's weakest capacity? Must that weakness falsify the American experience and mock the continental unity by a process of Balkanization that would produce societies smaller and illogical but within man's capacity for government? In that same June of 1850 delegates from nine Southern states met in convention at Nashville to set up an experimental test. By November, convinced that they could predict the outcome, they were proposing to declare the American experience a failure and to dissolve the United States. The proposal was both too early and too late. Between June and November the resources of the political system proved it able, through the compromise of 1850, to preserve the nation and the empire for an undetermined time. Ultimately the period proved to be ten years. Just long enough.

It was a decade of steadily growing tension, passion, and turbulence. The surface was chaotic but realities beneath the surface were shaping a demand that evasions, ambiguities, and contradictions in the society be faced and resolved. The acquisition of the West revealed the inexorable fact that the Southern political hegemony would now be extinguished. Political dictation by the minority must end and government must pass to the majority. The Southern hegemony had never had financial dominance; Southern economists were aware that their section was in fact bankrupt and the new territory confirmed their diagnosis. The section's obsolete labor system had managed to keep its economy alive by a process of exhausting soils and then abandoning them for virgin land, but the labor system could not possibly be applied to the virgin land now acquired. Finally, the unresolved contradiction and untreated disease at the core of our social system, Negro slavery, had reached the stage of fatality. Outside the South, an intense

moral horror no more to be discounted than that which our generation has felt about forced labor or genocide was now demanding that the spread of slavery be stopped short and some process of eliminating it be invented. The Southern minority responded in the tradition of dying oligarchies, by demanding absolute immunity from control and by convincing itself that financial bankruptcy, political fallacy, and embedded social evil manifested the will of God. Both sections moved toward Lincoln's conclusion that the nation could not exist half slave and half free.

One great American said that God was sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat, another that one volume of our history had closed and a new one had opened of which no man could foresee the end, a third that irresistible if unnamable influences had begun to unfold a new destiny. The spinning disc was performing its function of constantly remaking the nation. We see easily enough, today, that the political system was hardening and the cleavage in the social system deepening. But in order to get these motions in focus we need the movies' device to throw on the screen condensed images of other motions. One would show the shaded area on the population map moving constantly westward across the blank area. Another would show a web of railroads being spun east of the Mississippi; others would show the steady multiplication of factory chimneys, the increase of emigration from Europe, the increase of wealth, the increase of mechanical power. Such images reveal why, in the event, ten years were enough.

II

Our generation has twice had proved to it that sometimes final decisions have to be reached and that if they cannot be reached in any other way then they must be fought out. "Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish, and the war came." The last four words have the greatest solemnity of our history. Bernard Shaw has said that it "was more clearly than any other war of our time a war for an idea," but it was tragedy to the uttermost. In all history there are no greater ironies than these: that secession belied and repudiated the entire experience of the American people, that the South which forced the war never had a chance to win it, that the Confederacy was an anachronism as society and an unworkable fallacy as government, that if the American system had been broken the European system would have been restored.

The war effected the political decision, "teaching men that what they cannot take by an election, neither can they take by war." It ended the fatal disease of slavery, though the sequelae, some of them only less evil, have not yet been cured. And it freed the nation forever to develop its empire as a single people in a continental unit. Now there would never be the Balkan States of North America.

No war ends as the same war it was when it began. The lightning of the terrible swift sword revealed again the deepest meaning and the highest aspiration of American life—perhaps they are to be glimpsed only in a lightning flash—and they found their supreme expression in the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural. But if the fires of civil war purified much and forged much into its permanent form, they also destroyed much we should not have lost and they left scars that have proved permanent. But gigantic energies had been loosed. The United States came out of the war with a productive system more diverse, more integrated, and enormously more powerful than it had been in 1860—and politically entrenched. The expansion of that system, which was without parallel in human experience, was the focus of American history for the next generation.

The continental nation had been freed to develop the resources, natural and human, of the richest geographical entity on earth. The advance of knowledge had provided the necessary instruments, commercial, financial, technological, and scientific. As the disc spins, the energies at work seem to share the impersonality and irresistibility of sidereal forces, and the striking conceit of Henry Adams that they accelerate according to the law of falling bodies almost seems true. Again, we need the condensed motions on a screen. Four years after the end of the war,

the diagrammatic railroad track reaches the Pacific. Thereafter it is the weaver's shuttle crossing and crisscrossing the map till the United States has a transportation system previously inconceivable and equaled nowhere else. (To be duplicated by similar lines which show telegraph and telephone systems, roads for automobile transport, and charted flightways for airplane traffic.) The line that measures horsepower per capita shoots steeply upward; it means work done, wealth increased, a constantly accelerating production. The crosshatching on the population map spirals across the West till the only blank spaces left are those which cannot be populated at all. The curve of emigration from Europe is almost as vertical as Jack's beanstalk. There is a jagged oscillation as the areas where great staple crops are grown shift their locations, another one as centers of manufacture do something similar, a third as cities become metropolitan aggregates and the population of rural areas, relatively to them, declines.

Retrospectively, these energies seem uncontrollable and for a time they were, except as some served to limit others. Retrospectively, they seem impersonal and in fact such personality as they found in either individuals or corporations was solely by chance, by the fall of the dice. We misjudge them when we are appalled by such waste as it had been possible for no other people to afford and by the wealth and power that came by accident, luck, ruthlessness, or corruption into hands that were irresponsible and today seem anti-social. For the Cro-Magnon Age of American capitalism was both accidental and implicit. We came into it precisely as late fifteenth-century navigators bound for Cathay ran without premonition into the American continent; and for us as for them there was no passage to India except straight on and across.

NOWADAYS we pronounce derisively such phrases as Empire Builder, Robber Baron, and Captain of Industry; the derision is a judgment of social righteousness on their waste, injustice, and anarchic use of power. Yet they were chance entities in a historical context, points of contact where energies found application or transmission; and if one anonymity had not chanced to serve as such a contact, then of necessity another one must have done so. That an individual acquired fifty million dollars from the public estate, or a corporation collected two hundred million, is in 1950 of no importance considering that both converted the uncapitalized public heritage into public wealth of which their take in profits was an inconsiderable decimal. Most of the Barons' wealth has by now, in one way or another, been returned to the public, and we have spent half a century canalizing the corporate wealth for public usage. Moreover, it is better that there are half a million family houses in Iowa than that the forests of northern Wisconsin should still stand. What was the value of the land granted to the Union Pacific in Nebraska or to the Santa Fe in Kansas? On the books five dollars per section: in fact, zero dollars and zero cents per hundred square miles. It is better that in 1950 these are mature commonwealths, that human society is productive there, that their farms are feeding us and others, than that they should be now, say, two-thirds of the way through the frontier stage of an American region, though with no speculative profit in the records.

Include all that can be assessed historically against steel corporations, still it is better that Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Gary, and Youngstown are metropolises, that there are skyscrapers in New York and locks in the Panama canal, and that there have been American battleships in two world wars, than that the Mesabi should be only today coming to the awareness of a nation prepared to manage it more equitably but less rich, less populous, less powerful than the Mesabi has made it. "Fellow countrymen, we cannot escape history." We cannot escape its processes, nor remodel those of the past to accord with changed values. Given the continent of 1850 and given the energies of 1850-1900, it was either a Malefactor of Great Wealth named Smith or one named Jones, it was either Standard Oil or Alias and Otherwise Oil, nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

All this, however, up to a point and from one angle of view. . . . The dynamic equilibrium of a society is unstable. It is forever moving from one phase to another. Its internal forces are always altering in relation to one another and so threatening to destroy it. The genius of the American people . . . no, start that one over. The vigor of our demo-

cratic system and the size and richness of our continental empire have enabled American society to contain the internal stresses and, always belatedly but always in time too, to master and redirect their alignment. From where we stand the surface 1865-1900 looks anarchic but the condensed images show something different.

The industrial system was politically entrenched; for most of a generation the government of the United States was an instrument exquisitely machined to effect the system's will and purpose. A conquered and ruined South dropped into its palm. It came to hold the Middle West under mortgage and to own the West in fee. Nor would our word in 1950 that a man's anguish might be to the ultimate good of his heirs' heirs have comforted a dispossessed Mississippi cotton-grower, or a steel-worker shot by Pennsylvania militiamen for stating that he could not live like a human being on two dollars earned in a twelve-hour day, or an Iowa farmer robbed by a manufacturers' tariff, a railroad's freight rates, a bank's crop-note, an elevator-combine's downgrading, and a systematically depressed market for grain. Moreover, a fungus of slums spread over the metropolises and production centers. Mostly they were industrial slums and mostly they were filled with the immigrants, from southern and eastern Europe in the main, whom industry welcomed to keep the labor market overcrowded, now that speculative finance had little free farmland left to hold under mortgage for north Europeans. At least these city slums were better than the rural slums that by now had contaminated parts of nearly every state. For if the Negro remained a peon, there were widely distributed poor-white populations—living (in this paradise of agriculture) on exhausted farms, sick with (in this best-fed nation) malnutrition and (in this society of universal education) illiteracy and (in this democracy of self-respecting men) mob superstitions and mob hysterias.

So new figures appeared on the screen, long disregarded, long misunderstood, caricatured, at last feared as bomb-throwing anarchists or atheists of the American faith. One might be a soft-spoken scholar looking up from his table of statistics to voice an idea new to Americans, that the continental resources could be exhausted unless more social intelligence were brought to bear on them. Another had many names, individual and collective, Henry George, say, or the Knights of Labor. A third was gaunt, desperate, and terrible, the product of two-cent cotton and ten-cent corn. Their common testimony was that the United States had got out of plumb. They burned their valueless crops to keep their kitchens warm in winter. They derailed Pullmans or floated in barges past locked-out mills to shoot at Pinkertons hired to break their feeble unions. They declaimed in Congress and the state legislatures about a revolution which they knew was under way and were answered with boredom and guffaws. A vestige named Baer told them that they would be protected and cared for "by the Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of the country." He spoke from the system's most powerful battlement, the industrial trust, but he had been a relic for six years when he spoke. Six years earlier the sonorous, fraudulent voice of an eater of wild honey in the hills had quieted a Chicago convention hall. It is easy to grin at him, his drama, and his rhetoric, but not at what the rhetoric meant. "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." That year or another, Bryan or someone else, it must be proclaimed that a turn had been rounded.

In our society a popular reaction eventually asserts itself against concentrations of power that have grown disruptive. Since 1896 one main strand in our history has been our resistance to concentrations of financial power. Its line on the graph is wavy but to see how steadily it has grown stronger one need only contrast Gene Debs' switchmen with Walter Reuther's automobile workers, or the corn-burning Kansas farmers of 1890 with their inheritors in 1950. The democratic society that occupies the vast, rich continent has contained the inner stresses. It has braked the disruptive forces well short of the cleavage line. It has kept going.

In their way, both Baer and Bryan signified the same tremendous fact, that, whatever its imbalances might be, our continental economy had come of age. The attainment of

all majorities is marked by just such confusion as the United States showed at the turn of the century. Our venture in extra-territorial imperialism was impulsive, costly, soon repented, eventually repudiated. Industrial trusts became financial trusts and the collapse of speculative inflations concentrated their power. They presented a mammoth and imperative paradox. They so rationalized the productive system that perhaps gigantic profits were an inconsiderable charge against the economies they effected in the distribution and the price of goods; but they were irresponsible and they must be brought under the public control which it was their nature to defy. Three out of four national administrations labored to get some kind of harness on them, backed by maturing labor organizations, by sectional revolts, and by a groundswell of public awareness which was the ripening of seeds planted by the Grangerites and the Populists long before. The popular historian, forced to compress the first fifteen years of the twentieth century into a single word, at whatever violence to other considerations, had usually ended with the word "reform." And certainly, amid frustrations and failures, the lines were laid down.

In those prewar years another fact was manifest, though but slowly understood: an imperial culture had also come of age. Even the Captains of Industry had helped, for they had pillaged Europe for symbols of what Veblen called conspicuous waste; and now as they died San Francisco had one of the best medieval libraries in the world and no one could ever again study the history of European art completely without visiting New York. But institutions that had grown of our own planting in our own soil had ripened unobserved. The land-grant college was developing a test for butter-fat or strains of rust-resistant wheat or an anti-abortion serum, or it was devising such political facilities as the initiative and referendum, or it was spreading skepticism and political enlightenment among a state's electorate. Meanwhile it quietly became a great state university and assumed an additional function as a member of the international community of knowledge, joining the Smithsonian Institution, the Johns Hopkins, President Eliot's Harvard. An old cliché collapsed, the one that held the American scholar to be rare, lonely, inferior, and despised. A westward traffic of European students had begun. They came to a place outlandishly named Flagstaff, say, to study under a scholar who had measured aberrations and found a planet, or to one named Berkeley where, surprisingly enough, there was a geneticist or a bacteriologist or a physicist who was the best the world had in his field. While our attention was focused on other matters, libraries, museums of natural and applied science, and research foundations had been growing great. It could be seen now that the most various institutions were advancing the frontiers of knowledge: the Bureau of American Ethnology, which had almost unassisted organized a new science; or an astonishing miscellany of learned journals; or the network of historical societies. American hospitals, American medical schools, American research laboratories were dominating twentieth-century medicine. Perhaps grain elevators and steel-frame office buildings were not without cultural significance, and with an understandable wariness explorers began to tolerate the hypothesis that the native arts might express something of the native experience.

Rationalizing the productive system raised the index of horsepower per capita, which had been rising steadily for more than a century; so did the steady development of technology. Now it skyrocketed with an increase in mechanical power from new sources, electricity and internal combustion. Both changed the map, changed industry, changed society, and are still doing so. The interurban railroad has joined the watering trough for horses but there are tractors on the farms and incandescent lights in the farmhouses. Automobiles, hard roads, electric power, telephones began to put an end to hayseed America, closing the gap that had opened between the culture of cities and that of the countryside.

III

Now an overmastering fact far outran our comprehension of it: we had financed a world war and turned its military stalemate into victory before we realized that our power potentials could be applied internationally. That the United States was a principal member in such a world order as might be said to exist was no news to

Europe, though the thunderclap that demonstrated it was not readily taken in. It was much less readily understood by the United States, which repudiated its political power at the moment when it had become decisive, turned back to the domestic market at the moment when the world market had become a necessity to it, and erected the highest tariff-wall in its history at the moment when it became a creditor nation and New York displaced London as the financial capital of the world. This was the eighth world war in which the American people had been engaged —it still seemed to them by chance. They came out of it denying that they belonged to a global system and ignorant that there is no way of not using power.

And who were the American people? They were the product of the American continent: a new people in a new world. No one understands them who does not understand that the words mean what they say: this is the New World. They were, for instance, the first people in history who had ever had enough to eat. The first people who were able to build a government and a society from the ground up—and on unencumbered ground. The first people whose society had the dynamics of political freedom and political equality, a class system so flexible that it could not stratify into a caste system, and a common wealth so great that it made economic opportunity a birthright. All this makes a difference. It makes so great a difference that the pattern of their neural paths is radically different from any developed in response to the Old World.

They are hopeful and empirical. In their spring morning, those who made the nation did not doubt that it was the hope of the world. Mankind, they thought, must necessarily come to recognize the superiority of American institutions and, insofar as it could, must adopt or imitate them. They were neither visionaries nor utopians. They were realistic, hard-headed men who understood the dynamics of freedom and saw that if they were loosed in an empty continent an augmentation would follow for which nothing in the past could be an adequate gauge. From then on, not the past but the future has counted in the United States. If it doesn't work, try something else; tomorrow is another day; don't sell America short; the sky is the limit; rags to riches; canalboat boy to President.

That is what has denied the town dump decisive importance. No one has ever set up Utopia here, our utopian literature has always been clearly understood as promotional, and the dump is hideous with brutality, exploitation, failure, and human wreckage. The actual line where men meet in society is always a line of blood and struggle. It is perfectly feasible to write American history in terms of blood and struggle, injustice, fraud, desperation. They are on a scale appropriate to the map; they are monstrous. But the difference is that tomorrow is another day. It has always proved to be. No estimate of what the United States could achieve in population, power, comfort, wealth, or living standard has ever proved adequate. When tomorrow came, the expectation proved to have been too moderate, the achievement invariably outran the prophecy. The United States and the American people are the greatest success story in history.

EUROPEANS came here by the million for a hundred and twenty years. Their expectation was simple and concrete. They expected a better life than had been open to them at home. More food, more comfort, a job, a farm. Citizenship, a stake in society, acknowledged individual integrity, development according to their capacities, a chance to better themselves, a chance to give their children a still better chance. It sums up not as the kingdom of heaven but as somewhat more favorable odds. The majority vote is that on the whole they got it. They kept on coming.

What kept happening is what made the neural paths different. It is a different consciousness, a different cast of thought. And it is very misleading to Europe. American bumptiousness has always been offensive but the abasement that goes with it is worse, for it has been deceptive. The instinctive generosity of the Americans is curiously linked with rapacity, their kindliness with cruelty, their violence with fear of disorder. They are warm-hearted and cold-blooded, their assertive self-confidence is mingled with self-criticism, and their conservatism is the other lobe of an unparalleled recklessness. Yet the most serious mistake of Europe has always

been to misunderstand their romanticism, which is the consequence of having lived a Cinderella story. It has been repeatedly mistaken for softness, gullibility, decadence. Their smile is childlike and bland; they affect an innocence and credulity which the European mind has accepted as real. Yet from Franklin and John Jay on, their negotiators have usually come back not only with all that the adept cynicism of their opponents undertook to take from them with a cold deck, but with the scarf pins, cuff links, and pocket watches of the cynical as well. For the romanticism is the thinnest possible veneer. There have been no such realists since the Romans and they are the hardest empiricists of the modern world.

The national experience, that is, has justified the national optimism. The premises on which the hardheaded fathers established the American order were, philosophically, optimistic to the verge of fantasy; but the experience of the nation has been that the fantastic premises pay off. That the rights proclaimed in the Declaration, enacted in the Constitution, and buttressed by the Bill of Rights make a system which works more efficiently and has a higher potential than any other. That freedom is power, liberates power, generates power. That individual, social, and political freedom are the health of society. That protection of the individual human being's dignity, his freedom of movement, choice, criticism, communication, publication, and participation in government have pragamatically proved their social strength. They enable the organism to resist infections, they give it the equilibrium to develop resistance against destructive pressures—and this, the empiricists have found, gets work done, increases power, and can be trusted. They understand their history as proving that the fantastic system works.

IV

When the nation came to its second testing, the terms had changed but it it was the same test. Again the United States was out of plumb, but now the world we were enmeshed with was out of plumb too. Again evasions, ambiguities, contradictions, social imbalances, and concentrations of disproportionate power had to be resolved. The illusion of nearness makes the nineteen-thirties seem more desperate than the eighteen-fifties; they would not have seemed so to Lincoln or his electorate. The foreground of our memory is the collapse of values, the spread of panic, the fearful loss of wealth and hope, the millions of unemployed, the Bonus march, farmers wrecking milk trucks as their fathers had wrecked Pullman cars, and arming vigilance committees against forced sales as their grandfathers had forbidden the repossession of fugitive slaves. But the foreground obscures the decisive fact: that the disruptive forces were contained. While other societies splintered, the empirical people held to their experience.

John Adams had said that our first revolution was over when the war which ratified it began; the saying holds for all our revolutions. We were indeed rounding another decisive turn, closing one volume of our history and opening another one of which no man could forsee the end. But the self-correcting forces of our society were already focused on the reduction of chaos when they found a voice. "We have nothing to fear but fear itself," it said, speaking into the microphone that symbolized so many of the changed conditions of life. Events proved the President right. The continental system was flexible enough as self-government, and rich and powerful enough as a commonwealth, to restore the national health. The empirical faith was justified.

Otherwise there would have been a different outcome when the next decade forced the appeal to "the last argument as well of republics as of kings." The nineteen-thirties had forced us to make final decisions; those we could evade no longer as the nineteen-forties came on must also be final. The necessity stemmed from the fact that we *had* evaded them.

In 1920 the nation had turned away from the oceans that bind the earth's land masses together. It now had learned that the world was not big enough to be withdrawn from. At the midnight of the Civil War Lincoln had speculated about the judgment of God, which seemed to require that every drop of blood drawn with the lash should be paid by another drawn with the sword. Now it seemed that refusal to accept the responsibilities of peace, power, and plenty must be paid

a hundredfold, perhaps by our extinction.

But it was more ominous than those words say. The United States had been a dynamic revolution from the beginning. Its history meant just what the fathers had said it must: it had been the spearhead of a democratizing process which had been influencing political and social institutions for a century and a half through two-thirds of the world. But our withdrawal from the larger system toward which our whole impetus had carried us was reversing the current of history. As the postwar chaos of Europe became a prewar chaos, old and supposedly dead despotisms were reanimated in new forms: history's basic axiom, that the clock cannot be set back, was on the way to being overturned. There were differences between the two totalitarianisms but both necessarily based their systems on a denial of the dignity of the individual, which we had found to be the pivot on which all else turns; and both destroyed the freedoms which we had proved to be the source of most abundant energy. . . . But that we had moved faster than we supposed was manifested by the swiftness with which we came to understand that we were involved in a ninth world war, though we called it our second one.

The clock was not turned back. And as before, the United States came out of that war more powerful than it was at the beginning and more vigorous too. The productive system had accomplished an expansion whose indexes would seem fantastic if they were not hard fact, and the index of horsepower per capita, always the best gauge of our vitality, had risen enormously. It is on the verge of a quantum jump. As a war measure we developed a new kind of mechanical energy. It has given us, and anyone else who will, the facilities for destroying civilization. It has also put at our disposal power for the enrichment of a peaceful society so great that no previous ways of measuring power can be applied to it.

THE fact that dwarfs all others, however, is this: the United States now knows that there is no way of not using power. It is true that no nation ever came so reluctantly to be the foremost nation of the world, but it is also true that none ever accepted the implications so quickly. Our traditional, no longer humorous quirk makes us present ourselves as bumpkins easily to be outguessed, outmaneuvered, and bilked by the Marxian slickers. Still it was not naïveté that, with the nonchalance of a man who holds four aces, tossed the Marshall Plan into a struggle which seemed more than half lost, or with a calculation of risks superbly vindicated by the outcome, launched the first flight of the Berlin airlift, let the chips fall where they might. The illusion of nearness presents us to ourselves as divided, irresolute, vacillating, and at random—which is the close-up image of any democratic system feeling its way. From the perspective of the eastern shore of the Atlantic we look otherwise. The image of the United States there has always been ogreish, anarchic, or revolutionary, and foolish if not mad; but something new has come into it. The Europeans waste no love on us, we give them adequate reason to resent and distrust us, and only the Russians keep the rest of Europe from feeling about us in the twentieth century as it felt about Spain in the sixteenth century or France in the seventeenth. But there is the new ingredient that fulfills quite literally what was laid down: the revolution has gone on and in the awareness of Western Europe we are, however fumbling, however resented, the last, best hope of earth.

There can be no disposition to understate the turbulence, horror, and alarm of the world in which the centennial number of *Harper's* issues. At the moment when man's greatest scientific achievement has unlocked a basic secret of matter, there is no word but Banquo's: fears and scruples shake us, in the great hand of God we stand. It will not be tragedy, it will not even be irony but only farce, if man, mastering nature, fails to govern himself. If he does fail, then the destruction of mankind will cleanse the earth for the convenience of organisms which may learn to create peaceful societies. But to those who have decided that the American people do not understand how desperate their estate is, the answer may be that with death hanging in the balance they trust their experience. They have never seen yesterday win over tomorrow. They believe that history is on their side and that they are on the side of the future.

No one has ever known what the next hour might bring forth but we have always made our bet. There came a moment when Mr. Lincoln quoted Scripture: a house divided

against itself cannot stand. He went on to say, "I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." Either our experience has meaning, as we believe, or else it hasn't. If it has, the world cannot exist permanently half slave and half free.

And mark Lincoln's next words: "I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He stood at the height of land between two eras and declared what he understood to be the meaning of history. The empirical people know that, as it turned out, he was right.

Precious Five

W. H. Auden

BE PATIENT, solemn nose,
Serve in a world of prose
The present moment well
Nor surlily contrast
Its brash ill-mannered smell
With grand scents of the past.
That calm enchanted wood
That grave world where you stood,
So gravely at its middle,
An oracle, a riddle,
Has all been altered; now
In anxious times you serve
As bridge from mouth to brow,
An asymmetric curve
Thrust outward from a face
Time-conscious into space,
Whose oddness may provoke
To a mind-saving joke
A mind that would it were
An apathetic sphere.
Point, then, for honor's sake
Up the storm-beaten slope
From memory to hope
The way you cannot take.

BE MODEST, lively ears,
Spoilt darlings of a stage
Where any caper cheers
The paranoic mind
Of this undisciplined
And concert-going age,
So lacking in conviction,
It cannot take pure fiction
And what it wants from you
Are rumors partly true.
Before you catch its sickness
Submit your lucky quickness
And levity to rule,
Go back again to school,
Drudge patiently until
No whisper is too much
And your precision such
In any sound that all
Seem natural, not one
Fantastic or banal,
And then do what you will:
Dance with angelic grace,
In ecstasy and fun,
The luck you cannot place.

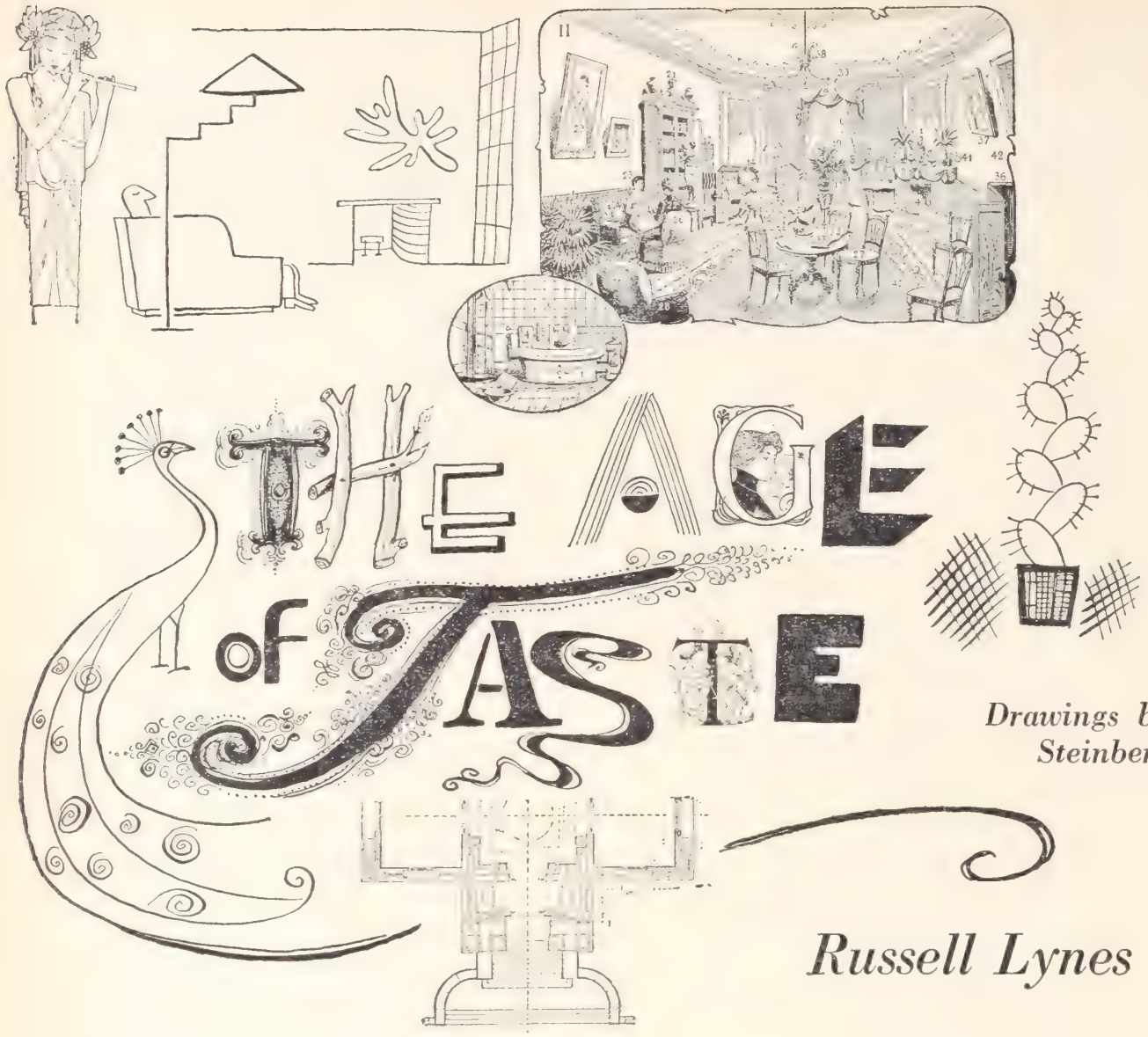
BE CIVIL, hands: on you,
Although you cannot read,
Is written what you do;
The blows you struck so blindly
In temper or in greed,
Your tricks of long ago
Eyes, kindly or unkindly,
Unknown to you, will know.
Revere those hairy wrists
And leg-of-mutton fists

Which pulverized the trolls
And carved deep Donts in stone,
Great hands that under knolls
Are now disjointed bone,
But what has been, has been;
A tight arthritic claw
Or aldermanic paw
Waving about in praise
Of those homeric days
Is impious and obscene.
Grow, hands, into those living
Hands which true hands should be
By making and by giving
To hands you cannot see.

LOOK, naked eyes, look straight
At all eyes but your own,
Lest in a tête-à-tête
Of glances double-crossed,
Both knowing and both known,
Your nakedness be lost:
Rove curiously about
But look from inside out,
Compare two eyes you meet
By dozens on the street,
One shameless, one ashamed,
Too lifeless to be blamed,
With eyes met now and then,
Looking from living men,
Which in petrarchan fashion
Play opposite the heart,
Their humor to her passion,
Her nature to their art,
For mutual undeceiving.
True seeing is believing
(What sight can never prove)
There is a world to see:
Look outward, eyes, and love
Those eyes you cannot be.

PRAISE, tongue, the Earthly Muse
By number and by name
In any style you choose,
For nimble tongues and lame
Have both found favor; praise
Her port and sudden ways,
Now fish-wife and now queen,
Her reason and unreason:
Though freed from that machine,
Praise her revolving wheel
Of appetite and season,
In memory of Another,
That animal of taste,
That old self you become
At any drink or meal,
And of his twin, your brother,
Unlettered, savage, dumb,
Down there below the waist.
Although your style be fumbling,
Half stutter and half song,
Give thanks, however bumbling,
Telling for Her dear sake
To whom all styles belong
The truth She cannot make.

BE HAPPY, precious five,
So long as I'm alive
Nor try to ask me what
You should be happy for;
Think, if it helps, of love
Or alcohol or gold,
But do as you are told.
I could (which you cannot)
Find reasons fast enough
To face the sky and roar
In anger and despair
At what is going on,
Demanding that it name
Whoever is to blame:
—The sky would only wait
Till all my breath was gone,
And then re-iterate
As if I wasn't there
That singular command
I do not understand,
To bless what is for being,
Which has to be obeyed, for
What else am I made for,
Agreeing or disagreeing.



The Age of Taste

Drawings by Steinberg

Russell Lynes

"It has become the mode," wrote James Jackson Jarves in 1860, "to have taste. Private galleries in New York are becoming as common as private stables."

To Mr. Jarves' sensitive nose the private galleries smelled no sweeter than the private stables. But then he had reason to be disgruntled. A few years earlier he had returned from Italy with almost a boatload of "old masters" for which he had spent $66,000 and with which he hoped to establish a museum with the Jarves collection as its core. America, however, had been inhospitable. Both Boston, his native city, and New York declined to buy his treasures (which are now at Yale) though he offered them finally for only $25,000. The collection of a friend of Jarves' had met with similar coolness. Thomas J. Bryan had offered to give his two hundred and fifty Spanish, Flemish, French, and German paintings to Philadelphia, as he believed that it was time that there should be an art museum somewhere in America. "His offer was declined," Mr. Jarves reported. "These rare old pictures were looked upon by the city fathers as unworthy of houseroom."

But if there was no public interest in Italian primitives in the fifties, a home-grown renaissance was flowering in America. Its fruits were gaudy, even though to Mr. Jarves

After "Architects in Glass Houses" (1945) and "The Taste-Makers" (1947), Russell Lynes touched off a full-scale explosion on the subject of taste with "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow" last year. He has been an editor of Harper's *since 1944.*

they were tasteless. Art was booming, and if taste was in the mode, it had been put there by circumstances that were too powerful and too rambunctious for returned expatriates like Mr. Jarves to control. America had embarked on a joy ride from which it has yet to return. The Age of Taste was at hand.

It was just about a century ago that the taste industry emerged in this country. In the beginning it was hardly an industry at all, and it is not recognized as one today. It has gradually come to employ several million people and to be one of the moving factors in our industrial civilization. It is peopled with men and women whose mission is to change, to inveigle, to manipulate taste, and where possible to lead taste by the nose. It is made up of fashion experts, museum directors, public relations men, decorators, editors, writers, and advertising men of various sorts, the likes of which were just beginning to be known a hundred years ago.

Mass production of artful objects was the principal impetus that brought these tastemakers into being. Machinery had been contrived to turn out furniture that previously had been made only by cabinetmakers, and in the twenty years between 1840 and 1860 the value of factory-made furniture and upholstery leapt from seven million dollars' worth a year to twenty-eight millions. Thousands of different kinds of chairs, each one fancier than the next, sold for as little as a dollar apiece. Textiles and carpets, which had once been woven at home by hand or imported from England, rolled out of American mills at the rate of thousands of yards a day in hundreds of different patterns. Competition was stiff and the need to be different was exhilarating. New styles came with kaleidoscopic rapidity and unexpectedness, and outmoded the heirlooms which had long been in use in American homes.

Land and buildings were cheap, and it was a time of relatively easy money. The boom in house construction in the fifties and again after the Civil War, together with the floods of goods from the factories, were bound to bring with them a great many prophets eager to tell the citizenry of the young country just what their taste should be. Experts on home decoration, architects, fashion stylists, and aestheticians competed for attention, and the first advertising agencies came into being.

In effect what had happened was the rise of a brand-new class of people who for the first time were expected to have taste. Before the American and French revolutions, taste had been the prerogative of the few families of wealth and position. The political revolutions, but more particularly the Industrial Revolution, created a new middle class that was ripe for the enjoyments of the arts of leisure and the exercise of taste on a pell-mell, competitive basis. With no tradition of conspicuous consumption behind them and no training in the patronage of the arts, they were putty in the hands of those who took it upon themselves to decide what courses taste should take. And those who were concerned were vitally concerned.

"CERTAINLY the national taste is not a matter of little moment," Andrew Jackson Downing, the leading architectural influence and horticulturalist of his day, wrote in 1850. "Whether a young and progressive people shall develop ideas of beauty, harmony, and moral significance in their daily lives; whether the arts shall be so understood and cultivated as to elevate and dignify the character . . . these are questions of no mean or trifling importance."

Mr. Downing was certainly no man to be trifled with. He was an exponent of the ideas of Pugin, who started the Gothic Revival, and of Ruskin, the prophet of aesthetics whose voice boomed loudest across the Atlantic in those days. If we are to understand what has happened to taste in America in the past hundred years, we would do well to listen briefly to Mr. Downing.

He was convinced, as nearly all architects have been since, that the evils of society could be cured by architecture. "So long as men are forced to dwell in log huts and follow the hunter's life," he wrote, "we must not be surprised at lynch law and the use of the bowie knife. But when smiling lawns and tasteful cottages begin to embellish a country, we know that order and culture are established." To create a public frame of mind that would accept architecture as a motivating force in the progress of happiness and culture, Mr. Downing believed that education in what he called "correct taste" was essential.

The house should express the whole man, he said, "his intelligence, his feelings, and his

enjoyments." But Mr. Downing was no functionalist, as we now use the term. "An ass," he wrote firmly, "one of the most useful of animals, is not so beautiful as a gazelle. A cotton mill, one of the most useful of modern structures, is not so beautiful as the temple of Vesta." Honesty, however, was a virtue he applauded. "A dwelling house should look like a dwelling house," he believed, and not like a Doric temple. Mr. Downing deplored the Greek Revival which had scattered little wooden temples across the American landscape, and his architectural truths were quite different from those of the disciples of classicism. "Verandas, piazzas, bay windows, balconies, etc.," he wrote, "are the most valuable general truths in Domestic Architecture." And so far as the American home builder was concerned, they remained valuable general truths for at least half a century after Mr. Downing died in a burning Hudson River steamer on his way to superintend the erection of a villa at Newport.

The peaceful, well-bred world in which the artist and the moralist could meet on common ground, as Downing believed they should, did not exist. A few years after he wrote his book on *The Architecture of Country Houses* the country was torn by war. The war was followed by a high-wide-and-handsome era of boom in which taste, if not so virtuous as Mr. Downing would have wanted, was at any rate a highly prized and much exercised prerogative.

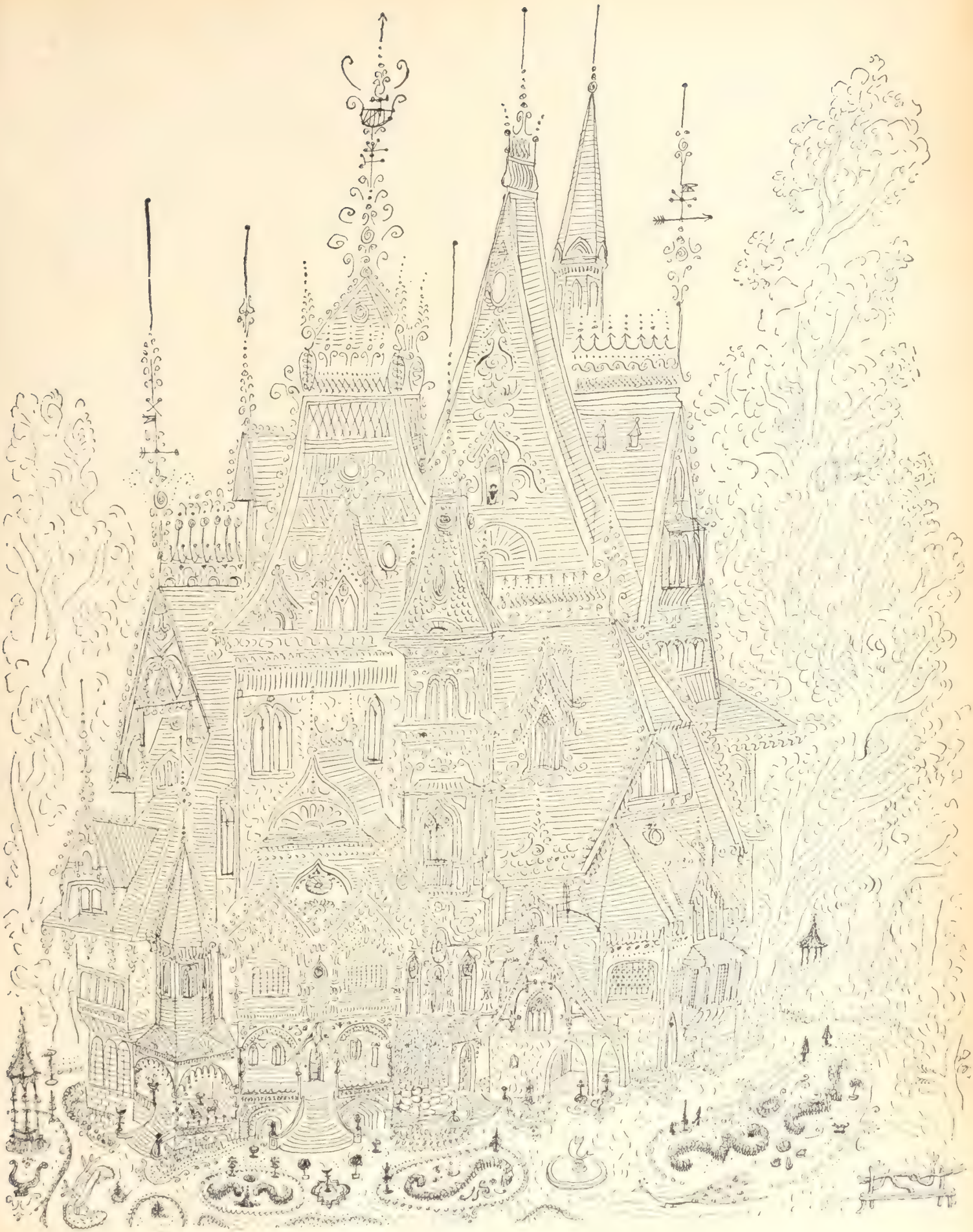
Architectural critics looking back on this era have been appalled. Talbot Hamlin in *The Spirit of American Architecture* in 1926 spoke of it as "an abyss of taste, a riot of ugliness, that is almost unique in history." But the taste-makers of the day thought otherwise; they were impressed with the cultural advances that they saw on all sides. "Within the last few years," a modest and serious critic named Henry T. Tuckerman wrote in 1867, "the advance of public taste and the recognition of art in this country have been among the most interesting phenomena of the times."

If improvement in the level of public taste can be measured by the number of people who jam into public exhibitions and buy works of art—as museum directors, art editors, and picture dealers frequently measure it today—the critic of 1867 had reason to be impressed. Art emporiums appeared in profusion on Broadway, and there were many fly-by-night as well as many respectable dealers to cater to the new fad for art. It was considered socially desirable, Tuckerman tells us, to sketch a little from nature, to own a tolerable landscape or engraving, to read (or at least have on the library table) the latest book by Mr. Ruskin or *Sacred and Legendary Art* by Mrs. Jameson, and to pick up bargains in "old masters."

The art auctioneers flourished. One of them, writing of his third-floor Broadway auction rooms in *Harper's* in 1867, was astonished by the number of people who would climb his stairs to look at what he quite frankly called "a lot of very poor paintings." Art magazines, art clubs, art criticism were commonplace. Romantic landscape painters like Bierstadt and Church were getting upward of $10,000 apiece for their pictures (from the rich), and the less well-off could get chromos of Bierstadt's "Sunset in the Yosemite Valley" for twelve dollars or Eastman Johnson's "Barefoot Boy" for five.

In interior decoration this was the age of the what-not, sagging with china dogs and shells, of fringe and flowery Brussels carpet, of potted ferns and ivy hanging by thin chains in bay windows, of needlework mottoes, and ottomans and Rogers Groups. Mantlepieces were decked with heavy drapery, and windows with lambrequins under which hung lace or muslin curtains with ribbons pulled through their hems; overstuffed furniture was upholstered with damask or plush in wealthy homes and in poorer homes with English chintz, which sold for twenty-five cents a yard.

Over the fronts of city houses, brownstone flowed like gravy, while in the suburbs and country peacocks strode on the lawns of the wealthy among star- and crescent-shaped flowerbeds. Tall, symmetrical evergreens stood about like stately dunce caps, ornamental urns dripped blossoms, and cast-iron dogs stalked cast-iron deer while the family of the house perched on cast-iron benches of vine leaves in topiary grottoes—or played croquet, the ladies in crinolines, the gentlemen in tight, uncreased trousers and jackets buttoned almost to the throat. The farmer's house, simply decorated inside, but verandaed and bracketed without, was a "carpenter Gothic"



or Italian cottage, ornamented with the scroll saw, just as the house of the rich was a Gothic or Italian villa, crowned with fancy iron work, sometimes with Oriental motifs tacked on for variety. But in all houses, whether they were supervised by serious men like Downing, or his protégé Calvert Vaux, or were constructed by the owner himself from one of the numerous plan books that could be bought on newsstands or by mail, there was for all who could afford it, a conscientious, indeed, frequently extravagant, effort to be tasteful and in the mode.

This was the Gilded Age, the Terrible Decade, the Tragic Era, the beginning of what Lewis Mumford has called the Brown Decades. It was the first efflorescence of self-conscious tastefulness. Downing's calm and sincere voice was drowned in the hubbub of aesthetic ideas which accompanied social, economic, and political unrest. For in trying to release what some of the taste-makers of the day seriously considered to be the latent artistic judgment of the people, they had opened a Pandora's box.

And they knew it. Jarves, Bryan, Tuckerman, and the art auctioneer who wrote in *Harper's,* for example, were all agreed that some sort of touchstone of taste was badly needed, and they were of one mind what it should be—a national museum in which could be collected examples of the great periods of art throughout the ages. There had been museums in America before, such as Charles Wilson Peale's collection of portraits, stuffed alligators, and mastodon bones in Philadelphia and a similar museum operated by his sons in Baltimore from 1814 to 1830. The hypercritical Mrs. Trollope had entranced the citizens of Cincinnati in the twenties and thirties with Oriental mysteries and glimpses of the "World to Come" that she and her friends Hervieu, a painter, and Hiram Powers, a sculptor, concocted in the Western Museum. But obviously these were not the kinds of museums that would rescue public taste from its rampage.

It was the Metropolitan Museum in New York that first provided the touchstone critics had been calling for. It was incorporated in 1870, but by the time its collection of old masters, plaster casts, armor, and pictures by contemporary painters had begun to give it the appearance of a national museum, the extravagance that had helped to create the postwar boom in taste was over. As the seventies got under way, the clouds of recession hung heavy over the American landscape; and putting behind them the follies of the Dreadful Decade, Americans were ready to embark on another, and they thought much more sensible, tasteful excursion, largely on the impetus of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia and the voice of a new prophet from overseas.

II

Once again it was the pronouncements of an Englishman that were taken up and echoed through America as the final word on taste. This time it was an articulate architect and furniture designer, Charles L. Eastlake, whose book, *Hints on Household Taste, Upholstery, and Other Details* was published in America in 1870. The initial success of the book was firmly buttressed six years later by the construction of a house Eastlake designed for the Centennial, which signaled the arrival of the period which is known anachronistically as "Queen Anne."

Like the gentle Downing, Eastlake was concerned not only with aesthetics but with morals, though he faced them with belligerence rather than with Downing's gentleness. He was disgusted with the state of taste, and especially with the ways in which it yielded to the slightest pressure from fads. Eastlake wanted *honesty.* He wanted houses and furniture to be simple and expressive of the purpose for which they were to be used. "Excellence of design," he declared, anticipating the Museum of Modern Art's policy, "may be, and, indeed, frequently is, quite independent of cost. . . ." Eastlake's kind of functionalism (he did not use that word for it) called for straightforward design and construction. Honesty meant putting furniture together with dowels and pegs that were in plain sight; it meant using wood as wood was intended to be used, and not making it look as though it had been squeezed through a pastry cone; it meant reconsidering the design of every piece of furniture from the point of view of its practical use; it meant getting rid of curlicues and substituting an incised and formalized ornamentation.

On paper Eastlake made excellent sense, not only to those who were sick of the extravagances of the sixties, but also to those who wanted to be first on the bandwagon. Here was change; here was a new voice; here, indeed, was a chance to do exactly what Eastlake professed to scorn—discard yesterday's fad for today's.

Looking back from the perspective of only a few years, *Harper's Bazar* said in an editorial in 1881: "Suddenly the voice of the prophet Eastlake was heard crying in the wilderness: 'Repent ye, for the Kingdom of the Tasteful is at hand!' With . . . eagerness . . . we turned to hear of this new thing. . . . We began to talk about 'harmonies' and 'gradations,' about tiles, plaques, embroideries, bric-a-bric, and the 'sincere' in joinery and decoration, as if we knew what they meant. . . ."

And so Eastlake wrought his changes upon the landscape, not single-handed, of course, but through those other taste-makers, the architects and decorators, and through the magazines and those manufacturers who grasped the fringes of his ideas and set out to give America the Centennial-Queen-Anne-Eastlake look.

The repercussions of the Centennial on taste were tremendous. Rising above Philadelphia in 1876 was the biggest exposition that had ever been held anywhere in the world. Through the bronze and iron doors of one of the seven tremendous buildings, Memorial Hall, flowed paintings and sculptures and examples of what was then called "industrial art" from all over the world. Even the 75,000 square feet of wall-space for pictures and the 20,000 square feet of floor-space for sculpture were insufficient: a large brick annex had to be added on the rear to accommodate the artistic outpourings of the seventies.

The objects that confronted the ladies in the bustles and flowing trains and tight bodices were rich indeed. The effect of the paintings and sculptures, a writer recalled many years later, "implanted an appreciation of art which was new to the American people." But the American home felt the greatest impact from the displays of "industrial art" objects and from the Eastlake house which was built by the British government.

Industrial art included everything from elaborate silver and crystal epergnes to brass chandeliers bedecked with griffons, to parlor organs encrusted with ornament. "What a grand and comprehensive division it is! Industrial Art!" wrote the contemporary critic Walter Smith, "the union of the two great elements of civilization—Industry, the mere mechanical, manual labor, and Art, the expression of something not taught by nature, the presentation of that ideal, the mere conception of which raises man above the level of savagery."

If refinement and civilization meant the meeting of the machine and ornamentation, here was man's release from savagery with a vengeance. Americans took ornamentation to their bosoms. "Two years after the Centennial," John A. Kouwenhoven records in *Made in America,* "the sale of jig-saw blades had leaped from a few thousand a year to about five hundred thousand a month." Bric-a-brac became a household word and its possession a tasteful necessity. "The Artistic Craze," as it was called by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood in *Harper's* in 1882, had seized the American imagination. Gone was the elaborately floriated Brussels carpet in favor of muted patterns of Oriental rugs; gone, too, "the heavy frescoes, inartistic reps, the crimson curtains against white walls, the staring papers." The "artistic" somberness of the Pre-Raphaelites and William Morris and Eastlake fell over American homes like a sepia mist.

The exposition—with the gesture of "a fairy's wand," Mrs. Sherwood said—had banished bad taste from all right-thinking Americans. And let us look at what she considered the best decoration to be seen in her day. "Nothing can be more beautiful," she wrote, "more orderly, more harmonious, than a modern New York house which has blossomed out in this fine summer of perfected art." One of the houses that pleased her especially was the home of Dr. W. A. Hammond, and what delighted her most about it was the doctor's office, which she found excellently suited to the function of diagnosis. It was "an Egyptian retreat, with the lotus, the scarabaeus, and the procession of slaves, huntsmen, and animals"; and what was more, "the hawk-headed goddess, the dog-faced deities of Egypt, the inscrutable eye of the high priest as he presides over the fireplace" were part of the func-

tionalism. "This room," Mrs. Sherwood observed, "is devoted to consultations on the mysterious diseases of the brain, and is fitly dedicated to that subtle Egyptian intellect which saw so clearly behind the veil, and read, as no other people have read, the enigma of life."

The principal decorative impetus that came out of the Centennial was to make houses more somber, to match brownstone outside with gold and deep maroon inside. Tasteful Americans were prepared to put childish exuberance behind them and don cosmopolitanism as their own. "There never was a time," Clarence Cook, the author of a volume called *The House Beautiful,* wrote in the Centennial year, "when so many books on [architecture and decoration] . . . were produced . . . and magazine and newspaper articles, to the end that on a matter that concerns everybody, everybody may know what is the latest word."

THE Age of Taste was progressing at a gallop, and it reached from the lowliest to the most expensive kinds of dwellings. Plans for a housing development for laborers first appeared in an art gallery in New York in 1879, and housing developments not unlike those built in our own day were already in use in Brooklyn in the seventies. At the more comfortable end of the financial scale, and especially in the country and suburbs, Queen Anne ruled with an iron hand. Gothic had been mistress of the house for long enough, and the new mentors of taste found her a faithless woman. There had been much talk of "truth" when Pugin and Ruskin were proclaiming her virtues, and she had been acclaimed for being "honest." But to architects honesty is a relative virtue. If Gothic was honest, Queen Anne was more honest; and, anyway, it was time for a change.

The new style, with its roofs and gables as steeply pitched as a candle snuffer, its haphazard dormers, second-and third-floor balconies, Tudor chimneys, spindle-work and bracketed verandas, and walls half-ornamented with scalloped shingles, made a further claim: "The candor and simplicity with which this design expresses the plan on which it is built," an architect writing in *Harper's* said of just such a building in 1876, ". . . is a fair acknowledgment of all constructive obligations."

Queen Anne may have meant candor and simplicity to the architects, but the popular word for the style was "quaint." The "quaint," the "artistic," and the "picturesque" were the cornerstones of taste in decoration as well as in architecture. The "artistic young lady" could exert her caprices, but there were three caprices which a writer in *Harper's* said were mandatory: "a bunch of peacock feathers, a brass pot of cattails, and a medieval candlestick." To these she could add a further exotic note by arranging a profusion of Japanese fans around the mirror above her mantle. Spindles, like immovable fringe, made fans over doorways and on stair-landings that were dimly lighted with windows of stained glass. Little tripod tables covered with felt supported bell glasses of wax flowers or stuffed birds or brass pots filled with ferns. Tortured brass and iron beds were the accepted fashion; and patented furniture, such as folding double beds that became wardrobes by day, and adjustable chairs that assumed as many as thirty positions ("parlor, library, invalid chair, child's crib, bed, or lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity, and comfort—everything to be an exact science") appealed to those who used the same room for bedroom by night and living-room by day.

The reign of Queen Anne's ghost lingered on long after the winds of taste had changed and were blowing from another quarter; but before we consider the breeze that swept the bric-a-brac off the what-not, let us look for a moment at what happened to the taste industry.

THE ways in which manufacturers brought to the attention of the people their furniture, and textiles, and patented contraptions for making life more interesting and comfortable had considerably changed since the fifties. Advertising, which had then been devoted mostly to brief notices of sales and to panegyrics for patent medicines, was beginning to sound more like the smooth product of our own time.

Clothes for women were not yet ready-made except in very small quantities, but textiles to be made up at home on the miraculous new sewing machines produced poetic advertising copy even then. A dry-goods dealer of the time penned this fragrant bit:

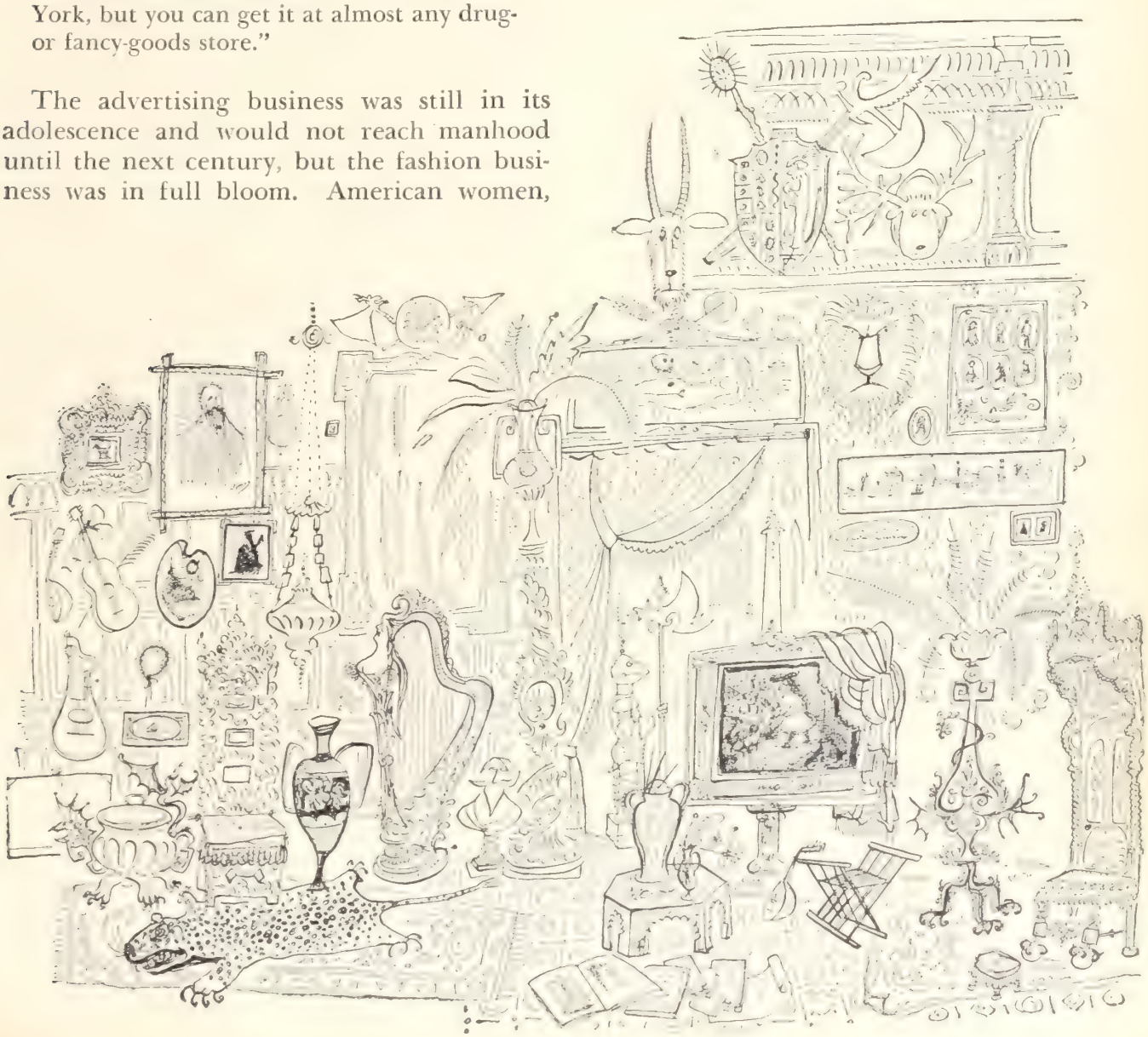
> We state with great confidence that ladies attired in our new styles of fall and winter goods will find the effect so rejuvenating that all the cares incident to domestic life will be as blithesome as kissing the dew from the roses of beauty that bloom in perennial fragrance in the fields of ecstatic love.

And a cosmetics manufacturer of the eighties employed a technique which has very much the sound of a radio commercial for soap today. Beneath a drawing of a stylish lady in a bustle and a gentleman in a derby and ascot and spats was this snatch of dialogue:

> "Aw—! Mrs. Goodtaste, what did you say was the name of that jolly scent for the handkerchief you had on the steamer last fall, and where can I buy it?"
>
> "You mean Lundberg's EDENIA. It is manufactured downtown, here in New York, but you can get it at almost any drug- or fancy-goods store."

The advertising business was still in its adolescence and would not reach manhood until the next century, but the fashion business was in full bloom. American women, with some justification, were generally convinced that they were the best-dressed women anywhere. "It is safe to assert," a reporter for *Appleton's New York Illustrated* said in 1876, "that the United States may challenge the world to show, in any country, so many elegantly-dressed women." But then, as now, the style center was Paris, and the ideas that emanated from there were the ones that counted.

Harper's Bazar and *Godey's* were the cream of fashion magazines, but *Demorest's Monthly Magazine* was the most popular. In 1876 *Demorest's* boasted "the largest circulation of any magazine in the world except *Harper's*," and the hub of its business was dress patterns which it dispensed on a fabulous scale. From Mme. Demorest's Emporium of Fashion in New York millions of patterns were mailed to all parts of America and Canada, to South



America and to Europe. Six floors of an office building were devoted to cutting, designing, and shipping patterns in illustrated envelopes. Some of the more popular items sold as many as 50,000 copies, and to keep up with the demand Mr. Demorest ordered paper in lots of 5,000 reams and envelopes 2,000,000 at a time. In addition to patterns, the Demorests did a considerable business in corsets, and in the publication of five other magazines including a *Portfolio of Fashion*. Not content with this, they also sold chromos, which according to Demorest's advertisement were "the only chromos that have succeeded in standing the test of criticism and become popular." They were "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Home Sweet Home," "After the Storm," and "The Captive Child."

The dress-pattern business was one of the wonders of its day, or as an anonymous writer quoted in *Appleton's* said: "The paper pattern business in its development of the useful and beautiful, and in its magnitude as a commercial enterprise, best illustrates the progress of the age, and the civilization of the nineteenth century." *Appleton's* on its own added a tribute to the Demorests, who, it said, "deserve great credit for the benefit they have bestowed in the cultivation of taste, and the sound and practical principles which they have consistently united with the aesthetic."

The female figure had in the Demorests' day assumed a new shape, as it is frequently constrained to do. The change from the crinoline as the universal costume to the bustle and train had meant a change from the modified hour-glass to the "S" curve, with the bosom jutting forward like the figurehead of a clipper ship, and the rear projecting like a shelf from which a waterfall of material fell in a splash on the parquet or pavement. But if the female figure was contorted out of shape by corsets that were a testimonial to nineteenth-century engineering genius, the emphasis everywhere else was on comfort.

By the eighties comfort for the rich had taken on proportions and ostentation never before known in America. The eighties saw the rise of the American Medici —the Vanderbilts and Goulds and Morgans, the Carnegies and Fricks and Rockefellers. They rode the tidal wave of financial and industrial centralization until it deposited them upon a lofty eminence from which they looked down like industrial princes upon the world at their feet. And here in the eighties and nineties they built their palaces, filled them with treasures (or what they considered treasures), and looked about for new sites on which to erect new palaces. The principal architects for these lords of creation were Richard M. Hunt and McKim, Mead, and White, all of them archaeologists at heart, and men with a sense of style, if not of invention. It was Hunt who built "The Breakers," the Vanderbilts' "cottage" at Newport, for three million dollars, providing them with a palace with double marble staircases and gold-carved ceilings; it was also he who designed "Biltmore," the Vanderbilt house in Asheville, a composite French château that is said to have cost another three million and took imported French workmen five years to construct.

In their elaborate houses the new gentry hoarded many of the paintings and sculptures that now form the richest collections in our public museums; but not all of the collectors of the day had such sharp eyes or such good advice. Joy Gould, for example, became fascinated with cornering the market on a French landscape painter named Tryon and A. T. Stewart paid upward of $66,000 for a picture by Meissonier which he bought directly from the artist by cable.

While the designers of the new palaces of the rich were gradually accustoming the American eye to the splendor of marble and Indiana limestone, and to façades translated (or pilfered) from those of Renaissance villas and châteaux, other architects were pioneering. Henry H. Richardson was building libraries and railroad stations, warehouses and college buildings, as well as houses, in a simple, direct, but massive style based on Romanesque; Louis Sullivan (who was to become the teacher of Frank Lloyd Wright) was experimenting in the use of the steel frame and large areas of glass. But it was not these men who brought about the next great change in the setting against which most people lived; it took another international exposition.

By the early nineties the taste-makers were ready for something new. It was time that the somber oak and mahogany interiors should give way to something brighter, that the "artistic craze" should find a new outlet.

Downing in his day had revolted against the glaring, and to him vulgar, white paint that covered houses everywhere; since then, exteriors and interiors had become darker and darker until the only direction they could go was lighter and lighter. When the Chicago World's Fair of 1892, which was known as "The White City," burst in all its gleaming splendor upon the shores of Lake Michigan, the excuse had been provided to cover the world with white paint.

Greek and Roman and Renaissance buildings and the conglomeration of all of them called Beaux Arts, with the façades coated with plaster of Paris, gleamed at Chicago like sugar. There were columns and pilasters everywhere, and atop the buildings bright flags fluttered in the lake breeze, while gondolas plied the waters of reflecting pools. The Beaux Arts had come to America in full panoply, and for a long visit. Nearly all official buildings in America since the Chicago Fair—government buildings in Washington, large railroad stations, the fronts of museums and libraries—have been painted with the pseudo-classical Beaux Arts brush, for it was to the Beaux Arts in Paris that nearly all architectural students who could scrape together the cash flocked from the eighties on.

The effect of the Chicago Fair on domestic architecture was more subtle. Together with the archaeological extravagances of such builders as the Vanderbilts and the Astors, the architecture of the Fair helped to break up the semblance of unity which had pervaded styles of building. The smart thing for the ambitious homebuilder to invest in was no longer a Gothic or Italian villa or an Eastlake house; he could now choose among any number of ancient styles with complete confidence that he would be in the mode. He could have Tudor, or Colonial (of a dozen different sorts), or French Renaissance, or Italian, or Spanish, or Dutch, or any other style or combination of styles he or his architect could think of to copy.

Those who could not afford to plunge into a full-bodied architectural dream world could have their little dreams wherever they were. Comfort and clutter were still synonymous. Japanese lanterns came indoors, and so did the peacocks, stuffed now and standing on newel posts. Beaded curtains hung in doorways, and a new invention, the "cozy corner," became the rage. In introducing the subject to its readers the *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1896 said solemnly: "Starting with the idea that what we do shall be an aesthetic solace indicative of one's personality, let us consider the practical construction of the Oriental Booth." The Turkish Corner was popular, with its hookah, mother-of-pearl furniture, ottomans, and dim, mysterious light. Any otherwise awkward or unused spot could be converted into a corner or an ingle-nook. A simple ingle-nook could be made by putting high-backed benches on either side of a fireplace, or in a bay window. Its distant descendant in our time is the breakfast nook.

A new day was about to dawn and a new century. In fifty years American taste had gone through two periods of boom and two panics followed by depressions. It had flitted from Gothic to Queen Anne to Beaux Arts, from Pugin to Ruskin to Eastlake, from crinoline to bustle to shirtwaist. It had discarded the bright colors of Brussels carpet for the somber tones of the "artistic craze" and later had greeted with relief the glitter of white paint and bright flags at the Chicago Fair. It had been fascinated by patented chairs and folding beds, by fringe and stamped leather and peacocks, indoors and out. It had been told that the improvement in its taste was one of the wonders of its age; it had been told that its taste was the most abominable in the world. Always today's taste-makers found yesterday's taste-makers unspeakable. Always a renaissance, a bright new day, was just around the corner. Treasures had been stored up in museums, art instruction had become a recognized part of the school and college curriculum, art schools were crowded with young men and women not only learning to be painters and sculptors but to be designers for commerce as well.

And still the taste of the American people was quixotic, unsure of itself, given to extravagances and inanities. Was it the taste-makers' fault? Heaven knows they had tried. Was it the fault of the age? That sounded more reasonable. Our machine civilization, it was said, had run away with the plain man's sensibilities, had buried his moral and aesthetic aspirations under a slag of manufactured objects, had thrown new things and

ideas at him faster than he could learn to understand them. What was there to do about it? The taste-makers had the answer. Show this plain man the light; give him more museums, more art courses, more reproductions, more books, more advice on how to decorate his house and his body, more art criticism to sharpen his appreciation, and more formulas for judging good taste from bad.

It was in this spirit that the eighteen hundreds with scarcely an aesthetic sigh turned into the twentieth century.

III

"America is making violent efforts to evolve a national architecture," an English visitor, Mr. Frederick Harrison, wrote in the *New York Times Saturday Review* in 1901, "but as yet has produced little but miscellaneous imitations of European types and some wonderful constructive devices." He walked along Broadway and saw "an architectural potpourri." On Fifth Avenue he looked at Venetian palaces, chatêaux from Touraine, Palladian loggias, an occasional German *Schloss*, a thirteenth-century Gothic cathedral (St. Patrick's), and the mansions of millionaires "in any ancient style from Byzantine to the last French Empire." He thought our twenty- and twenty-six story skyscrapers were "outrageous Towers of Babel."

Mr. Harrison was not the only one who found the hodge-podge depressing. A young architect named Frank Lloyd Wright was one of those who was making a "violent effort" to evolve an architecture that was not a conglomeration of ancient styles. In 1900 *House Beautiful* noted with approval that he was one of "the most radical" of a group of architects who were trying to combat the popular fad for "styles," but the rest of the magazine betrayed no combativeness on the editors' part. They were far more interested in the new craze for remodeling old farmhouses, ripping off the scroll-work and getting back to "sincerity," forgetting that "sincerity" had been enunciated as a guiding principle in the design of the Gothic cottage. And they were interested too in the Tudor and French country seats that preoccupied even the builders of small houses in the East, and in the Spanish mission houses that dotted the West.

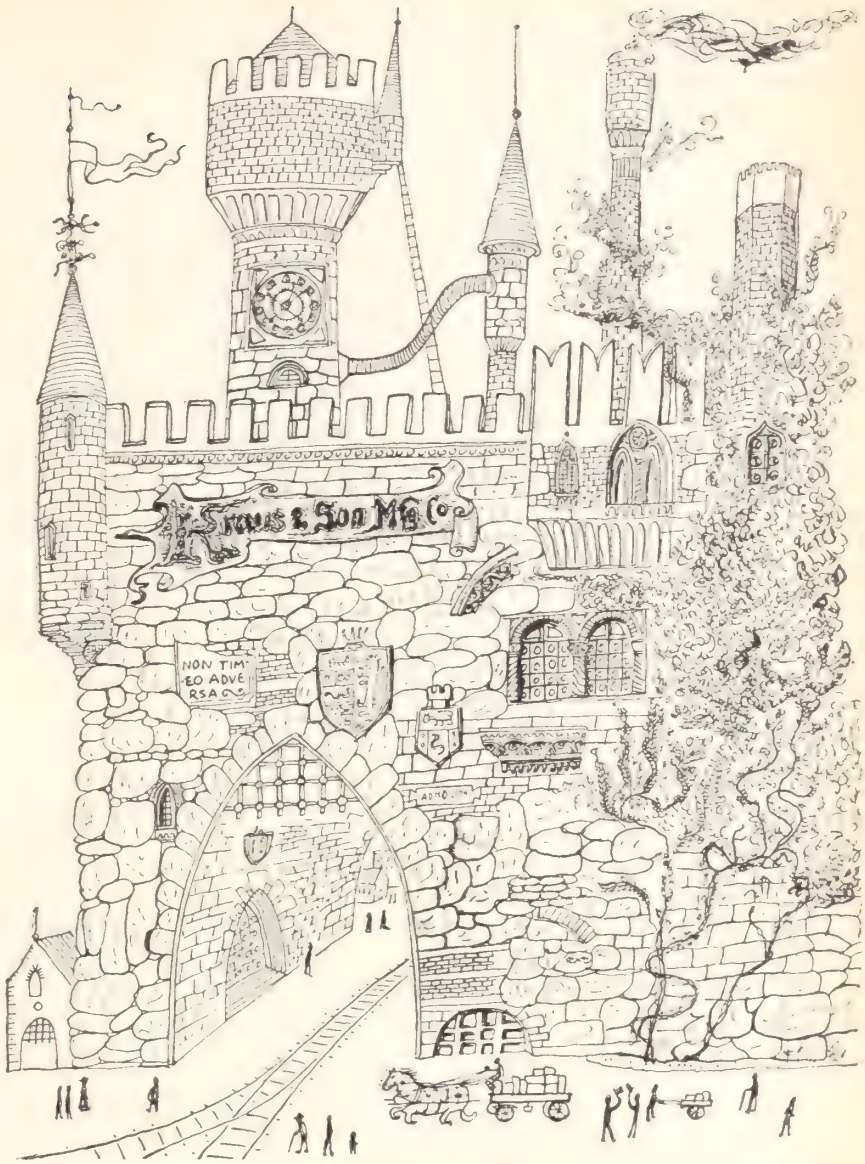
The reaction against the ostentation of the end of the century was a new emphasis on "refinement" and "good taste." The rich became less interested in acting like lordly princes and more interested in behaving like squires—quiet, democratic good fellows, easy and modest. And so in resorts and suburbs in all parts of the country large and small half-timbered, county-squire-like houses appeared in profusion. "Good taste" was the decorator's and architect's new formula in the first decade of this century; and except for the "modern" decorator for whom "functionalism" covers everything that is necessary and good, it has remained so to this day.

Elsie de Wolfe (Lady Mendl), the first American woman to make herself famous as a professional decorator, echoed the words of Henry T. Tuckerman in 1867 and of Clarence Cook in 1876 when she said in the opening paragraph of her book, *The House in Good Taste*: "I know of nothing more significant than the awakening of men and women throughout our country to the desire to improve their houses. Call it what you will—awakening, development, American Renaissance—it is a most startling and promising condition of affairs." The key word in Miss de Wolfe's vocabulary of good taste was "suitability." "My business," she said, "is to preach to you the beauty of suitability. Suitability! *Suitability!* SUITABILITY! !"

It was Miss de Wolfe's conviction, as it was the conviction of Edith Wharton, who also wrote about decoration fifty years ago, that if the rich could be made to see the light of good taste—of "moderation, fitness, relevance," all synonyms for "suitability"—then in the fullness of time, as Mrs. Wharton put it, "every good molding, every carefully studied detail would . . . find its way to the carpenter-built cottage." The formula for suitability was to pursue a consistent style, whatever it might be; consistency was the safe and sure road to good taste. Miss de Wolfe was convinced, as many others were, that the concept of the house had been settled once and for all, and that so far as furniture was concerned, "we cannot do better than to accept the standards of other times, and adapt them to our uses."

The results of such defeatism in high places were bound to show in middle-class houses.

The progression was a logical one: from the period room, decorated with authentic period furniture, to the room decorated with factory-made copies of period pieces. Out of this same safe formula came the antiques craze of the twenties, which dumped the contents of cellars and attics, of farm houses and barns into "Early American" living-rooms. The period room was something any woman could achieve with the help of the decorating magazines.



The "correct taste" which Downing had been convinced in the fifties could be achieved only by education was finally being realized. The Age of Good Taste was beginning, and it was factory-produced, decorator-inspired, magazine-promoted, and inexpensive. It was so easy to be right. But "correct taste" did not happen all at once. There were hand-me-downs to be cleared out—the elaborate wicker furniture so popular in the nineties, the Morris chair, the rustic tripod supporting a brass pot filled with ferns, the engravings of Landseer's dogs. And there were fads to be got through with—the Tiffany glass lamps and Art Nouveau vases and wallpapers, the pianola, and what *House Beautiful* called "the age of concrete," when about 1910 country houses of concrete went up "rapidly all over the land" and concrete pergolas decorated gardens along with the concrete "statues of Pan . . . and cupids, the weeping Magdalens, and an American eagle all ready to scream."

IV

Revolt, however, had been coming for a long time. Domestic architecture was played out and had taken to mimicking itself as the best it could do; only commercial and industrial architecture seemed to have any vitality. Popular painting had dug itself a sentimental grave in the academies of England and France and America; art was buried under the mournful eyes of spaniels, and sweet nudes, and pretty landscapes. But there was a welter of new ideas afoot. Artists generally are very little concerned with "taste"; they are too busy making things. But they do like to be seen and occasionally heard.

The first big explosion here was the Armory Show of 1913, and the noise it made has been echoing in American ears ever since. It was a challenge to correct taste—to sentimentality, to suitability, to refinement, to complacency, and to the idea that if you tried hard enough, read enough magazines and enough books, you could have taste. It was a shocking ex-



perience. Editors, critics, school children, housewives, business men flocked to the exhibition and were appalled at the distortions of Matisse, Picasso, Brancusi, and above all of Duchamp's "Nude Descending the Staircase." After four weeks of critical bedlam the American artists who had arranged the show paraded in celebration and John Quinn, their legal adviser, reminded them of Captain Philips' words when he sank a ship at Santiago: "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying."

The poor devils, however, were a long way from dead; cultivated and correct taste was to put up a battle for many years to come. But a new contestant had entered the lists with a brand new language of aesthetics and flying a banner on which was emblazoned the single strange device: MODERN.

All during the nineteenth century there had been champions of modern ideas, modern styles, modern inventions, and modern painting, as we have noted, but now the word had taken on overtones not merely of progress but of defiance. It was more than a style; it became a creed. It required not only study, sympathy, and attention, but faith as well, and most important of all it meant dicarding ideas about some of the essential qualities which had been associated with art since the beginning of history. "Significant form" became a byword; Clive Bell had enunciated its principles in a book simply called *Art* in 1914. What a picture was about no longer mattered; the "aesthetic experience" was what counted, and that came only to those endowed with understanding and appreciation of "significant form."

There were also stirrings in the world of architecture and in what has recently come to be called "interior design" to distinguish it from the good taste of interior decoration. In Europe men like Mies van der Rohe and Le Corbusier and Gropius were cooking up something new. Into their pot they stirred some of the new aesthetics of abstract painting, some of the social ideas of William Morris, some of the architectural inventions of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, and a good many of the bare bones of technology. When they had finished they had produced a broth as clear and logical as it was unseasoned, as serene in its aesthetics as it was combative in its philosophy. It was an ardent attempt to evolve an architecture and an aesthetic for the age of structural steel and glass, of mechanical devices and plastics and plywood, and it became known as the International Style. When Le Corbusier said that what was needed was a "machine for living," he was merely restating in the vocabulary of his own time what Downing had meant when he said "a dwelling house should look like a dwelling house" and should express the whole man, "his intelligence, his feelings, and his enjoyments." And when Gropius talked about "functionalism," he was restating Eastlake's cry for honest and straightforward design and construction. The basic needs of architecture had not changed, and the vocabulary had changed only slightly, but it was assumed that man had changed (or might be made to change), and that he would

be reasonable about adjusting his tastes to a house that reflected the age in which he lived —the Machine Age.

But at first modern man was, by and large, unimpressed. Too many other taste-makers had been working on him for too long. He liked his little château, or thought he did, and his wife liked her period rooms. The idea of a "machine for living" did not attract a man who spent his days in a machine for working. But the new taste-makers thought otherwise: if the public could only be shown and made to understand the new architecture, they would take it to their bosom. What was needed was a touchstone of taste, a new national museum which would give the public a place to which they could come and learn about the new in art and architecture and take away with them a new concept which could be embedded in their lives and the houses they lived them in.

Here were the shades of Jarves and Tuckerman and Bryan and the art auctioneer of the sixties come back to visit us . . . excited as they had been by the popular concern with taste but appalled by the directions it was taking; impressed by the amount of money people were willing to spend on their homes, the numbers of people who studied in art classes and read books about art. And so the Museum of Modern Art, through the offices of sincere and passionate lovers of art, came into being as the new touchstone for national taste.

V

In a century the Age of Taste has come the full circle, though the collective power of the men and women who make taste has grown steadily since the days of Downing and Tuckerman. Their positions have been strengthened by the very forces that brought them into being—the machines that could turn out tasteful objects for consumption at every economic and social level—but especially by the continuing expansion of the class of people who are expected to discriminate among these things.

The influence of such taste-makers as Mme. Demorest and her Emporium of Fashion with its millions of patterns has long since given way to that of the powerful fashion magazines, which became more and more important to the trade and to women in general as the "ready-made" clothing industry grew by 1929 to a volume of more than a billion and a half dollars a year. From a few men buying space in newspapers and reselling it indiscriminately, advertising agencies have grown into vast organizations staffed by economists, statisticians, artists, writers, idea-men, account executives, radio and television experts, stylists, and space-buyers who spend industry's money at the rate of more than two billions a year. What was once the gaudy press-agent has become the dignified public relations counsel. Museums have spread from a handful in Mrs. Trollope's day to more than 2,000 in our own. Fifty-five million men, women, and principally children go through their turnstiles in a year, and they are staffed not only with curators and scholars, but with educators, docents, publications experts, and public relations men to bring the word to the public.

The Age of Taste has been a joy ride indeed, and the ride is not over. What will sweep away the Modern movement (the International Style is already passé and some critics now regard abstract painting as "academic") is anyone's guess, but it will as surely be swept away as the Gothic Revival and the Eastlake movement, as the Queen Anne villa and the poured concrete pergola. Whether American taste has made progress since the time when Downing dreamed of a nation of "smiling lawns and tasteful cottages" is for the reader to decide for himself, but he is invited to consider a statement which appeared in the publisher's advertisement for Henry T. Tuckerman's *American Artist Life*. It was taken from a lecture "attributed to a foreign writer of acknowledged authority," and published in 1876:

> There are standing controversies in Art, which are perpetually breaking out afresh: they take new forms with every new age, but they are essentially the same always. These violent and dogmatic decisions crush and wither the timid likings of plain people, which might have developed into cultivated taste.

Women Have Come a Long Way

Eleanor Roosevelt

As I look back over a rather long life I am impressed with the great changes that I have witnessed in the status of women. I was brought up by my grandmother from the time I was eight years old, so perhaps I see the differences in a somewhat more exaggerated form than some of my contemporaries who were never under the direct influence of a member of that earlier generation. To my grandmother it was unthinkable that a girl should go to work unless she was destitute or at least really impoverished; and that she should wish to go to college seemed preposterous. But I imagine that most women who were brought up at the time I was, and in roughly the same sort of surroundings, will share my sense of the contrasts that have come about.

I learned to ride horseback, but I rode side-saddle. I can remember the excitement there was over girls who rode bicycles wearing bloomers, and how outrageous many people thought them. We went bathing in bathing-suits with skirts, and long black stockings; propriety demanded that we be completely covered. And some girls even wore hats in bathing to shield them from the sun, for it was considered important to preserve the whiteness of one's skin; young ladies would have been dismayed at getting the healthy look of tan that today they deliberately acquire in the South in the winter, and wherever they are in the summer.

At eighteen I was introduced to New York Society. I was a frightened young girl who had spent three years at a finishing school in Europe and had practically no friends, either male or female, in this country. There was still a Four Hundred in New York Society. If you belonged you were asked to the "right parties" and if you didn't belong you were not asked. In those days it took not only money but a really concentrated campaign to get recognition if you came as an unknown to New York. I remember a few lovely girls who took the city by storm, arriving from other parts of the country, but either they were great beauties or had a reputation for having brains and knew some of the "right" people to introduce them. People were just beginning to accept the fact that a Miss Livingston could marry a Mr. Mills from California; but on the whole New York Society was compact and chary of outsiders.

It was conceded that girls of Society families had an obligation to do some kind of charitable work, but very, very few of them took money-earning jobs; and if they "had to work," as the phrase of the day went, they were largely limited to becoming teachers,

In This Is My Story, *Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt described the society in which she grew up. Today as chairman of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, she is herself an outstanding example of the great distance that women have come.*

trained nurses, social workers, or librarians. Miss Elizabeth Marbury once told me how horrified the New York Society of her young days was when she had to go to work and began to represent artists and build a talent office. A girl whose family was on a lower income level could be a clerk in a store or work in an office, but generally speaking she did this only so long as it was an absolute economic necessity; male pride and general public opinion frowned on any woman who worked outside the home if she could manage to avoid it. Not many executive positions were held by women and they had hardly begun to be recognized in the professions. That has come only after a long, hard fight; and few young things today have any idea of what they owe to the women who pioneered in higher education and in working in the professional fields.

We still heard with amusement and horror in the early nineteen-hundreds of the early fighters for suffrage who had worn trousers and walked around the streets of New York in them. Women were doing a great many things for the first time, but most of them were content to be housekeepers and mothers who stayed in the home—where they often worked very hard indeed—and many became pretty Society butterflies, spoiled and ruled by their husbands.

A change came with World War I. For large numbers of women who had to go to work when their husbands were in the service found they liked the new freedom and continued in their jobs after the war was over; the percentage of women working for wages outside the home jumped upward.

My mother had been well educated for a girl of her generation and she took a great interest in my education, but in those days a solid foundation of learning and training in the ability to think were less highly regarded than the social graces which made you attractive and charming in Society. I learned to speak French fluently before I learned to speak English, but my arithmetic was learned by rote without the slightest understanding of why certain things produced certain answers. I learned the whole of the first four books of Euclid by heart, and I have never understood what use that was in preparation for the life that I was expected to live in the future. Of course, I have had quite a different life from the one that my mother and grandmother envisioned for me; I was certainly not consciously prepared for it.

I was fifteen when I came in contact, in Europe, with the first women I had ever known who were really intellectually emancipated, and I found this experience extremely stimulating. The Boer War was being fought and the Dreyfus case was still being argued. I heard the rights and wrongs of such public issues discussed at length and heatedly, in fact with passion—something I had never heard at home. In my grandmother's home politics were never mentioned and I think she was rather ashamed to acknowledge that even by marriage anything so contaminating as a government official was related to the family.

But if I was not brought up to be useful or to think of the obligations to society that must be recognized by a conscientious citizen of a democracy, I was nevertheless given a very free rein in my intellectual development along many lines. The library in our country house, as in the city house we lived in, was filled with books gathered by my grandfather, who had had a special bent toward theology, though apparently he never had any inclination to become a minister. I never wanted to read the books on theology (though I remember shedding tears over the illustrations in the Doré Bible); but other books on those shelves—the classics, biographies, travel, novels, stories about life anywhere of any kind—fed the interests of my childhood and helped to show me, eventually, why so many women were beginning to fight for equality in the political and social world which up to that time had seemed of very little importance to me.

I had my first contact with the suffrage movement rather late, and consider myself lucky to have heard Anna Howard Shaw speak and to have known Carrie Chapman Catt before she was widely recognized as the great leader of women in the struggle for equal political rights.

As a result of the shift of public opinion which these women helped to bring about, there have been far-reaching amendments during the past fifty years of the laws which touch on the rights of women. These vary in different parts of the world

and, for that matter, in different states in our own country. The old Blue Laws which were accepted throughout New England at one time may still be on the statute books, but even where such antiquated legislation remains it is completely ignored, and by and large women seem to be considered as equals before the law in the United States. Of late there has been a great agitation to pass an equal rights amendment; but I think that if one looks over the reforms of the past generation one must decide that it would be easier in our particular situation to change such state laws as seem to discriminate against women than to pass a federal amendment.

Women have now become an integral part of nearly all the trade unions, and it is interesting to note that some of the unions in the industries which employ largely women are as good as any there are.

In family life, too, the change has been great. Fifty years ago women had to resort to subtlety if they wished to exert influence; now their influence is exerted openly and accepted by husband and children. Fifty years ago no young girl had an apartment of her own while she was single; "Mrs. Grundy" frowned on that. Today no one questions the right of an adult woman to have her own home.

In my lifetime I have seen women accepted as doctors, surgeons, psychiatrists, lawyers, architects, and even, during the war, as mechanics on the assembly line. I remember the day when John Golden said in the White House that women lacked the power to be creative and that there had never been any great creative women artists. I took that up seriously with him later, and contended that this might seem to be true in our time, but had not always been true in the past; and that if it was true now, this was not because women lacked ability but because they lacked opportunity. I think that today we must realize that in the past generation we have developed many very able writers and painters and some very able sculptors among the women of this country and other countries. Modern life moves very quickly and the distractions and multitudinous occupations that are thrust upon women tend to make the development of an artist's creative talents more difficult than in the past; but in spite of these outward circumstances the urge to create is so strong that I think we are going to find more and more women expressing themselves not only through the bearing and rearing of children but through the creative arts.

One thing that strikes me particularly today is the way in which women are accepting responsibility in creating the pattern for the new states. Take India, for example. I have seen in the United Nations a woman delegate, Madame Pandit, the sister of the Prime Minister, lead her delegation—the only woman to occupy such a position.

I have been impressed, too, with the number of women of charm and ability who have come to the United Nations with good backgrounds of work in various fields that fit them for their duties in that body. I think at once of Madame Lefoucheaux of France, who was chairman of the last meeting of the Commission on the Status of Women; Miss Bowie, who represented the United Kingdom on the Human Rights Commission; Madame Hansa Mehta of India, also on this commission; and many women who have acted as advisers to the harried delegates and brought us the information without which some of us would have found it very difficult to carry on the work confronting us in fields in which we had had little or no experience. Even ten years ago, if there had been such a body as the United Nations, it would hardly have been possible to find women sitting as delegates, and certainly it would have been considered doubtful whether the United States would ever send a woman as a delegate. Now it sends a woman alternate as well!

Perhaps the position of women in the United Nations is the best example of the fact that they have graduated from exclusion from business and the professions to almost complete acceptance and equality, and that they are now generally treated as virtually on a par with men in the political world at home and abroad. Some nations are slower in granting this recognition than others, but the trend is unmistakable. It is toward complete equality.

I think it might still be said that if a woman wants really to succeed she must do better than a man, for she is under more careful scrutiny; but this is practically the only handicap under which women now labor in almost any field of endeavor.

Reader, Transatlantic

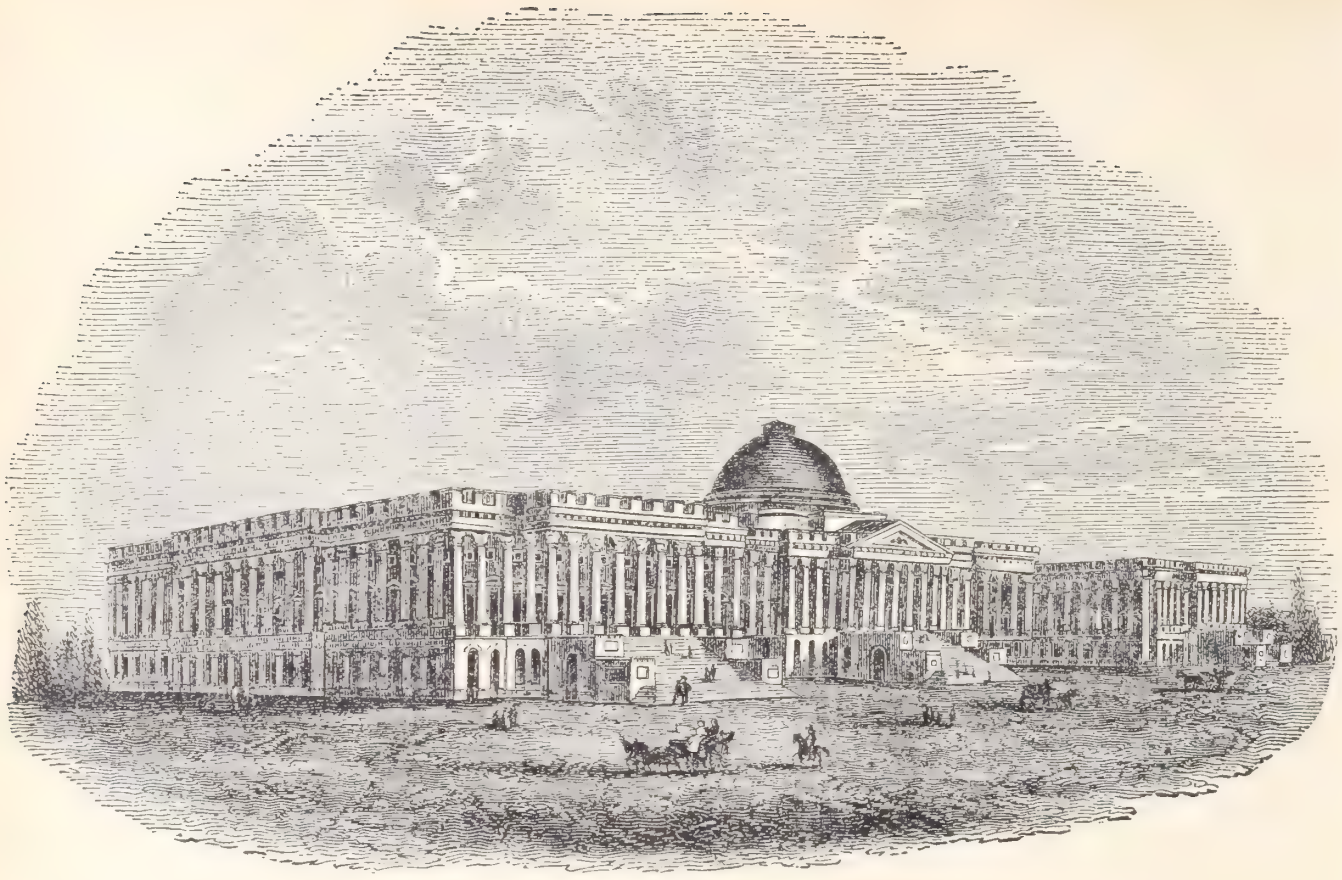
Rebecca West

***Illustrations from earlier issues of* Harper's**

MANY Britons are, so far as *Harper's Magazine* is concerned, centenarians. The best remembered books are those we read flat on our stomachs on the floor, our heads turned toward the nursery hearth; and such books were likely, at the turn of the century, in a well-stocked English home, to include bound volumes of *Household Words, Once a Week, Punch,* and *Harper's Magazine.* Of these, even in that day, *Household Words* and *Once a Week* plainly belonged to the past, for they had ceased publication in any recognizable form years before. They were looked at chiefly for their illustrations, which were indeed superb, being the work of Millais and Fred Walker and Ford Madox Brown and the like. The reading matter was of a complexity which makes us ask a question relating to progress. Is there any magazine today which, if there appeared another George Meredith, would dare to publish his novels as serials? *Punch* was of the present: a cozy commentary on the framework of life as we knew it. Even English people have never, in my recollection, thought *Punch* jokes very funny. Rather are they the obvious jokes that somebody has to make some time; it would not be natural if they just lay about in their naked incongruity and nobody picked them up and clothed them in words; and they might as well be made as pleasantly as possible. They serve a useful purpose, too, by being embedded among political cartoons and topical verses. The good temper of our political life is probably not unconnected with the fact that the British child receives its first information about its statesmen in an atmosphere of gentle facetiousness.

But *Harper's Magazine* outplayed these others. It did not show how beautiful the world was, nor did it point out how, when the world was not beautiful but humdrum and ridiculous, good humor could speed the awkward moment on its way. Simply it announced the existence of an alternative world. Only now, as one turns over the old volumes, does it strike one as poignant that the announcement was made more and more simply and clearly the earlier the volume. It was in December 1852 that *Harper's* published an article by Anna C. Lynch called "A Sketch of Washington City," which evoked in the mind of at least one young reader a picture of shining glory upon shining glory, like the clouds in a golden sunset made solid and architectural according to the vision of the Apocalypse. It was not that Anna Lynch had an infatuated eye. She saw justly enough, denouncing what was "poor and meager in design," though at times she was a little too ready to rejoice because all was going according to plan. She showed a touch of ghoulish satisfaction when she wrote, of the Congres-

British author and journalist Rebecca West has been writing for Harper's *since 1926 and for a time, during 1945-46, sent us regular bulletins "From England." Part of her latest book,* The Meaning of Treason, *appeared in this magazine.*



The Capitol in 1852

(From "A Sketch of Washington City," by Anna C. Lynch, Harper's, *December 1852)*

sional Burying Ground, that "over the remains of every member of Congress is erected a plain white monument of peculiar form, and every year they dot more thickly the green foliage of this beautiful spot." But what gave her picture its unforgettable radiance was not complacency; it was gratitude, a sense of duty, and optimism. Here is a sentence which expresses her spirit:

> With the broadest principles of freedom for the foundation of our government—with magnificent country, whose shores are washed by the great oceans, whose lakes are seas, whose rivers are the most majestic that water the earth, whose commerce whitens every sea, whose railroads and canals, like great arteries, intersect its whole surface, and carry life and activity to its remotest corner; whose "magnetic nerves," with the rapidity of thought, bear intelligence to its distant extremities; with a people springing from the fusion of many races, and whose energies are as inexhaustible as the resources of the country they inhabit, it would seem that here the human mind is destined to develop its highest powers, and that, while on one side its influence will roll back upon the tottering monarchies of Europe, on the other its advancing tide of freedom and civilization will stretch across the Pacific, to the shores of Asia, and pour upon them its fertilizing flood.

Today rhetoric is out of fashion, and so is boosting. We write as baldly as if we were sending telegrams and think of ourselves as if we were our own wicked stepmothers. But out of all question the proud words spoken by Anna Lynch and her kind were good for Americans to hear. Dostoevski had explained in a famous passage in *The Possessed* that no country can achieve a noble destiny unless it believes that it has a unique revelation of the divine purpose and a unique function in carrying it out. In our own generation Germany and Italy have underlined this truth, for both of them proceeded on the assumption that they had a mission to fulfill which had nothing to do with any existing scheme of values, and the destiny they achieved was

monstrous; and we learned from the temporary eclipse of France what destiny awaits a nation which persuades itself that for the moment it has no part to play, that it can sit in the stalls and watch the others give the performance. This American lyricism gave an enduring form to the political aspirations of the United States, and to the social behavior of its inhabitants. It is possible to sneer at the Marshall Plan as imperialism dressed up in no more attractive disguise than paternalism; but not if one looks back to a phase of history as tragic as our own and realizes how little France and Great Britain, at the peaks of their greatness, did for victims who suffered as the result of the Ottoman invasion of Europe. They could have given aid by policy, and it would have paid them to do it. But they had not seen the picture of the strong man helping the weak and making an agreeable society for both the strong and the weak which lies behind Anna Lynch's words.

We English of the turn of the century had, mark you, that conception in some sort. Whatever the cynical may say, many British people felt that generosity toward the Empire. For every Englishman who wanted to exploit the natives of the dependencies there were two who wanted to relieve their conditions and bring them physical health and civil order. An uncle of mine, who was the permanent official at the head of the Colonial Office, spent his last years passionately trying to influence young administrators to respect the African Negro and protect his culture. I was at a school in Edinburgh which had a thousand pupils. Of my class ten girls, who need not have worked for their living or could have earned their living comfortably in their own country, went on to take courses which would enable them to go out as medical missionaries to Africa or Asia; and they followed a long school tradition. But all these efforts took place within a framework that seemed rigid. The class system which left government in the hands of families of the old landed gentry and the new industrialists (which were fusing and thereby gaining new strength) seemed likely to hold its own for a very long time.

In the meantime every town had its cancer of slums and the agricultural laborer was a peon. If the national framework was rigid, the international framework was rickety. We were all with Anna Lynch about the tottering monarchies. We have forgotten just how insecure we all felt in Europe, long before the war. The Czardom was rocking on its base. All of us with intelligent parents knew Russian refugees who had fled before the threat of exile to Siberia, and heard how Russia insisted on pouring out money by promoting intrigues in the Balkans and in the East and did nothing to relieve the poverty of her own people. The Hapsburg family acted as if they had looked through time at Eugene O'Neill and decided to trump his every ace; and the consorts of minor royalties ran away with their music-masters and rode bicycles in tight checked knickers. Where there were not royalties there was worse. Republics were not innocent. The childhood of all my generation was shadowed by the Dreyfus case. It showed that adults were not all good, as they pretended, and that they could plot against the innocent and, year after year, succeed; and the method of their evil was to tell the lie that some people were not human beings but vermin, to be stamped out by a general decree against which individual worth was no defense. We knew that anti-Semitism was an ancient evil, and we felt as if we had been condemned to live on infected soil.

How beautiful, then, was the picture of America we derived from the pages of *Harper's Magazine*: a country big and new, which meant to be good; which had no slums and no ancient criminal prejudices and meant to have none; and which also was tremendous fun. In the issue of March 1858, there was an article on the Upper Mississippi which startles the contemporary reader because it describes as the Golden West what is now the Middle West, and delighted me with its descriptions of Indians, lumber floating down the tributaries from the Wisconsin and Iowa and Minnesota forests, companies of emigrants in their covered wagons, the wheat coming up in prodigal gold through the untapped generosity of the soil, schools and colleges springing up wherever wealth established itself, as if to preserve it from the fate of materialism which had befallen it in Europe. Exquisite the sense of a landscape unstained by history, sacred to the sweet and innocent search for daily bread and eternal

wisdom, where the air had not been breathed again and again and beliefs had not rambled for centuries through the minds of oppressed and oppressors, to emerge as hideous prejudices.

II

We were doing, of course, what Colette has warned us we always do with foreign countries: take over their experience and ignore its relation to time. We read their great writers and know nothing of the little ones in between, and so we often attribute to a foreign genius as part of his genius characteristics which his compatriots know to have been common to his generation; and we sometimes regard such a genius as typical of his people when he represented them only at a particular time. The European children who read *Harper's Magazine* over forty years ago were guilty of a comparable misapprehension concerning the landscape they admired. It had long since been stained by history. They knew this, as a matter of cold fact, for the very good reason that their father, who had been a British officer serving in Canada during the Civil War, had spent six months' leave that was due to him in acting as a stretcher-bearer with the Confederate Army. ("Were you a believer in the Confederate cause?" he was asked in his later years. "Not particularly," he answered mildly, "but as soon as I had seen my first battle I became a very strong believer in stretchers.") But children do not join their facts. The United States in which their father had served under fire was to them not quite the same United States of which they read in *Harper's Magazine*.

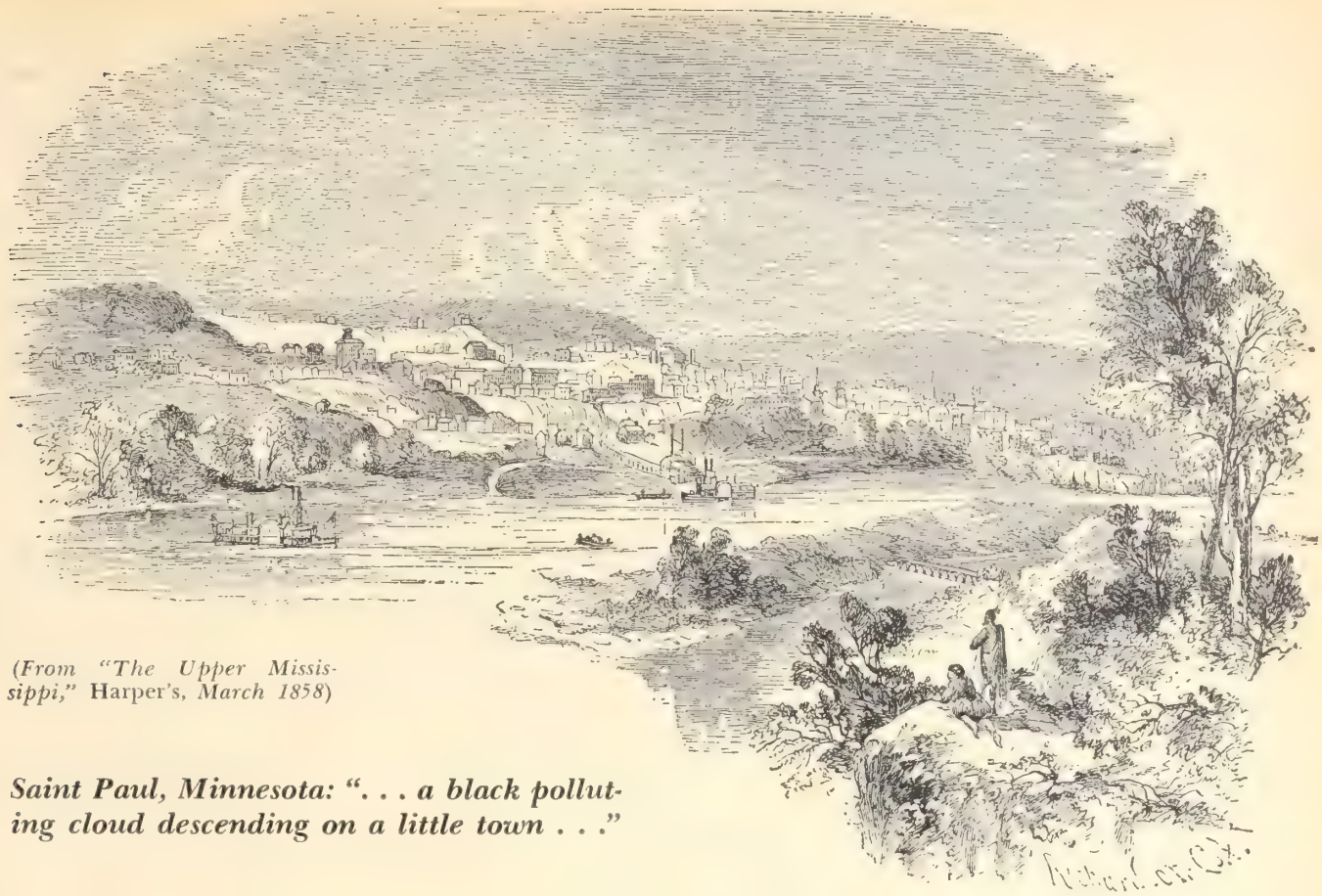
It is to be remarked that *Harper's* did little to help them on this score. The issues published between 1861 and 1865 contain fewer references to the Civil War than one might expect. This must have been a matter of individual policy,* for the *Century* subsequently published so many articles on the subject that a modern reader could get a working idea of the struggle from that single source. This reticence of *Harper's Magazine* during these four years goes far to explain a silence which fell on the magazine half a century later, when it was possible to open an issue published during the first year of the first world war and find no single reference to the crack which had split time from side to side. Surely we are here in the presence of an American tendency which has been unfairly abused: an isolationism which seeks to shut itself off not only from international complications in which it feels American interests are not involved, but also from national complications which it feels are not provided for in the original American program. It wanted to get on with the business of building a prosperous and virtuous society in which the individual would enjoy unprecedented freedom, and it was agony for it to admit that there was any political issue involved in the construction of such a society other than the one it had settled in the Revolution.

Today no attitude could be more unfashionable. It is a pity that that attitude should have been adopted as a means of deception by those whose secret allegiance was to fascism and militarism; and that a state of confusion should have arisen in which it was found possible to apply the term "isolationist" to Colonel Lindbergh, who in fact bobbed about the world attempting to influence the affairs of other countries as few other Americans not in an official position have ever done. For there was great beauty in the desire of the United States to found a society which should have a moral right to feel superior to Europe because it had kept itself clean of all the ancient European evils. So great is that beauty that those English who have derived knowledge of it from such publications as *Harper's Magazine* have felt twice in their lives a peculiar emotion compounded of extreme relief and extreme regret. The occasion was in each case the entrance of the United States into a world war on the side of Great Britain. The news tormented one of those English by a vision of a black polluting cloud descending on a little town that hung white on a bluff above a broad river: which she recognizes now as St. Paul, thus depicted in an illustration to the article on the Upper Mississippi.

III

As time went on contributors began to take their homeland for granted and wrote more of foreign parts, describing them with a simple vigor which, let us face

* *Harper's Weekly* covered the war in pictures and text.—*The Editors.*



(From "The Upper Mississippi," Harper's, March 1858)

Saint Paul, Minnesota: ". . . a black polluting cloud descending on a little town . . ."

it, most of us lack today. In the issue of November 1893 Edwin Lord Weeks, an artist and writer no longer widely remembered, traveled through Persia in the company of cholera. He was a long way from home, among strange beauty and strange terror. The writing is austere and impersonal, but we share his experience. It is odd that the objective style then fashionable enabled writers to convey the sum of what they felt better than the introspective style which took its place. The nineteenth-century descriptive writer set down the sights he saw and the sounds he heard, and from his selection of facts and the placing of his emphasis his reader could guess (having then a common background) what he was feeling. The modern descriptive writer who details his sensations breaks down his story into a list of stimuli and responses from which the reader (who in these days is not nearly so likely to be the same sort of person as the writer) is by no means certain to derive an accurate sense of his intellectual and emotional direction.

But it is true that the earlier writers frequently gave a vivid account of an experience without making much attempt to place it in its context. Richard Harding Davis and Julian Ralph both contributed articles about the Greco-Turkish War of the late nineties which far surpassed most war correspondence of our time in the solidity with which they built up their picture of the belligerent armies and the surrounding countryside. Dropped in one of the camps they describe, a reader would have recognized it at once. But neither author gave the reader any but the sketchiest idea of why the Turks and the Greeks were fighting, and it is to be doubted whether they really understood the reason themselves, at any rate to the extent which would be required of a war correspondent today. There were some articles which attempted to explain the international political scene, but these were not very lively specimens of the school which, in speaking of the countries involved in any dispute, always meant their Foreign Offices and not their inhabitants, their governing classes and not the governed. This was the custom of the time on both sides of the Atlantic, and it was guaranteed to give a short-term view, based on the biased information of those governing classes. The descriptive and non-political

articles were often more useful as magic crystals, because they showed the look of the towns and villages, the cut of the people.

While the interest of the articles swung toward Europe during the nineteenth century, fiction crossed the Atlantic in the opposite direction. I imagine no magazine has a prouder record in the way of fiction than *Harper's Magazine.* It published the great Victorians, and it was not the fault of its editors but of their generation if one of these was a terrifying bore. To pick up a novel by Lord Lytton is to know a moment of panic before one makes sure that one can close it again. But for the rest the editors made a good bargain. If one comes on an installment of *Little Dorrit* and *Our Mutual Friend,* there is no help for it, one must read to the end. It was to *Harper's* credit that it was a bargain.



The "Shah's Highway" to Teheran

". . . Straight away in front of us as far as the eye can reach, it stretches over a level plain, and up a slight rise, bounded on one side by the arrow-straight line of iron telegraph poles. . . . There are many wrecks by the way of what were once proud ships of the desert, as well as the last remnants of horses, mules, and donkeys, lying where they gave up the struggle for life. The only birds in this drear landscape are the ravens, which hunt in couples. . . ."

(Text and illustration by Edwin Lord Weeks, from his article, "From Tabreez to Ispahan," Harper's, *November 1893)*

The firm paid up like gentlemen in spite of the absence of a copyright law, and found it not easy to do so. It paid Thackeray two thousand dollars for *The Virginians,* and on the back cover of the issues carrying the serial the editors conducted a spirited attack on the New York *Tribune,* which was publishing it simultaneously, under the plea that it had the legal right to reprint the words of any English author from a British edition, and that it had had a copy of *The Virginians* sent from London. The *Tribune* even named the steamer that had brought it to them. But the publishers of *Harper's* pointed out that this was a lie, for the *Tribune* version incorporated alterations which had been deliberately made on proofs for *Harper's.* The *Tribune* was copying it from *Harper's* as it appeared. The dispute is typographically charming, for there are little rude pointing hands inserted before any specially shocking revelation of the *Tribune's* mendacity.

After these great ones came the lesser ones, Charles Reade, and those forgotten but sound Victorians, William Black and Henry Seton Merriman, and, superb gift to the suppressed romanticism of the age, George du Maurier. This is truly a feather in *Harper's* cap, for it must have taken unusual editorial courage to publish anything so completely isolated from the literary fashions of its time as *Peter Ibbetson.* The presentation of this and *Trilby* was an editorial triumph for other reasons. Anyone who tries giving young people these works to read in book form and in the bound volumes of *Harper's,* and notes the difference in reception, will realize what technical skill lies in the spacing of the illustrations to fill out the thin patches in the story.

When *Harper's* was publishing Dickens and Thackeray the home-grown fiction was fairly poor, in the sprightly and amateurish fashion which put jokes in italics and was roguish about courtship. But the balance altered. Gradually there sprang up a school of fiction writers whose proficiency was not so spectacular as that of the English great ones because their effects were not so broad, but who were not shallow. It is significant that William Dean Howells had a story ("A Pair of Patient Lovers") in the issue of November 1897, which dealt with a mother fixation deftly and playfully and yet with due seriousness. He and his followers wrote as if they



(*From "Trilby," in* Harper's, *March 1894*)

***One of Du Maurier's Illustrations for* Trilby**

It was this picture which led Whistler to threaten suit against Du Maurier and Harper's. *Du Maurier had caricatured Whistler in the seated figure in the left background.*

wanted to found a comedy of manners, but it became, in its extravagant delicacy, a comedy of perception. Their perceptions brought them a wealth of material on which they were obliged, as all artists are in the long run, to pass a moral judgment. The tradition of their country made them apply themselves to this task with zest and convert their comedy of perception into what was often, in the stories of Mary E. Wilkins, for example, a comedy of conscience. Sometimes it ceased to be a comedy at all, and became a drama of judgment. Margaret Deland's contributions to *Harper's* were magnificent, but sometimes it seems as if they might have more suitably been engraved upon the Pentateuch. So earnest are her stories and those of her school that a speculation arises as to whether they did not represent a religious rather than an aesthetic tendency. In the third quarter-century *Harper's* rarely published devotional prose or poetry, as it had done in its beginning; in America as in England, the educated classes were turning from orthodox religion; and it may be that this fiction was an attempt by that class to demonstrate that with its faith it need not lose its integrity also.

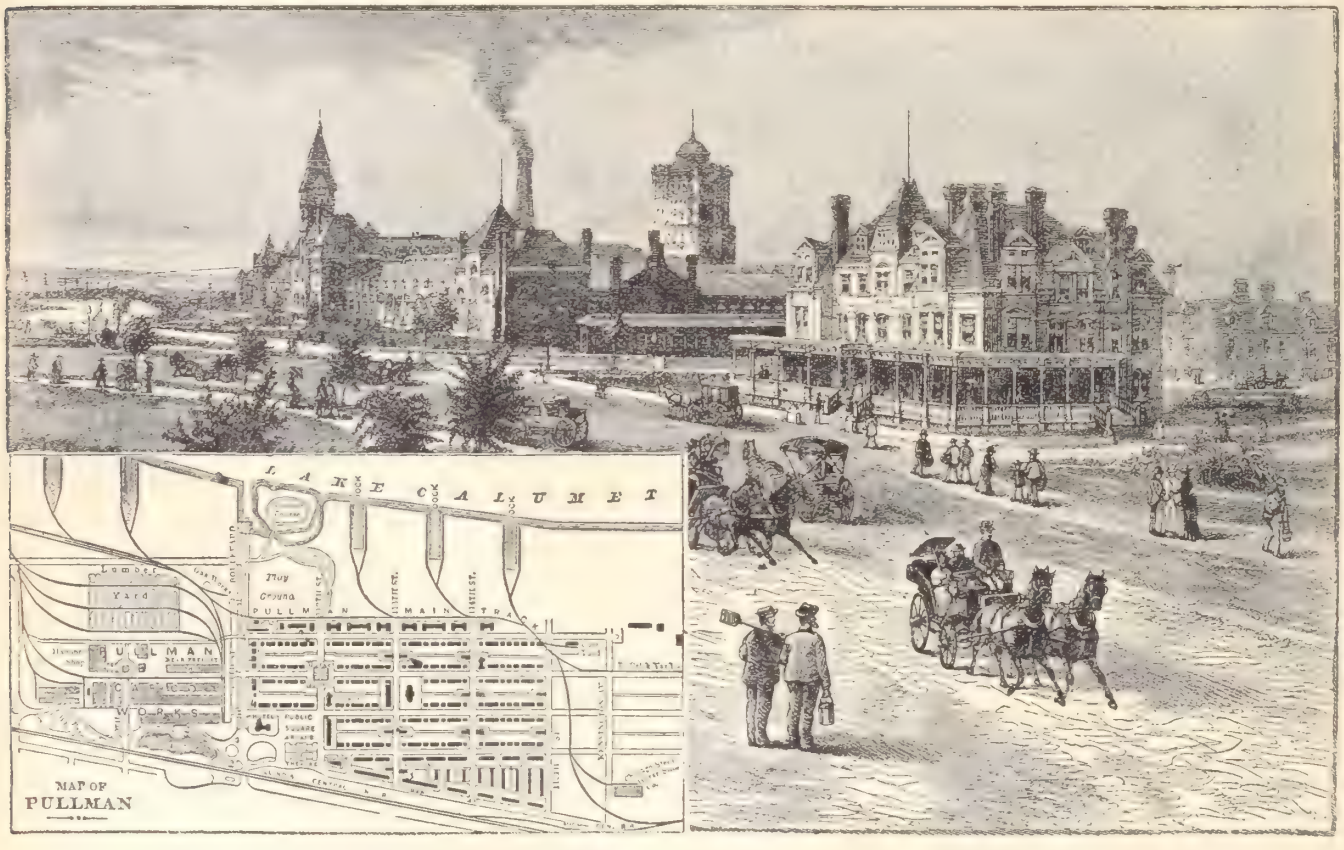
That kind of fiction disappeared about the time of the first world war. The main traditions of fiction were continued in a fairly straight line. Charles Dickens, if he opened an issue containing an installment of *Repent in Haste* by John Marquand, would doubtless not be able to set it down and those who love fantasy would be as regretful to have missed *Thunder on the Left* as *Peter Ibbetson.* But the comedy of manners, the comedy of perception, the comedy of conscience, the drama of judgment, have gone. The short stories of today are episodic, sometimes so much so as to avoid anything so concrete as an episode. Like the descriptive writers of today, the fiction writers break down their stories into lists of stimuli and reactions; their theme is often insistence on the uniqueness of the individual who reacts to these stimuli, and usually some misunderstanding between him and the community, which is obtuse in its refusal to guess that he hides a wound or to recognize his subtle superiority. Some of these stories are good and some are bad. Anyway it is a very natural kind of fiction to write in an age in which powerful forces deny the value of the individual.

IV

MARK TWAIN'S genius is a patch of good weather in the universe. The only work he did which does not come on the mind like sunshine is a piece of early American isolationism gone bad, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court,* in which he writes of medieval Europeans as if they were fools for not knowing all that is known to modern Americans, forgetting that the source of America's knowledge is the experimental ignorance of Europe. In view of this curious example of blindness to historical process it is odd that one of the most startling articles that *Harper's Magazine* ever published, from the historian's point of view, was one by Mark Twain. In the issue of March 1898 he laid his finger on the plague spot which was to infect the world and cause its present miseries.

In the autumn of 1897, Mark Twain visited Vienna, just at the time that the German Austrians in the Hapsburg Empire were trying to shelve the famous Badeni laws which had given the Czechs the right to use their own language as the official language of their territory, instead of German, which many Czechs did not speak. It was then the fashion to say that the Hapsburg Empire was indestructible, because the different racial minorities which composed it hated each other so much that they would never unite in revolution, and that the only peril threatening it was that as soon as the Emperor Franz Josef should die the intransigent young German Emperor would annex it. (This last point of view is expressed in the same issue of *Harper's* by an anonymous writer who was evidently a trained diplomat). Mark Twain looked at the situation and reported the actual state of affairs as we now know it to have existed.

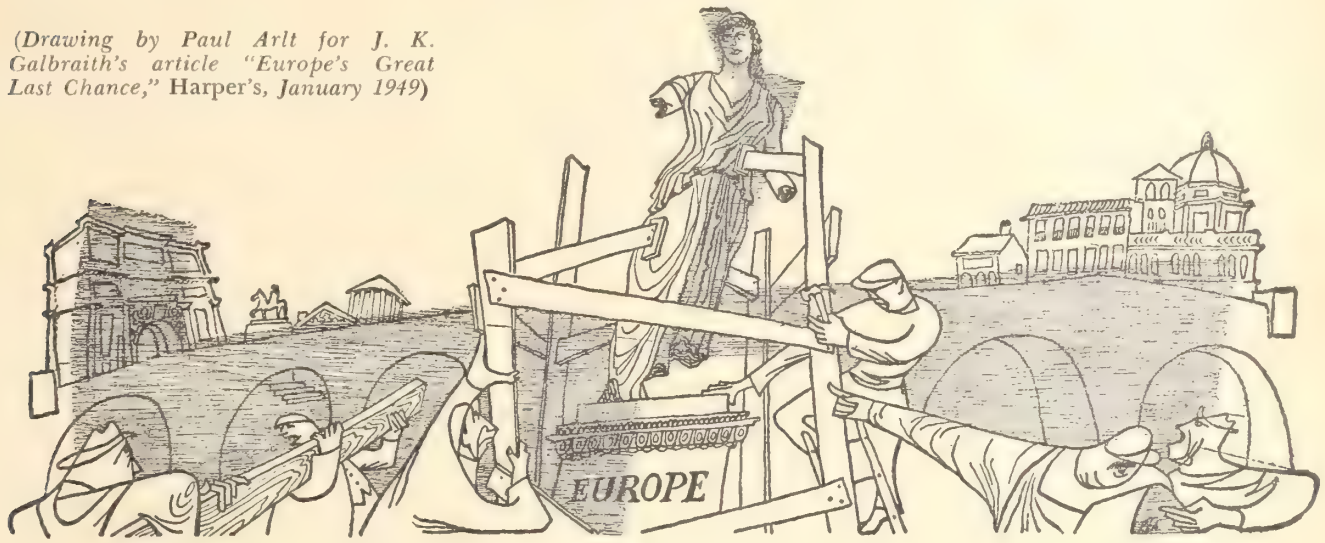
After a brief account of the historical background which must make any contemporary journalist pale with envy, so clear and economical is it, so gay and serious, he describes a visit to the Austrian Parliament at a time when the German deputies were in the process of forcing the government to abandon the Badeni laws, by opposing the renewal, which came up automatically every ten years, sanctioning the administrative union of Austria and Hungary. He describes



The Town of Pullman in 1885

(From Richard T. Ely, "Pullman: A Social Study," Harper's, *February 1885)*

how the deputies shouted, sang, stamped, shook fists in one another's faces, and endlessly exchanged insults, often of an obscene nature. He attended other sittings, in which the deputies came to blows; and he was at the famous sitting when the police cleared the House by force. He did a beautiful job of reporting over this, and he saw what it meant.



(Drawing by Paul Arlt for J. K. Galbraith's article "Europe's Great Last Chance," Harper's, *January 1949)*

He described its immediate consequences, which were widespread riots, in which, he notes, "in all cases the Jew had to roast, no matter which side he was on." He had not a doubt that the Austro-Hungarian Empire was in such a state of vulgar disorder that it must collapse; and what is more remarkable, he picked out the personalities which were going to wreck it and the rest of Europe. It was not so surprising that he should pay special attention to Dr. Lueger, the leader of the anti-Slav Germans, and the prime promoter of anti-Semitism, for Lueger was a famous and popular man. What is extraordinary is that he should have drawn for us one Georg von Schönerer, "vast and muscular, and endowed with the most powerful voice in the Reichsrat," ploughing through the crowds to smash a ruler on the desk of a hostile deputy and shake it over his head and bellow insults at him, and at another rowdy sitting, lifting up one of the heavy ministerial armchairs and trying to bring it down on the head of an opponent. He was not then a very important person, and it would not be surprising if this were the only contemporary reference to him in English or American popular literature. But it was he who founded the political party which Hitler was to take over with hardly an alteration twenty years later. It is doubtful if Hitler would ever have been able to formulate a program if this man had not done the work before him. That Mark Twain, American of the Americans, should have pierced the current illusions (which saw Austria as charming and civilized) and should detect the worm in the European apple shows that if a man is good at home he will be good anywhere; and indeed he mentions that his understanding of the scene in the Reichsrat was based on his study of the Arkansas legislature fifty years before.

V

It was no use trying to find reassurance in subtle fiction: as it were, seeking anaesthesia in hyperaesthesia. What Mark Twain saw cast its shadow on the United States in 1917, and it has not lifted. *Harper's* task since that day has been to keep the American spirit alive and pure under that pollution, and to see an end to the clouding of the light it once knew. It has still published good fiction; it has still popularized the achievements of science and has not excluded literary criticism; but its main task has been to deal with two anxieties. One is the fear that this pollution may grow more deadly and war destroy us; the other is to stabilize a situation which was long ago recognized in its pages as unstable. Among the most interesting of such recognitions is an uneasy paper by Richard T. Ely, the economist, published in the issue of February 1885, on the subject of the town of Pullman,

Illinois. This had been built by the Pullman Palace Car Company and its associated corporations outside Chicago, and consisted of their factories and homes for their employees and their families, who numbered about eight thousand. It was a model city for its day, and the company was full of kindly concern for its dependents. But all the inhabitants were tenants living in rented houses from which they were evicted if they changed employment; strikes were forbidden; they were allowed no town meetings or other form of participation in local government; they feared to express any opinions about their own lot. Was the Pullman Company, Professor Ely asked, offering "a gilded cage as a substitute for personal liberty?" High wages had, in the minds of the early Americans, been a complete answer to the labor problem; and it disconcerted generation after generation to discover just how incomplete that answer was.

First one had to balance the claims of labor and capital. Then the scales had to be used to do justice to the claims of capital, labor, and the state; of the producer and the consumer, of public and private enterprise. . . . Oh, there was no end to it. And the first readers of *Harper's* would, I think, have known utter despair had they been able to read the issue of June 1938 in which Mr. George Soule, in an article called "Capitalism Without Capital," pointed out that capitalism in the United States now lacks what used to be considered its chief reason for existing: "In spite of other advantages that may be claimed for it, it has not been accumulating much capital." At that they would have felt that they had strayed into a new universe, made of a substance which their scales would not weigh. They would be right in quite a profound sense. Look back at the fiction of conscience, and see how the conception of thrift, if only by analogy, influenced moral standards. The characters saved: they held back, they did without, they abstained and accumulated ethical capital, on which they drew eternal dividends.

VI

For the past thirty years nobody could tell very well how the world looked just by reading *Harper's*. From 1925 to 1945 there were almost no illustrations, and those used since then have often been satirical drawings, which plainly aim at showing what is outside rather than inside the contributor's head. The prose has little truck with the senses. The articles are full of facts: facts which bear on our twin anxieties; facts which bear on the threat of war and the hope of peace, on our exploitation of our economic resources and our failure and success in converting them by social means into happiness and well-being. One might think of the magazine as trying to cover the globe with bullet-proof armor of small steel plates composed of information: shining steel plates, for those who forge them have style and humor. *Harper's Magazine* is now predominantly concerned with collecting expert opinion on the vulnerable points of human society, lest it be destroyed, even to the last vestige of humanity; and this would have astonished its founders. Poor Anna Lynch, when she wrote of the United States sending an advancing tide of freedom and civilization to "stretch across the Pacific, to the shores of Asia, and pour upon them its fertilizing flood," would have been horrified if she had known the fertilizing flood was to be the blood of American soldiers. But *Harper's*, with this rallying of the defensive powers of American intellect, shows that it is true of nations, as it is of individuals, that if they had been shown their destinies when they were young they would have been appalled, believing that they could not survive them; and that they would have been wrong, not knowing of the strength which would rise in them to meet each of their trials.

Yet as we may learn in the "Personal & Otherwise" column in the issue of July 1945, the essentials of the editorial situation are the same. For there we read that the present editor, Mr. Frederick L. Allen, has received an award for the magazine from the University of Missouri and in his own address on this occasion he declares that journalism is valuable to the community only if it is uncensored by public or private interests and is written by men who tell the truth. In fact, the worth of *Harper's Magazine* depends today as it did a hundred years ago on the integrity of its staff and its contributors. What would have surprised the founders is that in this respect the successive editors have ad-

vanced toward danger instead of leaving it behind. For in this day, when innumerable interests are out to buy ascendancy in chaos by every material and spiritual bribe, integrity is tempted as never before. It is impossible to imagine an early contributor being subject to such temptations to color his material as beset the writer of today who is attracted either by the ideas or the opportunities offered by fascism, communism, labor politics, or the organizations of the *status quo*. But the consistent character which *Harper's* has maintained through the century—it is as like itself as a man is at the different stages of a highly accidented life—suggests that integrity is something which one can count on to be shown by some people in vastly different circumstances; and an agreeable flavor about that character suggests that maybe these people cultivate integrity because they find it fun. There could be no better omen for the future.

To Be Sung

Peter Viereck

If blossoms could blossom
One petal of petals
To whom all other blooms are
As leaves are to flowers,
It would be to the others
As you are, my daughter,
To all other daughters
Whom songs are adoring.
For what am I here for
If not to make love-songs
Of all the world's beauty
Whose birthday we share?

2

If purest of fragrances
Brewed a quintessence
Too delicate-lonely
To ever be breathed,
It would be to the others
As you are, my daughter,
To all other daughters
Whom songs are encircling.
For what am I here for
If not to weave lassos
Of song for the lonely
To tug them to love?

3

Say yes to the breezes.
If any dishevels
One curl of a ringlet,
I'll know and be with you.
The grace-notes that feather
The wing-beats of longing
Are lead till they heal with
Their singing your crying.
For what is a song for
If not to smooth ringlets
Of daughters too hurt by
The prose of the world?

4

When storms replace breezes,
No hurt can have healing.
Then the love I now sing you
Can pillow your fading.
For what am I here for
If not to link fingers
With daughters whose wistfulness
Worlds never answer?
For what is a song for
If not to stretch hands out
To signal the falling,
"You're never alone"?

5

When the Camp says: "Dig graves now,
We're coming to shoot you,"
I'll help with your shovel
—(I'll know and be with you)—
To give you more seconds
To look up from digging
To look at the sun while
I pillow the sand out.
For what is love here for
If not to smooth ditches
For all the world's daughters
Whose dying we share?



The Prisoner

A Story by Katherine Anne Porter

Drawings by Joan Schaffer

THE big girl Elsa Lutz, and her parents Herr and Frau Heinrich Lutz, were taking their first stroll in dull leisure around the deck. Elsa towered over her rather weedy elders, but walked between them, their obedient child, each holding her by a hand. They stopped and peered downward through an iron grating which rewarded them with a sight of the steerage feeding quarters. There were rows of narrow trestles loaded with food, and long benches ranged beside them. Cooking smells rose warmly, the people were coming in and seating themselves quietly. They recognized, directly under the grating, the billowing back and bowed head of the fat man in the cherry-colored shirt, already at his dinner, helping himself freely from large platters of substantial food in a half circle before him.

"Well, God bless us," said Herr Lutz, in some surprise, and he put on his spectacles for a closer look. "Why, how can they make any profit if they set a table like that?" He was a Swiss, descendant of a long line of hotel keepers, and he had run a hotel of his own in Mexico; his interest was entirely professional.

"Fried potatoes," he murmured, "there must be a pound of them on his plate. A whole braised pig's knuckle, with fried onions, red sweet-sour cabbage, and bean purée—well, it's true none of it is on the expensive side, yet it costs something, after all. And coffee. Fruit besides, and *Apfelstrudel*—no, they can't keep it up and break even. Look how that fellow eats! It makes me hungry to watch him."

HIS wife, a dumpy plain woman with a roll of dry faded hair pierced all through with wire hairpins, observed the scene with no change of expression, which had long ago settled into a blend of constant disapproval and righteous ill-humor. "It is only to make a show on the first meal," she remarked; "they will economize on all of us before the trip is over. A new broom," she said, "sweeps clean."

"Ha, ha," laughed her husband. "You mean a new customer eats clean." His daughter joined his merriment dutifully but uneasily, watching her mother. His wife treated the joke with the contempt it merited, keeping her face still long enough for him to see exactly what she thought of his nonsense. Her husband continued his laughter long enough to let her see that he could enjoy his little joke without her.

Katherine Anne Porter, author of Pale Horse, Pale Rider, *and* Flowering Judas, *is now at work on a novel,* No Safe Harbor, *from which "The Prisoner" was taken. The setting is shipboard between Vera Cruz and Bremerhaven; the time, 1931.*

"But Papa," said Elsa, leaning again over the grating, "hadn't you noticed another thing? The third class is empty almost, only a dozen passengers, and yet they would not sell us third-class tickets. Don't you think it was very wrong of that clerk in Mexico City to tell us there was no room in third class for us?"

"Well, yes," admitted her father, "in one way. In another way, very good business. Here we are, first-class tickets and all, they have already made more than three hundred and fifty dollars on us; you turn that into reichsmarks now and you have some real money. . . ."

"But there must be some other reason besides," said Elsa.

"Oh yes, there are always a lot of good reasons, and they know them all, for cheating us," said Frau Lutz grimly. "I wish you might have learned a few of those reasons for your own use," she told her husband, and long years of deeply cherished, never-to-be-settled grudges lay in her tone. The three walked on, a family clumsiness in their movements, eyes straight ahead and dull with small anxieties.

"Answer me one thing, my poor wife," said Herr Lutz, in a mild reasoning voice. "Did we do so badly in Mexico after all? In any sense of the word? Did we by any stretch of your imagination fail? I think not."

"I no longer care what you think," said Frau Lutz.

"Just the same that doesn't keep me from thinking," said Herr Lutz with calm independence. "And sometime maybe when you happen to be thinking, you might think about how we are going home, all in good health, with enough money to start our own little hotel in St. Gallen."

"Yes, after all these years," said his wife, drearily. "Yes, now when it is too late, when nothing will be the same, when Elsa is grown up and a stranger to her own people—oh, think what trouble we had to keep her from speaking Spanish first, before her mother tongue. Yes, now of course, we can go back in style, and set up in business and feel important. What for?"

"As for feeling important," said Herr Lutz, "let us wait and see."

"Mama," said Elsa timidly, trying to change the subject, "my cabin mate is that American girl who came on board with that light-haired young man. I thought they were married, didn't you? But no, he is in one cabin and she another."

"I am sorry for that," said her mother, severely. "I had hoped you might be with an older woman, somebody respectable. That girl, I don't like her looks or her ways, or her dress. Pantaloons, imagine. And is she really traveling with a man who is not her husband?"

"Well," said Elsa, uncertainly, seeing that this topic was a failure also, "I suppose so. But she is in a separate cabin, after all."

"I hardly see the difference," said her mother. "I am very sorry. Listen to me, daughter. You are to be very careful with that girl, do not take her advice or follow her example in anything. Treat her with perfect coldness, don't take up with her at all. Never be seen on deck with her. Don't talk to her, or listen when she talks."

"Yes, Mama," said Elsa, attentively and submissively. Her father smiled at her and said, "That's a good girl. You must do as your Mama says."

"But Papa, when she changed to a skirt, she looked like anyone else, she looked very well, not like an American at all."

"Let her alone, just the same," said Frau Lutz, shaking her head. "She is an American, don't forget that, no matter how she looks."

THE bugler stepped out on deck sounding his merry call for dinner. Instantly the Lutz family faced inward and hastened their steps. At the top of the stairs they were almost overwhelmed from the back by the troupe of Spanish dancers, who simply went through, over, and around them like a wave, a wave with elbows. The Lutzes were so outdistanced the Spaniards were already seated at a good-sized round table near the Captain's, and the six-year old twins were tearing at a dish of celery before a waiter could find the small table set for three—against the wall, to be sure, but happily near a porthole.

"I am glad to see they have washed their faces," said Frau Lutz, beginning to read her dinner card with an eye of disgust, "but it would look better all around if they washed their necks, too. I saw very distinctly: their

necks were gray and stiff with dirty old powder. Elsa, you wonder why I always say to you, wash your neck. And your wrists, and as for powder, I hope you will never be so foolish."

Elsa glanced down her own nose where the shininess was refracted into her eyes. She rubbed her nose with her handkerchief, carefully refrained from sighing, and said nothing.

After dinner, all the desks in the small rooms off the bar were occupied by absorbed letter-writers, last words to Mexico or messages to Europe, to be mailed at Havana. Only the Spanish dancing women patrolled the deck, living in the moment. It was fairly noticeable that romance of a sort was simmering already around them. Wearing flowers in their hair, reeking of musk and amber, they were to be seen about in shadowy spots, each involved more or less with one of the blond young ship's officers. The officers were all poor, well disciplined, dedicated to their calling; they all wore plain gold engagement rings on their left hands, and, bound to their narrow world always in motion, never set foot in any port. It was expensive, it might lead to international complications, and besides there were too many ports. They had clearly defined and not always onerous duties toward female passengers, such as dancing with them of evenings, slighting no one, making themselves agreeable in a decorous way. They had no privileges, such as carrying an affair too far, but it was not to be supposed that any one of them should not avail himself of opportunities freely offered so long as appearances were preserved. In this case, appearances were to be not preserved but disguised if possible.

Their experiences with many female passengers on many voyages to out of the way ports had intimidated them to a certain extent. So, warily one by one, the young officers, in immaculate white, with gold or silver insignias at their collars and shoulders, found themselves on the first evening, in natural gallantry but with some pleasant excitement also, with an arm around a surprisingly muscular but slender Spanish waist, looking with mild expectation into the burning depths of eyes that meant business and nothing else.

Something always threw them off. Mysteriously the combinations separated, re-formed with different partners, until finally early in the evening, all seemed to be over—a question of money, no doubt, decided Wilhelm Freytag, who had got into talk over beer with Arne Hansen. They had been observing the little scenes here and there.

"What else could it be?" asked Arne Hansen, and he watched one of the girls especially, with his choleric blue eyes softened to simple admiration. She was indeed very beautiful; and though of a type with the others, still Hansen could see a difference in her, or believed he could. They all had fine dark eyes, shining black hair smoothed over their ears, their round hips swayed as they walked, their narrow high-arched feet were stuffed without mercy into thin black satin slippers. All their mouths were brutal, slimy with dark red grease paint; but the one he preferred was called Amparo, he had found that out. He spoke poor Spanish and so far as he knew, Amparo spoke nothing else.

"I can't imagine what they do," said Freytag, "besides of course what they are doing now. They look like a set of gypsies. I saw them dancing and collecting money in the streets at Vera Cruz." Hansen could tell him about that. They were a Zarzuela company from Granada, gypsies maybe or pretending to be. They had got stranded in Mexico as such outfits always did, and the Mexican government was sending them home, as usual, at its own expense. Freytag considered they looked a tough lot, the four men especially—oblique-looking characters with fine hair oiled to their narrow skulls, their tapering waists cinched in wide leather belts—a combination of table-top dancer, *maquereau,* and plain thug.

Hansen studied them. "Not dangerous," he judged, "unless it was fairly safe."

The men of the dancers' troupe had been sitting in the bar, with the children, obviously keeping out of the way while their ladies practiced their arts. They were quiet, entirely too graceful in their few movements, and watchful as cats. Sitting over cups of coffee, they smoked endlessly, and the children were subdued in a way they were not when the women were present; they finally leaned their heads and arms on the table and went to sleep.

At Havana, though it was four o'clock in the afternoon, the Spanish company appeared dressed for the evening, in serviceable black of daring cut, the men with wide red silk belts under their short jackets, the ladies gallantly exposed as to breasts and shoulders. Amparo's ear lobes were half again their length under the weight of immense imitation ruby earrings. They all limped a little in their cruel foot-gear, as they sat out stubbornly in pain and with bitter faces for an evening of professional gaiety. The children, left on ship, ran in circles on deck for a while, shouting in rebellion. Then they ran to the rail and leaned over, screaming desperately, "Jai-alai, Mamacita, jai-alai!" A good distance away all four of the women whirled about suddenly, and the one they called Lola shouted back in a deep voice, "Shut up!"

The ship, full of fetid port air and swarming with mosquitoes, got under weigh about midnight. A fair number of new passengers had been added, and were rather regarded as interlopers by the original voyagers, who had got already a proprietary interest in the ship. A half dozen noisy mongrel Cuban students made themselves conspicuous until a late hour. They formed a parade and marched around and around deck, past portholes and windows of honest citizens trying to sleep, bawling verse after verse about La Cucaracha, the poor little cockroach who could not run about any more first because she had no marihuana to smoke, second because she had no money to spend, third because she had no feet anyway, fourth because nobody loved her, and endlessly the students rehearsed her misfortunes as they tramped in a line, hands on each other's shoulders. They ranged in height from short to tall, but all were very stringy. They wore baggy "Oxford" trousers, rather lumpy below the knees, identical in cut but of fascinating variety in tartan patterns, stripes, squares, and improbably tinted tweeds. They wore tennis shoes and T-shirts. Occasionally they wove sinuously in line, imitating a serpent. Again, they leaped rhythmically in turn, beginning at one end of the line and working forward or backward in an ocean-wave effect. Wilhelm Freytag watched their antics for a while, decided they were no doubt going to be a complete nuisance for the whole voyage, and wondered if he had ever been so puerile, so callow, so absurd. He was thirty now, and life was a pretty sober business, more than he had bargained for, in fact. Could he have ever been such a fool as that? He remembered well that he had been, but he had not reached the age of sentimental reminiscence about youthful imbecilities: he was just at the point where he shuddered to be reminded of them.

Jenny the American girl and Elsa Lutz, in their stuffy little cabin, were brushing their hair and preparing for sleep in an amiable silence. They had been getting on very well, with small talk about life on the ship, exchange of mild gossip and harmless opinion. Elsa in spite of her mother's warnings was quickly disarmed by her cabin mate's gentle, rather orderly ways, and sat by, fascinated, while Jenny did up her face with sweet smelling lotions, and layers of ointment like whipped cream. The roar and tramp of the students passed their porthole for the third time, and again Elsa lifted her head to listen, thoughtfully.

"The ship is full of boys now," she said, almost hopefully.

"Very," said Jenny. "It will be nice if they know more than one song."

They both jumped a little, and listened, staring at each other, to an unusual noise in the passageway just beyond their door: a violent, confused rushing and stumbling about, like a struggle of some kind, ending with a heavy soft thud as if a sandbag had been hurled against the panel. Two voices, male and female, in which they recognized members of the dancing troupe, rose in a fierce quarrel. The quarrel was about money. They screamed hotly in a ragged duet, about money, calling each other by name, Concha and Manolo. Manolo wanted, he wanted with no more talk, instantly, the seven Cuban pesos he knew Concha had got that evening. He had seen the man give her the change after paying the bartender. Concha denied it brazenly, she was shrewish and fearless. Jenny, following the logic of the battle, realized that Concha did not for a moment question Manolo's right to the money if she had it to give. She took what might seem the easy way out and denied that she had it. It was not going to be easy.

"I saw it," said Manolo ferociously. "Give it me or I'll rip your lying tongue out." Concha screamed that he could tear her entrails out if he liked, he would not find the money. Their voices joined again and crashed like breaking crockery, then stopped suddenly with the sound of a ringing slap. There was an instant's pause, then Concha began to weep, helplessly, submissively, tenderly, as if this was what she had been waiting for, and Manolo's voice purred very softly as if he were making love, "Now, will you give me the money or do you want me to—" Jenny glanced uneasily at Elsa to see how much of this threat she understood. The voices faded around the corner into the main corridor.

"Well, did you ever?" asked Elsa in English. Her big childish mouth, eyes, nostrils, were wide open. "Now what kind of woman is that? He does not sound like her husband, to me."

"They're in the same cabin, you know," said Jenny.

"But you do not occupy the same cabin with your husband," said Elsa, "so how can one tell?"

"We are not married," said Jenny, beginning to file her nails.

Elsa waited, her eyes hungry, longing to hear more. There was no more. Her cabin mate smiled at her pleasantly and went on with her filing.

"Well," said Elsa in disappointment, "I don't understand a woman who lets a man treat her like that. No woman is expected to put up with such things."

"It's part of her profession," said Jenny, yawning. "Are you ready to have the light out?"

"Her profession?" Jenny saw that Elsa was sincerely shocked, pained even.

"Never mind," she said, uncomfortably, "I am talking nonsense. I imagine they're just a married pair fighting over money. They often do, you know."

"Oh yes, I do know," said Elsa.

In the darkness, when Jenny was growing drowsy, Elsa spoke from her divan bed under the porthole, an important confidence. "My father, all my life, told me to believe in love, but my mother says it is all just make-believe. Sometimes I wish I knew. . . . I love my mother, but it seems to me that my father knows more."

"He very probably does," said Jenny, rousing a little. "Good night."

"Good night," said Elsa. "My father is gay by nature, he loves to have a good time. But my mother cannot laugh, she says only fools laugh, that life is not a thing to laugh at in any case. . . . Once when I was little, I remember . . . I remember so many things; but this time I was with my father and mother at a party, and my mother would not dance the first dance with my father, so of course, my father could not dance with any one else. So he said to her, 'Very well for you, all right, I'll find a nice partner anyway'; and he got a broom and danced with that, and everybody but my mother thought it was funny. She would not speak to him for the rest of the evening. So my father drank too much beer and was very gay, and on the way home he said suddenly to my mother, 'Now, you are going to dance,' and he took her round the waist and swung her round and round in the street until her feet were off the ground, and she cried. I could not understand my mother. Really it was no harm, it was funny. But my mother cried and then I cried too; and my poor father walked along with us then very quietly, and I think now he wished to cry. She would never laugh at my father's jokes, and yet he will keep making them. Some of them are awful, I know that. Oh," said Elsa, her voice in the night slow with grieved wonder, "I am afraid I am like my mother, I cannot be funny and amusing to people, I would be ashamed to call attention to myself, but sometimes it is hard just to sit; and I think there must be something wrong with me, or the boys would ask me to dance."

"There's almost nobody on this ship you'd want to dance with," said Jenny. "You wouldn't look at them if you were at home."

"But I am not at home," said Elsa, "and I have never been, for in Mexico the boys there don't like my style. . . . My mother said just like you, 'Don't worry, Elsa, in Switzerland they will think you are exactly the right kind of girl, just the kind of girl they like there, don't worry, it will be all right when we get home.' She thinks love is all nonsense, but she wants me to get married. But I am not in Switzerland yet, and I hardly

remember it though my mother took me there for a visit when I was nine years old. . . . I shall speak Swiss-German like a foreigner, because I spoke all my life so much French and English and Spanish in Mexico. I was never at home in Mexico, but now maybe I shan't be at home in Switzerland, either. Oh, I am sad about going there. . . ." The small monotonous plaint went on like rain at midnight. "My mother said all this time, it is not fair to Elsa, we must take her home so she can marry a Swiss, here it is no good for a Swiss girl. I hope she is right, I hope they will like me in Switzerland."

"Of course they will like you, you will be the new interest, the girl from a far country," Jenny told her, and she felt an anxious tenderness, as if she had been asked for help which she was not able to give. What hope was there for the discouraged young face with its double chin, the crease of fat like a goiter at the base of the throat, the dull thick hair, the oily skin, the faded grey eyes without light, the heavy haunches, and thick ankles. Good nose, good mouth, good enough forehead, those were all. No sparkle, no lift at all in that solid mound of not very appetizing flesh. And inside, the young innocence and the longing, the pained confused limited mind, the dark instincts winding upon themselves like snails.

Jenny said, "This time, I feel your mother is right. Let me tell you I never knew a girl who wanted to marry who didn't marry, sooner or later."

"Oh, I have," said Elsa, rejecting the half-truth and the pity it offered with bitter honesty. "I have. . . . I think if I had different clothes," she said, "or maybe a permanent wave. Maybe if I had one of those. But my mother says young girls must be perfectly natural in everything. No curls, even. They must wait for everything until they get married, even to use perfume. . . . But suppose I never get married?"

Jenny said, "To marry properly, you must first, yourself, fall in love. Were you never in love?"

"Why no," said Elsa in a startled tone. "Never. But my mother says I must wait until a man shows interest in me first."

"Interest!" said Jenny, rousing a little; "listen," she went on, trying to sound very wise and final, for she could not stay awake much longer, "it doesn't matter who falls in love with who first, but first there must be love and then marriage will take care of itself."

"But what happens," asked Elsa, with patient persistence, "if I never fall in love?"

"Well then, just hope madly that some one will fall in love with you," said Jenny, feeling that she had got on a slow moving merry-go-round. "Don't you see? It's really all so simple."

"But suppose," said Elsa, "no one falls in love with me, what happens then?"

"Nothing, I imagine," admitted Jenny at last, completely baffled.

"That's just it," said Elsa, a despairing satisfaction in her tone, and she said no more.

ELSA'S mother gave her a firm kind motherly talk early in the morning, before breakfast, telling her there was no need to be too stiff in her manner toward the men, naturally she was not expected even to glance at those terrible Spaniards or those crazy students, but after all there were some nice men on board. Herr Freytag even if married was a good dancer, there was no harm in a little dancing with a good partner; Herr Denny, though an American, might do. At least she could try him once. Then there was Herr Hansen, no objection whatever to him. "When I say to you, be modest, be discreet, I don't mean for you to sit without a word or a look around you, Elsa, and Herr Hansen is a man I would trust. He is the kind of man a girl could depend upon to be a gentleman in whatever circumstances."

Elsa said with surprising spirit, "I don't like his looks. He's too cross. He frowns all the time."

"I would never pick a man for looks," said her mother. "Handsome men are often deceitful. When you think of marrying, you must look for one who has a firm character who could be the head of his own house. A steady, real man. I do not think Herr Hansen is cross, he is just serious. As to most of the others on this boat, I think I never saw a worse lot—all those male dancers, la de da deda, with those loose dancing women."

"Herr Hansen never takes his eyes off the one they call Amparo," said Elsa, hopelessly. "If he likes her he can never like me; I saw them standing very close together this morn-

ing and he was giving her money; I am sure it was that."

"Elsa," said her mother, shocked, "what do you mean? Do you know what you are saying? You are not supposed to see such things!"

"I couldn't help it," said Elsa, with a grieved face. "I was just coming out of my cabin and there they were, in the passage, not six feet away. I had to go right by them. They did not pay any attention. But I cannot believe Herr Hansen will like me."

"Never you mind, my dear little girl," said her mother, "you have your own virtues and qualities, never you be afraid of wicked women. Men always come back to the good ones at last. You will have a fine husband some day when she will be in the ditch. Don't you worry."

Instead of raising Elsa's spirits, this conversation seemed to dampen them completely. She drooped and folded her hands. Her mother said, after a pause, "Look, if it will make you happier, I will buy you a box of face powder when we get home. After all, it is perhaps time for you to be a real young lady, now that we are going to be among our own kind once more. Yes, you shall have face powder, any shade you want."

"They have it for sale in the barber shop here," said Elsa, timidly, "all kinds, some of it perfumed with lily-of-the-valley. It is Rachel number one, just my shade exactly. I just happened to notice it when I had my hair washed. . . . I . . ." she trailed off, losing her courage.

"How much did it cost?" asked her mother, opening her purse.

"Four marks," said Elsa, and she stood up stammering with amazement and joy. "Oh M-mama, d-do you m-m-mean I am really to have it?"

"Didn't I say so?" asked her mother, and put the money in her hand. "Now go and make yourself pretty and come to breakfast."

Elsa threw her big arms around her chubby little mother and hugged and squeezed her and kissed her face all over, her face trembling with tears. "No, no, now, that's enough," said her mother, "don't act like a big baby."

All the way to the barber shop Elsa was trying to control her tears. She appeared at breakfast with her hair fluffed out under a child-sized white beret, her face, neck, arms and hands covered smoothly with a thick coat of flesh-colored powder. She had also ventured a tiny crooked smear of red on her lips with one of Jenny's lipsticks. Her mother said censoriously, "I did not say paint, Elsa, that is going a little far, but let it alone for the present."

Elsa blushed and her father said, "Ah, so that is why my Elsa is looking so pretty this morning. Now, there remains only to get your hair wound up on bobbins, and the next thing you know—" He beamed and wagged a finger at her. "Ah ah now, be careful!" Elsa smiled in quiet rapture and ate a fine breakfast.

ARNE HANSEN hardly knew how it happened, but as he left the dining room he was with the Lutzes, then he was walking beside Elsa, and Frau Lutz was saying that a little turn around deck might be very pleasant—would he join them? He glanced back at Amparo, who, elbows on table, managed an impressive display of expression at high speed: pity for him, contempt for all the Lutzes, warning, insult, commiseration, and finally, just simple ridicule. He turned away and lunged forward. The big plain girl at his side hung her head, with her eyes so cast down she seemed to be asleep. The gay little procession advanced, but after one lap around, Herr Lutz moved up abreast of Herr Hansen, and Frau Lutz walked with her daughter, it being quite clear that the young people were not making any headway in conversation.

Herr Lutz, whose mind, when not relaxing in his peculiar form of humor, stuck pretty consistently to the practical considerations of life, always led off his first talk with any stranger by inquiring how he got his living. The more plain and immediate the means proved to be, the more the stranger established himself in Herr Lutz's esteem. He learned with delight that Herr Hansen had been in the dairy business in Mexico. "Ah, ha," he exclaimed, "we go well together. I deal in bread, you in butter. I ran an inn near Lake Chapala. And how did you find the dairy business, in Mexico?"

"I found it so poor," said Hansen, "I am giving up to go back to Sweden. However, I made enough to start again at home, and there at least I will know the tricks and know how to look out for them. In Mexico, they change the rules every day."

"Oh, there is only one rule everywhere," said Herr Lutz, expansive as if he were bringing a pleasant piece of news. "The big fishes eat the little ones. And the little ones eat seaweed, maybe."

Herr Hansen joined him in a moderate laugh. "I tell you what," said Herr Lutz, "let's all have one more little cup of coffee in the bar. Or maybe Elsa would like a glass of beer, eh?" Frau Lutz frowned, Elsa turned dark red under her powder, and Hansen said, "Please let me invite you." There followed a sociable little contest all the way to the table, but finally it was as Herr Hansen's guests that the Lutzes sat down to the morning beer.

"You being Danish," said Herr Lutz affably, after the first fine swig, "naturally you would be in the dairy business."

"I am Swedish," said Herr Hansen, patiently.

"So? Well, myself being Swiss, naturally I am in hotel business. From my great grandfather to me, we had the same hotel in St. Gallen. But I was restless, I wanted to go and run a hotel somewhere else besides Switzerland. Switzerland, for me, was too peaceful. Ah, beautiful, picturesque, peaceful Switzerland, as the travel books all say. That's true enough. But almost every week I got in the mail guide books and pamphlets from Mexico inviting solid businesslike foreigners to come to Mexico, invest their money and make their fortune.

"So did I," said Hansen. "Some of it was true."

"Not enough of it, though," said Herr Lutz. "Not a word about politics, not a whisper about revolution. Just all about beautiful scenery, beautiful weather, beautiful tourists with pockets bursting with beautiful money. Now then," he said in some surprise, "wouldn't you think that I, a man weaned on those very things, would have said to myself, Why, we have all that here already. But only one thing less: there are many tourists in Switzerland, but also there are many, many too many hotels. The tourist trade did not always go around. We had dead seasons. There came those times when we were all prepared to hand out lavish hospitality and almost nobody came. . . . In Mexico, the pamphlets said—serious, official, from the proper department of government—all was better. No seasons, the suckers just poured in the year round. Cheap food, cheap labor, cheap rent, cheap taxes, cheap everything except the tourists. They were nearly all North Americans and you could charge them just what they were used to paying at home or even more. You could give them almost anything, they wouldn't know the difference. . . . Of course, the pamphlets did not say this in so many coarse words, but I, a good hotel keeper, could read between the lines. Even now, it sounds like Paradise on earth—well, we all know there is no such place. In Switzerland, it was the Germans and the British and the French and the Spanish and the Central European Jews and oh, my God, in the old days the Russians who drove us to our graves. Also the political refugees who arrived looking rich without a franc in pocket who were always expecting tomorrow a huge sum of money. . . . So, we started out, my wife and I



with this Elsa here, who was a lump of a thing this high, in 1920." Elsa fidgeted and clutched her beer glass; Hansen glanced at her briefly as if she were an inanimate object of no interest whatever, and away. Her mother tried to catch her father's eye, but failed. Herr Lutz was wound up in his story and talked only to Hansen.

"We told our families we were coming back millionaires, and they believed us. We promised to send back money in the meantime. Truth is we never sent a centime. We were a year getting started, with finding the suitable place, arranging things with the government, bribing here and there, struggling with native labor—too long to tell. But we did get a presentable little inn going and yes, it was true, the tourists did come and they did pay well. In 1920 there was revolution. Likewise in 1921, 1922, and so on, and then counter-revolution, and then revolution again, and so until now. . . . At last we decided to go back to peaceful Switzerland. So you see? We should talk a little business. Send me tourists from your country and I will buy a few pounds of your best butter. . . . We have butter, too—we have everything in Switzerland, but not quite enough. . . ."

Herr Hansen then talked a little obligingly in turn about the export business in butter and cheese, also eggs and bacon, strictly and minutely from the point of view of the profit to be got from it. Elsa, discouraged, was sure that Hansen did not talk about the butter business with Amparo. Well, it was a good thing, he really did look cross-grained and hard to get along with. And he was as tiresome to listen to as her father. She was glad she did not like him, never had, but she was deeply wounded by his neglect which seemed almost insulting. He was too old, anyway, at least twenty-eight.

She drew a deep weary breath and straightened up and turned her eyes away to the morning light on the glittering, dancing sea. Quietly she worked up in her mind a sound grudge against him, his poor manners, his awkward long legs and big feet and furry eyebrows. No, she wanted another kind of man altogether. Surely now her mother would be able to see that Herr Hansen, even without that Amparo, would never be the right one. Not even just to dance with on a ship. No, she would never dance with him even if he asked her. But of course he never would.

There was a tall thin black-haired young student, with a dangerous eye as if he feared nothing on earth, who went leaping around the deck at the head of the line, shouting something mysterious, Spanish phrases, yet she could not understand them: he had looked at her and leaned out toward her as they passed, smiling on one side of his face. His glance had shot like arrows into her eyes, and he had gone on wildly, leaping and singing. That was the one for her. She leaned her face on the palm of her hand, hiding from the others. Her heart sank and then rose again in her and began to knock desperately against her ribs as if it were a prisoner beating against the bars, as if it were not hers but a stranger locked up in her, crying crying crying, "Let me out!"

Railroads Before Hymns

COMMODORE VANDERBILT was a sharp, clear, hard business man, who made a great railroad convenient, comfortable, safe, and sure for the public, which ought to be grateful for what he did. He sang hymns at the last, and doubtless with sincere emotion. But probably there was not much singing of hymns during the characteristic transactions of his life. "I am glad he liked the hymns," said Mr. Beecher; "but if he had sung them thirty years ago, it would have made a great difference. He did not sing hymns as long as he could get about."

—From the "Editor's Easy Chair," *Harper's,* March, 1877.

America on the Move

How it looked to the Authors and Illustrators of Harper's

assembled by

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN



When a writer and an artist went to Minnesota to do an illustrated article for *Harper's* in the early eighties, they rode the cowcatcher of the locomotive to get an unobstructed view of the country. Thirty years earlier, the first illustrated article about America published in the magazine (Volume I, Number 2) had been one on "Erie Railroad Scenery." And in the intervening years, the incomparable panorama of American life which *Harper's* had presented had been, in large part, of people and places as seen from the railroads.

There were, to be sure, those who insisted it was "unfair to judge of any country from such superficial observations," and who recorded in picture and text the life beyond the rails. But these also were likely to be on the move—on a river boat, or on horseback.

When the magazine was three years old it published an article by Thomas Ewbank, who had just retired as head of the U. S. Patent Office, in which this passage occurred:

The present times are the beginning of a fresh chapter in man's history, and look not unlike the opening of a new era in the development of his being. Habits and impulses, hitherto rudimental, seem ready to burst into maturity; as if the larva state of his existence was closing, and he was about to use wings as well as feet: an age of locomotion, the prelude to one of flight.

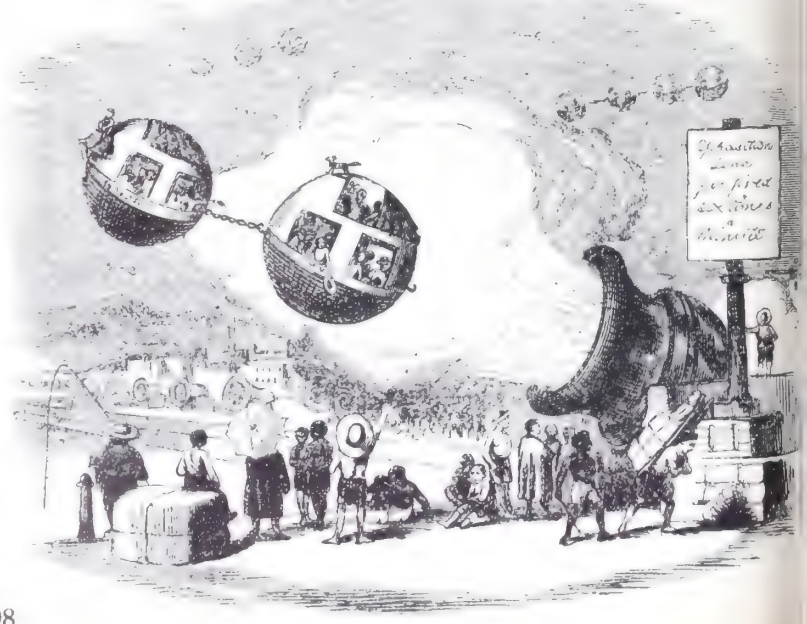
The prelude is over, and *Harper's* begins a new century with Mr. Langewiesche's article in this issue on "The U. S. A. from the Air."



Steam Balloons and Bomb Carriages

Visions of flight have long fascinated the Americans. Back in January 1856, the leading article in *Harper's* was an anonymous piece of Utopian science-fiction called "January First, A.D. 3000," illustrated by Thomas Worth. The story was set in Peerless City, capital of the Universal Republic. (Most of the old nations had disappeared without leaving a trace. France had blown up "in some way or other, in consequence of the discovery of some awfully explosive substance." The United States was remembered as the nation which had originated the idea of the world government. "After their General, Mrs. Von Blum, had conquered China, the proposal was first made public.")

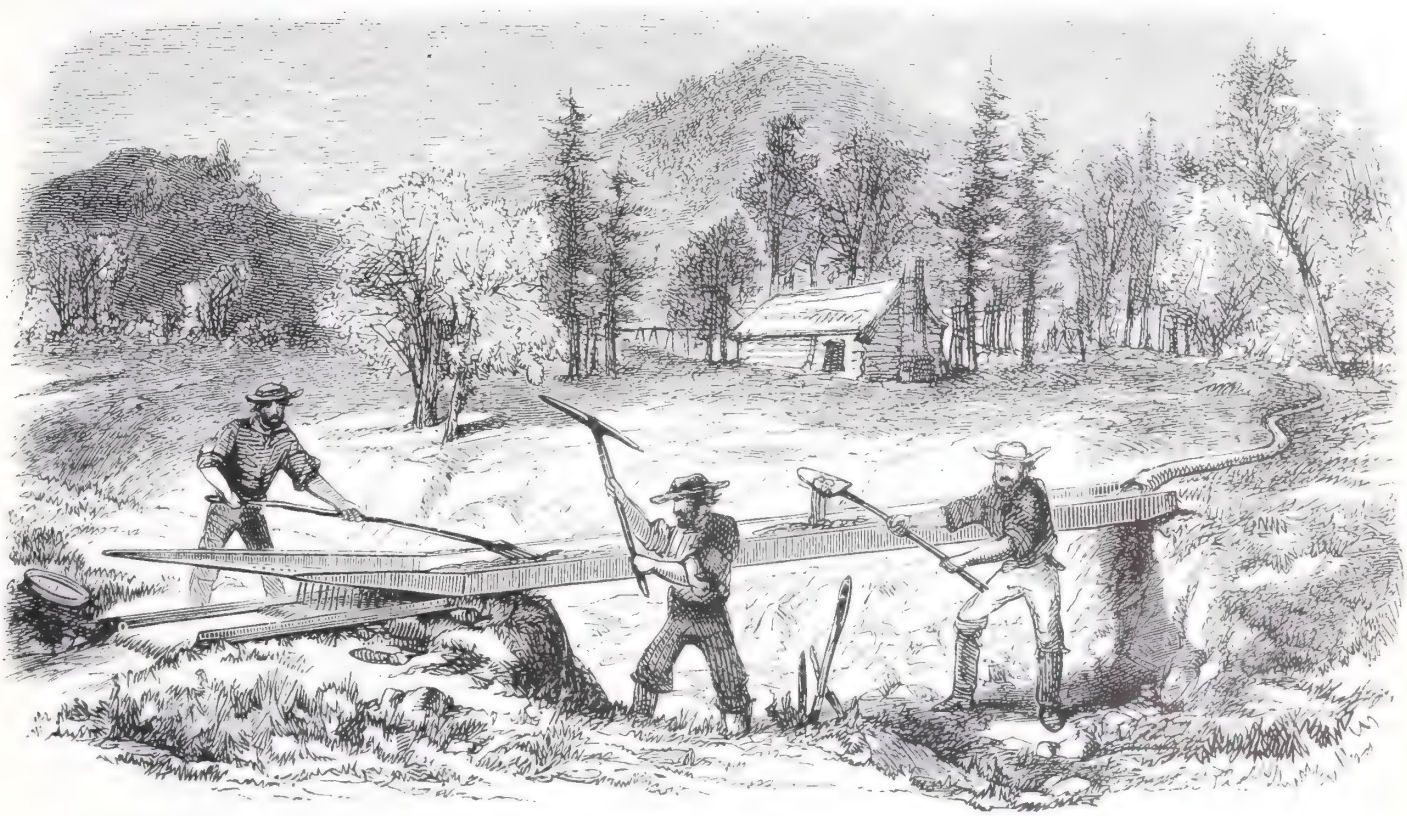
Railroads had been abandoned, because many years ago they had multiplied to such an extent that no room was left for agriculture. Subterranean railroads had been tried for a while and "answered pretty well, as they traveled at the rate of five hundred miles an hour; but steam balloons were fast superseding them," and "all short distances were now traversed by bomb-carriages fired from huge mortars."



Gold!

Meanwhile, things were moving fast enough here at home. In the November 1850, issue the "monthly Record of Current Events" noted that "considerable excitement prevails in some of the Southern States in consequence of the admission of California at the last session of Congress.... Some are for open resistance and practical secession from the Union." For California was admitted as a free state, and the balance of power in Congress was swinging toward the North.

It was gold, of course, that had swelled the population of California to the point where it had to be admitted to the Union. In the picture below (from William V. Wells's "How We Get Gold in California," April 1860) the miners are working near Murphy's diggings, north of Sonora, once the most celebrated gold mine in the state. The "long tom" they are using had been invented in 1850. Wells thus describes its function:



It consists of a shallow trough from ten to twenty feet long, and generally about sixteen inches wide; one end, which slightly turns up like a shovel, is shod with iron and perforated like the sieve of a cradle. This trough is placed on slightly inclined ground, the sieve being at the lower end. A stream of water is then turned on at the upper end, and several hands supply the tom with water, which finds its way to the sieve, carrying with it the earth, which it washes and disintegrates in its passage. A man is stationed at the end to clear away the "tailings," or earth discharged from the machine, and also to stir up the earth accumulated in the tom. Directly beneath the sieve is placed a box, which is furnished with "riffles" or cleets, to catch the gold as it falls through the tom-iron.



San Francisco Saloon

When the English traveler, Frank Marryatt, arrived in San Francisco in the early fifties, the first thing that impressed him was the feverish excitement that was everywhere apparent.

The places of universal resort were the Drinking Saloon and Gambling House. With a keen eye to profit, the proprietors of these establishments had fitted them up with a splendor irresistibly captivating to men who for months had seen no dwelling more attractive than a rude hut or tent. Pillars, apparently of crystal, supported the gilded roofs. The walls were a-blaze with huge mirrors, alternating with pictures of the worst French school, of the most brilliant coloring and the most questionable designs . . . . Miners in ragged woolen or greasy buckskins; Mexicans in gay serapes and slouched hats; Chinamen with long tails and basin-like hats; Negroes, hodmen, merchants, mechanics, thronged around the liquor bars and the monte *tables.*

(From editor Alfred H. Gurnsey's digest of Maryatt's Mountains and Molehills, *June, 1855.)*

"How Will it Pay?"

In the frontier regions everywhere there were hard, crude, and violent men. D. H. Strother, a Virginian who wrote and illustrated many articles about the South for *Harper's,* saw this fellow on a river boat in Alabama. He thus describes him in "A Winter in the South" (December 1858) :

We meet with many such faces in our travels through a new country, the impassive countenance indicating nothing more than vulgar energy and endurance—evidently a man of deeds rather than of words. Sometimes, perhaps, an overseer; an emigrant bound for New Mexico; a filibuster en route *to join Walker. He would manage an estate, kill bears and Indians, yoke oxen, and grub new land, with the same resolute, emotionless face; . . . asking but one question before going into battle—"How will it pay?"*





Soledad

The old Spanish element in California was being swept aside by the American gold seekers, and they resented it. When J. Ross Browne, who wrote and illustrated many articles for the magazine, stopped at the Soledad mission he received a cold welcome. As he described it:

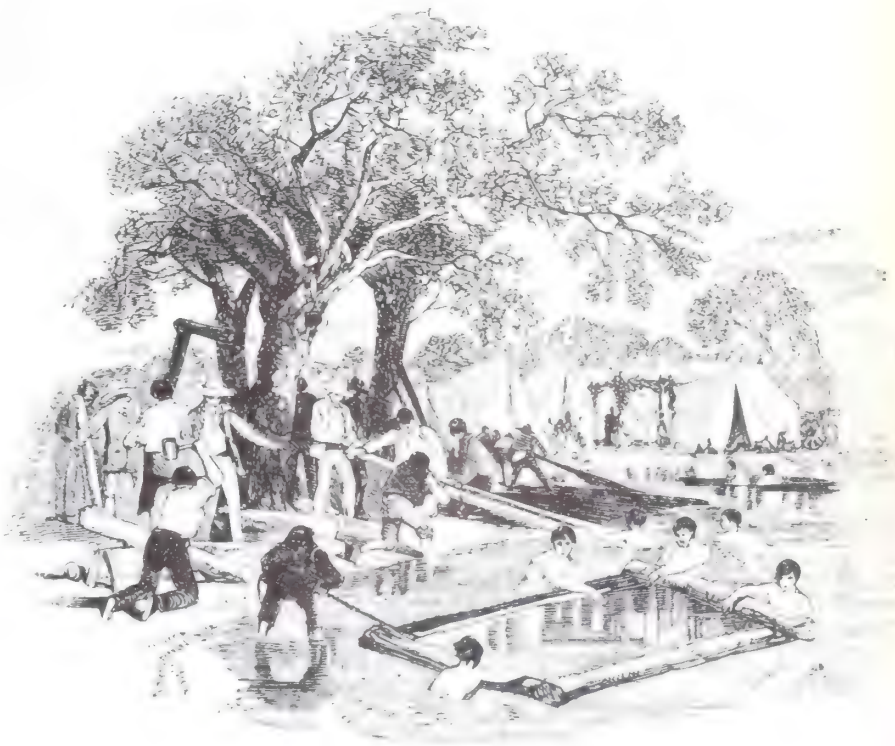
A more desolate place than Soledad can not well be imagined. The old church is partially in ruins, and the adobe huts built for the Indians are roofless, and the walls tumbled about in shapeless piles....

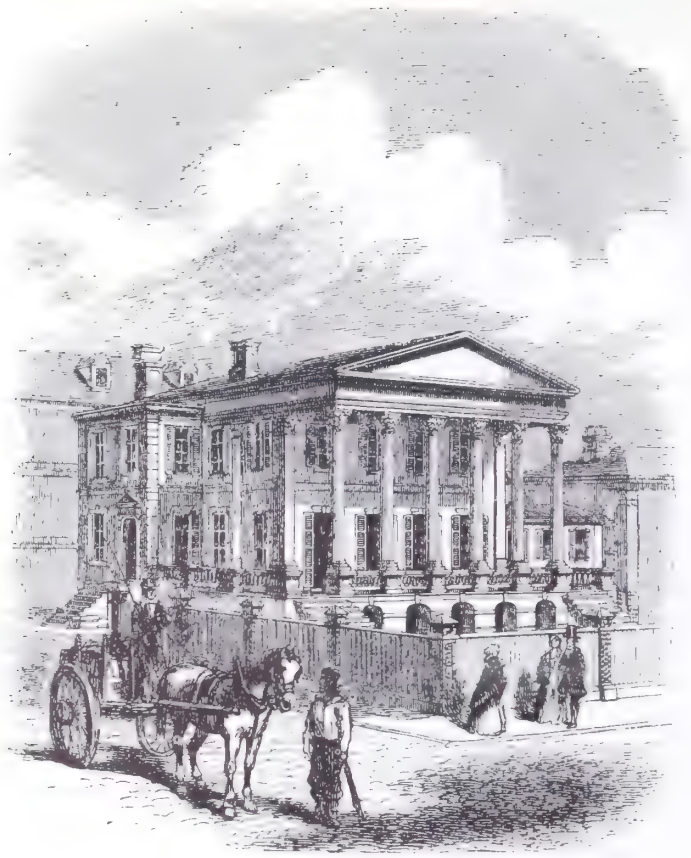
A young Spaniard, one of the proprietors, was the only person at home, with the exception of a few dirty Indians who were lying about the door. He received me rather coldly, as I thought, and took no concern whatever about my mule. I learned afterward that this family had been greatly imposed upon by travelers passing northward to the mines, who killed their cattle, stole their corn, stopped of nights, and went away without paying anything.

No Obstacles Impeded the Westward Move

The greatest organized movement into the West was that of the Mormons, shown here building a bridge across one of the rivers they had to cross. As Benson J. Lossing described it in the April 1853 issue of *Harper's:*

Discipline everywhere prevailed. Every ten wagons was under the command of a captain, who obeyed a captain of fifty; and the latter in turn obeyed a centurion, or captain of a hundred, or else a member of the High Council of the Church .... They made short marches, and encamped in military order every night. No obstacles impeded their progress. They forded swift running streams, and bridged the deeper floods....





Charleston Mansion

In the longer settled regions, however, life for the wealthier citizens was more elegant. Here, for example, is the home of Mr. J. T. Mikell, a planter and lawyer of Charleston, South Carolina. The illustration accompanied an article on Charleston by the eminent Southern novelist, William Gilmore Simms, in the June 1857 issue. The Mikell house, Simms wrote, "exhibits a singular departure from the usual style of modeling in a region where, as we have said before, there is no end to the variety, and where each man who builds makes a law for himself . . . without caring to ask what eye of taste he may gravel by his performance."

North Carolina Cabin

"Porte Crayon's" article, "North Carolina Illustrated," which came out the month before Simms's piece on Charleston, offered some striking contrasts to the homes of the wealthy southerners. In the Piny Woods region, human habitations were few and far between, and were "but little better in appearance than the huts of our Western borderers." But, he continued:

An accurate observer may see about the dwellings in the Piny Woods many little peculiarities indicative of an older civilization. They almost always have fruit trees about them . . . . There are besides four characteristics indispensable to every cottage: a well-sweep with a cyprus-knee bucket; a group of slim fodder stacks; three sweet potato hills, carefully protected; and a tall pole hung with empty gourds to entertain the martins.



Fashions for January 1855

Home Dress and Child's Costume



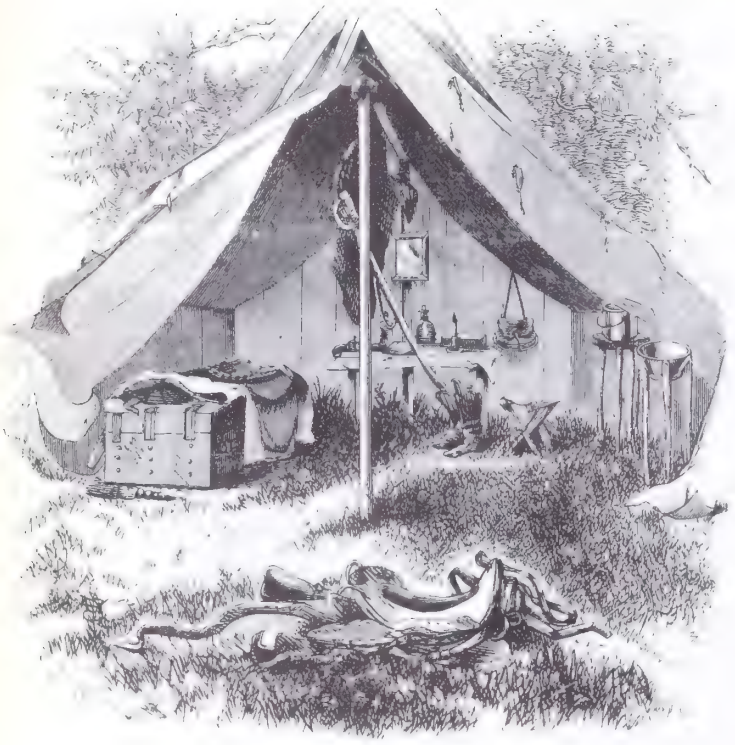
Wise Men and True Patriots

In April 1853, George William Curtis wrote in his "Editor's Easy Chair" column:

The gold comes on in flood; steamships multiply week by week; banks rise up at street-corners like Aladdin palaces; new stocks cumber the brokers' lists; new equipages throng the streets; new debts and profits quicken the stir of trade; and new churches—here and there—lift a warning finger of stone....

And there were other warnings—of an impending national disaster—which the magazine chose to play down.

"Wise men and true patriots agree," the publishers declared in a back-cover advertisement in June 1858, "upon points far more numerous than those upon which they differ. The object of the magazine will be to unite rather than to separate the views and feelings of the people of the different sections of our common country."



A Soldier's Tent

When the Civil War came, *Harper's Magazine* left most of the reporting of battles and campaigns to its more topical relative, *Harper's Weekly* (founded in 1857, sold in 1913, discontinued in 1916) . But the monthly ran a number of articles by, and about the life of, soldiers — many of them during the war, and some after it was over. Among the latter was a series by D. H. Strother, called "Personal Recollections of the War by a Virginian." Strother was, of course, the "Porte Crayon," who had written and illustrated the article about North Carolina and other pieces about Southern life before the war. Here is his picture of a soldier's tent from the March 1867 issue.

Sherman's March

This is an illustration from "Sherman's Great March," a diary written by Sherman's aide-de-camp, George Ward Nichols, which *Harper's* published in October 1865.

Basing his opinion upon the houses in Barnwall County, Nichols wrote, "the planters seem to have been wealthy. Nearly all these places are deserted, although here and there we find women and children whom it is difficult to persuade they are not at once to be murdered. Wide-spreading columns of smoke continue to rise wherever our army goes. Building material is likely to be in great demand in this state for some time to come."





Flogging Coolies

In June 1864, while Sherman was advancing on Atlanta, *Harper's* printed an article called "A Chapter on the Coolie Trade" by a young man named Edgar Holden, who had sailed from New York on the ship *Norway* in 1857. The *Norway* was engaged in the coolie trade, which Holden describes as an effort to solve "one of the greatest problems of the age—the finding of an efficient substitute for slave labor." But after experiencing the horrors of a voyage which transported more than a thousand coolies from Macao to Cuba, he concluded that the coolie trade was merely slavery under a new name.

At Macao 1,037 coolies were "tallied over the gangway like so many bales of cotton, mustered in rows upon the deck, and searched for opium or weapons." Then they were stowed on lower decks; all hatchways but one were barred with iron gratings; and a barricade was built on the main deck, athwart ship, to protect the ship's officers and white passengers in case of mutiny. Within the first twenty-four hours several of the coolies, who were already in mutinous mood, were brought up on deck "and flogged after the old approved navy style. One or two suicides occurred, and one man was found strangled . . . ."

On the third day out the inevitable uprising took place. The total dead when the ship reached Havana: "One hundred and thirty, of which number seventy were killed, or died from wounds received in the mutiny, and a large proportion of the rest from an epidemic of dysentery."



Hanging Apaches

In November 1864, Grant was made commander-in-chief of the Union armies, Lincoln was re-elected, and—out in the Southwest—federal troops staged a massacre at Sand Creek of the Indians who had been on the warpath for several months past.

That same month *Harper's* published "A Tour Through Arizona," in which J. Ross Browne described how King Woolsey and two other Americans had fought off a band of Apaches on the banks of the Gila river between Grinnell's and Oatman Flat two years before. After the battle, Woolsey had dragged the dead body of the Apache leader to the nearest mesquite tree and hung it up by the neck as a warning to other marauding Indians. Two years later Browne came upon the body still hanging there. He wrote:

The body was dried and shrunken, and of a parchment color. One of the feet and both hands had been cut off or torn away by the coyotes . . . . Arrows were sticking all over the breast and abdomen; doubtless tokens of barbarous hatred left by some passing Pimo or Maricopa. The sketch which I succeeded in making is so characteristic of life and adventure in Arizona that I must be pardoned for introducing it.



Overland Express

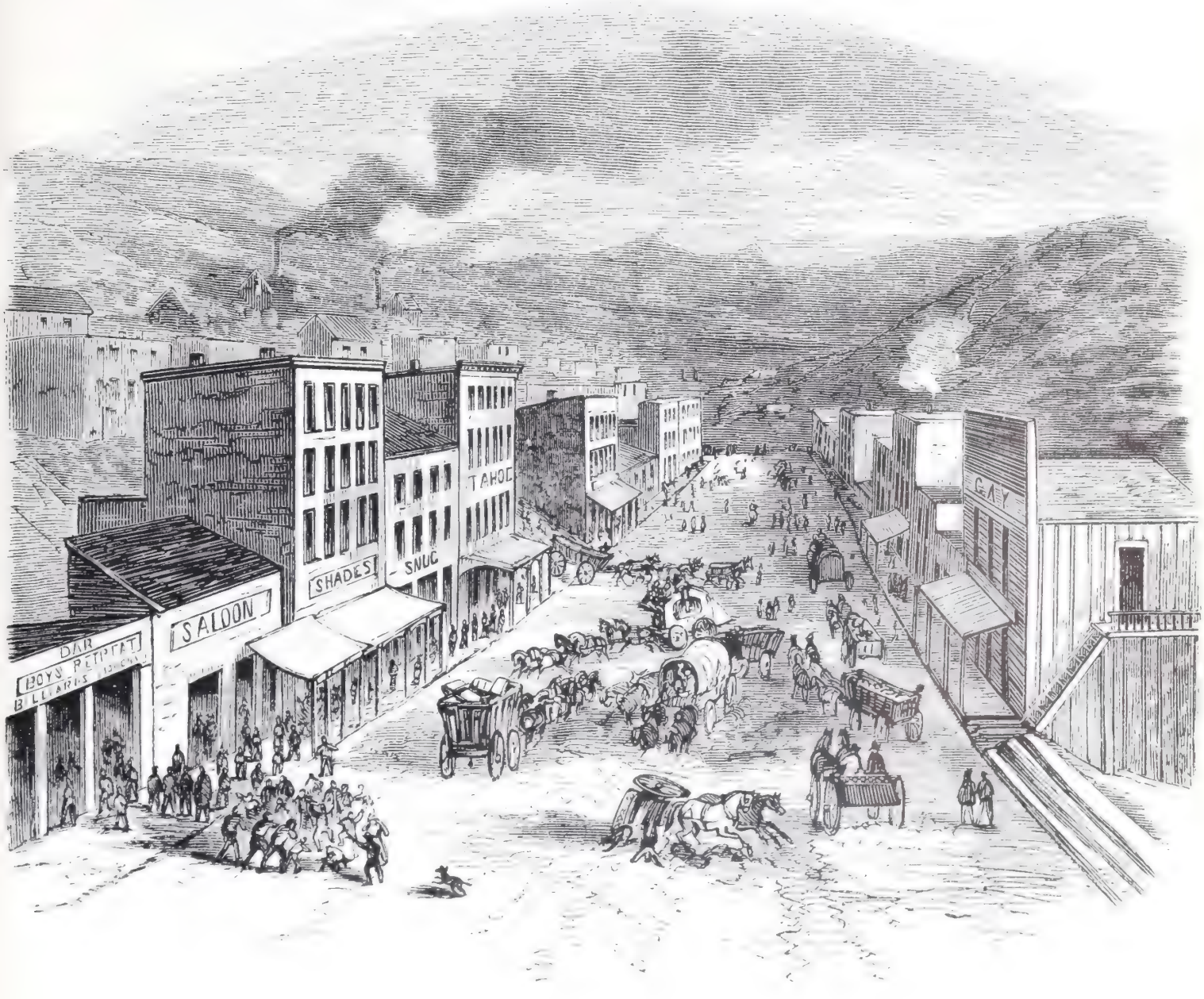
This picture of an Indian attack on the Overland Express in Utah in 1862 is taken from William H. Rideing's article "An American Enterprise" (August 1875), in which the adventurous history of Wells, Fargo and the other express companies is narrated.

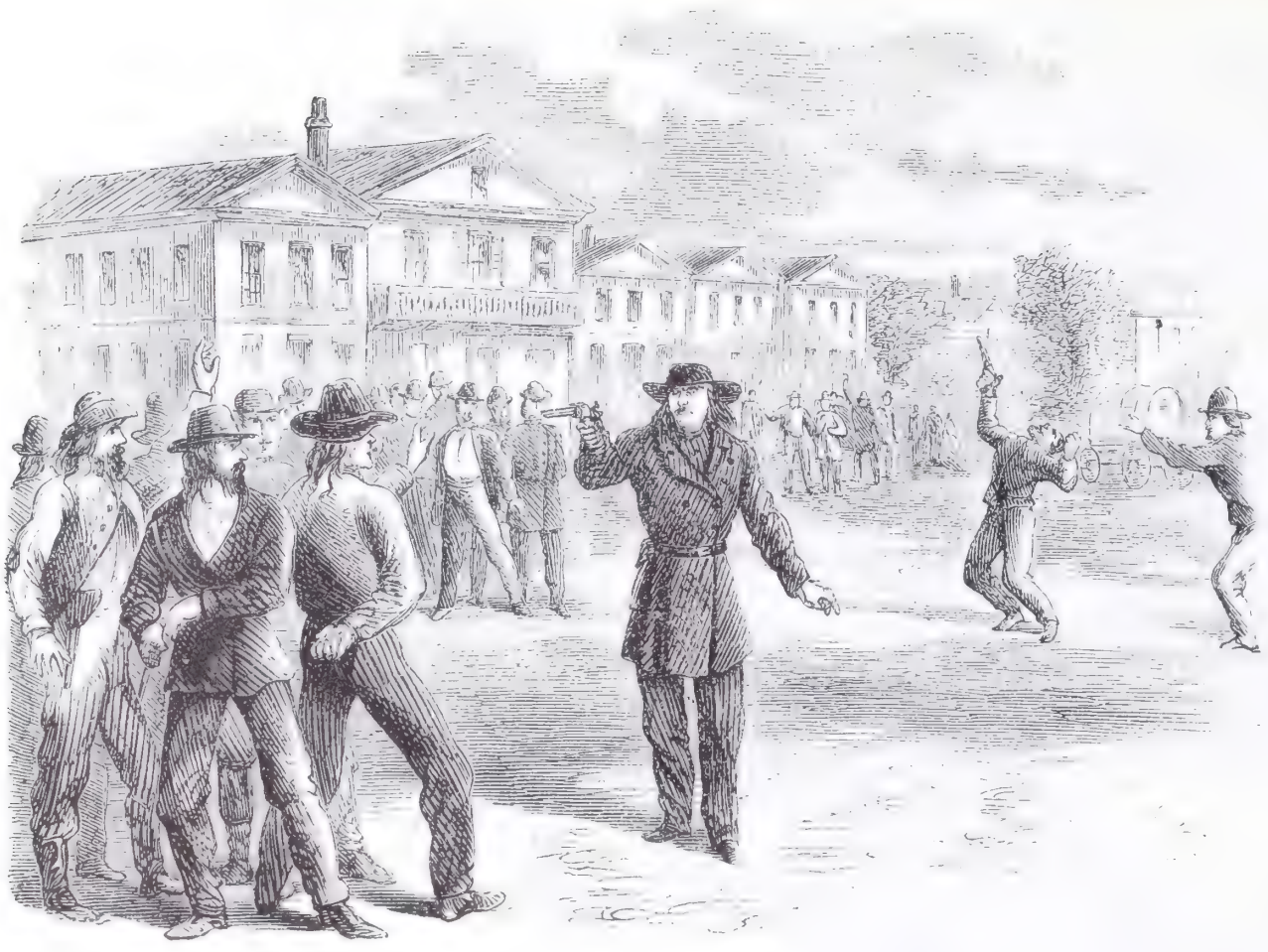
Virginia City—Deviltry and Enterprise

The Civil War ended at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, but out in Virginia City another war was still being waged. As J. Ross Browne described it in "Washoe Revisited" (June 1865):

Descending the slope of the ridge that divides Gold Hill from Virginia City a strange scene attracts the eye . . . . Perhaps there is not another spot upon the face of the globe that presents a scene so weird and desolate in its natural aspect, yet so replete with busy life, so animate with human interest. It is as if a wondrous battle raged, in which the combatants were man and earth. Myriads of swarthy, bearded, dust-covered men are piercing into the grim old mountains, ripping them open . . . stamping and crushing up with infernal machines their disemboweled fragments, and holding fiendish revels amidst the chaos of destruction . . . .

Saloons are glittering with their gaudy bars and fancy glasses, and many-colored liquors, and thirsty men are swilling the burning poison; bill-stickers are sticking up bills of auctions, theatres, and new saloons; and the inevitable Wells, Fargo & Co. are distributing letters, packages, and papers to the hungry multitude, amidst tempting piles of silver bricks. All is life, excitement, avarice, lust, deviltry, and enterprise.





"Wild Bill," Having Shot His Man, Turns on the Crowd

When George Ward Nichols was in Springfield, Mo., in 1866, "Wild Bill" Hickok (or Hitchcock, as Nichols called him) had just shot a man named Tutt in a "duel" which consisted simply in seeing which could draw and fire quickest. Many in the crowd were friends of Tutt's, and the moment Bill fired they started to draw their pistols. But Bill wheeled around without waiting to see if he had hit Tutt, and they put up their guns.

Later, Nichols questioned Bill about the shooting. Here is his account as given in "Wild Bill," *Harper's,* February 1867:

"Do you not regret killing Tutt? You surely do not like to kill men?"

"As ter killing men," he replied, "I never thought much about it. The most of the men I have killed it was one or t'other of us, and at sich times you don't stop to think; and what's the use after it's all over? As for Tutt, I had rather not have killed him, for I want ter settle down quiet here now. But thar's been hard feeling between us a long while. I wanted ter keep out of that fight; but he tried to degrade me, and I couldn't stand that, you know, for I am a fighting man, you know."

A cloud passed over the speaker's face for a moment as he continued:

"And there was a cause of quarrel between us which people round here don't know about. One of us had to die; and the secret died with him."

"Why did you not wait to see if your ball had hit him? Why did you turn round so quickly?"

The scout fixed his gray eyes on mine, striking his leg with his riding-whip, as he answered.

"I knew *he was a dead man. I never miss a shot. I turned on the crowd because I was sure they would shoot me if they saw him fall."*

"The people about here tell me you are a quiet civil man. How is it you get into these fights?"

"D--d if I can tell," he replied, with a puzzled look which at once gave place to a proud, defiant expression as he continued— "but you know a man must defend his honor."

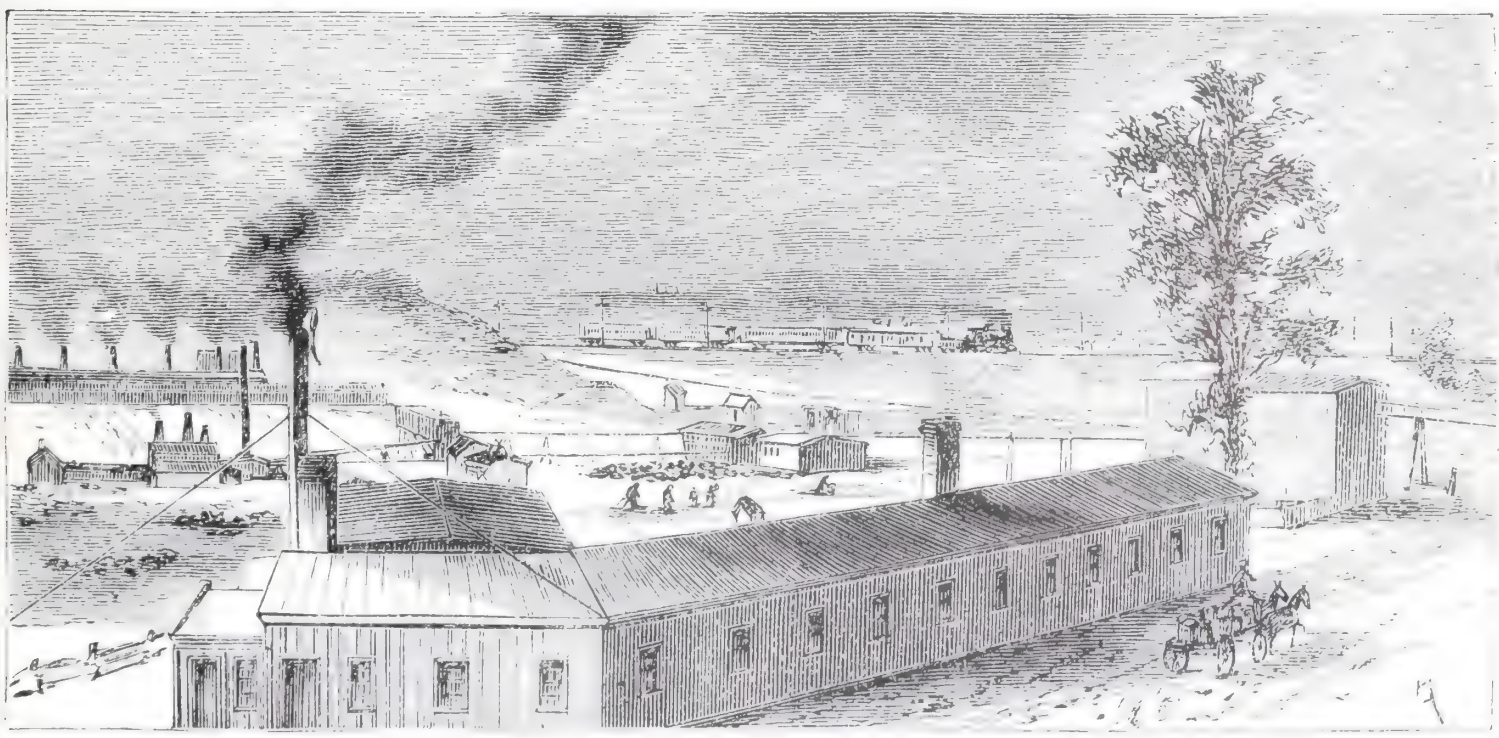
Oil—A New Industry

Colonel E. J. Drake sank the first commercial petroleum well at Titusville, Pennsylvania, in August 1859. Five years later the state was producing more than three million barrels a year, and an oil boom was also under way in Texas.

The picture at the right is of Oil City, Pennsylvania, in 1864. It was one of the illustrations in J. S. Schooley's article on "The Petroleum Regions of America" in the April 1865 *Harper's*.

Below is a picture of an oil refinery in Cleveland, Ohio, from an article by Constance Fenimore Woolson, the novelist grandniece of Fenimore Cooper, in the September 1872 issue — two years after John D. and William Rockefeller had founded the Standard Oil Company.





Oil Cooking

This advertisement in the September 1864 *Harper's* indicates the ingenious devices which were early developed to transform household life with the products of the oil refineries. First came the kerosene lamp; then the kerosene stove.



Keep it before the People, That Fish's Patent

COOKING LAMP

Is the only article known with which you can cook

THREE ARTICLES OF FOOD AT ONE TIME,
WITH ONE BURNER,
over a
COMMON KEROSENE LAMP OR GAS BURNER,
and not cost to exceed
ONE CENT
to prepare a meal.

Manufactured by
THE KEROSENE LAMP HEATER CO.,
206 PEARL ST., NEW YORK.

Send for pamphlet and Price list. Address

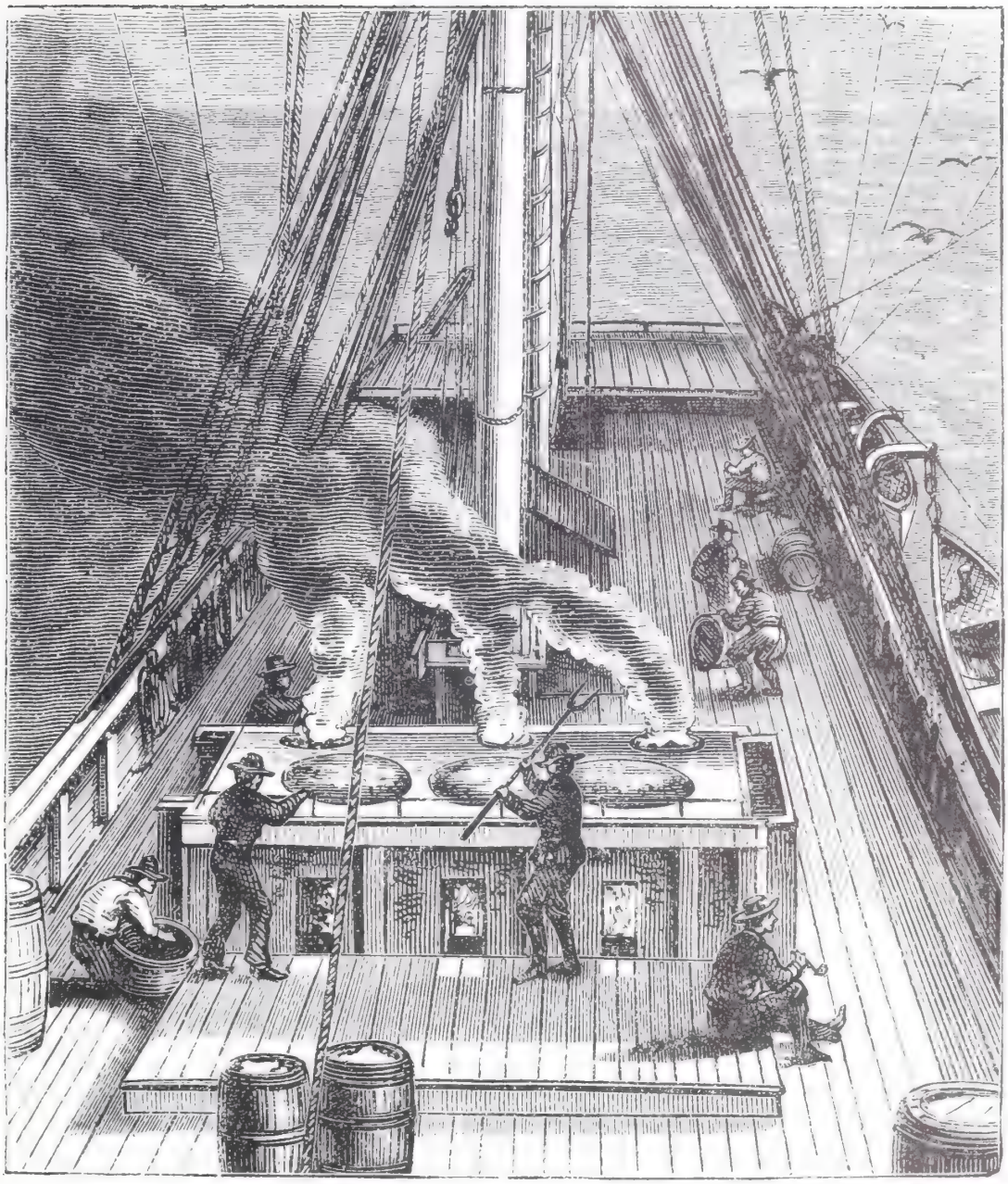
WM. D. RUSSELL, Prest.



There She Blows

As new industries (like petroleum) were arising, old ones (like whaling) were dying out. Melville's *Moby Dick,* one chapter of which had appeared in *Harper's* before the book was published, had come out in 1851, at about the peak of the whaler's greatness. By 1874, when the magazine published "Huntsmen of the Sea" (digested from W. Morris Davis's *Nimrod of the Sea)* in the October issue, the American whale fleet was down to 203 vessels, in contrast with the 670 of 1840, and the quantity of sperm-oil and whale-oil combined was down to less than a quarter of the whale-oil alone in 1851. As the article said:

No whaling grounds have been abandoned, and every sea and ocean are still explored by American whalemen. But it is believed that the arctic fishery will be discontinued soon, as the perils that attend vessels visiting it have caused the demand of an increased rate of insurance .... The profits of whaling are exceedingly small, and the wealthiest capitalists engaged in it are seeking other employments for their ships.



The Try-Works on a Whaler

The try-works were boilers used for reducing the whale's blubber to oil. Captain Davis stated that he never experienced six hours of greater wretchedness than those during which he first took part in this aspect of the whaling business.

The scene on board is weird in the extreme. Red flame and smoke issue from the flues and shoot into the black night, bringing the outlines of the masts and rigging into strange relief. The feet of the men slide over the wet and slippery deck at every roll of the ship, and their clothes are wet, sooty, and greasy.... The orders of the officers are harsher than ever, and the men swear sullenly in rejoinder. In fact the ship becomes for the time "a little hell on earth." ... The chase is magnificent sport, but the "cutting in" and "trying out" have an opposite equivalent in horrors.

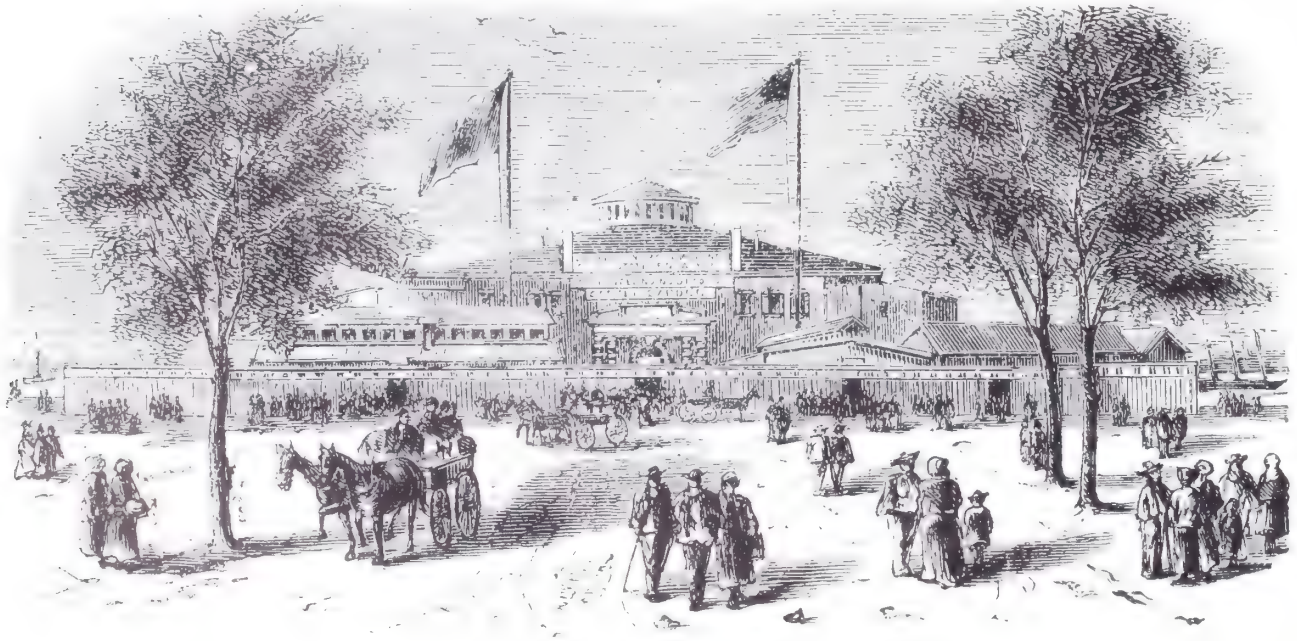


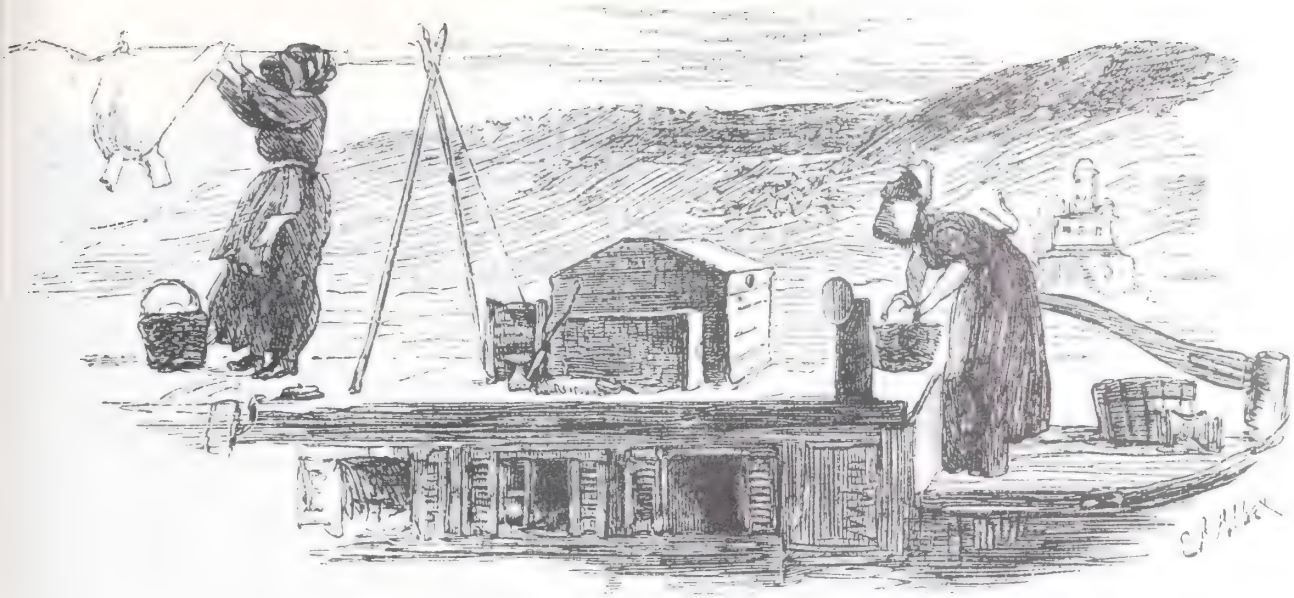
First Class Stateroom

By contrast with life on a whaler, "all is usually peace, contentment, and repose on the decks and in the cabins" of a transatlantic steamer like the *Minnesota,* one of the finest ships of the Williams and Guion line in 1870. The picture of a first class stateroom is taken from Jacob Abbott's article on "The Ocean Steamer," July 1870.

Immigrant Depot

At Castle Garden, on New York's Battery, the ships from Europe deposited the immigrants who flooded to America after the Civil War. Among those who came in 1869, according to Louis Bagger's article "A Day at Castle Garden" (March 1871), 99,605 were from Germany, 66,204 from Ireland, 41,090 from England, and more than 35,000 from the Scandinavian countries. At the Castle Garden labor exchange, immigrant girls could get jobs at anywhere from $9 to $14 a month. Cooks and chambermaids got the highest wages.





Wash-day on a Canal Boat

The canals which had once dominated interior transportation were already taking on some of the quaint and picturesque atmosphere that goes with decay. One of the first articles which E. A. Abbey, the artist, illustrated for *Harper's* was William H. Rideing's "The Waterways of New York" (December 1873), from which this wash-day scene is taken. Rideing and Abbey traveled by canal boat together from New York to Schenectady.

To California by Pullman

In 1852, when *Harper's* began, there were of course no transcontinental railroads, and those who went to California after the gold-strike of 1849 had to go around Cape Horn by ship if they were in a hurry. Twenty years later they could travel in one of these Pullman Palace Cars, described in an article in the May 1872 issue by Charles Nordhoff (father of the co-author of the *Bounty* trilogy):

You converse as you would in your parlor at home; the air is pure, for these cars are thoroughly ventilated; the heating apparatus used seems to me quite perfect, for it keeps the feet warm, and diffuses an agreeable and equal heat through all parts of the car.... Your beds are made up and your room or section swept and aired while you are at breakfast, or before, if you are early risers; you find both water and fresh towels abundant; ice is put into the tank, which supplies drinking-water at the most improbable places in the great wilderness; and an attentive servant is always within call.





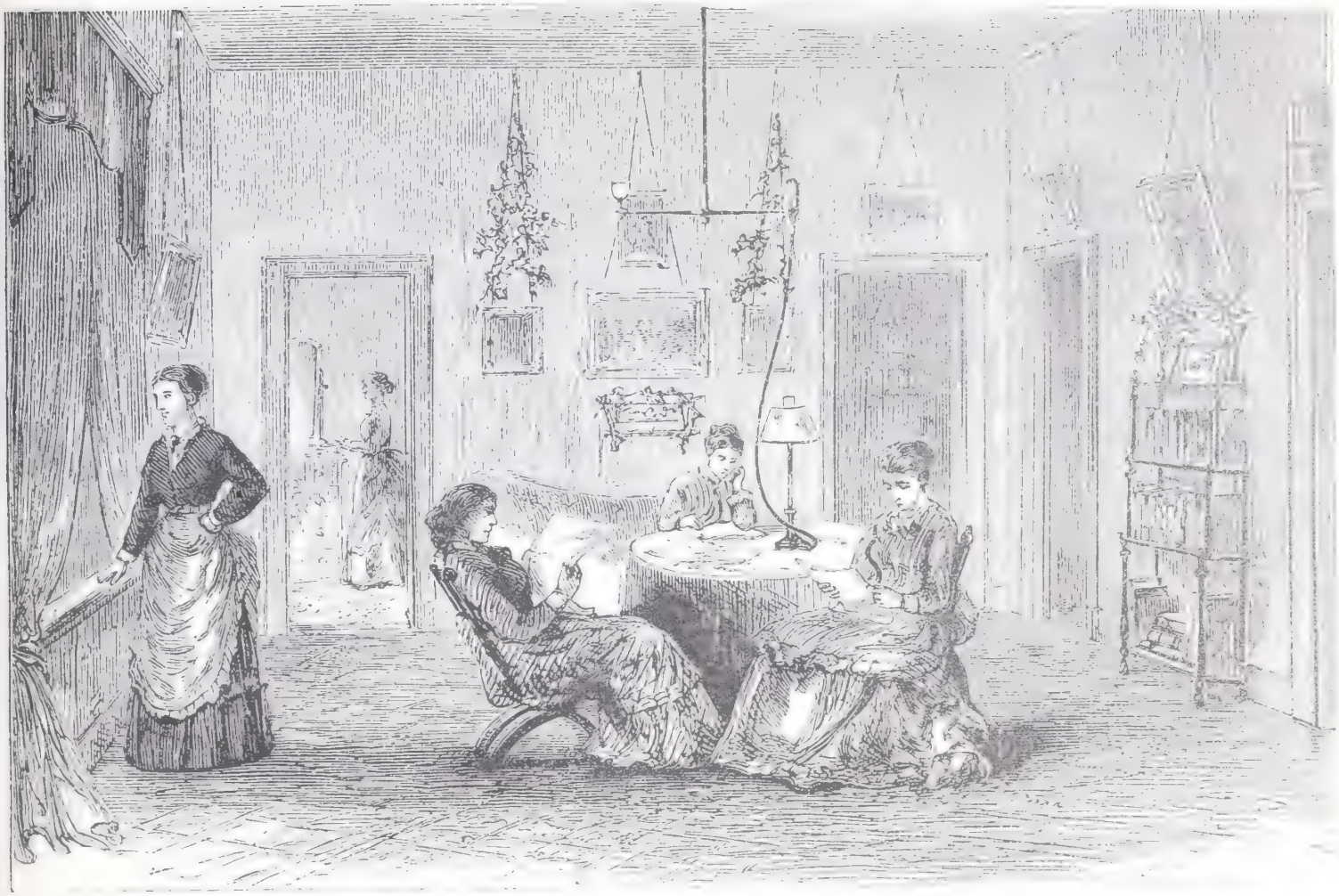
Child Labor

Many of the immigrants who arrived at Castle Garden stayed in the city, and many of their children went to work in factories. Charles Loring Brace, in an article on "The Little Laborers of New York City" (August 1873), reported that "over 100,000 children are at work in the factories of New York and the neighboring districts, while from 15,000 to 20,000 are 'floaters,' drifting from one factory to another." In the paper-box factory, illustrated here, the children were permitted to take home enough material to do extra work, after the regular ten-hour day was over, in order to earn more than the standard $3 per week.



Soda Water

One of the fads of the 1870's was the newly invented soda-water fountain, which spread from America to Europe and Asia. The fountain shown in this E. A. Abbey drawing is one of those described by J. H. Snively, in the August 1872 issue of *Harper's* as the product of "the continually increasing (and highly commendable) desire for artistic beauty in the furniture and fixtures of shops and stores." Modest fountains cost a few hundred dollars, but unusually fine ones cost as much as $2,000.



Studying at Vassar

When the building at Vassar College opened in 1865, with 300 students and a large force of servants, there was not one single closet in the house. According to Anna C. Brackett's article on "Vassar" (February 1876), when Matthew Vassar was informed of this, "he replied, as if puzzled, that the girls could easily have two nails on the walls of their rooms, one for their school dress and one for their best dress, adding, 'What do they need more?'" Miss Brackett continued, somewhat acidly:

The story only points a moral, which is, that in the office of every architect engaged in house planning there should be at least one woman. She might be called the suggester simply, this being a humble and modest title, not implying to outside parties that her advice is to be taken; and thus dignity might be preserved, while the convenience of the women who are to live in the house and do the work would be secured.

Into each study, like the one shown here, opened three rooms, in each of which two students slept. But Miss Brackett insisted each girl should have a room of her own. "If it be objected that funds will not admit," she intransigently concluded, "I answer that funds should be created."

Newport Cottage

The increasing desire for artistic beauty was by no means confined to store furnishings during the 1870's. At Newport, Rhode Island, as Junius Henri Browne reported in an article in the August 1874 *Harper's,* there was such a building boom that real estate prices had increased twenty-fold over a period of twenty years. "Some of the houses," he wrote, "are really beautiful—all that taste and money can make them." Presumably, the house pictured here was one of them. Rents for such cottages, furnished, ranged from $2,000 to $8,000 for the season.



The Beach at Newport

"There is an air of unmistakable gentility about Newport," Browne continued, "that few watering places have.... There are no horse-jockeys, blacklegs, billiard-markers, nor cozeners masquerading in the ill-fitting garments of gentlemen; no ballet-dancers, clairvoyants, demireps, nor adventuresses flashing in jewels and jadery, with a mistaken notion of fine-ladyism.... Bathing is not fashionable—in the sea, I mean."





Coney Island on the Bay

At Coney Island things were livelier, as Charles Carroll described them in "New York in Summer" (October 1878), and the illustrations of shooting galleries and black-face minstrels which accompanied his article bore him out. But even here "respectability" had set in, and Carroll feared that the racy flavor of Coney Island might soon be lost. Meanwhile, stop and look up the beach, he implores:

Did you ever see so much high light and motion in a picture before? The light, shining white pine buildings, glittering windows, sea foam, dazzling sand, and flying spray; . . . and the restless crowd, which comes pouring in from the various railroad stations and surging along the beach.

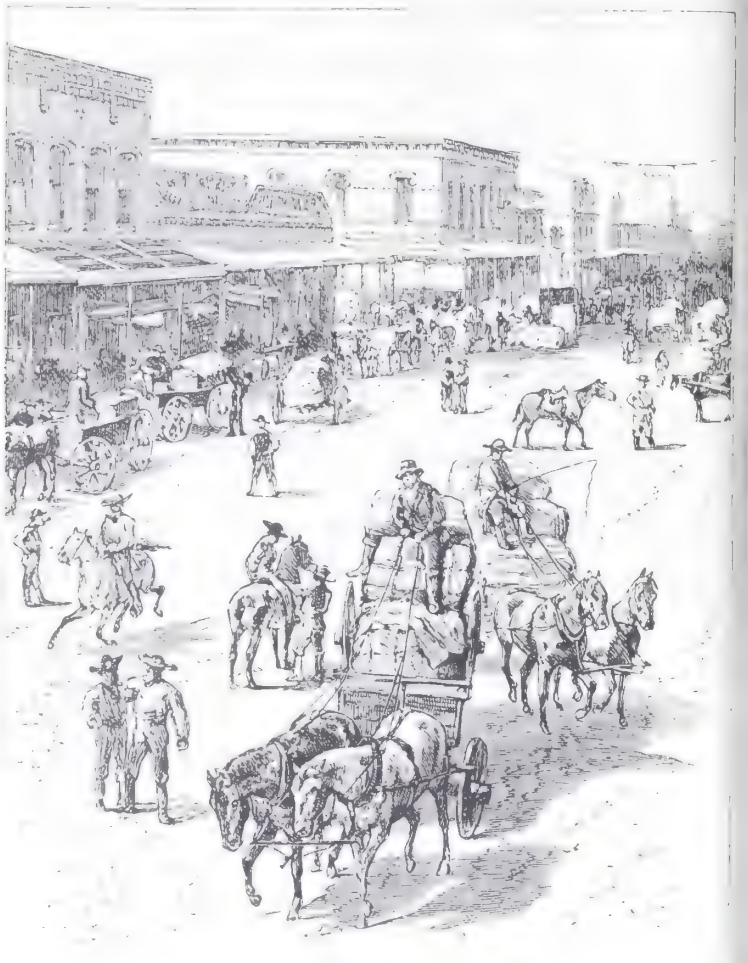




Atlanta Rebuilt

When Ernest Ingersoll visited Atlanta in 1879, fifteen years after Sherman's army had destroyed the city, he found "few marks of that tide of war which had surged so destructively across its whole area.... By mutual help and enterprise, together with a vast amount of personal labor, the ruins were replaced by substantial business edifices and new hotels of magnificent proportions."

"The City of Atlanta," December 1879



Dallas A-Building

Two months earlier, Frank H. Taylor had told *Harper's* readers about Texas as seen from the Texas and Pacific Railway:

Peopled yet but sparsely, it offers homes and harvests to millions who struggle clannishly with the poverty of the crowded cities in the East.... Prosperous towns and post stations are met now every few miles, where platforms are stored with cotton bales awaiting shipment. At Dallas we crossed the line of the Texas Central Railway at a right angle. Dallas is a well-built and active city, whose one thought is cotton.



A Colorado Sheep Ranch

A *Harper's* writer, A. A. Hayes, Jr., and the illustrator, W. A. Rogers, visited this ranch while collecting material for "The Shepherds of Colorado" (January 1880). The ranch, which belonged to a Mr. Atherton, was, Hayes wrote, "a representative one for this region."

There was a small cabin, a stable, sheds, a pump at the spring, three corrals connected by "shoots," or narrow passages, and a curious swinging gate for throwing the sheep into alternate divisions. A more lonely place it is hard to imagine. The short greenish-yellow grass stretched to the horizon on all four sides, and not even a tree or a shrub was to be seen.

Geographical Survey in the Sierras

There was a lot of lonely country in the West, much of it unexplored, and a *Harper's* contributor, William Rideing, joined one of the parties sent out by the U. S. Government to map the Sierra Nevada range. His article, "The Wheeler Survey in Nevada," was published in the June 1877 issue. The route of their first day's march lay through one of the ravines in the mountains behind Carson, and over a zig-zag road to the summit of the divide and Lake Tahoe, which they mapped during the next two months.

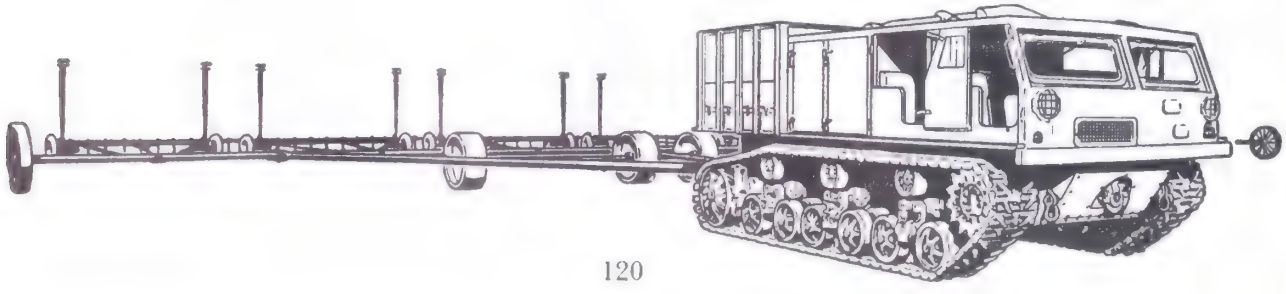




Plowing Two-Mile Furrows

This picture, drawn by A. R. Waud to illustrate an article on the "Dakota Wheat Fields" by C. C. Coffin in the March 1880 *Harper's,* shows how wheat-raising was done on the 75,000 acre farms managed by Oliver Dalrymple for a group of Eastern capitalists who exchanged some almost worthless Northern Pacific bonds for the company's government-granted lands. A superintendent, mounted on a superb horse, commands a brigade of twenty-five plows, plowing furrows two miles long. As Henry Van Dyke, Jr., said in the magazine a couple of months later, it was "the army system applied to agriculture, to conquer and exact rich tribute from the land." But such a system couldn't go on for long, he warned. "It exhausts the land .... Everything is taken from the ground; nothing is returned."

Just sixty-nine years to the month after Coffin's article appeared, *Harper's* published an article by Joseph Kinsey Howard about Tom Campbell of Montana, who operates the biggest privately-owned wheat farm of our time. The drawing below, by Sigman-Ward, shows a surplus M-6 tank retriever which Campbell converted into a tractor to draw a battery of plows 78 feet wide. But Campbell rotates crops, and practices and preaches conservation.



Milwaukee Grain Elevator

By 1880 the West had become the nation's stockyard and its granary, a vast agrarian province controlled by eastern financial interests. The focus of this financial domination was the railroads, and the cities which became the market-centers for beef, pork, and wheat. Here is the story as Ernest Ingersoll reported it in his article on "Milwaukee" in *Harper's* for April 1881, from which the illustration is also taken:

With her harbor built, her ships accumulating, Milwaukee was quick to see that she must adopt the new invention of railways, and began to extend lines inland to bring the crops to her granaries. The railways built their tracks down on the flats, and helped to fill in large areas. They placed their stations, freight depots, and shops there, and attracted business. Chiefly, however, the railways served the interests of Milwaukee in making it not only an easily accessible buying market for the rural districts, but the most available point at which to dispose of crops.



In order to handle these vast crops, which are poured into the city at harvest-time and later, several of those enormous buildings called elevators have been built by the railway companies and by private enterprise.

Cowboy Riding the Fence-Line

By 1880, when the frontier, according to the Superintendent of the Census, had ceased to exist, a change had become noticeable in Western life. Things were beginning to settle down.



In *Harper's* for July of that year this picture of a cowboy by Frederic Remington appeared as an illustration of Lee C. Harby's article on "Texan Types and Contrasts." "Cowboy life has in the last few years lost much of its roughness," Harby wrote. "The cattle barons have discharged most of the men who drank, and have frowned so persistently upon gambling that little of it is done. Cards and whiskey being put away, there is small temptation to disorderly conduct.... On the ranches kept under fence they have little to do when not on the drive or in branding time, the cattle being all safely enclosed. But they must take their turns at line riding, which means a close inspection of the fences, and the repair of all breaks and damages. These rides of inspection take days to accomplish, for there are ranches in Texas which extend in a straight line over seventy-five miles."



Dakota
Sod House

Even in sod houses like this in Dakota, as Frank H. Spearman reported in "The Great American Desert" (July 1888), life had many of the amenities of civilization, however lonely it may have been. (Notice the bird-cage by the door.)

It was in such houses that Julian Ralph, a few years later, found "the new Americans," so unlike those of the East. "If it would be fair to treat of them in a sentence," he wrote in the May 1892 *Harper's,* "it could be said that they act before they think, and when they think, it is mainly of themselves. Their European origin is so far behind them that they know nothing of it. Their grandfathers had forgotten it.... In a word, they are distinctly, decidedly, pugnaciously, and absolutely American."

Hereditary Beauty

By no means all Americans had forgotten their European ancestry, however. According to Eugene L. Didier's article on "The Social Athens of America" in the June 1882 issue:

Miss Emily McTavish belongs to a family in which beauty is hereditary. She is on her father's side the great-granddaughter of Mrs. Richard Caton, whose three daughters were known at the court of George IV as the American Graces, and whose marriages to English noblemen created so great a sensation in the fashionable society of Great Britain. On her mother's side Miss McTavish is the granddaughter of General Winfield Scott. The wealth and high social position of the family place this lady in the front rank of Baltimore society. Stately in her bearing as Tennyson's Maud, and calm in her manners as her grandaunt the Duchess of Leeds, whom she is said to resemble in personal appearance, Miss McTavish possesses that conscious repose and high-born grace which we see in Vandyck's female portraits, representing as they do the transmitted beauty and refinement of a dozen generations.





New York Shop Girls

This picture was one of the illustrations for an article on "Working Women in New York" which *Harper's* published in June 1880. Unlike Miss McTavish, these salesgirls in the retail stores on Sixth Avenue and Grand Street, where thousands of young women were employed, had the "pert manners and tawdry affectation of finery" which were unlikely to enlist sympathy. And yet, the writer continued, "those who are dependent upon themselves have a struggle which palliates their incivility. The hours are long—never less than ten; and the wages are small." The girls began at $1.50 a week; after some years' experience they could earn as much as $10. The average wage was probably about $6 per week.



The Artistic Young Lady.

THERE WAS, perhaps, no more ubiquitously influential female during the seventies and early eighties than "The Artistic Young Lady," who specialized in what was then called "Internal Decoration." According to Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, in an article on "Certain New York Houses" (October 1882), the artists began the reform in furnishings, but the artistic young lady soon took over. "Tapestries, stuffs from the East, bits of old armor, brass pots, birds, and butterflies, the spoils of a European trip, bronzes, plaster casts, easels; all these were crowded into her small drawing room, with the natural and innocent desire to make a pretty room." But, as Russell Lynes explains elsewhere in this issue, the Philadelphia Centennial brought what Mrs. Sherwood thought was order out of the chaos.

Look Out for the Locomotive!

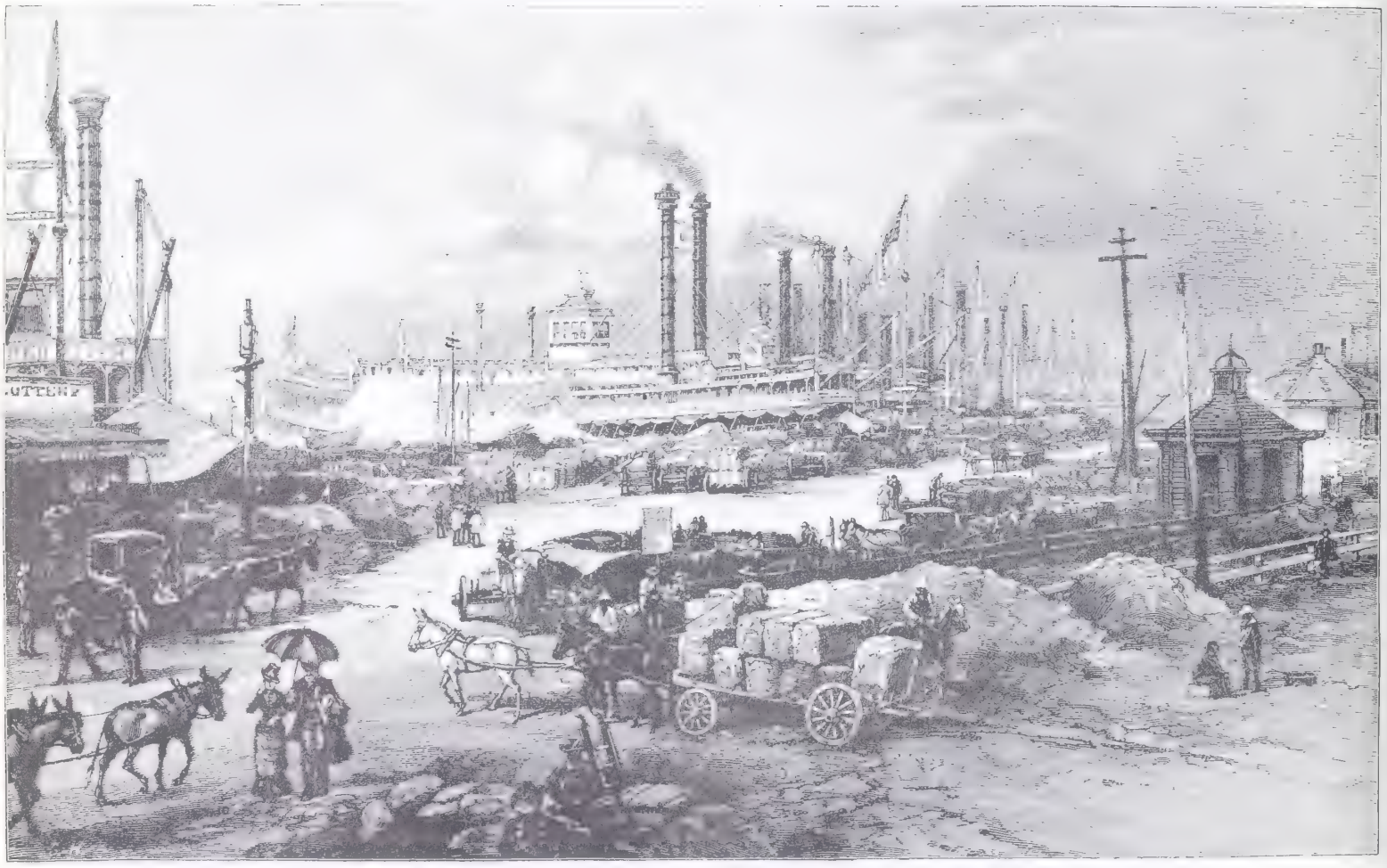
Even in the large Eastern cities during the eighties the artistic young lady had to pick up her skirts and fly, like everyone else, from the trains that plowed right through the city streets. In spite of objections, the railroads had the right of way, and they were transforming the people as well as the landscape.

There was an item touching this point in the "Editor's Drawer" in *Harper's* for June 1887 (just about two years after this picture was published, in an article contrasting English and American railways, August 1885). It had to do with a seven-year-old boy who was nonchalantly waiting his pre-breakfast turn at a washbowl on a Pullman crossing the desert. "How did you sleep, cap?" a well-meaning elderly gentleman asked. "Well, thank you," was the dignified response, "as I always do on a sleeping car." It was that last bit that set the "Drawer" speculating:

Was he born on the wheels? Was he cradled in a Pullman? He has always been in motion, probably; he was started at thirty miles an hour, no doubt, this marvelous boy of our new era. He was not born in a house at rest, but the locomotive snatched him along with a shriek and a roar before his eyes were fairly open, and he was rocked in a "section," and his first sensation of life was that of moving rapidly over vast arid spaces, through cattle ranges, and along cañons. The effect of quick and easy locomotion on character may have been noted before, but it seems that here is the production of a new sort of man, the direct product of our railway era....He belongs to the new expansive race that must live in motion.



The Levee at New Orleans



When Charles Dudley Warner summed up his impressions of "New Orleans," in the January 1887 *Harper's,* he too sensed the social impact of the railroads:

Socially as well as commercially New Orleans is in a transitive state. The change from river to railway transportation has made her levees vacant;...plantations have either not recovered from the effects of the war or have not adjusted themselves to new productions, and the city waits the rather blind developments of the new era.... The business habits of the Creoles were conservative and slow, they do not readily accept new ways, and in this transition time the American element is taking the lead in all enterprises. The American element itself is toned down by the climate and the contagion of the leisurely habits of the Creoles,... but it is certainly changing the social as well as the business aspect of the city. Whether these social changes will make New Orleans a more agreeable place of residence remains to be seen.

The Machine Takes Over



The workman in this picture from H. M. Newhall's article on "A Pair of Shoes" (January 1885) is less significant in the long run than the sign on the wall behind him. He was a "laster" in a shoe factory, and as such was almost the only worker left among the shoemakers whose job had not been taken over by the machine. In 1850 the average shoemaker, working without the aid of steam power or machines, earned $205.43.

The Civil War ended, he returns to find the old shop locked, and wide-swung factory doors inviting him to become master of a powerful machine. With it he toys a few hours each day, and in 1870 earns $463.50 (currency), or figured in gold, according to the census directions, $370.80. "Black Fridays" come apace; he makes more shoes than are worn out; he does more work for less money, and in 1880 earns $387.21. In 1884 he is looking about him, talking about the country being too small to keep him employed, preparing to push into other markets.

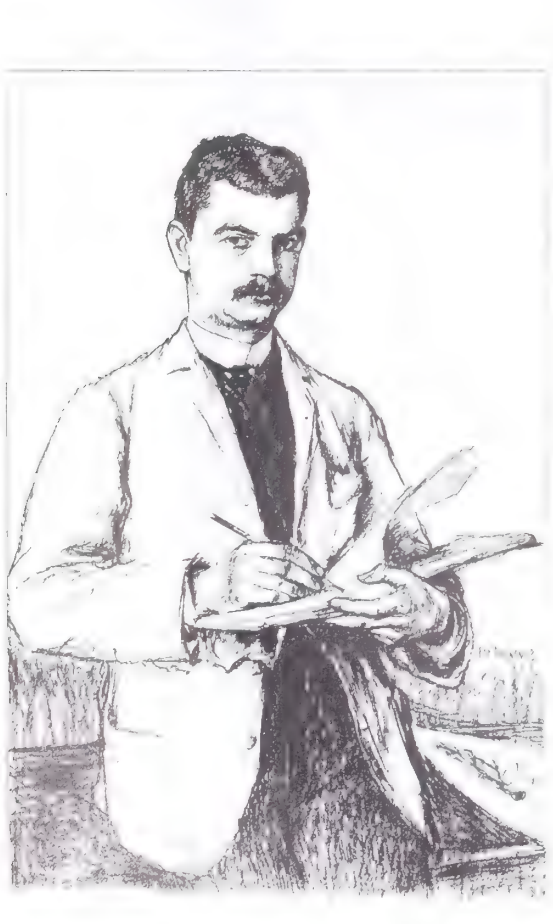


Scientific Research

In all fields the scientists were making discoveries which would transform the world. Here is a picture of Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, professor of pathology at the Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons, working in his bacteriology laboratory. His article, from which the illustration is taken, was a plea for endowments of scientific research. "There has never been a time in the world's history," he wrote, "when well-directed and well-sustained scientific research promised so much of positive and direct benefit to man as it does here today."

"Glimpses of the Bacteria," April 1891

C. S. Reinhart's "Bourgeois Epic"



This picture of the Atlantic City boardwalk, from the April 1886 *Harper's,* is one of a series of drawings C. S. Reinhart made to accompany Charles Dudley Warner's serial story about American resorts. In an article about Reinhart, E. A. Abbey, and other *Harper's* artists ("Our Artists Abroad," June 1889), Henry James called these drawings "a rich *bourgeois* epic, ...an incomparable collection of pictorial notes on the manners and customs, the aspects and habitats, in July and August, of the great American democracy; of which, certainly, taking one thing with another, they give a very comfortable, cheerful account."

But James didn't know quite what to make of Reinhart (of whom the sketch at the left was made in Paris by Dagnan-Bouveret). He admired the drawing and the immense range of the work, but he was troubled by the impression Reinhart conveyed "that he would quite as soon do one thing as another."

The absence of predilections makes him seem a little hard. He is sometimes rough with our average humanity, and especially with the feminine portion of it .... His good ladies are apt to be rather thick and short, rather huddled and plain. I shouldn't mind it so much if they didn't look so much alive.



After one month's stay. After six months' stay. After one year's stay.

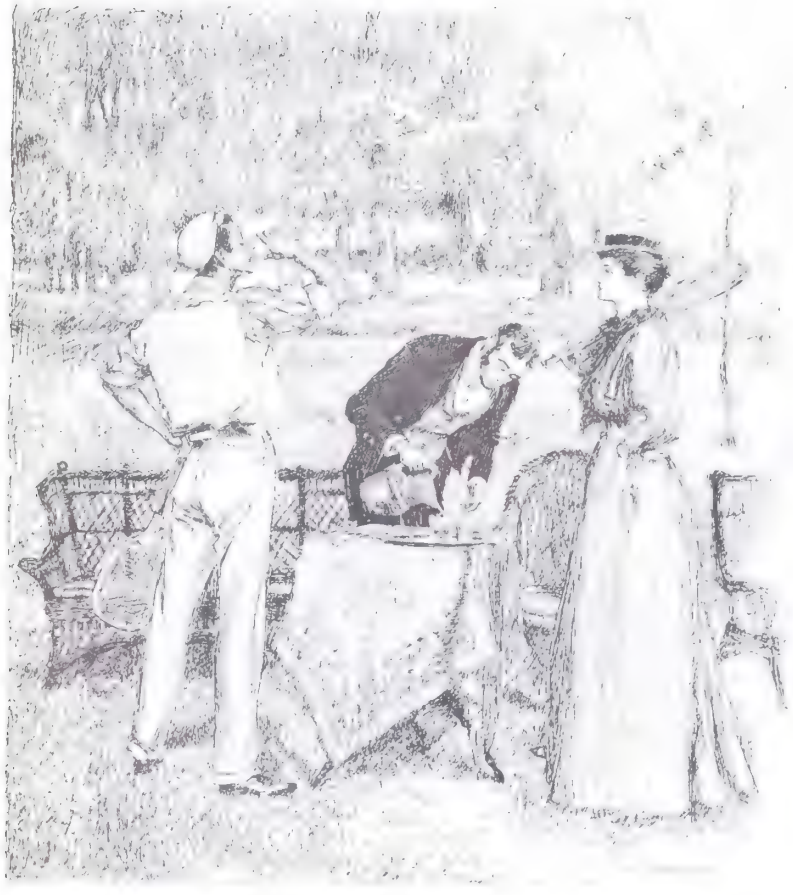
THE INFLUENCE OF FRENCH ART ON AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN PARIS.

At the end of his article about "Our Artists Abroad" Henry James speculated about why an artist like Reinhart remained so detached an observer. Was it because Reinhart (like James himself) was "very much an incarnation of the modern international spirit?" Had he paid for his freedom "by a want of function—the impersonality of not being representative?"

The effect of Europe upon our artists came in for satirical comment a few years later in the above drawings by V. Perard in the "Editor's Drawer" for October 1896. But the thing destined to have the most significant effects upon man's vision of his world was the camera. Here is an advertisement for an amateur photography outfit from the June 1883 *Harper's*. The portable Kodak, invented five years later, stimulated popular interest by its simplicity.







Gentlemanly Sport . . .

Both golf and tennis were upper-class sports in the nineties, and both had "foreign" associations. The first mention of golf in *Harper's* was in W. G. Blaikie's "A Corner of Scotland Worth Knowing" (October 1889) from which the illustration is taken.

The tennis players being served by a butler were drawn by the late Albert E. Sterner for the "Editor's Drawer" of September 1892. The following summer, in the August issue, an advertisement of the N. W. Ayer advertising agency began: "Lawn tennis is a deservedly popular game. For a long time a mistaken idea that it was but a fad for the airing of foreign costumes and accents prevented the discovery ...that it affords unusual opportunities for skill, good judgment, and self-control."

. . . *and Manly Sport*

A wit in the "Editor's Drawer" for February 1882 forecast that if college football went on as it was going then, newspaper reports of games ten years hence would begin: "A more sanguinary and exciting struggle than the championship game between Yale and Princeton has seldom taken place, and the list of killed and wounded reflects great credit upon both colleges." In July 1885 the magazine published this drawing by W. A. Rogers, showing the athletic field at the University of Pennsylvania.



Yachtsmen Having a Cocktail



In September 1890 the magazine ran an article by J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U.S.N., on "The Social Side of Yachting." Describing the assembling of yachts in a Long Island harbor before the annual cruise, Mr. Kelley pointed out that yachting was "the luxury of life, with the merit that, though it may be hedged in, it cannot be debased by money. Amateurs must always control it . . . ."

As evening approaches on board the yacht, the article continues,

There is a promise of festivity in the twilight: smoke curls from forecastle stove and galley funnel; echoes of quickening hospitality ebb and flow from neighboring boats; visits are made and invitations are shouted over the water; until, at last, the poetry of the enfolding dusk quiets the merriment of the visiting yachtsmen.

But the silence is broken by a cheering hail from below: "On deck there! you sailor-men! alleged and otherwise! How would a cocktail, only one, only a little one—how would it go, just now?"

How would it go? The chorus is unanimous.

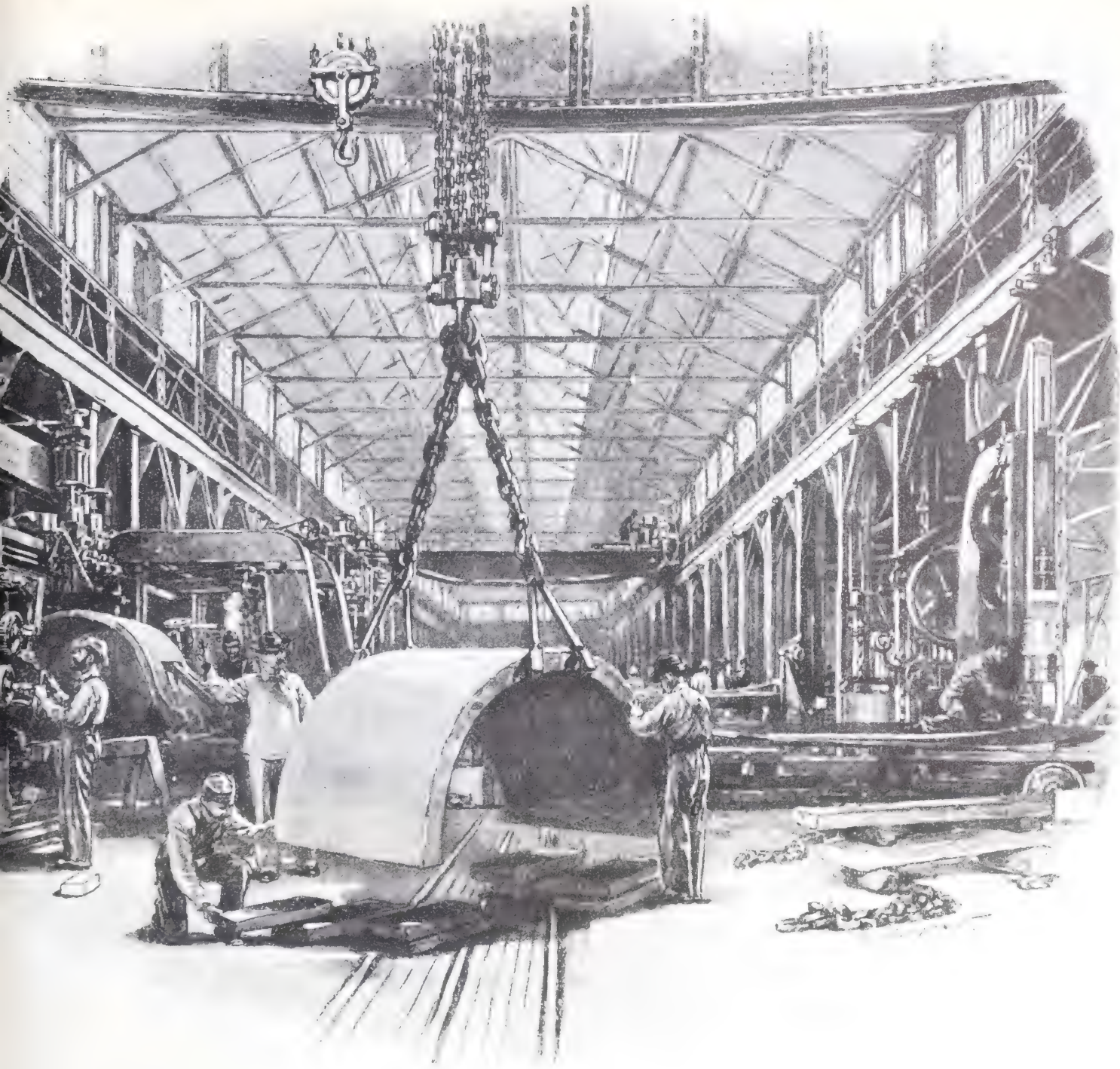


The Rise of the Country Club and the Suburban Home

W. T. Smedley's picture of "Tea at a Country Club" was one of the illustrations for Carper Whitney's article on "The Evolution of the Country Club" in December 1894. "These new clubs," Whitney optimistically wrote, "have corrected to a large extent the American defect of not being able or at least not willing to stop work and enjoy ourselves."

The picture of St. Mark's Place, Brooklyn (it still *was* a residential suburb, then) was an illustration for an article on "The City of Brooklyn" by Julian Ralph in April 1893.





Homestead—1894

Homestead, to most Americans in 1864, had meant free land in the West. In 1894 it meant a steel mill run by a man named Frick. Here is an interior view of the steel works at Homestead, Pennsylvania, in 1894—two years after the violent strike there had climaxed a decade of labor unrest throughout the nation. It was drawn by W. P. Snyder to illustrate a technical article on the manufacture of "A Steel Tool" by R. R. Bowker (March 1894).

A few years later another *Harper's* artist, Charles Henry White, wrote and illustrated an article on Pittsburgh, in which he told about looking down on "the huge, smoldering, roaring monster" from a hillside across the river. With him were two Pittsburghers, one pointing out that the payroll in the city's mills was "350 million dollars in cold cash," the other that "fingers is going down there like bananas at a country fair. When you see a man howling and coming your way in a die-punching department you have orders to grab him and hold on to him until the doctor gets him." (*Harper's,* November 1908)



War

In April 1894, the leading article in *Harper's* was "A Battle-Ship in Action" by Lieutenant S. A. Staunton, U.S.N., assistant chief of staff to Admiral Sampson on the battleship New York. It was an account of an imagined war, designed to give the reader a sense of what war would be like. The article began:

The time was September 1898, and the place a point in the Atlantic Ocean eighty miles southeast of the capes of Delaware....The "Farragut" was steaming due east when the enemy's smoke was sighted, and continued that course.

War had been declared in August. It was not unexpected, for the growing irritation between the people of the two nations over unfortunate questions of commercial influence and control had extended to the governments themselves.

Exactly four years after the lieutenant's article appeared, in April 1898, the United States declared war on Spain. The only slip in the lieutenant's foresight was that by August, when he said the war would begin, it was all over.

Meanwhile *Harper's* had some of its most able writers and artists at the front, including Frederic Remington, James Montgomery Flagg, and Richard Harding Davis. Here is one of Remington's illustrations for his own article "With the Fifth Corps" (November 1898). He had been with a group of staff officers high on a hill overlooking the San Juan hills, Santiago, and Caney, listening to the talk about plans and strategy. "But I slowly thought to myself, this is not my art.... My art requires me to go down in the road where the human beings are who do these things which science dictates." Down on the road he found the men advancing through a screaming rain of shrapnel.

The Rural Trolley

"The hum of the trolley is in the air," wrote Charles Dudley Warner in the "Editor's Study," February 1896. *"It is everywhere. In the great cities it is less felt than in villages and on country roads. At the dead hour of the night the reader in a secluded country house hears it call to him . . . insisting that he should pay attention to the passing by of the nineteenth century—nay, more, to the arrival of the twentieth. It bids him arise and gird his loins and go somewhere, anywhere, indeed everywhere. The whole air is electric, and we can only have peace by putting ourselves in the current, and moving on with the whirring, whizzing world."*

The Peter Newell Illustration is from Sylvester Baxter's "The Trolley in Rural Parts," June 1898.





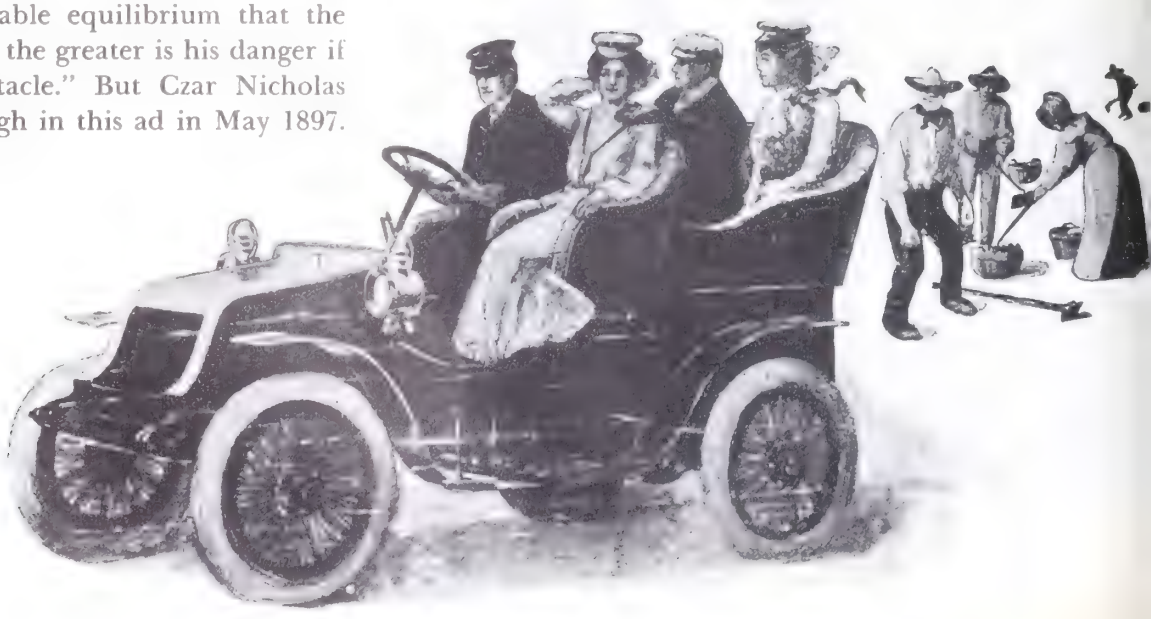
The Electric Kitchen—1896

Back in August 1870, *Harper's* had published Jacob Abbott's article on "The Electric Light," telling how electricity had been used in mines, in signal lights on ships, and for stage effects, and suggesting that it might "in the end be found to be the most effective and economical mode of illuminating large public halls." But by 1896, when this picture of an electric kitchen appeared in R. R. Bowker's piece on "Electricity" (October *Harper's*), it was already being used extensively in lighting houses and providing power for trolleys and trains, and the article even describes electric ironing, electric welding, and fluorescent lighting.



Speed on Wheels

During the late nineties, the bicycle craze was at its height. It may have been true, as Edward Howland had said in "A Bicycle Era" (July 1881), that the position of the bike rider was "one of such unstable equilibrium that the swifter he is riding the greater is his danger if he meets any obstacle." But Czar Nicholas *looked* stable enough in this ad in May 1897.

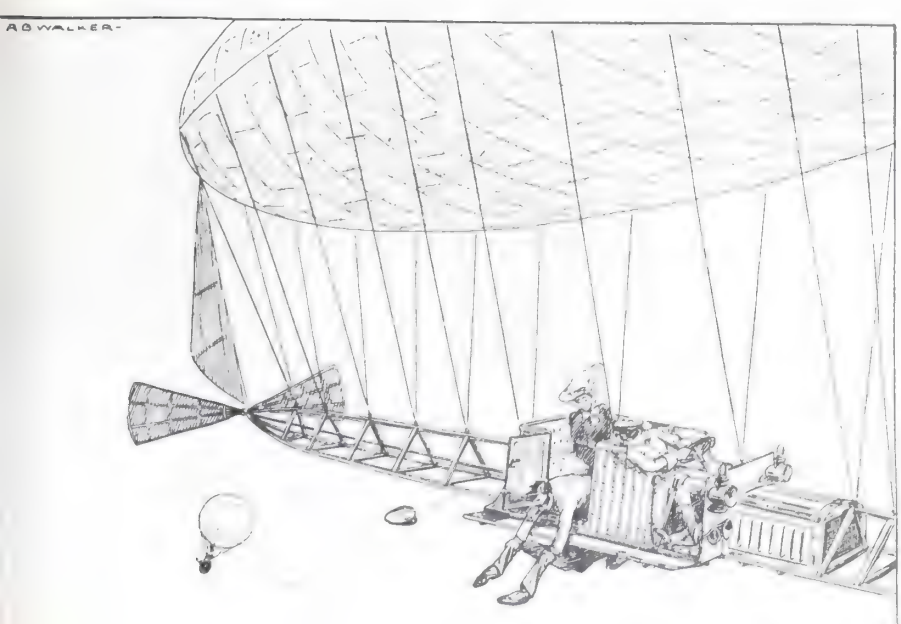


Almost Flying

The first article about automobiles in *Harper's* was "Motor-Car Impressions," in February 1902, by – of all people – Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian dramatist whose *Blue Bird,* seven years later, brought him world-wide renown. Cars were expensive. (The 20 horse-power, 2-cylinder Winton opposite sold for $2,500, according to the advertisement in our March 1903 issue.) And, with the possible exception of steamers (like the 1903 White), they were complicated and exhilaratingly scary. In Maeterlinck's words:

Over and above such matters as compression, carburation, oiling, circulation of water, etc., the trembler-blade and the sparking-plug are the driver's most especial cares . . . . But around these there are still many organs whereof I scarcely dare let myself think. Yonder, concealed in its case, like a furious genie confined in a narrow cell, is the mysterious apparatus for the change of speed; and this, if we give a half-turn to the fly-wheel when we come to the foot of a hill, will produce repeated explosions, urging the piston to movements so frantic that every vertebra of the creature shall quiver, and communicating to the slackened wheels a quadrupled force before which each mountain will bend its back and bear its conqueror humbly to its summit.





The Brazilian aeronaut, Alberto Santos-Dumont, had won a prize in 1901 for flying his airship from St. Cloud, near Paris, around the Eiffel tower and back. But even as late as 1907, when this A. B. Walker cartoon was published in the July "Editor's Drawer," flying, to most Americans, was something you did in an automobile, even if it was slung from a balloon.



Pioneer of the Pathless Air

The scene: Armenonville, in the Bois de Boulogne. The time: 1903. The artist: André Castaigne, the French illustrator. The writer: Guy Wetmore Carryl, in his article "The Playground of Paris" (December 1903). Electric bulbs, "glowing pink in the heart of roses of crinkled silk," shone on little tables, brilliant with crystal and silver. The Tzigane orchestra slid into a waltz, and in the background the Pavillon itself, "as unstable, to all appearance, and as gossamer light, as the fabric of a dream, swung miraculously within a luminous haze."

These men and women are civilization's latest work, the best in the sense of ultra-elaboration that the experience of the ages has enabled her to accomplish. They have been prodigally dowered with the extremes of sensuous refinement . . . .

Above the brilliant groups around the gleaming tables the latest marvel of science swims stealthily out of the darkness, and from his frail perch beneath the big balloon Santos-Dumont signals a greeting to his adopted fellow-citizens. What a welcome waits him, this pioneer of the pathless airs! Yet, with all its enthusiasm and spontaneity, it is a welcome characteristic of the time and place—pledged in wine and laughter and tipped with a jest.



Americans— Abroad and at Home

"Foreign travel leaves its mark," as the caption to A. B. Walker's cartoon in the December 1908 number observed, and more and more Americans were, like Carryl, exhibiting the signs. *Harper's* was full of articles about picturesque places abroad, handsomely illustrated by such artists as Joseph Pennell, Kerr Eby, and Alfred Parsons. An article by W. L. Alden in August 1904 ridiculed Midwesterners who "can't see why the Italians don't pull down all those miserable dirty little towns that they call cities" and grow wheat and make money.

Booth Tarkington was going to have his fun with Americans abroad twenty-five years later in *The Plutocrat*: but in December 1902 he published a warmly appreciative article on "The Middle West," from which this W. A. Rogers illustration is taken. "It is a society almost wholly without snobbishness; . . . it has no feeling of its own insecurity to make it snub a stranger because it does not know who he was before he came."





This Lamp is a Rochester.



There are 2699 other designs — in Bronze, Black Iron, Brass, or Silver.

The choicest bric-a-brac in the palace of a Vanderbilt is not finer.

If your dealer hasn't the genuine "Rochester," send to us for catalogue and prices.

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42 Park Place,
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Wife vs. Secretary

From 1900 on, more and more women worked in business offices as stenographers and secretaries. This illustration for Grace Ellery Channing's story, "The Marriage Question" (August 1905) shows the hero's wife in her lawyer-husband's office, talking with his secretary. The caption was: "You Mean to Take My Place!"

The advertisement which asserts that "This Lamp Is a Rochester" (and it certainly is, isn't it?) appeared in *Harper's* in January 1893. But that's the kind of lamp the wife probably had at home.

Skyscrapers

After 1900 the number of wood-cuts and wood-engravings used in magazine illustration dropped off rapidly. Photography, reproduced by various processes, replaced the artist's pencil for recording objective fact. And new developments in printing made it possible to reproduce oil paintings, water colors, and etchings when artistic effect was sought for. Here is a black-and-white reproduction of a color-plate illustration made from a John Edwin Jackson painting of the Flatiron building, the most famous of New York's early skyscrapers. (From Edward S. Martin's "Moods of a City Square," August 1907.) Situated on Madison Square, this five year old building was already being left behind in the ceaseless movement of New York's uptown expansion.





. . . and Slums

This etching of "Thompson Street, the Home of the Ragpicker" is one of Charles Henry White's illustrations for his own article, "In the Street" (February 1905). "That New York has not been more fully exploited by the artists in recent years," White wrote, "is largely due to the attitude of the public. After all, the artist must live; and when he finds that a pot-boiler of an old château will sell twice as rapidly as a masterpiece—if he were capable of doing one—of the corner saloon or the peanut stand, he will quickly draw another château when the rent comes due, and apologize to his friends." (It is worth noting that 1905 was the year John Sloan came to New York. Five years later Luks, Sloan, and other painters were doing corner saloons with gusto.)



Work...

The wealth that built the skyscrapers in the urban centers of the country came out of the mines and mills and farms and factories, where wages were low and the work was hard. Some girls, as we have seen, got white-collar jobs in business offices, but many of their less fortunate sisters worked in the factories. The girls shown in this drawing by F. E. Schoonover are eating lunch on the fire-escape of the Pennsylvania silk-mill where they work. Their story was told in *Harper's* (April 1910) by Florence L. Sanville, who had lived and worked side-by-side with them for a year. They worked twelve hours a day for miserably low wages, and Miss Sanville learned how appalling such a life could be. But she had no illusions that she, or any other well-meaning outsider, could help. "All lasting betterment of their condition," she wrote, "must eventually come from themselves."

...and Play

The day the first World War ended, there were advertisements in the papers urging people to celebrate the armistice at Reisenwebber's restaurant on New York's Columbus Circle, where they would be entertained by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. For the first time jazz was getting a hearing from the general public, and it was going over big. In May 1919, Harrison Rhodes was able to report, in an article on "The Hotel Guest," that jazz bands like this one, drawn by George Wright, were playing in all the new town hotels.





. . . and Hollywood

But the most popular new form of entertainment as the twenties opened was undoubtedly the moving pictures. Here was an entertainment medium perfectly suited to the American temperament. It was machine-made; it was mass-produced; it was glamorous; and, best of all, it moved. As Harrison Rhodes said, in "The High Kingdom of the Movies" (April 1920), no one could doubt that some tremendous force was stirring out in Hollywood, where George Wright made this picture of shooting a scene. "It is for our generation an almost incredible experience to watch the beginnings and development of a wholly new art . . . . It is, or is going to be, an art and a great one, and in Hollywood they realize the fact with a kind of vague terror."



The Age of Flight Arrives

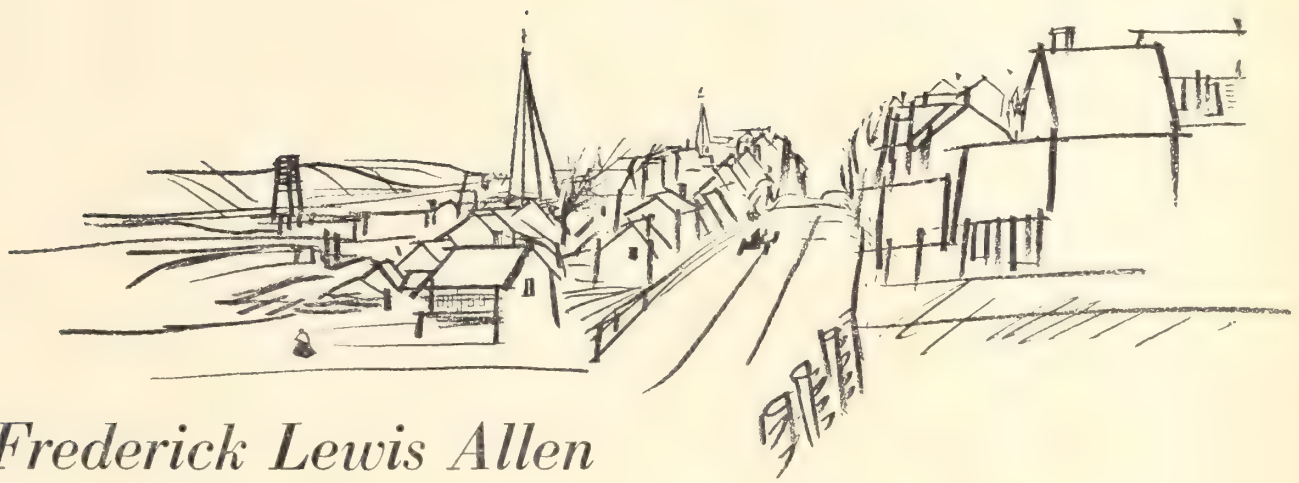
This drawing of planes returning from the Marne battlefront in August 1916, was made by Walter Hale at Chateau-Thierry—the place where, two years later, American soldiers were destined to fight one of the bloodiest battles of World War I.

The picture was published in the March 1917 *Harper's* as an illustration for an article about the battlefields of the Marne. The following month, the magazine printed an interview with Orville Wright, called "The Safe and Useful Aeroplane," written by Burton J. Hendrick. Concentrating on the peaceful uses to which the plane would be put after the war, Wright nevertheless discussed its military consequences, as witnessed in France. The airplane, he said, had revolutionized warfare, chiefly by eliminating the possibility of surprise attacks. In the future, therefore, he concluded "the aeroplane, far more than Hague conferences and Leagues to enforce peace, will exert a powerful influence in putting an end to wars."

The Big Change

The Coming—and Disciplining—of Industrialism, 1850-1950

Drawings by Robert Osborn



Frederick Lewis Allen

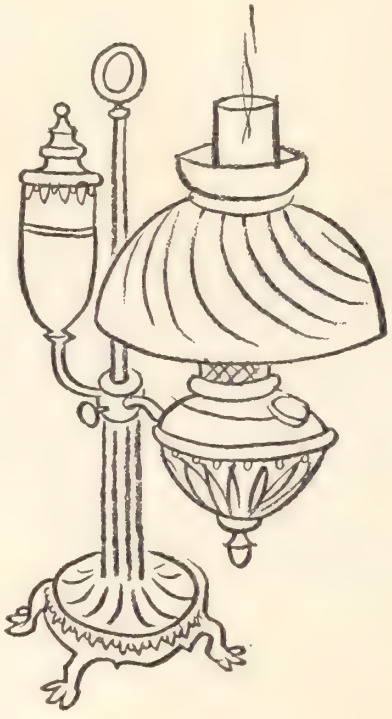
In an upper hallway of the New York Public Library there have been hanging, this year, a series of prints of American cities dating from about 1850. To the eye of today these pictures show what look like overgrown villages and small towns—clusters of red brick and white wooden houses, here and there crowded closely along narrow streets, elsewhere set comfortably apart from one another, with clumps of trees about them and green gardens sloping down to the inevitable river. In a few of these towns one will see a factory chimney or two rising above the roof-tops; but the striking thing, to the eye of 1950, is that in most of the pictures—whether they are of Davenport, Iowa, or Hartford, Connecticut, or even New York City—the skyline is broken only by church spires. Hence the village effect; for today it is only a village which is dominated by its steeples.

If we should wish to see where we have come from in a hundred years—how the everyday life of American men and women and children has changed since 1850, what people lacked then that we take for granted now, what people possessed then that is only a memory now, and whether the gap between rich and poor has narrowed or widened since industrialism began to transform American life—I suggest that we begin by trying to look through those pictures to the reality that lay behind them, a full century ago.

To begin with, are those engravings fair portraits of the America of 1850? Well, we must remember that American life was vastly

Frederick Lewis Allen, editor-in-chief of Harper's *since 1941, has been on the staff since 1923. In these years he has contributed seventy-six articles to the magazine, written four books of social history, and collaborated on several more.*

more varied geographically then than now. At that moment in the mid-nineteenth century when the United States had only just reached out to its present continental boundaries (as a result of the Mexican War), and when California had only just become, abruptly, a land of bright American opportunity (as a result of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill), America was still a land of violent contrasts. A silk-waistcoated merchant prince of Boston or New York or Philadelphia lived in a wholly different world from a family of homespun pioneers setting out by covered wagon from the bleak and muddy streets of Independence to cross the "Great American Desert." The high-thinking Transcendentalists of Concord, strolling about Walden Pond to note the blooming of the arbutus and to discuss natural aristocracy, were continents apart, in their way of life, from Brigham Young's Mormons building their new city beside the Great Salt Lake, or from the black slaves of a Georgia plantation, or from the gold-hungry prospectors in the town of tents and shacks that was San Francisco, or from the farmer trying out a new McCormick reaper on a quarter-section of scraggly Illinois prairie.



If America was so varied geographically, this was largely because it took so much time and effort for either people or goods to get about. When young Joseph Jefferson, the actor, traveled from New Orleans to New York in 1846, what he had to do was to take a Mississippi River steamboat to Wheeling, in what is now West Virginia (being delayed for days by ice, for it was winter); then bump for twenty-four hours in a chilly stagecoach over rutted roads to Cumberland, Maryland, stopping every few hours for a meal while the horses were changed; then proceed by primitive train to his destination. Early in the eighteen-fifties Ralph Waldo Emerson, taking a lecture trip in Michigan, had to make a forty-eight-mile journey through the woods from town to town by horse and buggy. And the fastest time anybody could make from New York to San Francisco was eighty-nine days by swift clipper ship around the Horn.

We must remember, too, when we look at those engravings of American cities in 1850, that the men who made them did not show us the grimier streets, or the citizens eating with their knives or blowing their noses with their fingers. They could not show us the smell of household privies. Yet those pictures of red and white and green towns clinging to the banks of sailboat-studded rivers do reflect the central fact of the United States of 1850; that as a whole it was still a land of farmers, shopkeepers, merchants, and artisans—above all, farmers. Today, among "gainfully employed" Americans, only about one in five works on a farm; at that time, over half of them did. And the cities were small. New York, then as now the biggest of them, had about one-tenth of its present population.

To be sure, industrialism had long since begun its smoky invasion of the land. Along the banks of the Merrimac and other New England rivers, big textile mills were turning out cotton and woolen cloth, and there were a few scattered factories even west of the Alleghenies. But the basic units of American life were still the village and the farm; and the great majority of the American people—the lively, sociable, irritable, dyspeptic, boastful, uncouth, energetic, disorderly, wasteful, and hospitable American people—were villagers at heart.

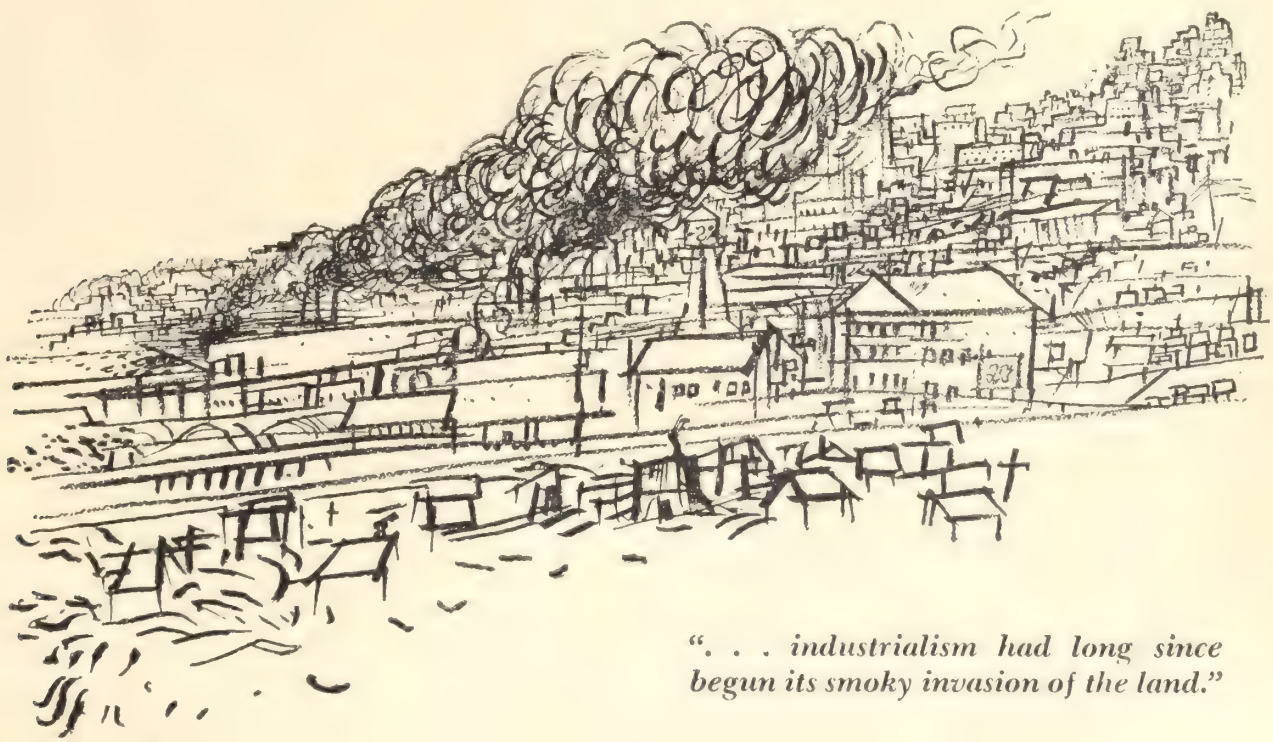
How well did they live? It is easy today to forget that many comforts and conveniences which we now take for granted were then available to nobody, or almost nobody. For one thing, cities were just beginning to install water-supply and drainage systems. Philadelphia had been an early innovator with its Fairmount Water Works, which long had been pumping water from the Schuylkill River, but New York

did not have Croton water till 1842, and Boston did not introduce Cochituate water till 1848. Before public water supplies became general, you either subscribed for water provided by a private company such as the Jamaica Pond Corporation in Boston, or, if you were not within reach of its piping system or could not pay the price, you relied on a well of your own. In Boston, for instance, a census taken in 1845 showed that the 10,370 houses in the city got their water from no less than 5,287 separate wells, and supplemented this supply with rain water collected (for washing purposes) in 4,445 cisterns. (As the city gradually became smokier, cistern water naturally become sootier.)

Even after public reservoirs and aqueducts had been built, it took a long time to lay the water mains to take this new blessing to people's houses. All through the late eighteen forties, for example, New York was busily constructing mains along the streets of the city, and the authorities were discovering to their dismay how much water people used when all they needed to do to get it was to turn a tap. In 1853 the head of the Croton Aqueduct Department, in his annual report, remarking that a modern hotel on Broadway had installed "more than four hundred openings through which water is delivered, and discharged into public sewers," said in tones of despair, "With such arrangements for the consumption of water, under the control of a little army of careless servants, and irresponsible guests, how is any reasonable economy in its use to be expected?"

The sewers that this official mentioned were brand new; for as late as 1845 even the biggest city in the country had had no public sewerage system at all. And although the modern hotel which he described had had a number of suites equipped with bath and water closet, and had installed in the basement six water closets for domestics, and had provided, adjacent to the barroom, nine public water closets and three wash basins with hot and cold water, these were innovations connoting extreme luxury. In all or almost all private houses there was still no such thing as a water closet; people relied upon chamber pots or upon a drafty expedition to the privy; or—in the case of the prosperous—upon commodes which the servants would periodically empty. And except along the chief streets of the chief cities, they relied too upon cesspits and culverts and the gutters of the streets to dispose of their sewage.

No wonder their well water was widely contaminated; and no wonder the term of life was so short, particularly in the cities. Today the average expectation of life in the United States is over 67, and rising; in 1850 it was under 40. A health report published in Boston in 1850 disclosed that the average age



". . . industrialism had long since begun its smoky invasion of the land."

of all who died in the city was 21.43 years, and that among the Catholic population—who were, of course, mostly poor immigrants from Ireland—it was less than 14 years. Those grim figures reflect not only a general ignorance of antisepsis and sanitation, but also the result of living, in fast-growing cities, under conditions which were still those of primitive village life.

Nor were private houses centrally heated. Even the wealthy depended on kitchen stoves, Franklin stoves, and open fireplaces for warmth in winter. Mark Twain describing in *Life on the Mississippi* the typical big house of any town along the river in about 1850—"a big, square, two - story frame house painted white and porticoed like a Grecian temple behind a white paling fence," noted that there was no bathroom and added that there might be, but wouldn't certainly be, a pitcher and washbowl in each of the square bedrooms upstairs. The first duty of the average American householder, in the morning, was to light the fires and empty the slops; until the fires really took hold, the chill of the house made any but the most cursory washing an ordeal. And the German writer, Ole Munch Raeder, decribing a trip which he took in 1847 through what we now call the Middle West, remarked on the lamentable but general custom of spitting at the stove, not always accurately, adding with evident relief that there were cuspidors in some of the better homes in Madison, Elkhorn, and Janesville. All in all, it is likely that if we of 1950 were to visit the United States of 1850, we should find it a dirty place inhabited by dirty people.

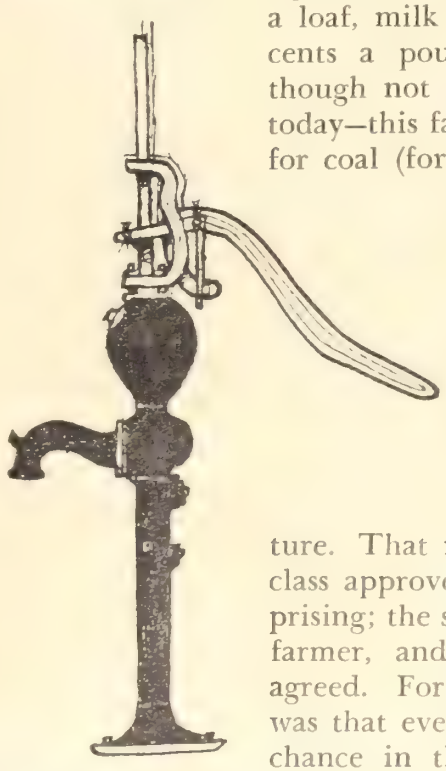


Ready-made clothing was limited in amount and kind, ill-fitting, and hand-sewn. Accordingly, shirts and underwear were generally stitched at home by the housewife, from materials spun by the textile mills and bought by the yard at the store; shoes were made by shoemakers, suits by tailors (or sometimes by the housewife), dresses by the housewife or by seamstresses and dressmakers. The well-to-do imported their suits from London, their dresses from Paris, or else employed tailors and dressmakers versed in the foreign modes to fashion them out of fine imported materials. Naturally a new article of clothing represented a considerable expense, in either money or toil; the people in any gathering were far more varied in costume than today; and the women of the family were perpetually sewing.

Against these and other lacks and inconveniences must be set certain advantages. First of all, space and air. The shopkeeper or blacksmith in an Ohio town was likely to have a house with more room in it than can be found today in the New York or Chicago apartment of a $30,000-a-year executive. In Philadelphia, my grandfather as a young man could take his wife skating in winter, or sailing in summer, on a Schuylkill River as yet undarkened by commerce or industry. Not yet was there any need for week-end escape from the cities, or for summer places, or for elaborately organized sports; the vast majority of the people found chances to walk, ride, drive, skate, swim, fish, or shoot, within ready reach on almost any day when the weather suited—if their long labors left them time enough. Although the American public school system was only partly established, although great numbers of children could not get even elementary schooling, and few went on to high school, and far fewer yet to college, at least the average American boy and girl had a countryside close at hand to run wild in when the chores that were their share in the work of family life were done. And one final advantage was possessed by nine families out of ten: when the crops failed, when the family store went broke, when their jobs folded up, they could tighten their belts and go on working—if not in their home communities, then at least in the beckoning West. In a land still dominated by small-scale and individual enterprise, a self-reliant man could be far more independent than could his son or grandson in later years.

THE gulf between rich and poor was great, both in income and in the nature of their clothing, equipment, and pattern of life. At a time when the dollar was so big that $5,000 a year was an inviting salary to offer to the head of an insurance company, there were merchants in the seaboard cities who were making hundreds of thousands a year; one Boston merchant is said to have cleared $100,000 from one voyage of one of his ships. Not only was such a man rich—with of course no income tax to pay—and not only did he have fine carriages, and a splendid house with satin-covered furniture and a paneled library and a cellar full of Madeira and other imported wines, and a staff of dutiful servants, but his wealth was instantly apparent to anybody who saw him and his lady on the street. You could tell at a distance of fifty paces that their clothes were quite different in material and cut from those of ordinary folk.

By contrast, not only the slaves of the South (who were looked after well or ill according to the whim of their slaveholder) but also the poorer people of the Northern cities and towns, were in miserable plight. For the floor of wages had been dropping. Years of famine in Ireland had brought into the country a horde of newcomers willing to work for next to nothing. In earlier years the rising textile mills of Lawrence and Lowell and Fall River had largely employed farmers' daughters; but as Irish labor became available a change was taking place. Wages fell—even when profits were booming—until whole families labored at the machines for three or four dollars a week per worker; a twelve-hour day was average, and a fourteen-hour day was not unusual. Stop for a moment and reflect upon what it would be like to work a fourteen-hour day—say from five o'clock in the morning till eight at night, with half an hour off for breakfast and half an hour for dinner—six days a week, in an ill-lighted, ill-ventilated factory; and ask yourself how much recreation, how much sunshine, how much education for children of fourteen or less, such an appalling routine permitted.

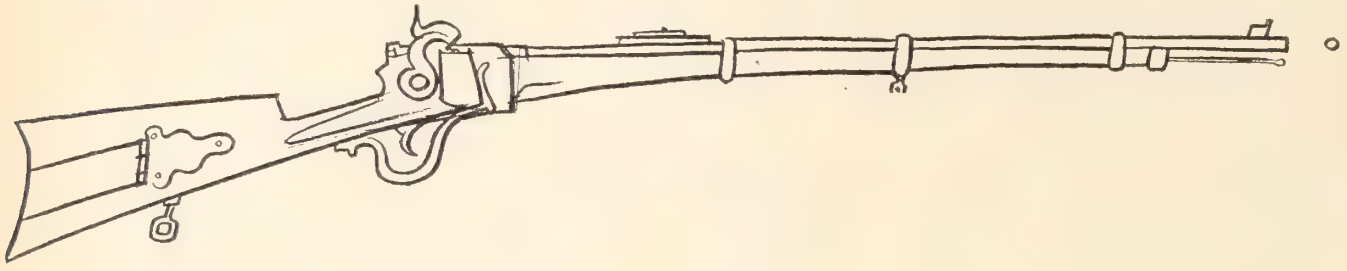


Meanwhile the wages of seamen, which in the early years of the century had been as high as $18 a month, had fallen to $8 or $10 or $12 a month, and the adventurous farmer boys who had formerly yearned for two years before the mast had been supplanted by foreign deck-hands, until the slim and beautiful clipper ships of the eighteen-fifties were manned by the drifting scum of many continents. When, for example, the *Reindeer* sailed from Canton to Boston in 1851 she had as her crew 2 French, 1 Portuguese, 1 Cape Verde Islander, 1 Azores man, 1 Italian, 1 Dutchman, 1 Mulatto, 2 Kanakas, 1 Welshman, 1 Swede, 2 Chinese, and 2 Americans.

One catches a glimpse of the labor market in the mid-century in an article in *Harper's* for October 1866, outlining a reasonable budget for a young couple living in the outskirts of New York on $2,000 a year—roughly equivalent to perhaps $6,000 or $7,000 now—with one servant. At a time when roast beef cost 35 cents a pound, corned beef 23½ cents a pound, fish 12 cents a pound, bread 10 cents a loaf, milk 10 cents a quart, and sugar 15 cents a pound—prices which were mostly, though not all, a fraction of what they are today—this family was allowed $114.75 a year for coal (for the kitchen range and a "portable furnace" in the cellar), and a mere $96 a year for the servant's wages—*at the rate of $8 a month!*

WHAT did people think of these contrasts? Most people apparently regarded them as part of the order of nature. That men and women of the favored class approved of them is of course not surprising; the striking fact is that the tailor, the farmer, and the mill-hand on the whole agreed. For the reigning idea in America was that every individual should have a fair chance in the contest of life, and that he should be on his own, beholden to no man; to work for somebody else was spineless unless one were a young apprentice, or a girl waiting for marriage, or an immigrant who didn't

know any better; and if such people chose to work for very little, this was their own affair. Couldn't they break away and get better jobs if they had the ability and the will? Meanwhile employers had a virtually unquestioned right to make all the money they could lay their hands on. For America was a young country with a future, in which it was considered every man's duty to play a constructive part; and if he made money—a lot of it—this was a good sign that he was contributing to the common weal. If he made a million while paying his workers a pittance, that was mighty smart. If he outwitted his neighbor in a slick trade, that was mighty smart. Disapprove of him? People admired him, and hoped to be as fortunate themselves one day.



For the tide of industrialism was only beginning to run strong, and opportunity still seemed to be within the reach of all. Americans felt this in their bones, and held their heads high. Said Oliver Wendell Holmes to Edward Dicey, an English visitor, "We should find it hard to match five thousand American gentlemen with five thousand English, but we could match five million ordinary Americans against the same number of your countryman, without fear of the result." If there were almost 25,000 paupers in Massachusetts, were not 91 per cent of them foreigners, and were they not therefore simply people who had not yet got off to a start in the free-for-all race? Even the ill-clad immigrants felt the breezes of hope in the air. Said a poor Irishwoman to Dicey, "This is a blessed country, sir; I think God made it for the poor."

II

As THE second half of the nineteenth century began, industrialism took a new lease on life. Samuel Colt, making revolvers at Hartford, had pushed to a new perfection Eli Whitney's principle of the use of interchangeable parts; Colt had completely mechanized his factory, so that presently, with the aid of some 400 machines, his men were turning out over 24,000 revolvers a year. Such a performance was an eye-opener to inventors, manufacturers, investors: couldn't you make almost anything cheaply and swiftly, provided you had the right machines to do it with? And now the most essential tools for the making of such machines were ready; for the stocking lathe, the universal miller, and the turret lathe had all been invented. Elias Howe, Jr., had conceived the sewing machine, and now Isaac Singer was producing this new contrivance in quantity. Telegraph lines were being extended from town to town. In 1858 the first cable was laid across the Atlantic Ocean. The next year oil was discovered in Pennsylvania—an event destined to end the era of the whale-oil lamp. Meanwhile thousands of miles of railroad track were being laid; and as the fat-funneled locomotives wound their way through the wooded Alleghenies and chugged across the vast flatlands of the central basin, they brought town after town into new and exciting contact with the news and ideas of the outside world.

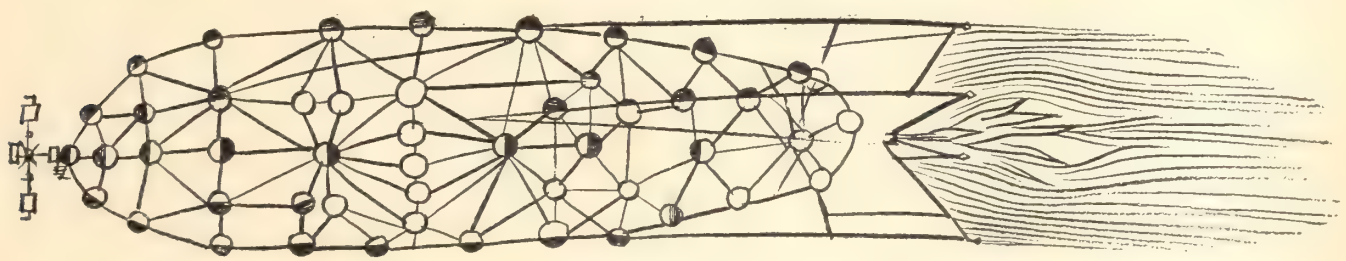
Each new miracle of invention seized the public imagination. When Joseph Jefferson received the first telegram of his life in Cumberland, Maryland, he could hardly believe that he was actually hearing from the partner in Baltimore to whom he had written only the day before. "I called at the office to inquire if it were really so; yes, there could be no doubt of it. A small group of people had collected about the operator . . . all wearing a look of surprise and incredulity. We began showing one another our dispatches. . . . People were rushing to and fro with little messages in their hands, and stopping one another in the street to talk and wonder over the new event." Just so, in scores of Amer-

ican towns, the new instruments and gadgets set boys and men to dreaming fantastic dreams—of getting a scientific training, devising some new wonder which would simplify the long labor of manufacturing, setting up a company to produce it, selling it by the thousands, and making a fabulous fortune. The future seemed full of wild promise.

The Civil War, though it left the South prostrate, did not halt the march of industrialism in the North, but rather accelerated it, bringing as it did outsize demands for weapons and equipment and quicker communication, and especially for uniforms in quantity. By the war's end industrialism was in full flood, irresistible and tremendous.

IT BROUGHT with it both wonders and abominations. The wonders have become so familiar to us that it is hard for us to imagine a world in which they did not exist. Yet even a short list of the changes that came between 1850 and 1900 is staggering. Here are some of them:

A vast growth of steel production, resulting from the Bessemer process, the multiplication of steel mills, and the coming of the open-hearth furnace. (This meant more and better steel for rails, wires, bridges, ships, steel-skeleton buildings, and a host of other uses; steel became the basic material out of which the new industrial era was built.)



An equally vast boom in railroad-building, till the rails not only crossed the Rockies to unite East with West, but made a network tying the whole country together into one economic unit.

The installation of improved water and sewerage systems for cities and towns, making possible—for those who could afford it—the immense convenience of modern plumbing.

The lighting of homes, as well as city streets, by gas light and then by the magic of electric light.

Electrical transportation: the coming of the cable car, the trolley car, the elevated railroad (powered at first by steam, then by electricity), and the subway.

The development of electric motors and dynamos to do more and more of the work of the country; the introduction of the electric-power plant and of modern hydro-electric systems, so that the virtue of electricity could be on tap miles—or hundreds of miles—away from its source.

That incredible annihilator of distance, both between friends and between business offices, the telephone.

The revolutionizing of business life by the invention of the typewriter—which incidentally began to bring women into business life—and by the electric elevator, which, along with the development of steel-skeleton construction, made possible the skyscraper.

And, finally, the beginnings of that prime revolutionizer, the automobile, which had been introduced abroad as early as 1884 but did not begin to take its American forms until the early nineties.

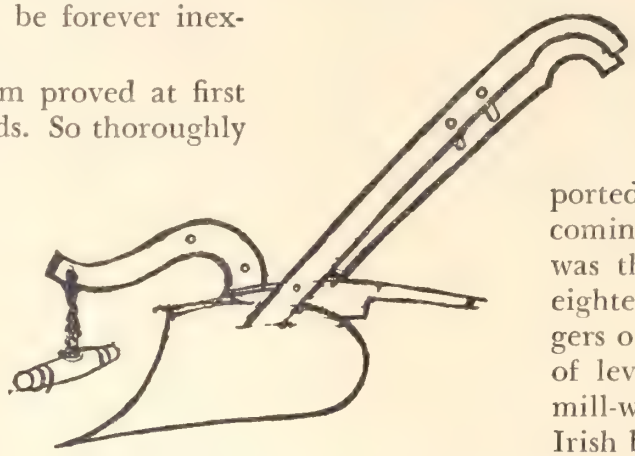
To these wonders one might add the introduction of seaworthy ocean-going steamships; the opening of the Great Plains to settlement with the aid of the invention of barbed wire; the simplification and improvement of photography, and the coming of the half-tone process which accommodated it to publication; the invention of the linotype, to the great benefit of printing; and the contriving of all the machines which supplemented Elias Howe's sewing machine to facilitate the growth of the clothing and shoe industries. Yet even if we extended this list of new marvels indefinitely, we could hardly begin to convey a sense of the magnitude of the change

which was wrought between 1850 and 1900. A land of formerly separate communities had been linked together. A land mostly of farmers and villagers had become a land mostly of cities and roaring industrial towns. Comforts, conveniences, and wealth had so piled up as to make possible a great extension of education on every level and a general widening of horizons. It was almost as if a whole new world had been invented for people to work and play in.

But industrialism in those days of its raw growth brought abominations too. To begin with, wherever it advanced, ugliness came with it—smoke, soot, grime, the darkening of skies once clear, the withering of foliage once green, the pollution of rivers once clean. Indeed, so completely did men assume that money-making and beauty lived in separate compartments—beauty being something which you could buy after you made the money, or must run away to, from the city or the factory where the money was produced—that even the profitable building of houses, except for the rich, was undertaken as if by blind men. It should come as no surprise that the grimmest sections of most of our cities today date from between 1850 and 1900.

Not only did industrialism uglify the land wherever it moved; it also, while subduing it, despoiled it. Forests were hacked to pieces, farm land misused and overused, natural resources plundered right and left as if the bounties of America would be forever inexhaustible.

Morally, too, industrialism proved at first to be a destroyer of standards. So thoroughly had the idea sunk into men's minds that it was smart to make money in any way, straight or crooked, that the third quarter of the nineteenth century brought a contagion of fraudulence. It brought, too, a trend toward monopoly that if unchecked would have drawn all the economic power of the country into the hands of a few men. But the most disturbing thing about industrialism, in those days of its spring blooming, was the way in which it distributed the wealth it produced.

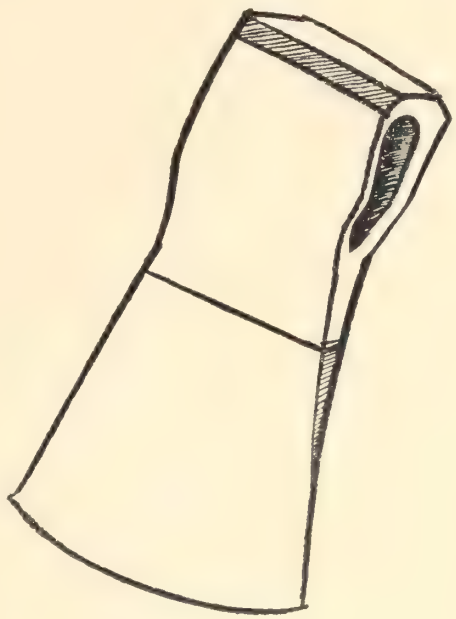


In the early days of the factory system in England, David Ricardo had enunciated the grim principle which he called the Iron Law of Wages: the principle that all wages tend to fall to the level which the most unskillful or most desperate man will accept. In pre-industrial times this Iron Law had not often operated unchecked. The prince, or the baron, or the squire, or the neighbors had tended to look after those who by reason of incompetence or illness or adversity were in want. And in the pre-industrial United States, as we have seen, men and women who were in want could at least go on working, for whatever pittance they could command, or could move on elsewhere to try again. But the new industrial community brought a change. For when a man built a mill or factory surrounded by a mill village or factory town, those who came to work for him were in great degree imprisoned by their choice. They did not own the tools with which they worked, and therefore were dependent on what employment the mill offered; and anyhow there was not enough other work in such a community for all who would be looking for it if the mill shut down. And if their wages were low they could not afford to look elsewhere for jobs. So they ceased to be free agents. They were at their employer's mercy. And the Iron Law really went into action.

One great advantage the American workingman had—if he could raise the cash. He could still go West. But as the discards of industrialism, along with the men of most adventurous ambition, became Western pioneers, their places were taken by an imported proletariat—the incoming immigrants. First it was the Irish, who in the eighteen-fifties were the diggers of ditches, the builders of levees, the new class of mill-workers; then, as the Irish bettered themselves, it was the Italians, and then the Slavs of Eastern Europe. Each group tended to form a proletarian layer under the previous one. (At the bottom, in the most menial and ill-paid jobs of all, remained our own Negro population, slaves no longer, but remaining largely in a

servitude of ignorance and exclusion from opportunity.) Thus the very hope that was symbolized by the Goddess of Liberty brought immigrants in such vast numbers as to glut the labor markets and delay the modification of the Iron Law.

As time went on there were to be other mitigating factors. One was the slow and uneven growth of labor unions. Another was the belated recognition, by a gradually aroused public conscience, of the horrors of American poverty; little by little the law began to prescribe more decent conditions of work. And another, of course, was the fact that the abounding flow of wealth from hugely increased productivity *did* tend to percolate down through the ranks of society and lift the living standard for the great majority. By 1891 wages in twenty-two industries had increased since 1860 on the average over 68 per cent, while wholesale prices had declined over 5 per cent. Yes, the *average* well-being, even in industry, was rising fast.



But there were sub-average areas where the terms of life were miserable. As late as 1887 a writer for *Harper's* found a coal-yard laborer in an Eastern mill town who earned seven dollars a week, while his wife earned five dollars, their elder daughter four dollars, and their fourteen-year-old daughter three dollars and a quarter, working from 6:30 in the morning till 6:30 at night in the mill. Total per year for *four* money-earners—$924. Not much improvement there over the conditions of the mid-century. The status of the anthracite workers in the Pennsylvania coal fields was sharply worse: there the workers who slaved grimly and dangerously underground were kept in a state of perpetual debt to the company on which they were dependent for their meager housing, their food, everything. And worse still were the conditions on New York's Lower East Side, where 290,000 people were packed into one square mile of tenements; where, in the filth and stench of Mulberry Bend, Jacob Riis found twelve men and women sleeping for "five cents a spot" in one room not thirteen feet square; where the wife of an incapacitated invalid earned an income of $1.20 a week making shirts, while her oldest daughter cut out Hamburg edging for the noble wage of 2½ cents per hour for ten hours of steady labor. Here, at the very bottom of the pit of poverty, the Iron Law was iron indeed.

MEANWHILE at the other end of the scale there was magnificence unstinted. Consider, for example, the mansion which Samuel Colt had built near Hartford out of the profits of his industrial pioneering. In 1876, reported a rapt chronicler in the *Art Journal,* the Colt lawn was daily rolled, cut, and trimmed to perfection by thirty men; while the greenhouses, 2,634 feet in length, produced yearly at least a ton of grapes, to say nothing of 8,000 figs, peaches, and other fruits, and 400 quarts of strawberries. By the early eighteen-eighties American millionaires, led by the Vanderbilts, had become possessed with the idea that a successful man should build himself a mansion suitable for a European prince. They hired accomplished architects to produce for them Renaissance palaces, monumental Italian villas, or turreted French châteaux, with authentically princely bronze doors, grilled iron gates, ancient fireplaces, tapestries, and paintings imported from abroad; and in these feudal edifices, staffed in many cases by thirty or more servants, they lived in marble grandeur. Nor was the luxury of the rich limited to their palaces. Pierpont Morgan, whose house in New York was comparatively unassuming, as were his house in London, his country estate outside London, his American country estate on the Hudson, his Adirondack estate, his fishing box at Newport, and his suite at Jekyll Island, satisfied his desire for big things by building in 1898 a steam yacht 302 feet long, and by amassing an art collection worth at least fifty million dollars. Those were the

days when private yachts, private art galleries, and racing stables were multiplying; when dinner parties included up to twenty courses; and when one young blood would be heard remarking to another, "Never ask the old man for less than fifty thousand."

It was on contrasts like these, at an early stage of European industrialism, that Karl Marx had predicated his theory of revolution. But one did not have to have a radical bias to be dismayed at the gulf one saw widening between rich and poor. In the year 1882—just a few months before the Vanderbilt fancy-dress ball on which was spent an estimated quarter of a million dollars (equivalent to much more than half a million today)—Junius Henry Browne wrote in *Harper's:* "Year after year New York seems to justify the painful, dispiriting averment that it is a city of paupers and millionaires. Are not the rich growing richer and the poor poorer as time moves on? Will there ever be a period when the distance between them will be less? Hope answers, 'Yes'; Reason answers, 'No.'"

The answer was still "No" at the turn of the century. At about that time—a period of relative prosperity—the mass of unskilled workers were receiving less than $460 a year



". . . a general ignorance of antisepsis and sanitation . . ."

in wages in the North, less than $300 in the South; while Andrew Carnegie's *personal* share of the profits of his steel company was a little over six and a half million dollars for the year 1898, a little over twelve million dollars for 1899, and more than twenty-three million dollars for 1900. With no income taxes whatever to pay.

III

It could not go on without making a mockery of democracy. It did not go on. The story of American progress during the first half of the twentieth century has been the story of the repeal of the Iron Law, and of the slow disciplining of an industrialism still expandingly and excitingly productive.

A vehement rebellion against the way things were going had begun during the latter decades of the nineteenth century, chiefly among the farmers and small business men of the Midwest and the Great Plains, where the old Jeffersonian idea of a nation of self-reliant free men had been reinforced, within living memory, by frontier experience. It was the indignation of these people against the greedy and arbitrary power of the big railroad and manufacturing companies that was chiefly responsible for the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890, and for the fervor of the Populist movement of the early nineties. This grass-roots rebellion was reinforced by the anger of industrial workers, who were making grim and often bloody attempts to unionize. And as time went on it was still further reinforced by what might be called the revolt of the American conscience: a widespread and rising disapproval, among citizens by the millions, of what looked to them like the coming of a new feudalism. When they read the eye-opening reports of men like Jacob Riis on slum life, when the muckraking journalists uncovered for them the sordid business deals and political corruption of the day, their dismay had a moral basis: the way things had been going was not right.

And so the center of gravity of American opinion began to shift. In all walks of life, during the first fifteen years or so of the twentieth century, people began to think of society at large as an entity for which they were partly responsible. This feeling lent strength to political progressives and liberals like Theodore Roosevelt, the elder LaFollette, and Woodrow Wilson. In the churches there was a new emphasis on the "social gospel"; social service began to be recognized as a profession; economists for the first time produced the concept of the "national income"; the two richest Americans, Carnegie and

Rockefeller, converted great parts of their fortunes into foundations for the public weal; and Henry Ford, by voluntarily raising wages and cutting prices, dramatized a concept of industrialism as different from that of the nineteenth-century mill-owners as his assembly line was different from their crude mechanization. The Iron Law was on its way out.

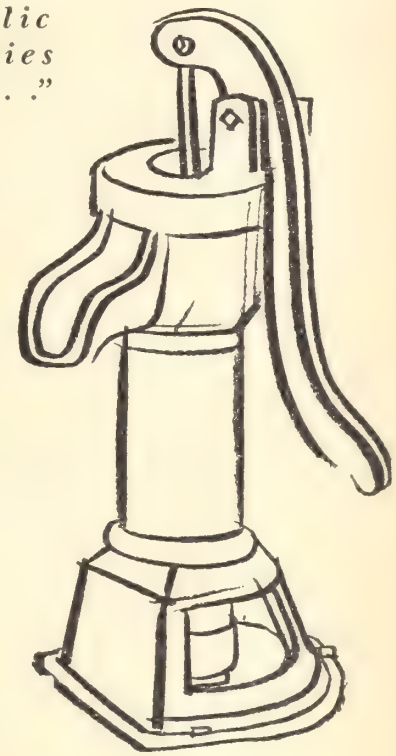
Meanwhile invention continued at a breathless pace. We are all familiar with what it has brought us in the half century since 1900: such marvels as the airplane, the movies, the radio, television, a bewildering array of plastics and synthetics, and electronics. If we broaden the term "invention" to include a wider range of research, it has brought us a greatly increased knowledge of nutrition, a new battery of useful drugs, and—along with innumerable other wonders—the certainty of the future boon of atomic power, a certainty which only the misuse of atomic knowledge for purposes of mutual human destruction can long forestall. Likewise our increase in technological efficiency has been steady and formidable; during World War II our rate of production astonished the world. But along with this furious advance of industrialism has gone the disciplining of industrialism: its transformation from a force which made the rich richer and the poor poorer into a force which has narrowed the gulf between rich and poor.

For this great change there has been a surprising variety of causes. We need not detail here the long series of events through which they have manifested themselves—World War I, with its demand for high production at high wages; the confident competition of the nineteen-twenties; the crisis of the Great Depression, which dramatized the helplessness of the unemployed; the resulting spate of New Deal laws; World War II, with its unprecedented need for goods in quantity and its unprecedented government controls; and the post-1945 boom. Let us forget chronology and look at the tamers of industrialism group by group, in all their wild variety. We can lump them into five general classes:

(1) ***Legislation***—including not only all manner of laws to protect the health and safety of the worker, to grant him a minimum wage, to permit him to organize, and to protect him as tenant and consumer, but also laws for the regulation of business practices, and—immensely important—the graduated income tax, first adopted in 1913, which has increasingly redistributed the national prosperity.

(2) ***Public Services***—including the vast expansion of public school systems, state universities, highway systems, park systems, and

"Before public water supplies became general. . ."

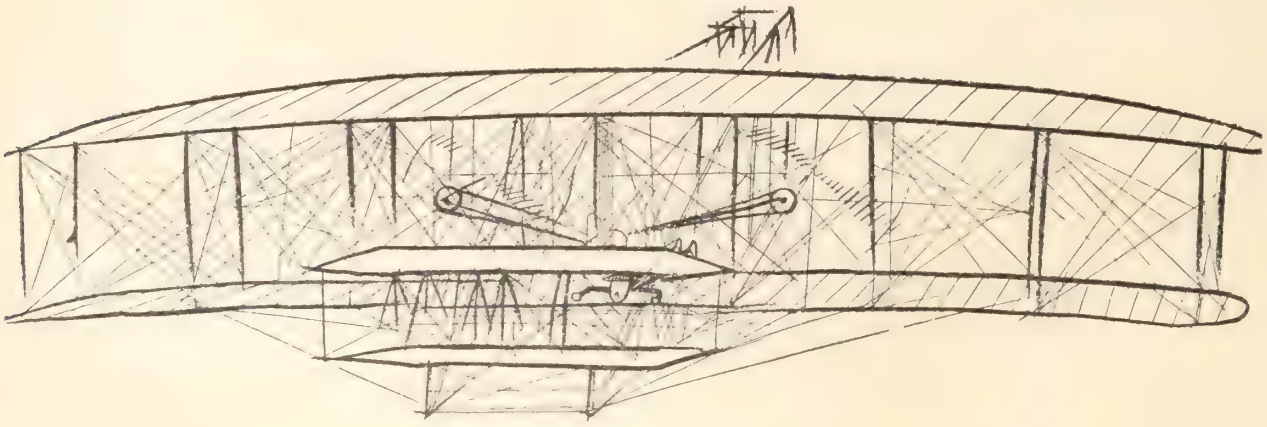


government aids and benefits of innumerable kinds. Municipal, state, and federal governments have all grown colossally; for instance, the federal government now spends *eighty* times as much money annually as in 1900. Most of the expansion of the public services has been attributable, not to any conscious trend toward socialism, but to recognition of the simple fact that in a complex urbanized society, people cannot live decently unless the organized community provides them with services and opportunities which in earlier days the self-reliant man could get for himself.

(3) ***Union action***—which, especially during the past fifteen years, has helped to lift wage-rates and standards of employment far above the level they would have remained at under the Iron Law.

(4) ***A change in the attitude of business managements***—a growing realization that good working conditions, handsome factories, acceptable housing for workers, and an intelligent concern with worker relations, and also with public relations, can be business assets. This change has been gradual and in some degree forced by public hostility, as well as by government regulations which have placed big business in the bright glare of publicity: a goldfish has got to be good. But the change has been pervasive and salutary.

And (5) ***the logic of mass production***—which is that the more goods you can produce, the less it costs to produce them; and that the more people are well off, the more they can buy, thus making this lavish and economical production possible. The continuing discovery and demonstration of this logic has been, in some ways, the most powerful force for change of the lot. For it has had its corollaries: that a nation of men and women secure against exploitation and acute poverty is a nation of delighted buyers of goods, to everybody's profit; that it pays better to produce the same sort of food, clothing, and equipment for everybody, of all income levels, than to produce luxury goods for a few, and second- and third-rate goods for the rest; and that therefore one can make money by lowering class barriers. Thus is Marxism confounded—not by dogma, but by the logic of advanced industrialism itself; or, to put it another way, by capitalism turned to democratic ends.



So much for generalization. Now let us glance at a few of the specific things that this modernized and disciplined industrial order has brought us during the past half century.

In fifty years, the amount of goods consumed per person in America has gone up 2½ times, while the average work week has dropped from about 58 hours to about 40.

The telephone dates from 1876, but in 1900 there were only a little over a million and a third telephones in America. At the end of 1949 there were over forty and a half million—just about thirty times as many.

The automobile, too, dates from the late nineteenth century, but in 1900 there were still only a few thousand of them in the country. They were a rich man's luxury (and a mechanic's despair). Now there are over forty million—with paved roads everywhere to drive on.

And not only has the radio, which as a distributor of entertainment dates only from 1920, become a possession of almost every family in the country, but its new-come rival, television, has not even begun its career in the old-time way, as a plaything of the rich: from the beginning of the television boom in 1947, sales of sets have been distributed fairly evenly among all income groups. The logic of mass production has dictated for them a falling price and a mass appeal; and the purchase of a set has been, accordingly, an index less of wealth than of gadget-mindedness.

Or, to move into another field, take a look at education. In 1900 less than one American boy or girl out of ten of high school age was actually at high school; now over four out of five are. Meanwhile the number of students in American universities, colleges, and teacher-training institutions has increased eightfold. If we have a crisis in education today, this is because our training and paying

of teachers has not yet caught up with the spread of American opportunity.

WHAT has been taking place has been both a narrowing of the gap *in income* between rich and poor—though there are still islands of deep poverty in America, and there are also families and individuals by the millions who, through illness



or adversity, live on the ragged edge of want—and, even more impressively, *a narrowing of the difference between rich and poor in their ways of living.*

For instance, consider the matter of personal appearance, remembering that in 1850 the merchant prince and his wife, or in 1900 the frock-coated, silk-hatted banker and his Paris-gowned wife were recognizable at a distance, if they ventured among the common herd, as beings apart. Forty or fifty years ago the countryman in a metropolis was visibly a "hayseed"; the purchaser of inexpensive men's clothing was betrayed by his tight-waisted jackets and bulbous-toed shoes. Today the difference in appearance between a steel-worker (or a clerk) and a high executive is noticeable only to the attentive eye. And as for women, the difference in appearance between the one who spends $5,000 a year on clothes and the one who spends $250 is by no means as conspicuous as the difference between the woman who has good taste and the woman who lacks it. The fact that the wealthy woman has thirty dresses to the poor woman's three is not visible on the street, and the fact that her dresses are made of better materials and are better cut is observable only by the expert eye at close range. Fashion used to be decreed by Paris, imported by the most expensive dress shops, then modified by the more expensive American dress manufacturers, and finally—after an interval of six months to a year—modified still further, almost beyond recognition, by the manufacturers of cheap dresses. The process is now quicker and the differences much less sharp. Women of every income group wear nylon stockings (which offer the perfect illustration of the democratic logic of mass production). Unless the poor woman is exceptionally poor—or indifferent—she like the rich woman has had her hair recently shampooed and set. It could almost be said that the only easily visible mark of wealth which a woman can put on is a mink coat. A generation ago the great mail-order houses produced different clothes for the Western farmer's wife and for the city woman in the East; today there is no such distinction, and a friend of mine whose train stopped recently at a small Oklahoma town remarked that the girls on the railroad platform there were virtually indistinguishable in appearance from girls on Madison Avenue or Michigan Boulevard.

Let us proceed from clothes to the equipment of daily living. As Professor H. Gordon Hayes pointed out in *Harper's* in 1947, the rich man smokes the same sort of cigarettes as the poor man, shaves with the same sort of razor, uses the same sort of telephone, vacuum cleaner, and radio, has the same sort of lighting and heating equipment in his house, and so on indefinitely. The differences between his automobile and the poor man's are minor. Essentially they have similar engines, similar fittings. In the early years of the century there was a hierarchy of automobiles. At the top, as marks of dashing wealth, were such imported cars as the Rolls-Royce, Mercedes-Benz, and Isotta Fraschini. There was also an American aristocracy of the Pierce Arrow, Peerless, and Packard. Then came group after group, in descending scale, till you reached the homely Model-T Ford. Today,

except for a few survivals such as the obstinately rectangular Rolls-Royces of the old school, and a few oddities such as the new British sports cars, there is a comparative uniformity; and although the owner of a big, brand-new car probably has a large income, he may merely, like the purchaser of a television set, be someone who adjusts a slender budget to cover the machines that entrance him.

In the matter of running water and plumbing, uniformity has approached much more slowly but nevertheless steadily. Throughout the latter part of the nineteenth century the rich and the middle-income group in the cities and towns were progressively installing running water, bathrooms, and water closets in their houses; but at the turn of the century not only did factory workers and farmers (except for a few owners of big farms) hardly dream of enjoying such luxuries, but even in the houses of well-to-do people beyond the reach of city water and sewerage lines, there was likely to be no bathroom. Not until 1908 did Ellsworth M. Statler build in Buffalo the first hotel which offered every guest a room and private bath at a moderate price. Not until 1916 did the double-shell enameled bathtub go into mass production, replacing the painted cast-iron tub with roll-rim and claw feet. Today only the older and poorer tenements and dwellings in American cities and towns lack bathtubs or showers and water closets, and these conveniences are fast being installed in farmhouses.

Meanwhile the electrification of American farms has reached a point which would have been unimaginable in 1900, when even the prosperous city-dweller had only just begun to install electricity in his new house without adding gas, too, lest the current fail suddenly. The coming of the electric refrigerator and also, increasingly, the deep-freeze unit have not only made for domestic convenience but also—along with our expanding knowledge of nutrition—have improved the year-round diet of millions. (Where, today, is the once-famous American dyspepsia?) Meanwhile the servant class has almost vanished, although servants' wages have a purchasing power today from five to ten times bigger than in 1900; its virtual disappearance—which has imposed upon all but a tiny percentage of American families the chores of cooking and cleaning and washing (with, increasingly, the aid of a dishwasher and a washing machine)—marks the virtual absorption of the immigrant proletariat of yore into general American society, in which domestic service has always been regarded as humiliating.

One of the most striking effects of the logic of mass production has been the way in which the mass circulation magazines, the movies, and the radio have tended to impose upon Americans of all income levels the same patterns of emulation: in other words, to make them all want to be the same sort of people. This has been a purely twentieth-century phenomenon, for the big magazines were just beginning to push their circulations over the million mark in 1900, while the first nickelodeon theaters did not begin to show movies till about 1905, and radio broadcasting dates only from 1920.

In the movies, popular stars like Clark Gable, Cary Grant, Gary Cooper, Humphrey Bogart, and Gregory Peck may play the parts of people who are supposed to be rich and stylish, or of people who are at the end of their economic rope; but whatever role any one of them assumes, his popularity depends upon his representing a kind of charm that any young American male can appreciate and at least approach; in other words, upon his conforming to what old-fashioned people would call middle-class standards of speech and behavior—standards which might more properly be called classless or all-American. Whether he is cast as a millionaire's son or as a truck driver, he remains essentially the same. In radio Jack Benny, for all his big income, plays the part of a Jack Benny who lives in a modest house, owns a wheezy old car, watches the pennies, and has for his sole servant a jack-of-all-trades helper with whom he is on the breeziest of terms. Thus the logic of mass production pushes the idols of Hollywood into roles which represent general American behavior.

And what is the result? Both the rich man's fourteen-year-old son, who dismays his conservative parents by trying to talk like Humphrey Bogart, and the truck-driver's son, who longs to be as funny as Bob Hope, will grow up to behave more like their idols—and thus, more like one another—than they would have otherwise. And something else happens

too. Half a century ago a coal-miner who found himself at a fashionable restaurant would not have had the faintest notion of how to behave; nowadays he has only to ask himself, "How would Gregory Peck do it?" In short, the social distance between the extremes of American society is shrinking.

Whenever I think of this change, I think of something I saw the other day in New York City. A street was being torn up for repairs, and while the workmen were standing waiting for the arrival of new equipment, one of them, who had in his hands an iron rod presumably used for prying off manhole covers, was enjoying a little relaxation. I looked twice to see what he was doing with that rod. He was practising a graceful golf stroke.

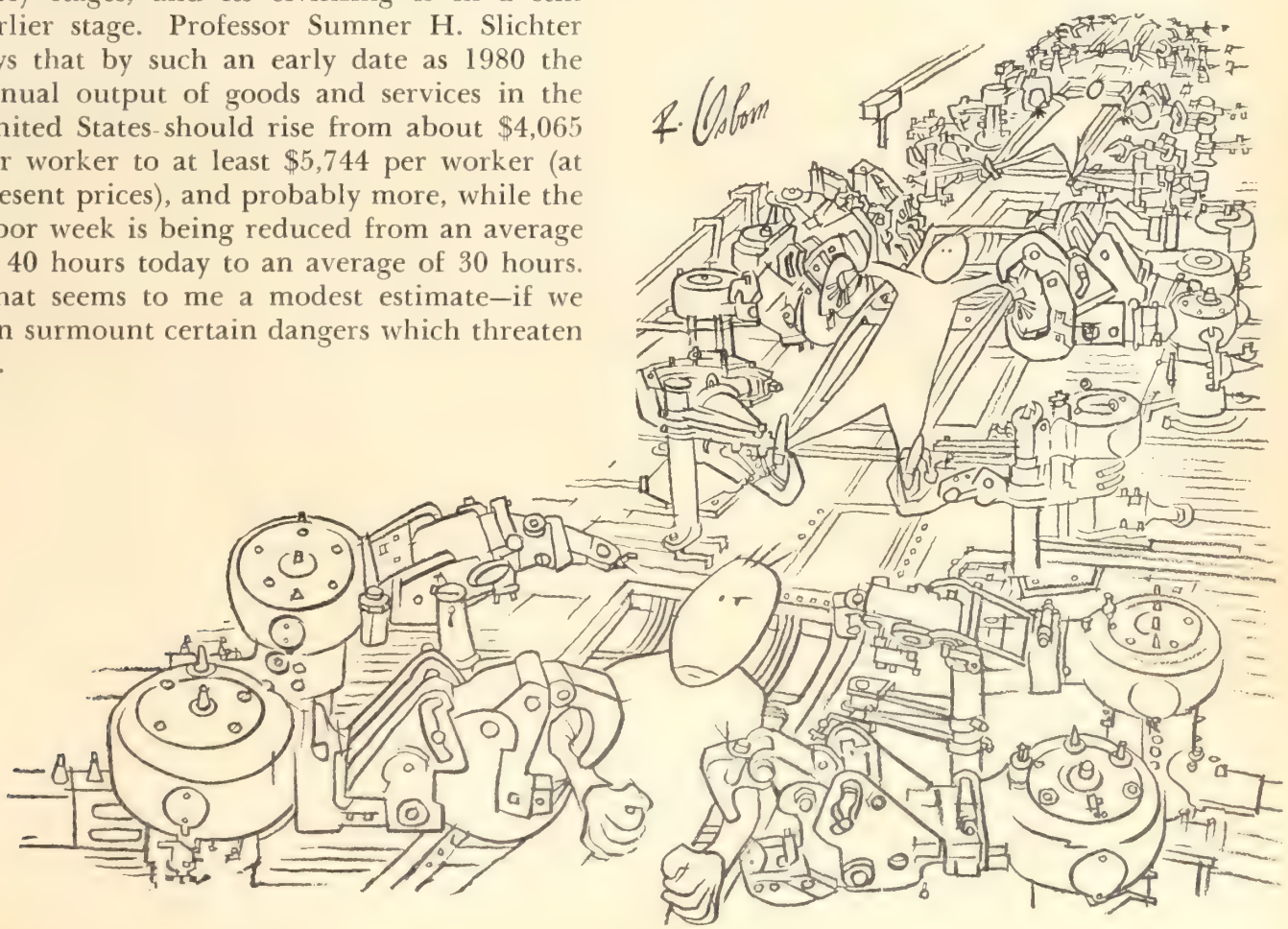
IV

So much for the change since 1850. And where are we headed now—during the next half century, or century, if you will?

I believe that we have hardly started; that the expansion of industrialism is still in its early stages, and its civilizing is in a still earlier stage. Professor Sumner H. Slichter says that by such an early date as 1980 the annual output of goods and services in the United States should rise from about $4,065 per worker to at least $5,744 per worker (at present prices), and probably more, while the labor week is being reduced from an average of 40 hours today to an average of 30 hours. That seems to me a modest estimate—if we can surmount certain dangers which threaten us.

The first danger is, of course, that total war may smash the whole system. But in this particular context, even this danger can be exaggerated. It is quite true that the existence of atom bombs, and the possibility of hydrogen bombs, threaten millions of us with annihilation. But it is useful to recall that in the twenties and thirties many people predicted that another world war would "end civilization"; but that when the war came, on a lethal scale, it was accompanied and followed by an unexpected *increase* in population, not only in the United States but in other warring nations; and that although international trade has since then been hobbled, production has more or less recovered in Europe and has been given a new boost in the United States. The danger of extinction for whole communities is real; the danger to the progress of industrialism is not necessarily final.

The second danger is that we may defeat our great experiment in the negating of the Iron Law by applying the lessons of that defeat on too rapid a scale. We may get the fatal notion that benefits to various sections of the population can be brought about by govern-



ment handouts and guarantees larger than the increase in our national productivity can support. This is not primarily a danger of socialism, which in its doctrinaire form is almost as outdated a concept as communism; among the guarantees and handouts that could most endanger our national solvency are the kind that even the most conservative citizens (such as potato-growers) delight in—when they are the beneficiaries. The balance between economic liberty and political intervention offers a delicate problem in adjustment.

There is a third danger: that the trend toward American uniformity may reach the point where we are standardized into universal acceptance of the second-rate—or, even worse, into complete susceptibility to mass emotion, which in turn could be manipulated to turn the United States into a police state. Well, possibly. Every wave of hysteria which crosses the country—like that which today fills many people with a preposterous terror of American communism—reminds us once more that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. But if American flexibility, horse sense, and humor carried us through the dark days of 1933, they ought to be able to do it again.

If these dangers can be surmounted, the prospects are exciting. The remaining islands of real poverty in America are a challenge; so are our congested and debt-laden cities, which become more expensive to run, and offer their inhabitants a more unnatural and nerve-racking life, as they lure more and more people to enjoy their glitter; so is the failure, thus far, of most Americans to get any chance to savor the joy of work done under agreeable conditions for a satisfying purpose. The best of our factories, today, are things of a new and lively beauty; the worst—which include most of the older ones—are still in essence "dark, Satanic mills." More satisfaction and enjoyment on the job might prove even more desirable for the general well-being than more pay for less work. But in all these directions progress can be made, with luck, if we can keep wide open the roads along which scientific research and technology are taking us—and can steer around those other dangers that I have mentioned. The technicians were never more active than today; science, like industrialism, is still in its youth; a single new discovery, like that of atomic power, if harnessed for peaceable use, could by the year 2000 help to make 1950 seem as primitive a time as 1900, to say nothing of 1850, seems to us today.

Those villages of 1850 were mighty pretty, with their lawns reaching to the river. I see no reason why—if we keep our wits about us—American communities of 2000 and 2050 should not be just as satisfying to the eye; far cleaner, more convenient, more comfortable; far prouder as residences for even the least fortunate man, woman, and child who live in them; and more favorable as seed-beds of the human spirit.

In Defense of "Post Office"

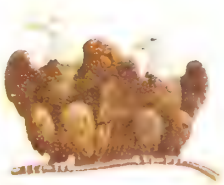
THERE was an element of gallantry in the simple old games that will not be likely to die out; and we hope that modern refinement will find some better substitute for the obsolete plays of *forfeits* than the new dances that supplant their rudeness of manner without improving in delicacy of idea. What women may think of the change we will not say, and we are in the habit of giving them large exemption from the charge of evil thoughts; but we are quite sure that the mass of men will pronounce the old kissing games superior to the modern waltzes and polkas, and that our honest grandfathers and grandmothers, who saw no scandal in a modest swain imprinting a hearty smack upon a sweet maiden's cheek, would have found no words to express their indignation at the spectacle of a bearded man holding a gentle girl a quarter hour in his embrace in the whirl of the giddy dance, under the spell of entrancing music, and after draughts of maddening wine.

—From "Visitors" by Samuel Osgood, *Harper's,* August 1859.



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Constant Reader

Elmer Davis

Illustrations from earlier issues of Harper's

THIS is a belated testimonial to one of the favorite teachers of my childhood, and one of the most influential.

My father began to subscribe to *Harper's* in 1857, and liked it well enough to go on subscribing till he died in 1913. Instead of taking it monthly he preferred to wait for the semi-annual bound volumes: when one of them came in there was a large piece of reading matter, good for many a long evening. After a few years he went back and bought up the fourteen volumes issued before he began to subscribe, so that by the time I came along he had a complete file of the magazine from the very first number.

I was a sickly child and till I was fourteen years old had to spend an undue amount of time indoors, and often in bed. Having learned to read early, and not being well enough to do much else, I was likely to read anything in sight, juvenile or adult; and what there was to read (luckily) was mostly adult. For many years past my occupation has required me to start the day by reading the morning papers—a thorough reading, so that I know what is in them; but I got an early start, long before there was any occupational need, by reading the Cincinnati *Enquirer* pretty much from cover to cover every morning, when time hung heavy on my hands. And when I had finished the morning paper, there was still plenty of time on my hands.

We had a considerable library, but most of it dealt with topics of little interest to me in those days; though I would give a good deal to have my father's historical collection now. Much of the rest of it was printed in the small type which was so fashionable, in the middle of the nineteenth century, that I have sometimes wondered if oculists and opticians were not heavy stockholders in the publishing houses of those days; for certainly the publishers made them a lot of business. But right there in the most accessible bookcase was forty or fifty feet of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*—printed in a good legible type, and so varied in its contents that if anything bored me I had only to turn over to something else. Accordingly, around the turn of the century I was probably the most constant reader of this magazine—not only of the *Harper's* then current, but of *Harper's* clear back to the beginning.

In those years I got more education from *Harper's* than from any of the teachers who intermittently dealt with me in school; and a good deal of it stuck. The publishers had announced in their first issue that they would seek "to enforce the best and most important lessons of morality"—an objective to which I am sure the present publishers and editors are still faithful. It would ill beseem me to estimate how far that objective was attained, in my case; but I got a great deal of fun out of *Harper's,* and a great deal of information. About all that I know to this day, on some topics, was what I then read in this magazine; and in other matters it set a basic pattern into

In addition to being a constant reader of this magazine, Elmer Davis has been an almost constant contributor to it during the past twenty-six years, appearing in these pages no less than sixty-three times with comment, short stories, articles.

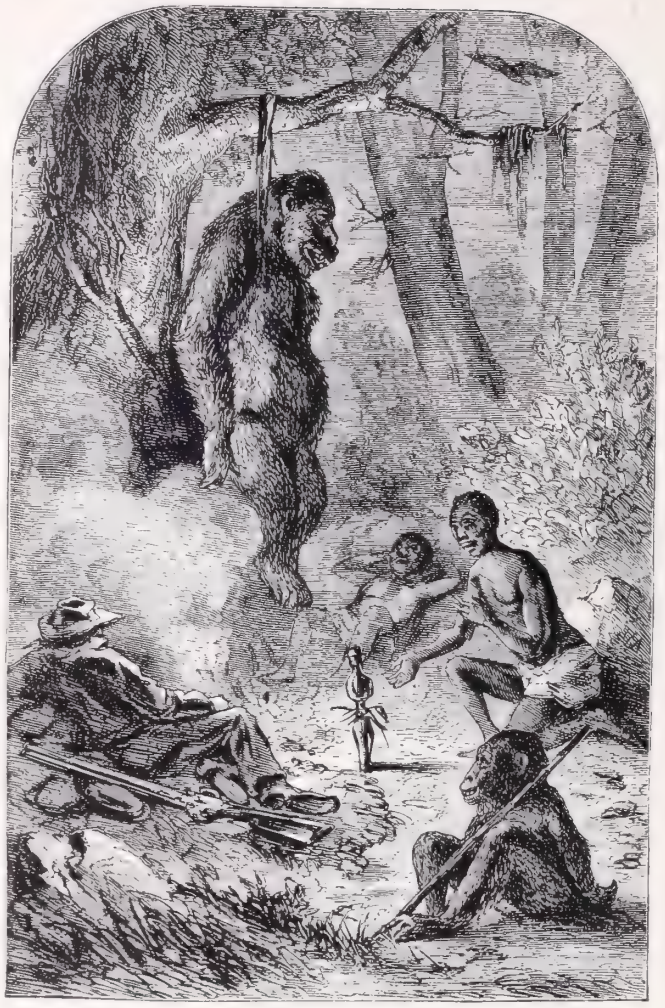
which everything else has fitted itself that I have learned in the past half-century.

II

As READERS of this Centennial issue are aware, *Harper's* was begun as a reprint magazine—reprints in full; no digests. "The publishers have at their command," they boasted in their salutatory, "the exhaustless resources of current periodical literature"; and in those days when international copyright was as yet unknown in America it was needless to add that they had all this for free, unless somebody else stole it first.

In 1850, the exhaustless resources of current periodical literature, or at any rate such of them as could be lifted without payment, were chiefly British; and the early history of the magazine suggests that this soon roused the antagonism of nativist sentiment. It took *Harper's* no more than a year or two to become a predominantly American magazine; most of the serials in its first couple of decades were English—Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope—but to be sure of getting them the publishers adopted the then revolutionary expedient of paying for them—buying the galley proofs sent over by first-class mail, and thereby getting the jump on competitors who had counted on stealing the stories from the English magazines. That time, virtue paid.

This particular constant reader of half a century ago was not of an age to be much interested in fiction; but he found the earlier volumes of the magazine the most interesting none the less, for they were full of history. Some of it was meant to be history; some of it was merely current reporting which became history, or at any rate invaluable sidelights on history, after the lapse of time. Furthermore it was history presented in short takes, and in a popular style which made it far easier for a boy to consume than the heavy and heavily footnoted volumes of reminiscence and polemic that could be found on our other bookshelves. And besides the articles there was the "Monthly Record of Current Events," which continued until well into the seventies. Why such a feature was useful in a magazine when there were plenty of daily newspapers I cannot now imagine; but it is interesting even now in retrospect, as a summary of the way things looked soon after they had happened; and it was immensely interesting fifty years ago, to a juvenile reader.



One of the ". . . alarming woodcuts of the local fauna, human and subhuman . . . ."

(From "Paul du Chaillu Once More," Harper's, *January 1870)*

Whoever wrote that summary in the fifties (the period for which I best remember it) had an excellent news judgment; but to one story he devoted what seems to have been disproportionate attention—William Walker's filibustering operations in Central America. What I know now about William Walker comes mostly from what I read about him in *Harper's,* at a time about midway between his *floruit* and the present. Why I read it with such avidity I don't know, unless because a couple of my father's boyhood friends had gone adventuring with Walker, and had eventually got shot with him; nor do I know why the man who put together the "Monthly Record" gave him so much space. It may be that the compiler was one of the dreamers of the Golden Circle which Walker's conquests, if he had been able to hold them, would have completed; or it may be that he had some costly and discreditable relative—a cousin, a brother-in-law, perhaps even a brother—who had gone off with Walker and who the com-

piler hoped to God would stay in Central America, whether as a conqueror or as a corpse.

THERE was a great variety of education in those early volumes—for instance Paul du Chaillu's reports of his explorations in West Africa, illustrated by the most alarming woodcuts of the local fauna, human and sub-human. If he was not the first white man since the Carthaginians who had seen gorillas, he was the first who wrote about them; and for a long time he was damned as what was not yet then called a nature-faker. But he turned out to be right. There were also the travelogues, illustrated by his own sketches, of J. Ross Browne. He was a real world-traveler in a day when world-traveling was considerably more onerous, and more time-consuming, than it is now; but shortly after traveling to California he began to call himself a Californian, thereby setting a pattern to which many thousands have since conformed—the Californian who roams the world, telling all who will listen about the virtues of that garden spot of the earth; but who would never dream of going back there to live until all other possibilities had been exhausted. (Which was what J. Ross Browne did; he finished an extraordinarily varied and ubiquitous life as a California realtor.)

He was quite a man, but his sense of humor was somewhat elementary; which was what first attracted me to his writings. A semi-geographical, semi-philosophical serial called "The Coast Rangers" drew my attention with an illustration of bewhiskered Californians in feathers and fur; or horns, hoofs, and tails. None of our California relatives who occasionally visited back East in those days looked like that; so I investigated and found that the picture was an illustration of the German proverb, *"Man ist was man isst."* But when you got past that, there was some good reading.

So with his later serial, "A Californian in Iceland." There was a sketch of a wooden shack with the inscription, *"Dam. Bad Haus."* Of course it meant "Ladies' Bath House"; but Browne thought that was very funny and so did I, when I was ten years old. Nevertheless from his report on Iceland I got such an impression that although, during the late war, I stopped several times at the airport on Iceland's southwest corner, I never had any inclination to further explorations.

Another serial was "The Dodge Club," by James de Mille. Whether he was an ancestor of the de Milles now famous I don't know; but he wrote what was, so far as I am aware, the first specimen of a now numerous genre —the not-so-innocents abroad. De Mille's characters had heard of the way American travelers, from a country where the tip was still unknown, were gypped by European landlords, servants, diligence drivers, and so on; and had resolved to evade these aggressions, which they did with much success. But it happened that they traveled, as I suppose the author had traveled before he wrote the story, through Italy in 1859; never dreaming that they were going to run right into the



Self-Portrait of J. Ross Browne Sketching in the Arizona Indian Country

"It has been my fortune," Browne wrote, "to furnish the world with sketches of Madagascar, Zanzibar, Palestine, the Continent of Europe, Iceland, and some few other points, many of which were achieved under circumstances of peculiar difficulty; but I never before traveled through a country in which I was compelled to pursue the fine arts with a revolver strapped around by body, a double-barreled shot gun lying across my knees, and half a dozen soldiers armed with Sharpe's carbines keeping guard in the distance."

(From "A Tour Through Arizona," Harper's, *December 1864)*

middle of a war which would have a considerable effect on the map, and the politics, of Europe. It is a long time since I read the story and it might not seem so funny any more; but I suspect that its incidental picture of Italy in the beginnings of unification might still be of value to the historian.

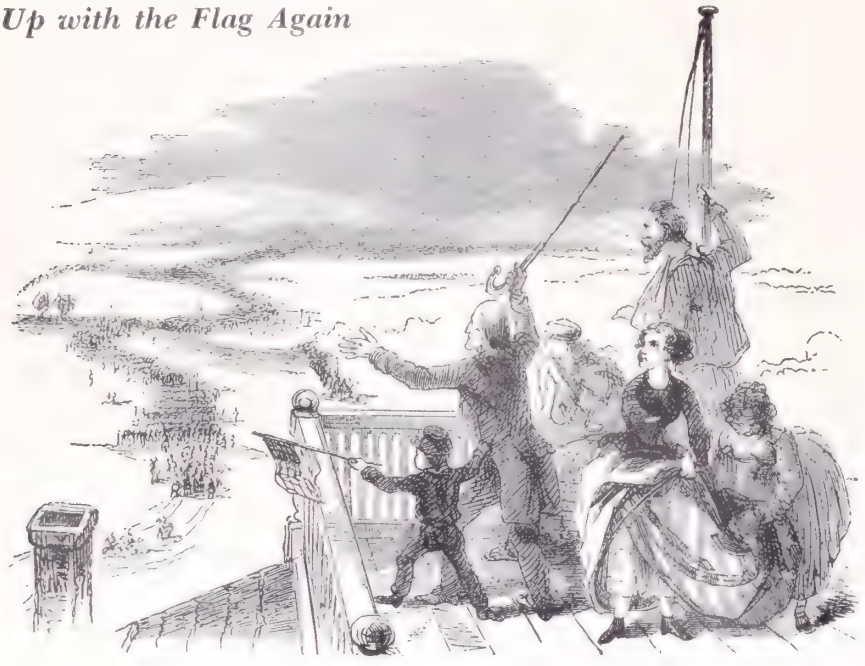
A memory now somewhat blurred recalls vaguely other *Harper's* serials which professed to have more historical value, and perhaps actually had less—for instance J. S. C. Abbott's biographies of Napoleon and Frederick the Great. His Napoleon has been overlaid, in my memory, by what I have since read about Napoleon; but while I have studied more or less extensively in Frederick's strategy, and the administrative structure of his state, I am still indebted for what I know about the outline of his life, especially in the tormented early years, to J. S. C. Abbott. (But another biography or reinterpretation, published long afterward, left me cold—Mark Twain's Joan of Arc. Bernard Shaw later remarked that Twain had made her out an American schoolteacher. I didn't know much about the fifteenth century when I read the story, but I had known schoolteachers; and perhaps for that reason I suspected, even then, that Twain had her wrong.)

Those early volumes of *Harper's* were colored of course, as was the life of the nation, by the great catastrophe of the Civil War—what led up to it, its course, and its consequences. Naturally the magazine was affected by it, although it left the actual battle reporting to the more news-minded *Harper's Weekly*. A. H. Guernsey, then editor of the monthly, sometimes wrote about it himself. But my favorite author in the *Harper's* of that time was David H. Strother, who wrote as did many of his contemporaries under an alias; his was "Porte Crayon." A Virginian of the mountains just west of the Shenandoah Valley, he too was a traveler who illustrated his reports with his own sketches; for years before the war he had the run of the magazine, and seems to have been about its highest priced contributor. "The Great Valley" was a report of what the Shenandoah country was like before the armies of Hunter and Sheridan got to work on it; "A Winter in the South" is still an enlightening picture of the Cotton States just before the war—all the more enlightening because Strother had no slant, he was not trying to prove anything; he was simply setting down, in words and pictures, what he saw.

When the war came, he sided with the Union. Some of his experiences he later reported in these pages, in "Chivalrous and Semi-Chivalrous Southrons" and "Personal Recollections of the War." It is a long time since I have read those reminiscences, but I have an idea that they might prove a useful commentary on the recent neo-Confederate renaissance; at least you could see how the performances of tidewater Virginians looked to an up-state Virginian, of a nationalist and military family, who saw the forest when some of his contemporaries could see only the trees.

General Strother's type of hand-illustrated travelogue eventually went out of fashion, and he ended his days in relative obscurity; but to judge from the evidence that unintentionally presents itself in his writings he seems to have been quite a man, in his time; and at least one of his readers gratefully remembers him.

Up with the Flag Again



(Illustration by Porte Crayon for his "Personal Recollections of the War," Harper's, *May 1867)*

III

On Harper's for the seventies and eighties this constant reader has not much to report; they fell into a

sort of trough between the great excitements of the Civil War period, and the later volumes of the magazine that were almost contemporary. I remember George du Maurier's drawings, illustrating London society in an age when London was on top of the world, and not yet menaced by the rise of Berlin; they could have had no particular meaning to a boy who had no reason to suppose he would ever see, or would ever want to see London; but they stick in the memory, perhaps because I had never seen (and have never seen yet) gentlemen quite so haughty, or ladies quite so thin.

As for the reading matter—there was a series about the old New York volunteer fire department—the "bhoys" who manned the hand engines, and spent about as much of their time on politics as on fire-fighting; a series written after they had been superseded by the steam engine and its professional crew. They drew my attention, of course, because of the illustrations of spectacular blazes of New York's past; I didn't dream that twenty years later some of those recollections of ancient conflagrations would be useful, when I had to write shirt-tails to news stories on New York fires of that time; nor that there would be something of practical utility in the pictures those stories presented of New York City politics in the early nineteenth century. Another series, read purely because it interested me (the illustrations as much as the text) also turned out to have some background value in later years—a report by Sir Edward J. Reed, the famous British naval designer, on the navies of Europe in the later eighties; with a companion piece on the United States Navy when it was just beginning its renaissance. In those days it was apparently as unfashionable as it was fifty years later to speak of war; the word was "defense," and the boldest admiral hardly dared dream of more than a few cruisers which would harass the enemy's commerce, and some very formidable coast-defense monitors (of a type that was never actually built) which were not intended to operate out of sight of land. But just after that Mahan came along; and American naval strategic thinking took on the offensive cast which still dominates it.



Sir Hercules Robinson, her Majesty's Governor at the Cape of Good Hope, drawn by R. Caton Woodville

(From Poultney Bigelow, "White Man's Africa," Harper's, *April 1897)*

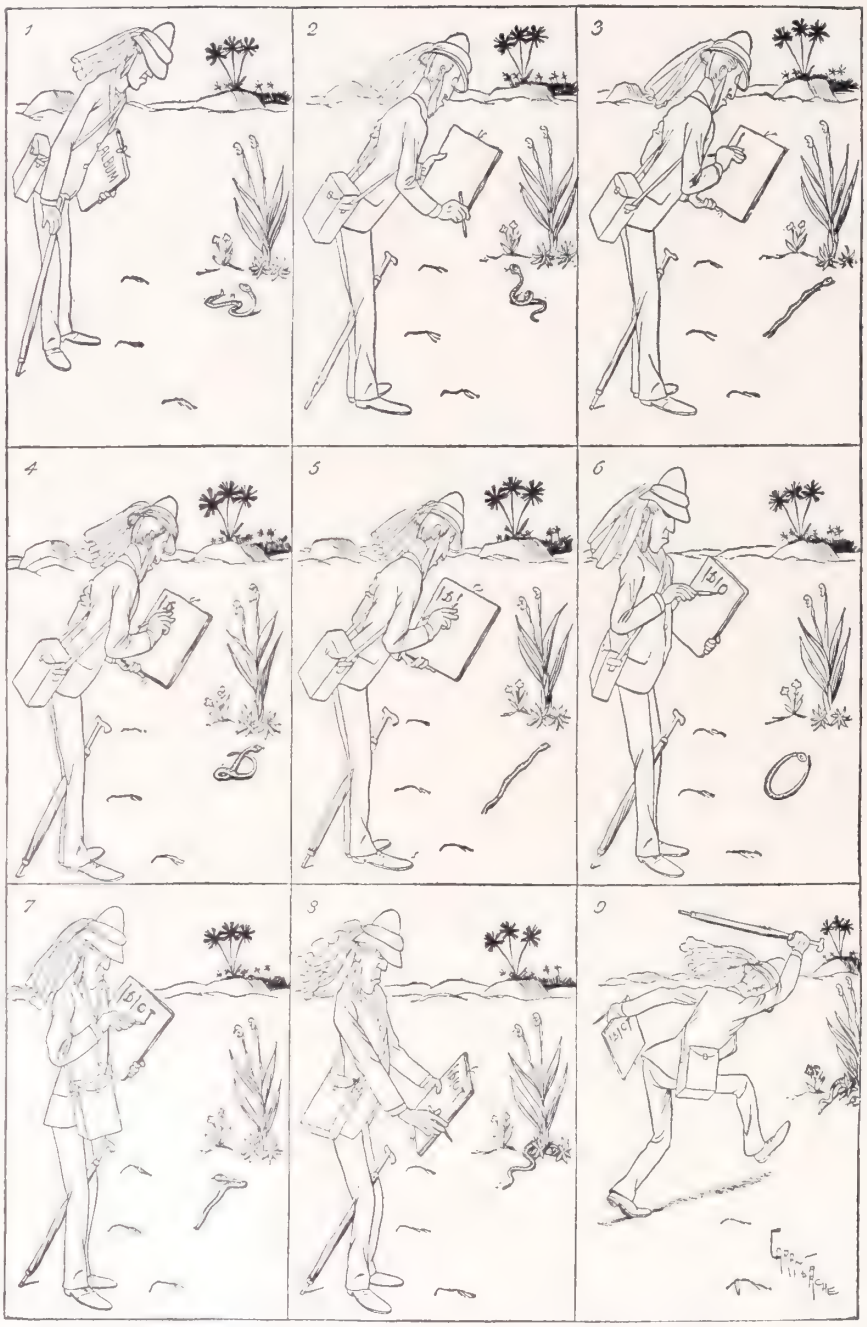
Harper's of the nineties I read more thoroughly than any of the earlier decades, for that was getting up to my time and I could understand it; also by that time there were illustrations by the best men then current—better, some of them, than any who are current now—Remington, Zogbaum, de Thulstrup, Gibson, and R. Caton Woodville.

It was Woodville who illustrated a couple of serials that remain more vivid in the memory than anything else from those years—Poultney Bigelow's "White Man's Africa" and "The German Struggle for Liberty." The first of these was published just before the South African War broke out: as I recall it was a pretty clear account of the differences, racial, cultural, and economic, that led up to

the war; but what I remember is Woodville rather than Bigelow. I have never been there; but his Boers, and his British administrators, looked so exactly as you would expect them to look that when I think of South Africans to this day I think of them as they looked to Woodville.

"The German Struggle for Liberty" had a more personal interest. It was the story of the years from just before Jena till Napoleon's abdication—the story of the overthrow of Germany, and its resurgence through a popular movement that boiled up from underneath and carried the reluctant sovereigns along with it. Mr. Bigelow was a personal friend of the contemporary Hohenzollerns but he had little use for the policies of their ancestors; his hero was the German people, fighting for freedom first with, and then from, its princes; and that was a familiar story to me. In our town there were a number of the revolutionary exiles of 1848, one of them my maternal grandfather; to the day of his death (before the wars began) he loved Germany but he hated the Hohenzollerns, though his father had fought for them at Waterloo; and Bigelow's story of the generation before his only provided a historical background for what I had been hearing all my life. (Yes, there was another side to that story, as Peter Viereck has lately reminded us; such characters as Professor Fichte and Turnvater Jahn were good men to start something, but they did plenty to warp the German character and make it a standing danger to the rest of the world. But the Germans were all right while they were fighting for their own liberties and had not yet begun to imperil the liberties of others.)

HARPER'S was publishing plenty of fiction in the nineties, but a juvenile reader found other things more interesting. Du Maurier's *Trilby,* published serially, was a great sensation in its day; I remember Du Maurier's illustrations but I never got around to reading the story. For some reason I did make two or three fruitless attempts to get interested in a serial which began as *Hearts Insurgent,* was retitled *The Simpletons* half-way through, and eventually appeared between covers as *Jude the Obscure.* Those early failures discouraged me; I have never been able to read it, even yet. A serial novel I did read was *The Great Stone of Sardis* by Frank R. Stockton—an early specimen of a category not yet then named, science fiction, with Peter Newell's illustra-



"The Facetious Serpent," drawn by Caran d'Ache

(From the "Editor's Drawer," Harper's, *January* 1891)

tions to pull in the reader who would want to discover what these strange pictures were about. Stockton I suppose is now forgotten by all but candidates for the Ph.D., but he was a humorist as well as a science fictioneer (an earlier book, *The Great War Syndicate,* had included a curious foreshadowing of the atomic bomb); and in *The Great Stone of Sardis,* written in 1896 or 1897 and set in 1947, he included a few side-swipes at Bryan's free-silver doctrine. By 1947, in his story, silver would be of so little account that people would make pokers and tongs of it; Mr. Stockton would doubtless have been distressed if he could have foreseen that in 1947 silver Senators would be so influential that the government had to buy up all the silver their constituents mined, paying 20 per cent more for it than it was worth.

For the young reader there was plenty of nourishment in the humor section, then known as the "Editor's Drawer." In the nineties it was lavishly illustrated, and by some very good men; Charles Dana Gibson was probably the best artist who worked for it in those days but one of the most popular was a Frenchman named Caran d'Ache—whose name a poetical admirer, using the idiom of the period, once rhymed with "Take the cake." Among the writers John Kendrick Bangs was apparently the star contributor; he used to write one-act plays, generally illustrated by Gibson, on fads of the time; I don't know how they would have acted but they read well—and they provided a good deal of education for a young reader, at a time when the fads of the metropolitan area were slow to penetrate to the Middle West. Another steady contributor was Tom P. Morgan; I know nothing about him and can't remember anything in particular, but I do remember that I got many a laugh out of him. An innocent age, the nineties; but they were fun.

IV

This is a very inadequate account of the treasures to be found in the first half century of *Harper's,* for it is a report only of such things as interested a boy of ten or twelve; most of the content of the magazine in those days went clear over my head. (Maybe some of it does still? Well, I won't argue that.) It was a different kind of magazine in the nineties and earlier, as it was a different kind of nation that it served; *Harper's* was then descriptive rather than controversial, less imbued with what is now known as social consciousness, in a day when relatively few people were aware that there was anything to be socially conscious about. But there was probably a good deal more social consciousness even then than I was equipped to notice; Mr. Howells's "Easy Chairs," which I never read, were probably full of it. And in the early days of Raymond and Guernsey, when social consciousness was apt to confine itself to the abolition issue with perhaps a little temperance on the side, *Harper's* seems to have been aware of some other social problems too.

The growing metropolitan contrast between rich and poor, for instance. This inspired one of the most celebrated, and most controversial, contributions that *Harper's* ever published (which I read because of its attractive illustrations). The issue for November 1857 led off with a poem about Miss Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square, who in spite of three separate journeys to Paris (on which she seems to have bought out the town)

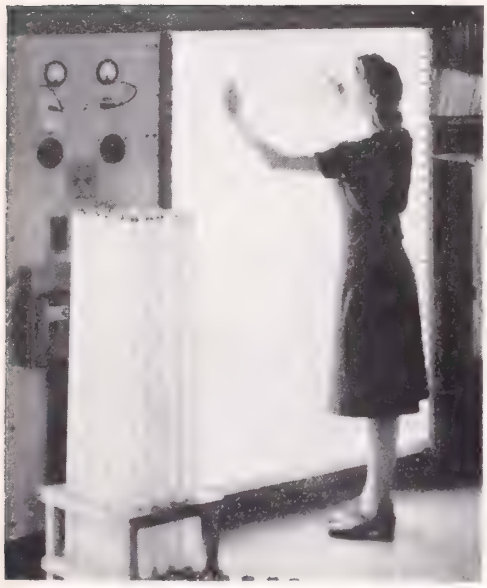


found herself in utter despair because she had nothing whatever to wear. Flora got taken apart pretty thoroughly; and of course there was the obvious contrast with people who really had nothing to wear. That provoked a reply in verse, from a defender of the practitioners of conspicuous waste; and

"Civilization is a race between those who destroy and those who build"



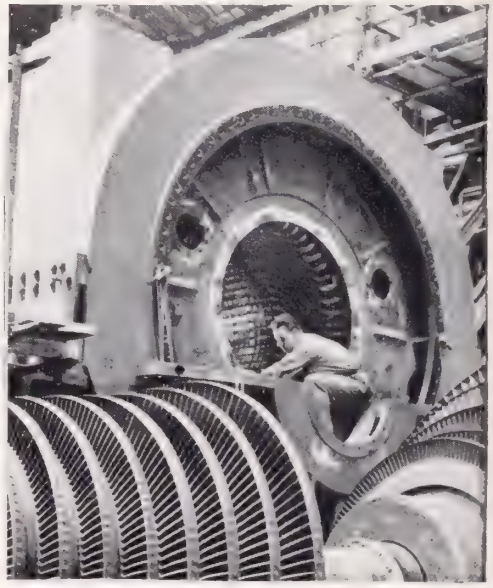
IN THIS BARN was founded the General Electric Research Laboratory, first in industry devoted to fundamental research.



FLUORESCENT LAMPS, first introduced by General Electric ten years ago, were another step in providing more light at less cost.



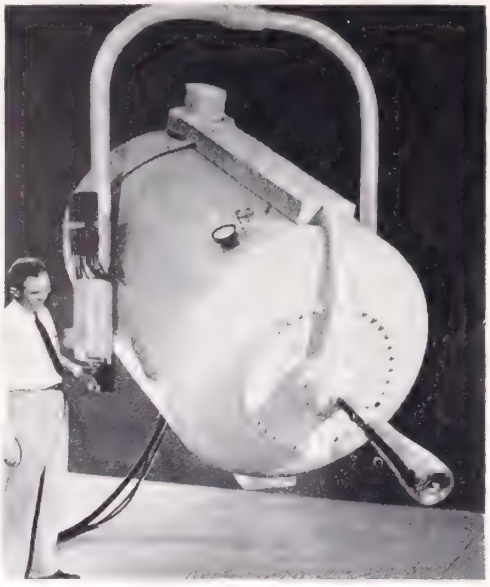
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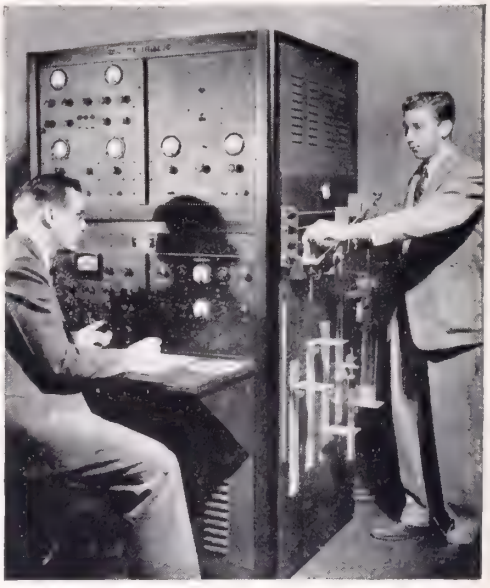
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THE BIRTH OF RAPID TRANSIT. Electrification of street railways by Sprague and other G-E pioneers transformed U. S. urban life.



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X-RAY GROWS UP. Research by Dr. Coolidge led to the first practical x-ray tube and public health gains impossible to measure in money.



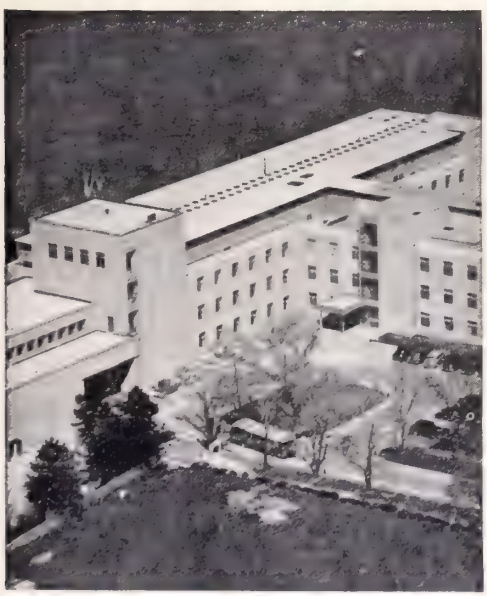
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there followed an argument which did not entirely die down till the near approach of secession brought more urgent matters to the front. The author of this piece was a young man named William Allen Butler, later a distinguished lawyer and a leader in all civic good causes; when he died, forty years later, Mr. Howells lamented that in becoming a great lawyer he had missed the chance of becoming instead a distinguished poet of society. This was too generous; Butler in fact made several attempts at literature, in prose and verse, after "Nothing to Wear"; and he remains a man of one poem. But he made quite a lot of noise with that one.

I recall another socially conscious poem, its title and its author's name I have forgotten, as well as its date; though it can be dated roughly to the same period by the fact that its protagonist was named Ormolu—a gentleman of wealth and culture who was entertaining his friends at dinner while people were burning to death in tenement houses that he owned. Now the chances are that Ormolu's brownstone residence was just about as big a fire hazard as his tenements, though the servants probably lived one flight higher than the family and hence had that much less chance of getting out. Still, the man who wrote the poem knew that there was something gravely wrong with the tenements (it was not to be corrected for decades, and has not everywhere been corrected even yet); and he finished up with the declaration that Landlord Ormolu was "guilty, by Heaven, of all this murder." That was strong language to use about a big real-estate owner in the New York of the fifties; give some credit to the man who wrote it, and also to Raymond (or Guernsey) who dared to print it.

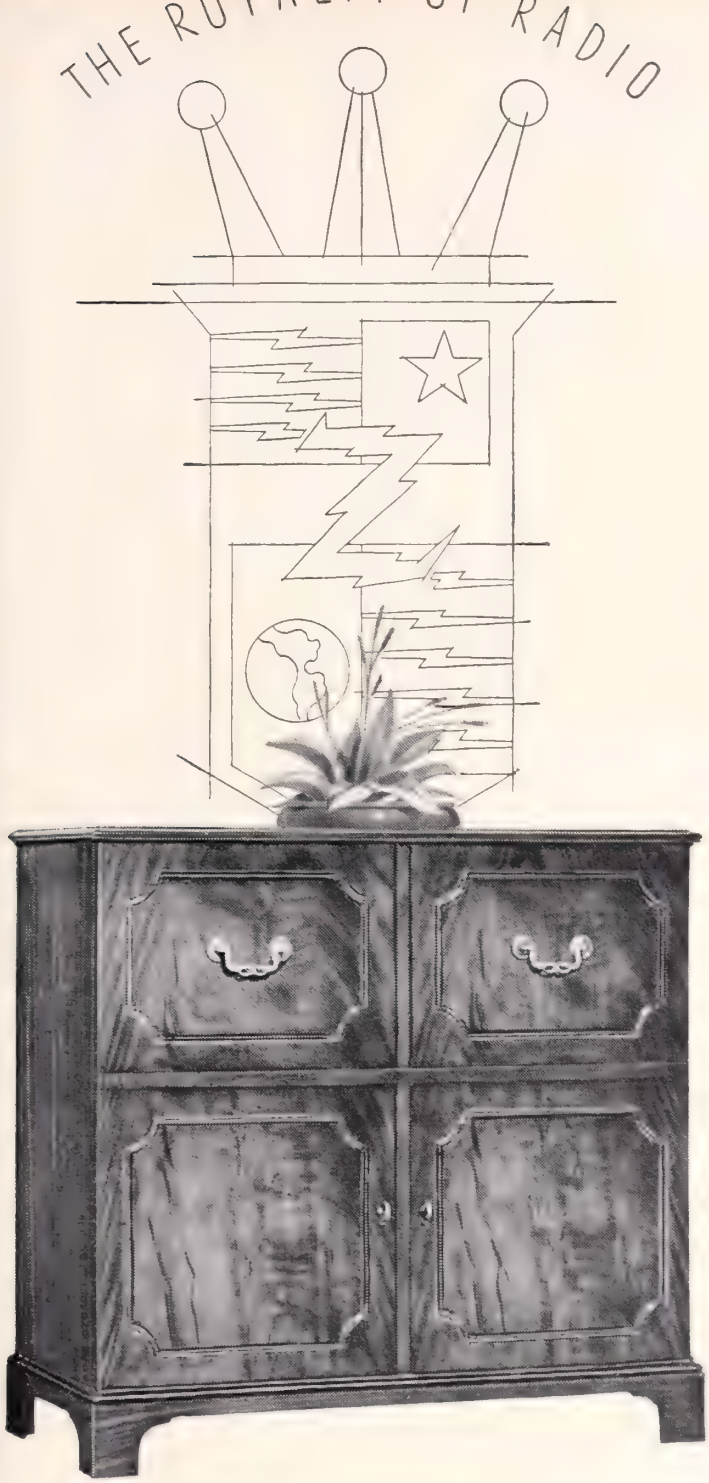
V

From about 1904 I was well enough to take part in all the ordinary activities of an adolescent, and I am no authority on the contents of *Harper's* for the next twenty years. But the impression of the earlier years was so strong that after my father died and I had moved to New York I had those hundred-and-twenty-odd volumes sent on, and dragged them with me from apartment to apartment, even though they weighed about as much as all the rest of my household furniture. Then came a time when my family broke up housekeeping again, and was traveling for a year or so; not wanting to risk those volumes in a storage warehouse (where some of my other books suffered grave damage) I very foolishly gave them to the only club to which I then belonged, which happened to be a press club. Soon it met the fate of most press clubs, folding up because members stopped paying their dues; I was out of town at the time and never knew what became of its physical properties, and specifically of that set of *Harper's*. I only hope that it fell into the hands of somebody who had sufficient appreciation, and sufficient shelf-room, to cherish it—or failing that, a sufficiently intelligent sense of self-interest to sell it to somebody who wanted a complete set of *Harper's* from the first. If these lines should come to the attention of its present owner, I hope he is cherishing it with the solicitude which it deserves.

And what, in the meantime, had I got out of it? Certainly a very inadequate appreciation of the first half-century of *Harper's;* the magazine has never been edited for boys of ten or thereabouts, and the reminiscences of one such reader cannot be more than a worm's-eye view of a treasury most of which was quite beyond his understanding. Nevertheless I got a great deal out of it.

Above all a sense of dimension, in time and space. I had traveled hardly at all in those days; and I was growing up in a small town where nothing much was happening at the time, and where a child got the impression that nothing had ever happened—that history was something that had all occurred somewhere else. This was not entirely correct; only a couple of miles away was the site of one of the last and most calamitous battles of the Revolutionary War in the West—the surprise and massacre of the reinforcements that Colonel Lochry was bringing to George Rogers Clark. And in the Civil War, our town just missed being the scene of what would have been the second battle in history between cavalry and warships—missed it because John Morgan and his raiders decided that the ironclads waiting for them would make a crossing of the river there impossible, and went on to try it (disastrously) somewhere else.

Also, about 10 per cent of the population had gone off to the Civil War, not all of them on the same side; and many had not come back. Those who did come back had helped make history; but they had made it at a dis-



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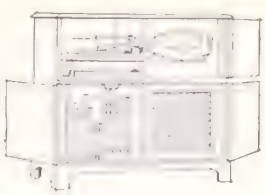
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tance—at Shiloh and Vicksburg, at Chattanooga and Atlanta. They were old men as I was growing up—men who so dominated the local landscape that I still instinctively think of a veteran as a man with a white beard, even though it will be a long time before my son has one. They told stories, but they were stories of what happened long ago, on a child's time scale; and far away by the standards of those days, even though their operations would seem practically suburban to their fellow-townsmen who have since seen action on Okinawa and beyond the Rhine. So, despite their reminiscences, children who were growing up in those parts at the turn of the century got the impression that nothing much had ever happened thereabouts or ever would happen, except convulsive and not very successful endeavors to recover from the panic of 1893. History was something that had been; and had been elsewhere.

Against that background *Harper's* gave me a sense of depth, of history and space. It provided a survey of the immeasurable variety of the things that had happened, at sundry times and in divers manners, and in all sorts of places—such a varied picture as could not have been provided by any number of individual books that a child possibly could, or conceivably would, have read. To one who was destined eventually to find himself in the news business it turned out to be invaluable; but it would have been of very considerable value to anybody who wanted to get some idea of the present and the recent past of the world he lived in. To judge from their own statement of their purpose and function, the original editors of *Harper's* regarded the provision of information as a subsidiary activity; but they provided an immense volume and variety of it none the less. May their successors who now take the magazine into its second century continue that useful work, even as they pursue their major objective of inculcating the best and most important lessons of morality.

But the West Has a Future

A FEW years ago a statement went the round of the newspapers showing how nearly all the really valuable public land of our continent had been taken up, and that soon the American pioneer or foreign immigrant would find that Uncle Sam had no longer a farm left to give away. Such statements are apt to be received and accepted as fact without question, yet the short period that has elapsed since it was made shows that today we know of more good farming land yet unoccupied and open for settlement between the Missouri River and the Pacific than was supposed to be in that entire region at the time. . . .

Some will tell you that all the really valuable Western lands have long since been taken up, and that only rocks and arid deserts remain; others, that after the completion of the Pacific railroads there will be only a few branch lines left to be built in the far West; others, that the mines of the Rocky Mountains will soon be exhausted, and that when they fail we shall see that region deserted. Such is the language of the croaker, of the disappointed man who failed in the West, as he would have done anywhere, of the Eastern man who thinks civilization is bounded by the Mississippi. But if you have lived in these regions, or have visited them, you will believe, with me, that never at any time in the history of our country have her prospects for rapid growth and continued prosperity been any better than at the present time. Each year sees new regions not only opened up, but others discovered to be valuable for some purpose, while the ever-growing network of iron bands binds the whole country in a closer union. Monopolists may seek to control the traffic of a continent, but the power of a free and intelligent people is still, and must ever remain, supreme in our land.

—"Transcontinental Railways" by Francis E. Prendergast, *Harper's,* November 1883.

If you own stocks . . .

You have probably been concerned about them since the Korean war launched this country on a rearmament program that has vitally affected the stock market.

You've had reason to worry. After all, you've got money at stake — your savings.

At a time like this we think you'll find it reassuring to take a look at the record which demonstrates the solid investment value of owning good common stocks over the long pull.

Historically, the trend of stock prices in this country has been steadily up. True, there have been some big irregularities in that trend line — for instance, the all-time peak of 1929 and the depression low of 1932. But despite such peaks and valleys, the general proposition stands: Stock prices may go down, may even stay down a long time—three years, five years, ten—but they have always come back, always moved on to higher ground. Note too, on the record, that many of these stocks have paid liberal dividends averaging 4%, 5%, 6%, year after year.

• • •

"But," you say, "we're living in a war economy now. That changes the whole investment picture."

We can't agree.

Admittedly, priorities and rationing, price and wage controls, excess profits taxes are likely to present serious problems to industry.

But what happened to stocks—and to stockholders—when we had to do business in that kind of a regulated economy just a few years ago?

Some companies were able to adjust themselves to the situation better than others, and some stockholders consequently fared better than others. But on the average, the effect on stocks was not so drastic. Memory is always short, and so here it is worth taking a closer look at the record — specifically at the average price and dividend figures on 200 common stocks as reported by Moody's Investors Service.

Here are the annual averages — before, during and after the war:

	Per Share			
	Price	Earnings	Dividends	Yield
1937	$44.04	$2.79	$2.04	4.77%
1938	33.25	1.40	1.43	4.38
1939	35.72	2.23	1.48	4.15
1940	33.84	2.67	1.78	5.31
1941	30.50	3.17	1.90	6.25
1942	26.66	3.10	1.77	6.67
1943	35.36	3.10	1.73	4.89
1944	38.12	3.15	1.84	4.81
1945	46.02	2.97	1.92	4.19
1946	51.34	3.48	2.02	3.97
1947	46.46	4.93	2.38	5.13
1948	47.46	6.47	2.74	5.78
1949	46.68	5.93	3.09	6.63

Annual averages can be misleading, and you may ask if there weren't severe price declines in some of those years that might seriously have hurt a stockholder who was compelled for one reason or another to sell at the lows.

Yes, there were some bad drops. Two of them came in the war. The sharpest one was in May, 1940, when Hitler swept through France and pushed the British to the sea at Dunkerque. In that one month, Moody's average dropped from $37.29 to $29.16. The second decline began in the summer of 1941 when many people thought we would become involved in the war. In July, the averages stood at $32.37, and they slipped steadily downhill for nine months until in April, 1942, they were $23.61.

Yes, those wartime declines were serious, but what's most significant is that neither drop was as bad as the one we suffered in the 1937-38 depression *when the world was at peace.* In July, 1937, the average was $48.41. In March, 1938, it was $25.35.

• • •

So much for history.

If it has application to the present, this would seem to be the moral: When wartime regulations are imposed, stocks are apt to decline partly because of an unreasoning fear of how those controls may affect security values. Many stockholders simply sell without attempting a reasoned appraisal of the situation.

As a consequence, when such a selling wave hits the market, as it did when war began in Korea, one is apt to get the impression that practically everybody is selling. That's not so. In the four weeks after the Korean outbreak, all of the shares of stock that were sold on the New York Stock Exchange still represented only about 2% of all the shares of all the stocks listed on the Exchange.

Mind you, we don't know if the people who owned the other 98% of the stock were right or wrong in just standing pat. Perhaps some of them should have sold. And perhaps some of them should have bought.

• • •

These are, of course, the key questions of the hour for every stockholder — for you. Should you sit tight? Should you sell? Should you buy? And what and when?

In weighing these problems you will want all the information and counsel you can get.

Where can you turn for help? There are many agencies ready to serve you—other member firms of the New York Stock Exchange, long-established security dealers, your banker. Or ourselves.



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"Time Moves in Divers Paces..."

Shakespeare put together a cogent sentence.

Look back a hundred years, to Harper's first issue, and you can find many varying tempos, differing moods under which people lived.

Since then many standards have come and gone. Others have changed greatly.

But . . . despite the scars of war, the uncertainties of depression and inflation . . . this country has marched vigorously ahead with the initiative and courage that made it great.

In 1850 the Pioneer was a familiar figure. Today we have somewhat different frontiers, but pioneering still "pays off."

Change has invaded society, politics, business. And each new change has been brought about by the spirit of progress that has helped our country grow.

Certainly things move faster today. Underwood continues to face the future with Vigor, Pioneering Spirit and a Progressive Attitude. Underwood continues to grow . . . and keep in step with the tempo of the times.

Congratulations Harper's . . . on Your First Hundred Years!

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It was this and other Underwood advantages that first won loyal customers like the Chicago Tribune, as evidenced by their letter of April 8, 1899, reproduced here in the Underwood advertisement.

And Today... The Underwood All-Electric!

This is the distinguished descendant of the *first* visible writing typewriter. Many other Underwood "firsts" have made more than 6,000,000 new friends (and kept the old ones) during our 55 year history. For instance, we are proud of the fact that the Chicago Tribune is still a faithful customer.



...from the **Underwood Corporation**

ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

The U.S.A. from the Air

Wolfgang Langewiesche

I USED to think of the U.S.A. as one thinks of a golf course. It was simply terrain on which to practice your technique. The technique was "Cross-Country Flight"; XC for short, when you wrote it up afterward in your log book. Flight was *much* newer then, in the early nineteen-thirties. Merely to circle the airport still filled you, every last cubic inch of you, with a sensation that was like nothing else. And to quit circling, to head out straight cross-country—that was Flight, raised to the second power. Boy!

I used to look down, in those ancient days, and watch my fat little rubber tire hang idle over the depth. It went across somebody's roof: no jolt. Treetops; a highway; then a river. You flew out from over land to over water: no sink. No coolness. Imagine that: walking on land and water like a god. What a machine! And what a pilot!—(me). Bring on your skyscrapers, so I can top them. Bring on your hills, so I can cross them. Bring on your distances, and I shall eat them up. Bring on your country, and I shall ignore it.

Well, you find out.

I remember my first flight over New England. Ignore it? I wished I could. Instead, I thought: "What horrible country!" You see, the thing about XC was—that fat little tire was always looking for a field to roll on. The engine might quit any time: that was official doctrine. It never did quit, even then—much less now. But the fear of it was carefully drilled into you. Any time at all, in the midst of the most delicate Figure 8, when you were trying to make some farmer's barn hold still off your wing-tip, bang! would come a tremendous silence as your instructor pulled back the throttle and said: "Forced landing!" Then you quickly picked a field (really, you were supposed to have one all picked out: "Always Have a Field in Mind") and you went gliding down in a long S-turn—through the "Key Position"—down across the trees—down into the field—down until the grass began to tickle your tires. Then he was kind enough to open the throttle for you and let you climb out. To shoot a good forced landing was considered about three-quarters of the art of flying. And so you judged country mostly by its fields.

New England rated low indeed. Those gloomy hills, all wooded. Those nasty little pastures, with the naked rock poking up right through the middle. Those ugly stone walls around every plot of land—just imagine you overshot and rolled into one of *those!* "Horrible country. Not a decent field in sight." Then I caught myself: "What *are* you saying, man? You are supposed to find this charming. Don't you have any education? This is the cradle. . . . Hell, you *know* it's charming. Look at that white steeple nestled in the green. Trouble with you, you can't take it; you're scared!" But of course I was right in the first place; it *was* a horribly tough country they picked to settle; there *was* no decent field, nor a flat place to put one. They them-

An early light-plane enthusiast and now a research pilot for the Kollsman Instrument Division of Square D Company, Wolfgang Langewiesche came to America from Germany in the twenties. He has written seventeen articles for Harper's *since 1941.*



For more than 40 years the name "Ford" has stood for performance, reliability and value. Today, as ever, through training, craftsmanship and pride in the job, quality is built into Ford products all along the line.

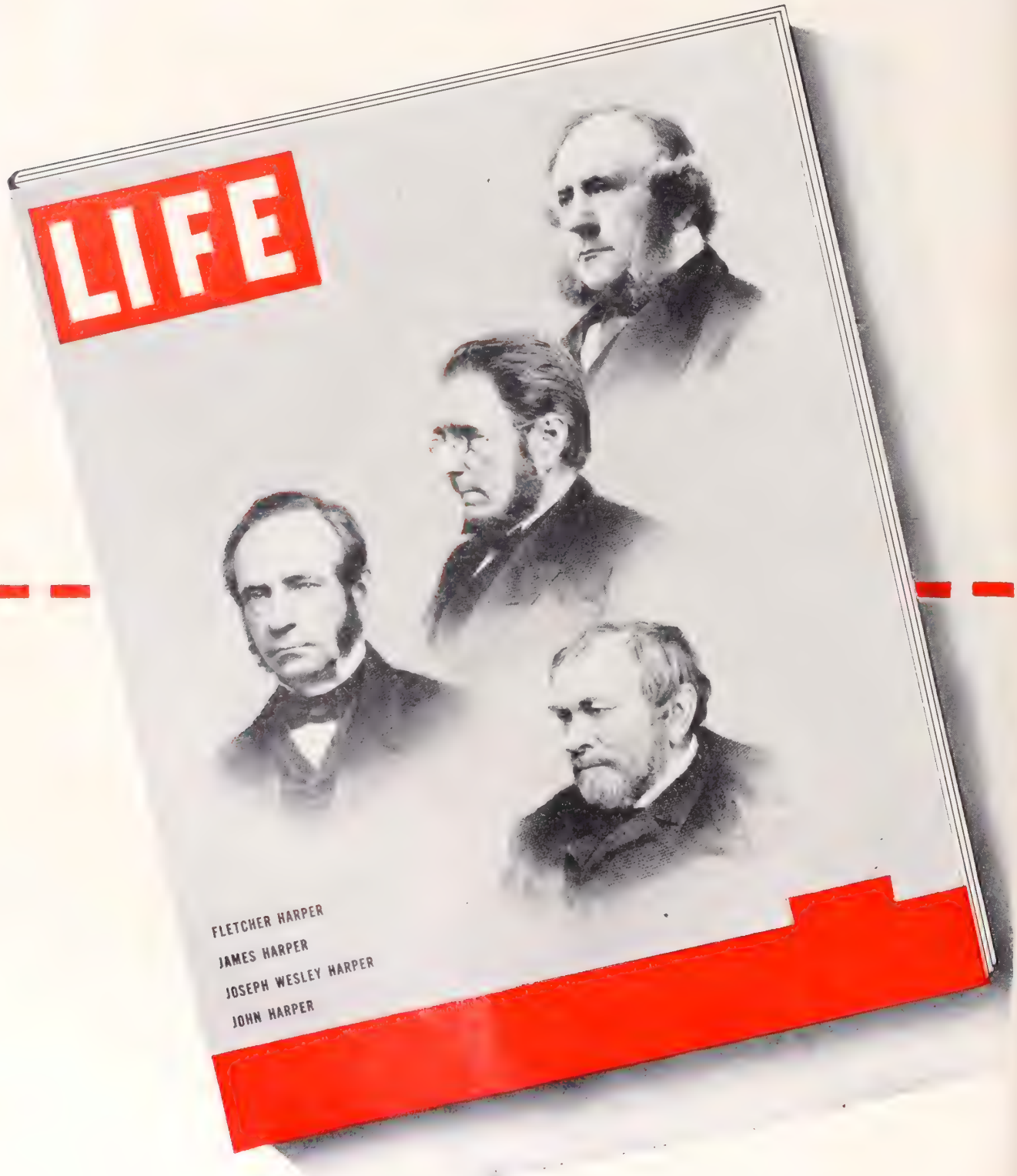
For quality is truly a Ford tradition—a tradition that has won millions of loyal friends for Ford products. And the truest measure of the value of our products is the quality built into them—the quality that spells good service, long life and dependable, economical performance.

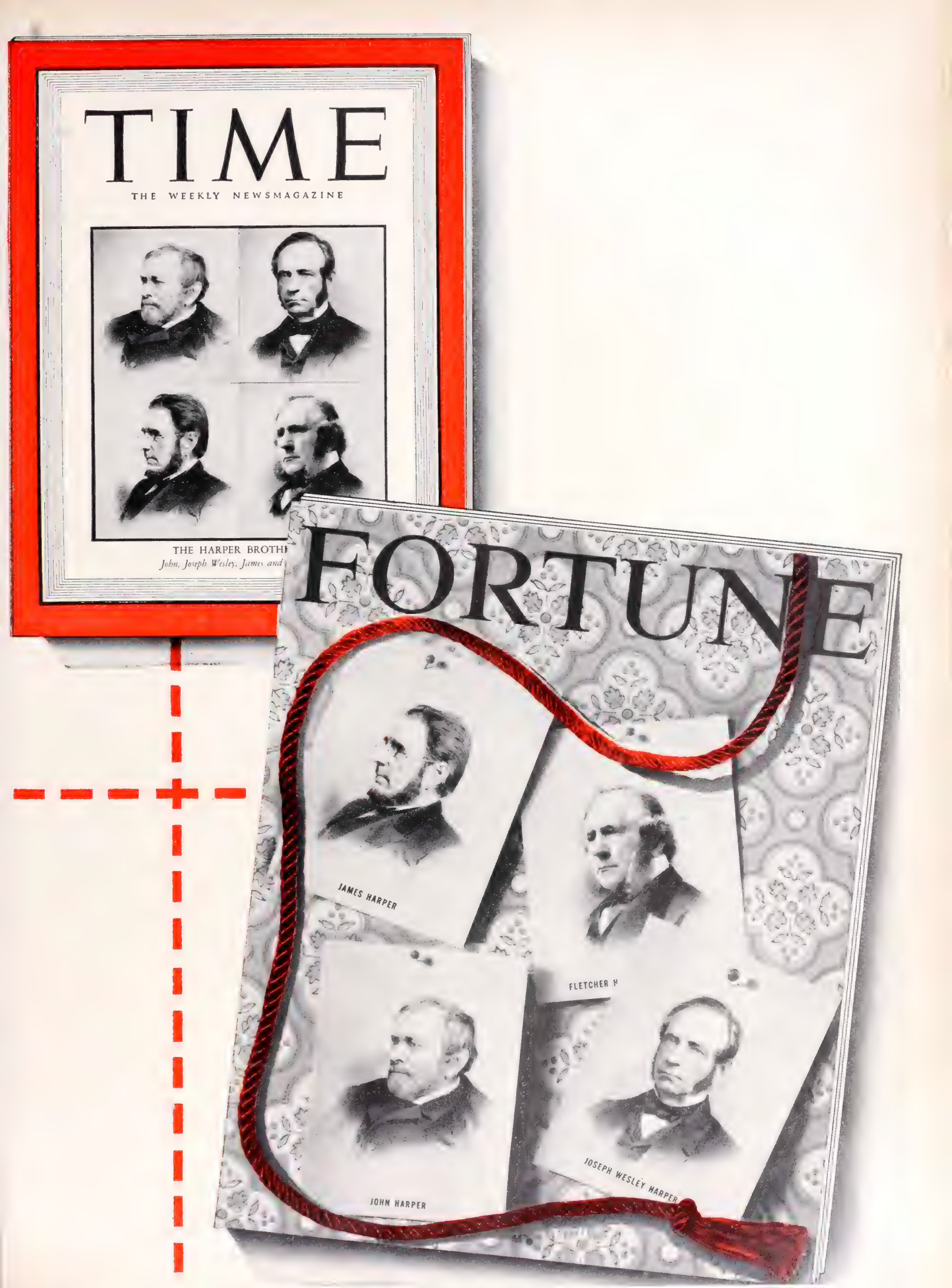
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selves called it a howling wilderness, and it very nearly starved them to death. Besides, most of them left it, first chance they got, for points west.

How different North Dakota felt! I had spent a week flying in the canyons of Idaho—a mountainside off each wingtip, a wild river below—with the thought of engine failure strictly repressed, of course: no use thinking about it where you simply can't afford one! I had flown down into North Dakota through night, a black night, with nothing visible but the beacons along the airway; and again the forced landing idea had been switched off—there are lots of badlands on that route. Toward morning, not to get too low on gas, I had sat down on an Auxiliary Field to wait for daylight. It was deserted. (Those fields are not built to serve a town, but to serve the airway—they sit there, every hundred miles or so, their boundaries outlined by lights, just in case.) Parked there under the beacon tower, I had fallen asleep right in the airplane.

I woke up, and it was daylight. I started her up, and took off. Still dull in mind, I cleared the fence. There it was: landings unlimited. You cleared the fence, and you had cleared everything. As far as the eye could see, big fields—flat as a table and bigger than airports. And smoothly cultivated: where farm machinery can roll, an airplane tire can also roll. It was fall, and most of them were stubble. The nice, combed-looking stubble of machine-sown wheat: a guaranteed surface, along with unlimited room.

"This," I thought, "is one hundred per cent okay. This is the rose without the thorn; this is the meal that is all dessert; this goes in easy." In fact, I swear I had a strong sensation as if I were a little boy again and had just been handed a dish of whipped cream with chocolate.

"I think I'll just roll my wheels on that one." I had only flown a minute, but why not? "I'll fly straight for exactly three minutes, and then close my throttle." Nothing to it—just glide straight ahead. I thought it would be fun to roll up to a fence and jump it and sit right down again, so I did. Why not? "I think I'll spiral up to 1,000 feet and cut my ignition and stop my prop." Done.

Now, I don't claim it is a red hot and brand new idea that North Dakota is different from New England. I tell it to show you how a pilot reacts to the country: he does react; he can't help it. And not as a tourist; he is not ever "just looking." He has business with the country, and the country with him.

I ONCE had a piece of business with the Missouri River. I had undertaken to fly a small seaplane from coast to coast; up the Missouri, down the Columbia. Don't ask me why—I guess it was to prove it could be done. It was a short-range ship. You had to gas up often. Each time, you became a boat. For a little while, you were a river pilot, back in Mark Twain's day. True, Mark Twain piloted on the Mississippi. But he himself says that the Missouri is twice as tricky, and a Missouri pilot twice as much of a pilot.

"The river was an awful solitude, then," wrote Mark Twain in 1883, as of the early French explorers' day. "And it is now, over most of its stretch." It *still* is, old man. Flood plain, with willows; for miles on either side, it's empty. I would always land near a bridge, because only for a bridge would a road come to the river; and only on a road could I hope to get to a filling station—a five-gallon can in each hand. But a bridge is an obstruction; and near it may be that fearful seaplane-trap: an electric wire strung across the river. (Hard to see.) So I would land a little way off, or what looked from the air like a little way. Once on the water, I would be deep in that solitude, the bridge out of sight around the bend.

The water was silent, oil-like, smooth, a very thin mud. How muddy it was! You got your hands wet, handling the ropes; then the Western air would dry them, and they were suddenly caked with a thin layer of dry mud; you'd rub your hands and it would come off as a fine dust.

Now to get back to the bridge you had to "read the river." But from five feet up, not from the lordly pilot-house atop the Texas-deck. Those ripples—did they mean a puff of wind, or a shallow place? This up-welling here—that was a log, stuck under the water. It might rip your pontoons open. (You call that a "Sleeper.") There was also the kind of log that is caught on one end; the other end slowly comes out of the water, and then the current pushes it down again. (That, you call a "Sawyer.")

My pontoons drew about eight inches of water—about the same as the old river steam-



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A year goes by quickly—so quickly that the average man is not discouraged to find himself at the end just about where he was at the beginning.

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Men who sincerely want to get out of the "trap" can turn to the Alexander Hamilton Institute with great hope. Over a period of thirty-nine years, the Institute has re-kindled the ambitions of thousands of men, and has enabled them to turn their dreams of success into actual achievements.

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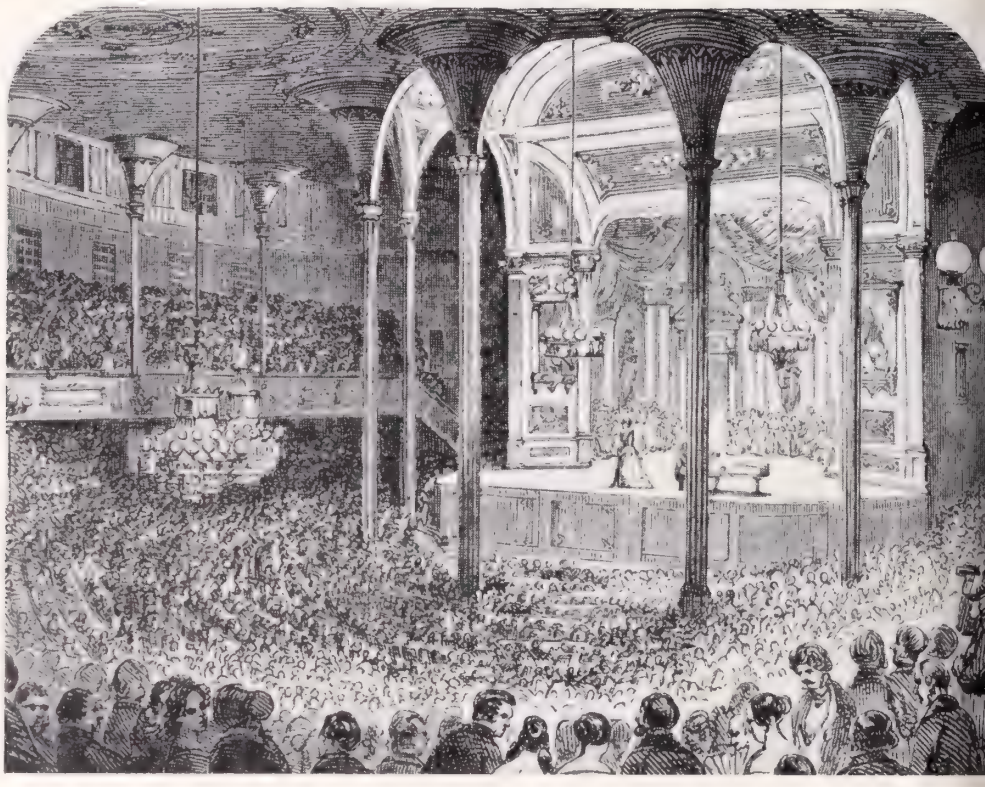
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The year 1850 found New York a bustling city of horse cars, where lamp lighters were a familiar sight . . . Jenny Lind opened at fabulous Castle Garden . . . and a new bridal tradition was born with the publication of the Wedding March from Lohengrin!



CASTLE GARDEN, New York, where fashionable audiences viewed the world's greatest entertainers. Here Jenny Lind began her triumphant American tour.

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THE BRIDE OF 1850 usually wore a plain gold wedding ring, almost half an inch wide. Her engagement ring was either a cluster ring or a wide gold band with a single diamond.





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A VIEW of the Wood factory in Brooklyn about 1880 built on the site of the first Wood factory.



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boats. I ran aground many times. The old steamboats did, too. They would then walk—put a spar overboard and stem it against the bottom and push. I did much the same—rolled up my trousers, waded out, and lifted on one wing-tip to push one pontoon forward a few feet; then waded over to the other side and pushed the other one forward. Hard, wet, slow work. "Mark Twain?" I used to think: "Mark O-point-twain!"

So, deep in the twentieth century, air age and all, you personally met this continent: its mountains, plains, rivers. You were an emigrant, thinking about decent fields. You were a river pilot or a canal-man or a wagoner or a mountain man. You walked down Fifth Avenue thinking—hey, you people, I know a way to get across the Rockies with one single hump that you can clear at 6,000 feet. (Maria's Pass, up near Glacier Park—I had dragged that seaplane through there.) Of course nobody cared—you were a hundred years out of step.

For instance, about the Alleghenies. To us they still were what they once had been to everybody—a big barrier. They are not high, but if there isn't some weather cooking on one side, it's cooking on the other, or on the ridges; they get moisture from the Atlantic and the Great Lakes and the Gulf. In those days, few pilots knew how to fly blind; none of us small fry did. So, when the clouds were down on the ridges, the barrier was closed.

I remember my first trip over the Hell-Stretch—where the New York–Cleveland airway goes across the ridges. (The early air-mail pilots had called it that.) That day, a low, gray, ragged ceiling kept us low. In the low perspective, the valleys and the towns are hidden. You don't realize there are really quite decent fields down in the river bottoms. All you see is an endless forest, coming at you in waves—a green-blue, melancholy. Some of the waves were high. We tried to climb, and bits of cloud started slapping us in the face. It was Not Good.

Well, it's not supposed to be good! I found this later in a book. Talleyrand had once traveled this same stretch. He had crashed through these very woods under us. The branches slapped him in the face as the clouds now slapped us. He lost sight of his servant. He called out, "Are you here?" And the fellow answered, "Unfortunately, my lord, I am." That seems to be the built-in feeling of that country. I now looked at my passenger, saying, with my eyebrows: "Are you still with me?" He pointed down, he pointed all around, and then held his nose.

You discovered anew, for yourself, things that once had to be discovered. For example (still talking about the Alleghenies), that you could fly at water level from the seaboard to the Middle West: you got right on top of the historic Erie Canal. That way, you could squeak through under clouds that were solid on the hills. Another bad-weather route went through Pennsylvania. Up the Susquehanna River to Lock Haven; up another valley to Altoona. This far, you could fly even if perhaps it was like a tunnel, valley sides with the ceiling across it: there were nice long fields along the river. At Altoona you sat down.

You had now only one ridge between you and Johnstown, which is the headwaters of the Ohio. So, you sat and smoked cigarettes and watched the ridge. When it came out of the clouds, you hopped into your ship, spiraled up at wide-open throttle, and went for that ridge. On top, you picked up the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. You got right on the quadruple rail and scooted down the incline into Johnstown. There, you got on the river and wound your way out to more open country. Clever, isn't it? Well, I found out this was exactly the idea of the old Pennsylvania Canal—an engineering wonder that flourished just before the railroad age. They took the barges to the very same spot. Then they had a marine railway that hauled the barges bodily up that same ridge, and down that same incline on the other side. There they could float away to points west. It goes to show: a place sends out something like a magnetic field—a field of ideas. You fly through there, and those ideas generate in your mind.

II

Now, flying has changed. You have more speed, more radio, perhaps two engines. Even with only one, the forced landing obsession has faded out. You try again to treat the country with contempt. You try to think of it as pure expanse—graph paper, yours to make lines on. But it still doesn't work out that way. The country still makes itself felt. In fact, speed sometimes makes you feel it more. It's like a phono-

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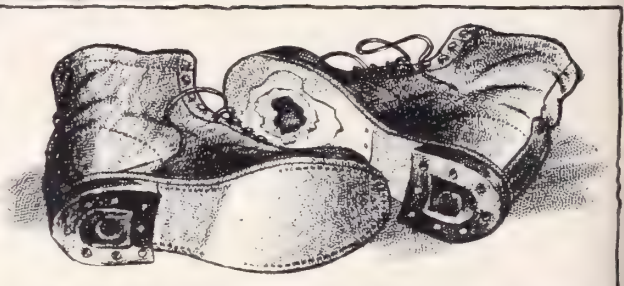
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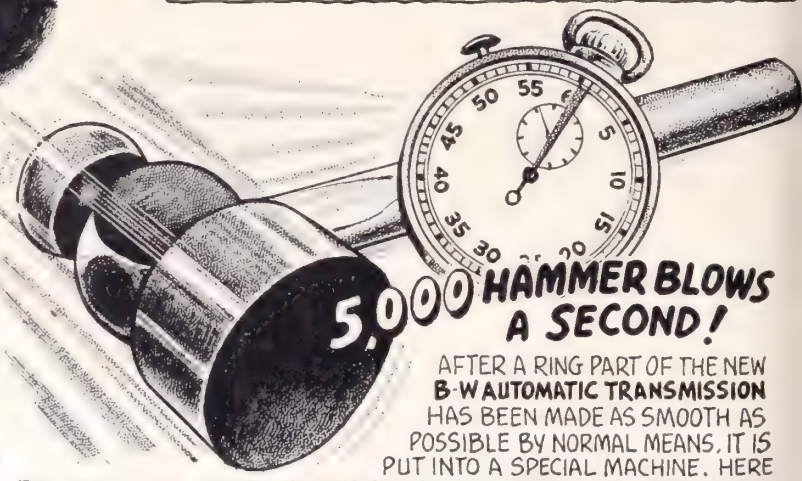
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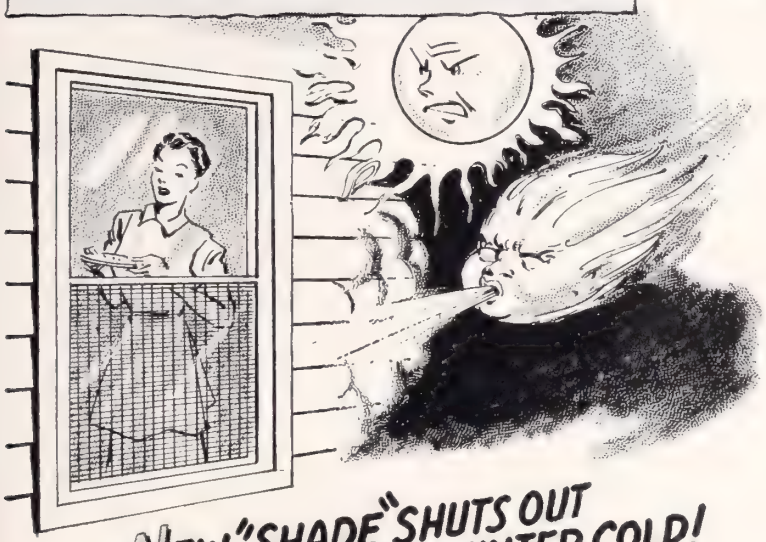
IN SO MANY WAYS, **B-W** INGENUITY AND SKILL TOUCH THE LIFE OF ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN EVERY DAY.*

*FOR EXAMPLE: **19** OUT OF THE **20** MAKES OF MOTORCARS CONTAIN ESSENTIAL PARTS BY **BORG-WARNER**. EVERY COMMERCIAL PLANE AND MANY SHIPS AFLOAT HAVE ABOARD VITAL **B-W** EQUIPMENT. **9** OUT OF **10** FARMS SPEED FOOD PRODUCTION WITH **B-W** EQUIPPED IMPLEMENTS, AND MILLIONS ENJOY THE OUTSTANDING ADVANTAGES OF **B-W** HOME EQUIPMENT AND APPLIANCES.



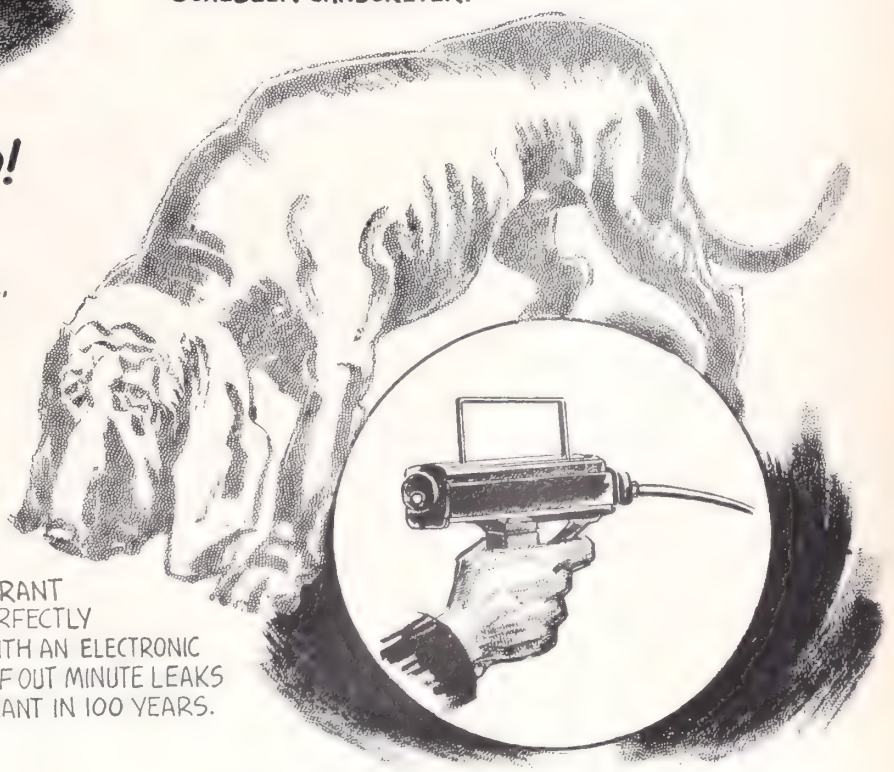
4-WHEEL-DRIVE TRACTOR STRETCHES SUMMER! WITH POWER

APPLIED TO **ALL 4 WHEELS**, THIS TRACTOR PULLS WITHOUT SLIPPING ON GROUND STILL TOO WET FOR MOST OTHERS. STEERS WITH LEVERS—LIKE A TANK. LETS FARMERS TILL FIELDS SOONER IN SPRING...LATER IN FALL. CHAIN DRIVES TO THE WHEELS, MADE BY **B-W'S MORSE CHAIN**, GET MORE PULL OUT OF THE ENGINE...GIVE FAR CHEAPER OPERATION. THIS TRACTOR IS ALSO **B-W** EQUIPPED WITH **ROCKFORD CLUTCHES, WARNER GEARS**, AND **MARVEL-SCHEBLER CARBURETER**.



NEW "SHADE" SHUTS OUT SUMMER HEAT AND WINTER COLD!

IT'S **STORM-SHADE**, THE ONLY TRUE ALL-SEASON WEATHER PROTECTION FOR WINDOWS! CREATED BY **B-W'S INGERSOLL**, IT COMBINES PRACTICALLY AIR-TIGHT GLASS PANELS THAT BAR WINTER COLD...AND FAMOUS KOOLSHADE, THE SCREEN THAT **DEFLECTS** SUMMER SUN. YOU SHIFT FROM ONE TO THE OTHER IN MERE SECONDS.



ELECTRONIC "BLOODHOUND" IS CHAMPION SNIFFER!

TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT THE REFRIGERANT IN EVERY **B-W NORGE** REFRIGERATOR IS PERFECTLY SEALED IN, THE COLD-MAKING UNIT IS SEARCHED WITH AN ELECTRONIC "BLOODHOUND". SO SENSITIVE IS THIS DEVICE, IT WILL SNIFF OUT MINUTE LEAKS THAT WOULD LOSE AS LITTLE AS AN OUNCE OF REFRIGERANT IN 100 YEARS.

These units form BORG-WARNER, Executive Offices, 310 South Michigan Ave., Chicago: BORG & BECK • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG WARNER SERVICE PARTS • CALUMET STEEL • DETROIT GEAR • DETROIT VAPOR STOVE • FRANKLIN STEEL • INGERSOLL STEEL • LONG MANUFACTURING • LONG MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. • MARBON • MARVEL-SCHEBLER CARBURETER • MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT • MORSE CHAIN • MORSE CHAIN, LTD. • NORGE • NORGE-HEAT • PESCO PRODUCTS • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE PARTS • WARNER GEAR • WARNER GEAR CO., LTD.

graph record: the needle has to slide to bring out the tune.

I like to see East change to West. I like that moment, on the New York–Pittsburgh–St. Louis route, when you get to the last ridge, called Laurel Ridge. There, at the end, the dislikable Alleghenies are almost real mountains. On the brow of the ridge, facing west, there is a bald, stony strip, scoured clean by the west winds and the sleet and the rain. An airway beacon stands up there, alone. Then the stuff falls steeply away under you. You slide out across there, and you enter the Middle West. It feels different. It feels easy-like. Not that the country turns nice right away. Right around Pittsburgh, it is a tortuous jumble—small, steep hills, slag fields, deep-cut railroad tracks, lots of smoke. But you know it will calm down. A pilot gets the habit of "thinking ahead of the airplane." The Now and Here is no longer so important in the faster airplane: now and here, the engine percolates, the weather is okay, the gadgets work, you have lots of gas. What's ahead is what matters. And so you study cloud shapes, listen to weather reports, and feel out the situation ahead. And there, you know, comes flat country, come open fields, come comfortable cities, big airports, runways with clear approaches. The squeeze, that makes the Easterner elbowy and unfriendly, squeezes also in flying. In the East, airports are small, obstructed by power lines, hills, gas works, squeezed in between the cemeteries and the insane asylums. West of the Alleghenies, they give you room.

So now, if the ceiling is low, you can stay under it and push on; you know the terrain gets better all the time. Or you can go on top of the overcast; you know that when you want to get down, no hills will stick up into a low ceiling. And so you feel, ahead of time, way up in the air, that certain ease and plenty of the Middle West.

Presently, you pick up the section lines. Now *that* is something. It is really one of the odd sights of the world, and it is strictly an air-sight: a whole country laid out in a mathematical gridwork, in sections one mile square each; exact, straight-sided, lined up in endless lanes that run precisely—and I mean precisely—north-south and east-west. It makes the country look like a giant real-estate development: which it is. One section has 640 acres. A quarter section, 160 acres, is the historical homestead. You sold your goods, you crossed the sea somehow, and they *gave* you *that!* "Land-office business" used to be done in this matter, and no wonder.

Get this right. These section lines are not something that an attentive eye can distinguish in the landscape. They *are* the landscape. Compared to this gridwork, the natural landscape—flat here, a little rolling there, a river valley, a pond—just can't quite catch your attention. In fact, the natural landscape has long fitted itself to this scheme. A man has a wood lot, his neighbor a cornfield; the boundary between woods and field is of course the fence line; but the fence line is part of the grid. More than people know, all their coming and going is channeled by that grid. Their roads—except for the biggest highways—run and jog along the grid. In fact, from the air, the lines are mostly marked by roads.

For flying, the section lines are wonderful. They make this country in reality just what a pilot wants country to be—graph paper. You can time your shadow with a stop watch across two lines, and get your exact speed. You can head the airplane down a section line and check your compass. But you hardly need a compass. You simply draw your course on the map and see what angle it makes. Then you cross the sections at the same angle. You can't miss. If you want to go exactly west, you get on a fence and follow it. The fence presently leaves off; the line becomes a highway. The highway curves off, but the line goes on as a fence again, as a lane between fields, as a farm road, then perhaps as the main street of a town, a highway again. It is easy on the brain.

It's true what the foreigners say—it all looks pretty much alike. A town comes out of the haze, moves through below you, falls back—only (you sometimes think) to run through some secret passageway and plant itself again in front of you!

Flying, you tell these towns apart as you tell stars—by constellation. This one, of about the fourth magnitude, with a smaller one to the north of it—that must be this one on the map. Those three-in-line, that's those.

What is it like, this American town? Well it isn't crowned by a castle, that's for sure; nor by a cathedral either. By an insurance skyscraper, more likely; or by a hotel, perhaps; but most likely by nothing. It is not fortified, and never was: no crowded Old

Challenge



Over the years since Tokyo Bay, peace has been blemished by international ill will, distrust and suspicion. Sparks of hope, pangs of fear—and finally bloodshed—have written recurrent headlines in this country. And in one way or another the effect of these tensions is being shown.

But in this sign of the times is also a challenge.

It is a matter of helping men to use their heads and not their emotions . . . of reaching the right minds, the influential minds, the clear minds with all the facts orderly arranged, clearly interpreted, soundly projected . . . in order to keep this turbulent world in its proper perspective, and men's judgments grounded in fact alone.

Newsweek's 14 years as a service of news understanding have been a solid pattern of profound and growing influence over the lives and living of millions of alert Americans, their families and their friends. And because of that service, Newsweek has been rewarded in every way in which a publication can be rewarded—by the respect, endorsement and loyalty of its readers and advertisers alike.

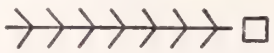
Newsweek



A Well-Informed Public is America's Greatest Security

NEW YORK · BOSTON · CLEVELAND · DETROIT · CHICAGO · PHILADELPHIA · ST. LOUIS · SAN FRANCISCO · WASHINGTON · LOS ANGELES · MANILA · LONDON · PARIS · BONN · TOKYO

Town, no ring-shaped boulevard where the walls used to be. Neither is it like a town I once saw in the South—a company town with a street-plan like this



with the mill at the head. And it is not a village.

It is always a small city. It is laid out with streets at right angles, and has at its center a little Downtown, perhaps only two streets crossing each other, perhaps a few blocks. In there, it's naked and stony; it achieves a certain businesslike ugliness. There is a well-developed parking problem. And at night, that downtown core glows with bright lights and red neon signs, where the seller entertains the buyer and the boy the girl.

The rest is quiet streets with little houses and lots of trees. It fades out into the farmland in an indifferent way—streets and avenues already marked out on the ground, but still empty. You can tell—it expects to grow. Add a few blocks on the outskirts, and the downtown gets a bit more stony. Keep adding, and Farmerville becomes Bloomington, Bloomington becomes Springfield, Springfield becomes, say, Indianapolis.

There is always a Wrong Side of the Tracks to the town. In the thirties, when the price of paint made a bigger difference, this used to show up plainly. There is always a giant high school, and certain other standard furniture—a gasoline bulk plant, race track, "institution" (may be a veterans' hospital, may be a teachers' college, may be a county poorhouse). These things are marked on the flying maps, not because it is remarkable that a town should have them, but because it helps you tell the towns apart. This town has its high school at the east end. If this is the town I think it is, there should be an institution on the north edge. Sure, there it is. You make a pencil mark on the map and fly on.

Somewhere now, about a third of the way across the country, you notice something has changed. The fields are bigger; the air is clearer. Things have opened up. There is less junk around the landscape—I mean by junk, I guess, things of which a pilot cannot immediately see the sense and purpose: a clump of trees here, a different-colored patch of field there, an old abandoned factory building—that sort of thing. The landscape is tidier. Each farmhouse sits on its land as if it had just been set there; each fence shows straight and strong, as if it had just been strung. Each town seems to say: "Look, I am a town." Things have a sharper edge to them.

What's happened is that you have crossed the line between the forest and the prairie—the line that was there in Indian days. The white man has cleared the forest and plowed the prairie, and has made them both superficially alike—both farmland. But still the difference shows. Maybe it's the different color of the soil. Maybe it's that up to here, the country has been darkened by the last poor remnants of the old dark forests—a clump of trees. a wood lot—and here the trees leave off. Maybe it is simply the drier, clearer air. At any rate, you have moved one more notch west.

Here, in the less cluttered country, your map reading must change. A town may be so small that it would rate only a circle, o, further east: here, it gets the full treatment. The map shows it as a yellow area, shaped like the town's built-up area. A town may be so small that further east it wouldn't be on the map at all: here it gets at least an o, and a name. This, I like. It reminds you of the way each person counts for more out west. Go West, young man, and put yourself on the map.

And I like the names of those towns. It used to be that a prince would graciously call a town after himself—Williamstown or Fredericksburg or Charles' Rest, or what not. Out here, the ordinary man sat himself down, founded himself a town, and named it, by gosh, after himself. I like to check them as I fly: here comes Charlie. Howdy, Riley. *Wie geht's,* Hoehne. Hello, Kline. Landusky, Henderson, Milliken, Goessel, Weir, Swink, McPhee: how are you doing?

Or the man would name the town after a woman of his: Beulah, Maybell, Dolores. I had often flown over a town named Beatrice, Nebraska, and I had thought: "Poor Beatrice, whoever you were (farmer's wife? railroad president's daughter?)—that really wasn't much of a present to give a woman." It is a nice town and all that, but it isn't exactly—you know—it hasn't got *glamor,* out here in the sun-blasted country between Omaha and Wichita. (It hasn't got glamor if you were over Manhattan yesterday and will be over the Hollywood hills tomorrow.) Well, I came over Beatrice again one night. Now people don't know this, but a town at night is the



This advertisement first appeared 45 years ago.

Today, Coca-Cola advertising still tells the same story—that Coke is delicious and refreshing, a part of any game. Yes, have a Coke and Play Refreshed!

most beautiful thing made by man in the past hundred years—especially an American town, where they don't spare the current. A brave sight, too, out there, where towns are far apart, with a lot of darkness in between. People went out into this vastness, built a home town here, and lit all those lights. A proud sight, just by being there. And I thought: "Beatrice, wherever you are now, you ought to be proud. It looks real nice."

Now, halfway across the country, come the Great Plains. It happens fast, in a matter of minutes. A grassy butte sticks up right through the fields. A bit of badlands shows up. The pattern of the farms opens up to detour around it and comes together again. A gully shows up—Grand Canyon in miniature. You know the signs. You are getting west another notch. You hitch yourself up in your seat and take new notice.

Ahead, the country rises a step, and the step is a bluff: its face is eroded; it grins at you like the teeth of a skull. As you pass over, the farms fall back. The last you see of them is a mile-square wheat field draped over some hump, abandoned. It reminds you of a wrecked ship on a beach—tried to go where it should not be, and got in trouble. Ahead are the vast khaki plains, rising toward the West. There's nothing to see but vastness, clarity of air, distance. The sun glistens on a window of some ranch house, fifty miles away. A train, very far away, is a small black thing under a smoke plume, like a ship at sea.

You head straight out there, and the world fades out: badlands; the dry, bare hills. That fellow yammering about the "Lone Prairie"—he's been there. You suddenly remember you have no water aboard, no strong shoes, no big hat. You are lucky if you see a ranch, hidden deep down in some secret canyon, in a patch of green. More likely, you see next to nothing: a barbed wire fence; some cattle; a windmill pumping beside a water hole.

You fall in line and follow the railroad. Everybody and everything else does, in that country; even the Civil Airways. Now the U.S.A. slenders down to a mere strip—river-plus-railroad-plus-highway. Along this strip are the irrigated fields, the towns, the airports. And the railroad is the great sight—doubly great by default of everything else. Its long straightaways and mathematical curves, the way it goes on and on through empty country up toward the West.

Finally these bright yellow-green plains rise under you like a wave about to break; over the crest comes a white spot that turns out to be snow. There, between two high mountains, is a gateway, where the river comes out. Toward this gate you have been steering all along; so was the railroad; so was the highway; so were the radio beams along the airway. You go in through that gate, and East has changed to West.

III

The air view is an honest view: "You can't kid *me*" is your attitude as you look down. "So *that's* how it is." For example, the great famous dams—Hoover, Norris, Grand Coulee. In the ground view, the thing you marvel at is how big they are. The glamor photographs show them that way—small human figures, dwarfed by this gigantic wall behind them. Well, from the air, it's the other way round. It strikes you how *small* they are. Hoover Dam especially—it's actually hard to find! The eye sweeps all over the naked rock and the shores of Lake Mead before you find it—hidden down in a gulch. It makes you smile. Some boy has jammed a rock into this stream at just the right spot—and has managed to dam up one hell of a big lake. Small cause, big effect: clever little devil. And that, I'm sure, is the correct view. An engineer would say so. He would always try to build the smallest possible dam, not the biggest.

Or, New York City. What's it all about? On the ground, why you know: *Time, Life, Look, Quick, Flair,* and *Harper's*; Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn; Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, and Beane; NBC, CBS, ABC; words, ideas, paper of all sorts. But, from the air, I regret to state, New York looks like a place where steamships tie up to piers. The piers catch your eye, not Radio City or the Wall Street skyscrapers. Manhattan, with all those tentacles sticking out into the water, looks like some biological exhibit—some organ specially developed to draw nourishment from the sea.

The foreground doesn't hide the background. Looking down at a place from the air, you see everything, literally, that's there. You may not notice everything; you may not understand the half of it; but at least you've seen it. What's this? Why does it look so odd? It's been amusing, for example, to

YOU CAN BE SURE ..IF IT'S Westinghouse



ALL ABOARD . . . FOR THE BIGGEST BARGAIN IN AMERICA

These 48 people are all going downtown for a total fare of $4.46.

It would cost them eight times that much to go in their own automobiles.

Match that for value received . . . anywhere, any time.

That's management with a capital M. Be proud of it. And remember that if in your city the actual figures are a bit higher, your transit management has particularly tough problems to meet.

We know something about these problems because we've been serving these fine transit organizations for many, many years.

They know they can be sure of Westinghouse electrical equipment on street cars and trolley coaches. We like to think the efficiency and dependability of our motors and other apparatus have helped mightily in giving you today's transportation bargain.

Making electrical equipment of all kinds is our business. Making one quality only . . . the best . . . is our creed. We express the creed in these words: You can be Sure . . . if it's Westinghouse.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION • • • PITTSBURGH • PA.

The complete family newspaper

Considering how times have changed, this ad from the January 1871 issue of Harper's — although somewhat bumptious and owning a mustache - cup flavor — describes The Toledo Blade remarkably well today.

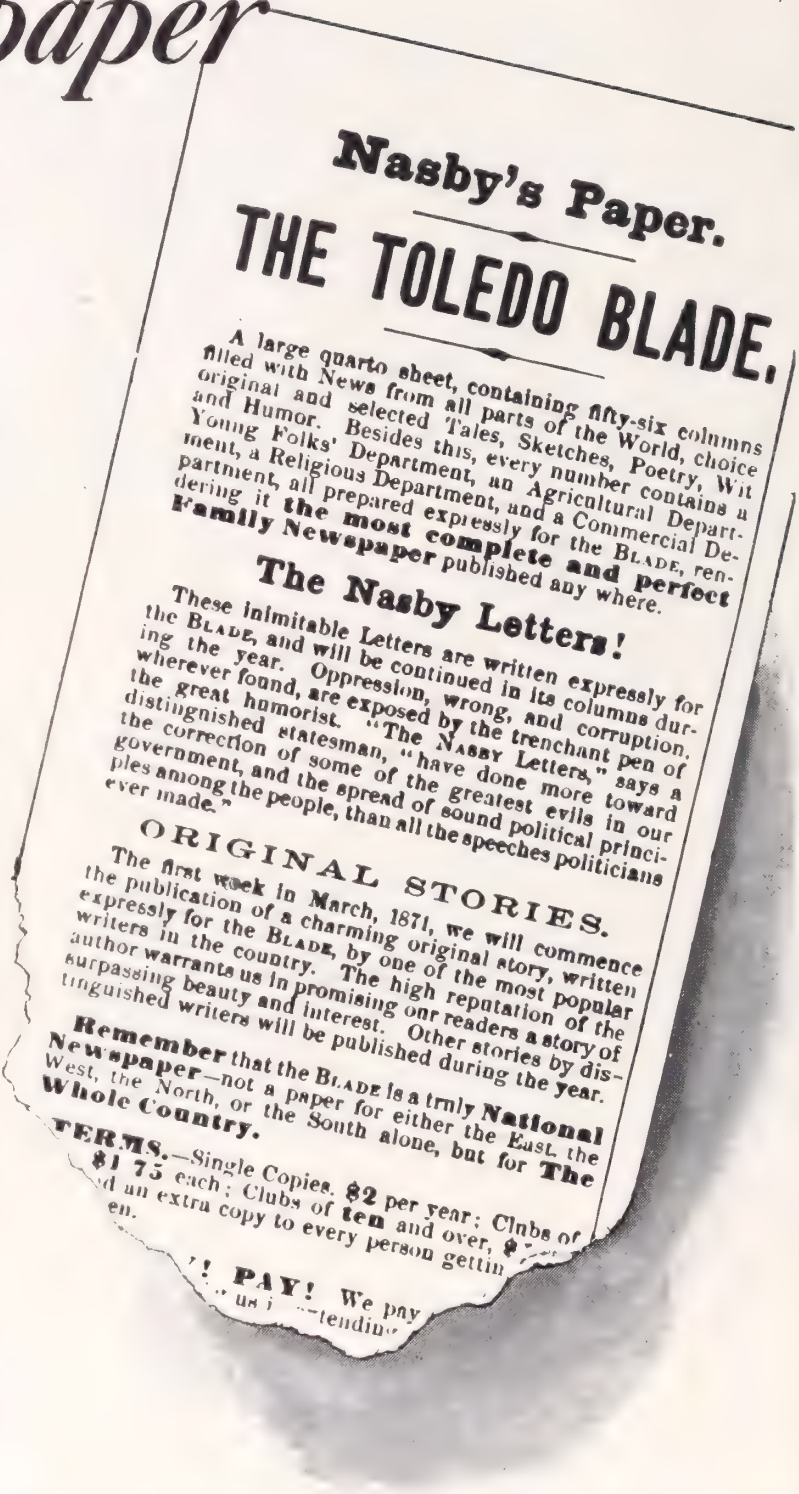
To be sure, The Blade is no longer a "quarto sheet." But it is still a "large" newspaper that today provides its readers with more "News from all parts of the World" than anyone would have dreamed possible eighty years ago.

Its content, too, has changed considerably since the day when it could be quaintly described as "choice original and selected Tales, Sketches, Poetry, Wit and Humor." But in one form or another, it still has its "Young Folks Department," its "Agricultural Department," its "Religious Department," even a weekly Poetry column.

For now, as in Petroleum V. Nasby's day, The Blade's first and foremost aim is to be "the most complete and perfect Family Newspaper published anywhere." Without attempting to be a newspaper of record, it still tries to provide all the news and information the best informed people in the world have a right to expect.

But now, again as in Nasby's day, The Blade doesn't believe that a Family Newspaper exists only to inform, entertain and edify its readers. It still thinks that a prime obligation of any newspaper anywhere is to expose "oppression, wrong and corruption wherever found."

Sometimes this seems more difficult to do in this complex age than it was in the simpler days of a century ago. Old evils take on strange and curious shapes in this modern world of big business, big unions, big government, and big powers. It takes a big newspaper to present the facts impartially and to comment on them freely and with courage.



Nasby's Paper.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

A large quarto sheet, containing fifty-six columns filled with News from all parts of the World, choice original and selected Tales, Sketches, Poetry, Wit and Humor. Besides this, every number contains a Young Folks' Department, an Agricultural Department, a Religious Department, and a Commercial Department, all prepared expressly for the BLADE, rendering it **the most complete and perfect Family Newspaper** published any where.

The Nasby Letters!

These inimitable Letters are written expressly for the BLADE, and will be continued in its columns during the year. Oppression, wrong, and corruption, wherever found, are exposed by the trenchant pen of the great humorist. "The NASBY Letters," says a distinguished statesman, "have done more toward the correction of some of the greatest evils in our government, and the spread of sound political principles among the people, than all the speeches politicians ever made."

ORIGINAL STORIES.

The first week in March, 1871, we will commence the publication of a charming original story, written expressly for the BLADE, by one of the most popular writers in the country. The high reputation of the author warrants us in promising our readers a story of surpassing beauty and interest. Other stories by distinguished writers will be published during the year.

Remember that the BLADE is a truly **National Newspaper**—not a paper for either the East, the West, the North, or the South alone, but for **The Whole Country.**

TERMS.—Single Copies, **$2** per year; Clubs of **ten** and over, **$1 75** each; Clubs of ... and an extra copy to every person getting ...

PAY! We pay ...

TOLEDO BLADE

Happily, The Blade has grown big through the years because it has never hesitated to oppose "oppression, wrong or corruption wherever found," and for more than a century has constantly sought to be "the most complete and perfect Family Newspaper published anywhere."

watch the college campuses: the old fake Gothic, ivy-covered; the stadium with its vast parking space; the new research factory; the rows of Quonset huts. 'Tain't Oxford, brother. You run your own private census all the time. This thing—why do I see more and more of this? Not much can happen in the country that you don't notice, often ahead of the papers and magazines. For example, much will be written soon about our cities, how they have grown in area, not to say exploded; how the FHA town, way out on the potato fields, is taking the place of the tenement; and so on. Why sure: pilots have seen that grow for years.

Everything people do, and perhaps everything they think, makes its mark sooner or later on the ground. (That's what reconnaisance is all about.) I used to amuse myself, looking down at Washington, by tracing the idea of checks and balances in the city plan and the shape of buildings. I've seen, in the South, a little country church with a swimming pool behind it: a fine point of theological doctrine—baptism by total immersion—clearly written into the landscape! That is the kind of writing you try to read.

THE American landscape is a palimpsest. Underneath what is written in it now, in concrete and barbed wire, there is older writing.

To bring out old writing, a man might photograph a document under trick light. The same in flying. Over the forests of New England, winter light is best. The trees must be bare, so the eye is not stopped at the treetop level. There must be snow on the forest floor, because that lights up the inside of the forest and makes it easier to look down into it.

Then you see, underneath the present-day forest, the farms of long ago. They did have decent fields there after all! Not decent to land on, but lovingly made, cleared out of the forest, carefully fenced by stone walls. Each rock once was picked up by hand, carried out of the field, carefully placed. It's said they made their children do that, to make them hard-working and God-fearing. Stern stuff. It's all under the forest. The forest is still only scrubby; but already it is full of dead trees helter skelter, like virgin forest. The 1938 hurricane put them down, and nobody cares. History did a high-speed job here.

The second layer in this palimpsest is in strong plain writing: those section lines are the main part of it. I believe this was written by Jefferson and perhaps Rousseau, but I don't know. About this, the main feature of the U. S. landscape, it is curiously hard to find anything in books. But I have often admired this scheme. Remember—it was drawn up on paper before the country had even been explored. The lines were run before the people came: so it was literally a blueprint for a future society. I think it is a diagram of the idea of the Social Contract: homestead by homestead, men would sit each in his own domain free and equal: each man's domain clearly divided from his neighbor's.

I mean, it wasn't the only way they could have parceled out the country. They could have gone out there with manor houses, each with a bunch of cottages around it. (You do see some of that in the South.) They could have built villages nestling around a commons and a church. They might have built forts. Today, I think, we would build a headquarters first. There would be a row of houses; a communal water tower, "housing" for bachelor workers, a hospital, a recreation area. Radiating out, I imagine, would be roads, and off the roads would be the fields. The whole "development" would be star-shaped, and right in the center would be of course the Administration Building.

But they picked the layout where every man is his own boss. Even now, this is the main feature of the American landscape: the square-cornered parcels, big in the West, small in the East, big in the country, small in the cities, of which each means a man. I realize they rent 'em, they are mortgaged, they grow the stuff by government subsidy, all that; but it is still true—the *design* of the landscape, seen from the air, is a design for independent men.

IN THE years I've been flying, I have seen the American landscape being re-drawn. A third set of lines has begun to show up on top of the others—a new style. Contour plowing is an example. It makes the marble-like pattern of fields and furrows, dictated not by property lines, but by the terrain. It is a new thing—and the new thing goes right across those straight, right-angled fences. Two farms that are divided by a section line are drawn together by this joint pattern. You can tell—two men, one plan.

Strip farming, too. I remember one eve-



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They wilt in an atmosphere of Socialism and die in the hot houses of Dictatorship.

For magazines are at once a cause and a result of our American form of free government.

They are the most effective form of adult education—the principal source of vital information—and the only method of conveying current thought nationally in a manner unhurried enough to invite reflection.

Magazines are also America's greatest stimulus toward prosperity, higher production, and a better living standard. About sixty per cent of all sales of goods made in the United States is directly traceable to national advertisers in magazines.

And today, sales in large volume are most important because national income must be kept high. It has been estimated that a drop of ten per cent in national income would cut federal tax revenues by perhaps ten billion dollars. Imagine what would happen to employment and our international obligations if it did.

We of The Curtis Publishing Company are proud of the part we play in the educational and economic life of our country. We shall strive in the future, as we have in the past, to provide the American people with the most accurate information, with the best fiction, and to provide business with new and better ways to sell its products.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

The Saturday Evening Post • Ladies' Home Journal
Country Gentleman • Holiday • Jack and Jill

ning on the Montana prairie. The whole plain—those parts that were tilled at all—was in a strict rhythm of dark strips of fresh-plowed earth, yellow strips of stubble, alternating bing-bong. The sun shone on this pattern, and it almost dizzied the eye—like some fantastic checkered fabric.

That does not just happen by the chance judgments of independent operators. You could see a marshaling force at work. It was, in style, like those newsreel shots you used to see before the war, from countries since gone under, where "The Youth" was doing calisthenics on the parade field. "One," and an acre of humanity was heads; "two," and it was tails. I hurry to say that I have nothing against contour plowing or strip farming. Flying gives you too vivid a view of erosion, of blowing dust, of destroyed land. I remember the first time I saw really eroded farms, out in Nebraska, in the dry years. I said practically out loud: "Well, this of course has to stop." But that's just it—you see these changes in the landscape, you understand why they are made, and you can't mistake the meaning. New ideas of society are cooking here, and a blue pencil works, re-drawing the old designs.

You see the same thing going on in cities. Those "housing projects"! You can tell someone thinks the "human resources" should be stored in bins more orderly, more manageable. And bins is all they are. But the funny thing about such architecture or city planning is: it makes a lot of sense in the air view. Seen from above, straight down, the dreary mass takes on a certain rhythm, an order, even a wit. This block here, this block there, the star-shaped thing in the middle. This building brackets that one, which brackets that, thus:



The reason is, I think, that such things are conceived, sketched, approved, by someone who looks at humanity in a perspective much like a pilot's: he is way up, on the Policy-Making Level, and he looks down on a desk.

IV

WHAT kind of country is this, anyway? There is always a lot of fresh dirt dug up, wherever you look. Old Alexander Botts gets around with his Earthworm Tractor and fixes the place up to suit himself. The whole country bears the tracks of the Caterpillars, the bulldozers, the listers, the middle-busters, the ditch-diggers, the power shovels, the dredges, the pipe-line laying outfits.

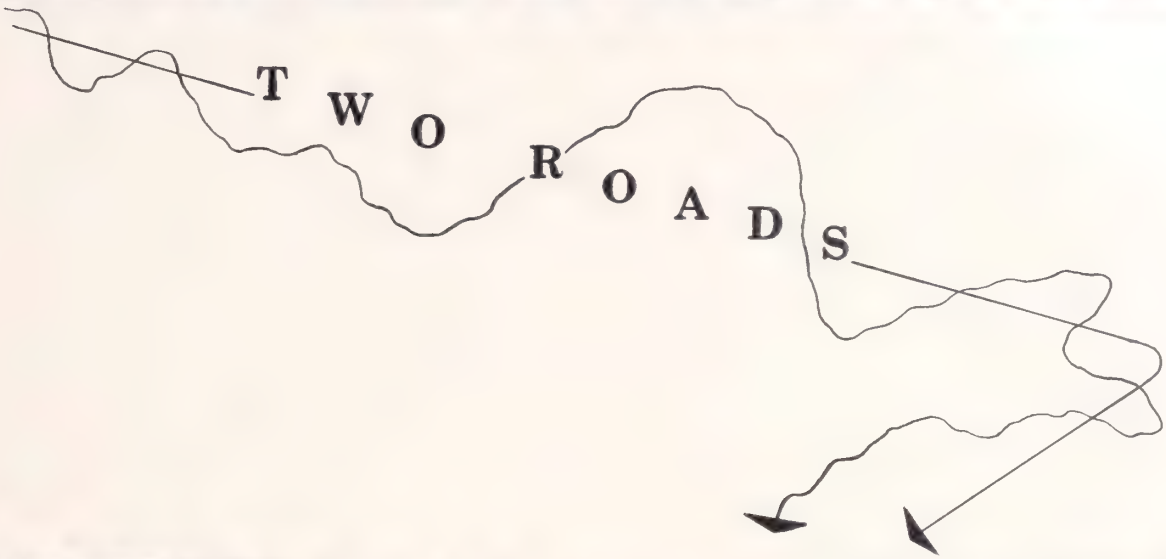
A super-highway goes hell-bent. I mean, you can see it go. It's got this far with actual pavement, actual traffic; for another seventy miles, it is fresh-dug dirt. For still another hundred miles, it is a trace through the farmland; it's started pushing over trees, moving houses, cutting hills in two: look at it go! It gets to a river, ten miles broad—really a branch of the ocean: you can see, it's going to walk right across. The stepping stones are already laid.

Doughty said of his Arabs that they were "unfeaty." Well then, the word for those people down there is "featy"—Big Operators. Even the farms are all power and precision; nothing yokelish, nothing idyllic. I like to watch the plowing as I fly over. The plow moves fast—faster than any animal could pull it. The fellow rides on it! He leaves six furrows at a time! You see results even during the brief minute that you can keep a field in sight. A brush seems to be drawing fresh brown paint across the green. The other day, 3,000 feet somewhere above the corn belt, we smelled something peculiar. Hot wire? Insulation searing? Quick now, check switches, check fuses, check meters, check the map for the nearest airport—shucks, it was pigs. Must have been *lots* of pigs, somewhere below. That's how they operate. When they raise pigs, they raise pigs.

They make mistakes too; they make big ones—and are not afraid to write them off. Witness those dead wheat fields on the plains, those ghost towns, those abandoned railroads. There's a canal across Florida—a big, deep, ship canal. Only it doesn't really go across: it exists only in sections. They changed their minds.

THEY get big results. At least they get big production. I remember India from the air. India is one of the few other places in the world that have any real farmland. (Most of the world, after all, is desert or mountain or jungle or ice or ocean.) Well, it was all there: the fields, vast plains of them, just like here. The furrows, weakly scratched perhaps and a bit wavy, but just the same, it was careful, painstaking farming. It was all there but the product. No corrals full of cat-







–two ways to travel through life

The road you see at the top of the page isn't much of a road—you'd get stuck in the mud. It isn't a modern American road like the continent-spanning highway below. It's not much help in getting great numbers of people and things moved great distances in a hurry. Such a road leads backward to the past, to primitive living—the American super-highway is a road through the years ahead.

In America, ideas are not stuck in a rut either—not even restricted by anything but the limits of American ingenuity. Armour and Company is not primarily in the transportation business, for example, yet Armour scientists have contributed essentially to every means of travel and communication known. For instance, fats from livestock have been transformed into chemicals—and those chemicals may be strengthening the tires on your car and the highway they roll over—helping produce planes' motors and streamliners' rails—aiding in the manufacture of telephone wires and cables beneath the sea—brightening the very ink with which this Harper's Centennial Issue is printed.

These are only a few of more than 2000 ways in which Armour is already serving the nation through the miracle of modern meat packing. And there'll be more contributions in the years ahead—for Armour will never stop trying to bring better living to more and more people in more and more ways.

ARMOUR and COMPANY

. . . a team of 63,000 employees and 39,000 stockholders working with livestock, dairy and poultry producers to create better living for all Americans.

tle; no grain elevators; hardly any roads to carry the stuff away: most of the stuff gets eaten right in the villages; there is not enough net production to make visible signs in the landscape.

Over here, you can see the stuff: the wheat of the prairies shows even in upstate New York, along the St. Lawrence, in huge grain elevators with steamships docked at their base. Through much of the West, grain elevators stand like skyscrapers. Cattle? Acres of cattle, brown and white mottled, in the corrals and stockyards. Fruit? By the trainload, going east from California. Cotton—bales in huge piles. Iron ore: all the railroad tracks near Lake Superior are covered with the rust-colored dust, spilled off the cars; on the Great Lakes, the ore boats make a steady procession all summer long.

It is a shirt-sleeve country. "Gracious living," so-called, has made few traces in the landscape. You do see places on the Eastern seaboard that make you think: "Hey, Mack, who do you think you are? Come out from behind that château. I knew you when you used to eat down at Joe's Diner." Well, half an hour west of tidewater, all nonsense stops, and it doesn't start again till you reach Hollywood.

The cities, too, such monsters as Chicago, turn out to be, when you fly over them, still mostly earth, with light, wooden, modest houses on it. Sometimes this still strikes me: if you had asked me when I was a boy in Europe, I would have said that the Americans (such as are not cowboys) must of course live in some super-urban way, in penthouses among the skyscrapers. Somehow it pleases me that they don't. Those factories that glow from inside at night with bluish light; those highways—the masters of them live in little houses up some tree-lined street.

Paging M. Sartre

WE ARE NOW witnessing this singular phenomenon: while our material civilization is multiplying its prodigies, and placing at the disposal of man all the forces of nature, while that civilization is increasing tenfold the intensity of life in a society where life offers enjoyments only to the leisured and cultured classes, behold we hear sounding on the peaks of intelligence a great cry of discouragement: "Beware of deceitful nature, fear life, emancipate yourself from life!" . . .

According to each one's turn of mind, the new philosophy assumed shades different in appearance—Buddhist nirvana, atheistic nihilism, mystic asceticism; but all these theories proceed from the same sentiment, and all these doctrines may be reduced to the same formula. "Let us depreciate life, let us escape from its snares." Rationalists, skeptics, atheists, the minds that are most emancipated from religious beliefs, return by a different route to the state of thought of an Indian yogi, of an Egyptian anchorite of the second century, or of a scholastic monk of the eleventh century, with the only difference that they do not make the demon intervene.

—From "The Neo-Christian Movement in France" by Vicomte Eugene Melchior de Vogue, *Harper's*, January 1892.

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for Volume 1, Number 1 of

The QUEEN*

the monthly fashion and pattern periodical published by *James McCall* in the year 1870

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In 1870 James McCall started the McCall pattern business at 543 Broadway, New York. He also began publication of an 8-page monthly fashion and pattern periodical called THE QUEEN.

In 1893 The McCall Company was incorporated to carry on the magazine—by then known as THE QUEEN OF FASHION.

Four years later, in September 1897, McCall's name was first used as the title of the publication—McCALL'S MAGAZINE—THE QUEEN OF FASHION.

By 1903 it had become, simply, McCALL'S MAGAZINE . . . and in October 1920, the 50th Anniversary Number of McCALL'S was published.

Throughout 80 years, McCall's had set the pace and the pattern in women's service magazines. In the past 31 years, McCALL'S introduced 31 publishing firsts.

Today—with McCALL'S new editorial formula and with an expanded editorial team under the guidance of Otis L. Wiese, Editor and Publisher—the pace is brisker, the pattern more productive.

We think James McCall would be proud of the great magazine that grew out of his periodical THE QUEEN.



September, 1897



September, 1950

WHY WE ARE MAKING THIS OFFER

Lost in the swirl of time are the early bound volumes of THE QUEEN. We do not have them in our library. They are not in the New York Public Library—nor in the Library of Congress.

But somewhere—in some dusty old trunk in the attic or basement of a fine old home which has defied time—there may be a complete (we do not say a perfect) copy of Volume I, Number 1, of THE QUEEN.

If there is—we want it.

*And for the first such copy received by us before March 31, 1951—we will pay the sum of $500.00.

If you have such a trunk in such an attic in such a house—happy hunting!

McCall's

230 PARK AVE., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

A Name for the City

A Story by William Faulkner

"EXPERIENCE," Uncle Gavin said, "is not in the senses, but in the heart. I cite you the world travelers, the tense and furious circumnavigators: first, three years, then one year, then three months and then one month and then ninety hours and now—or am I wrong?—thirty hours, and who knows but what perhaps at this very instant somebody with still more money, for whom somebody has invented a still faster machine, has just departed to do it in three hours, leaving behind him, embalmed in cosmos-flung television to beat among the very stars themselves, his immortal epitaph: 'Goodbye, Ma, and may the best man win.' I cite you blind Homer, unable to quit the Athenian stone he sat on without a child to lead him, yet plumbed and charted the ultimate frontiers of passion and defeat and glory and ambition and courage and hope and fear." And as he—Uncle Gavin—grew older, he began to spend more and more of his time trying to prove this to me. I mean, he used to tell me the old tales about Jefferson and the county in order to explain something I had seen, or that he and I had seen together; now he began to tell them for their own sake, as though he himself had been there a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago; he, the middle-aging country lawyer in the second half of the twentieth century, was the *I was* and *I did* and *I saw* of a time when some of the progenitors of America still lived and breathed, and General Andrew Jackson's political star had not even risen yet, and even old Issetibbeha, the Chickasaw King, still existed in the memories of living men. Which was where this one came from about the ancient clumsy monster of a homemade iron lock which came all the long way overland by horseback from Carolina to Mississippi, and not only named a town but even created it.

Jefferson was not even Jefferson then. It was not even a town. It was a Chickasaw agency trading-post: a store, a tavern, a jail or calaboose, a half-dozen log cabins set in a disorderly huddle in the middle of the wilderness domain which Ikkemotubbe, old Issetibbeha's successor, was ceding to the white men for land—peace, escape, whatever he and his people called it—in what was to be Oklahoma territory. There was no church, no school, least of all, a courthouse. Because although they probably knew from the first that they wanted, needed, would some day have a church and a school, it would be almost a quarter of a century before they would discover suddenly that they not only had to have a courthouse, but they had to have it quick. They had something to put in it of course, as a kind of nest egg; even the simple dispossession of Indians begot in time a minuscule of archive and record, not to mention the normal litter of man's ramshackle confederation against environment—that time and that wilderness. In this case, it was a meager, fading, dog-eared, uncorrelated, at times illiterate sheaf of land grants and patents and

This is the eleventh Faulkner story that has appeared in Harper's. *The first, "The Hound," was published in August 1931. That same year we printed "Doctor Martino," which later became the title story of a collected volume of his work.*

Come to Britain in Festival Year

1951

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Discover too how plentiful and varied is the food in restaurants, hotels, and inns . . . such seasonal delights as Scottish salmon . . . Colchester oysters . . . English strawberries. The shops are well stocked. Gasoline is unrationed. Everywhere you go in historic towns and in the mellow country-side you'll find your dollar, aided by favorable exchange and our "fair value" policy, gives you a real *holiday from high prices.*

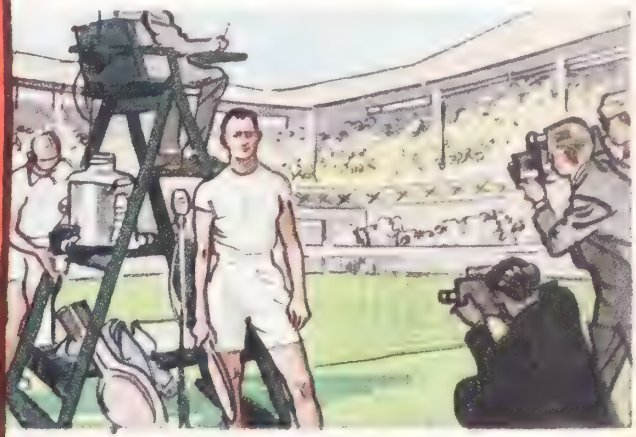
Be sure that next year . . . Festival of Britain Year . . . is *your* year for a country-wide vacation in friendly, hospitable Britain!



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SPRING COMES TO BRITAIN EARLY. . . WHY DON'T YOU?

The Purpose of a Magazine

It is perhaps appropriate on the hundredth anniversary of a great magazine like Harper's—and incidentally as we ourselves are rounding out our 48th year—to re-state the purpose of a magazine.

There is an amazingly general misconception that magazines are primarily instruments of entertainment. There is a tendency to equate magazines with radio, motion pictures and television and to speculate on the rise of one in its effect on the others.

No notion about magazines could be more unrealistic. There is, of course, much pleasure to be had in reading magazines. But their main function, the real reason people buy them, is that magazines help their readers live their lives more fully and satisfactorily.



An increasing percentage of this helpful material is presented directly in the form of articles. Its importance is signalized by the rise of the many successful "service" or "how to—" magazines.

But a great deal is also presented in the form of fiction: Purposeful, useful fiction which, by example, points the way to practical solutions of problems common to the readers' lives.

One measure of a literate civilization's need for magazines is the number and complexity of the life problems facing its members. It has nothing whatever to do with the availability of various forms of entertainment.

Whether the life problems are technical, political, economical, or emotional, it is to magazines by and large that people must look for current wisdom and practical advice. Certainly no other medium devotes so large a portion of its energies to the *solution* as distinct from the *reporting* of these problems.

The Redbook of today is devoted primarily to the interests of Young Adults, roughly 18 to 35 years of age. There are a host of such interests common to this time of life—those of courtship, marriage, finding a job, raising children.

There are others that are characteristic of our particular period in history—the problem of the young war widow, the housing shortage, the lack of teachers, the problem of security, the yearning for a practical and satisfying faith.

While a large and increasing percentage of Redbook's readers are actually in the 18-to-35 age bracket, our focus is on the *interests* of this group rather than on mere chronology. We have now, and will continue to have, a sizeable group of alert readers above the age of 35 who have the same interests as Young Adults.

Under the able direction of editor Wade Nichols, Redbook's current program has met with extraordinary response; circulation, reader mail, secondary comment of the press and the pulpit, have all indicated that here a very definite need is being filled. No other large-circulation publication is devoted entirely to the human, subjective interests of this group.

As we head into the second half of the 20th Century, we see nothing but an increased need for any and every magazine doing an honest and able job of helping its readers. It is this kind of high purpose and devotion to service that enables a magazine to celebrate its hundredth anniversary—or its 48th.

REDBOOK

230 Park Ave., N.Y. 17



Serving the self-interest of Young Adults!

transfers and deeds, and tax- and militia-rolls, and bills of sale for slaves, and counting-house lists of exchange rates and spurious currency, and liens and mortgages, and rewards for escaped or stolen Negroes and other livestock, and diary-like annotations of births and marriages and deaths and public hangings and land auctions, accumulating slowly in a sort of iron pirate's chest in the back room of the post-office-trading-post-store, until one day twenty-five years later when, because of a jail break compounded by the ancient monster Carolina lock, the box was removed to a small leanto room like a wood- or a tool-shed built two days ago against one outside wall of the mortised-log, mud-chinked shakedown jail; by which fortuity was born the Yoknapatawpha County courthouse, the box containing the records not moved from any place but simply to one, removed from the trading-post back room not for any reason inherent in either the back room or the box, but on the contrary since the box was not only in nobody's way in the back room, it was even missed when gone since it had served as another seat or stool among the powder- and whiskey-kegs and firkins of salt and lard and molasses about the stove on winter nights, and was moved at all for the simple reason that the settlement (overnight it was a town without having been a village; one day in about a hundred years it would wake frantically from its communal slumber in a rash of Rotary and Lions Clubs and Chambers of Commerce and City Beautifuls: a furious beating of hollow drums toward nowhere, but simply to sound louder than the next tiny human clotting to its north or south or east or west, dubbing itself city as Napoleon dubbed himself emperor, and defending the expedient by padding its census-rolls—a fever, a delirium in which it would confound forever seething with motion and motion with progress) found itself faced with a problem—or rather, under the Damocles sword of a dilemma—from which nothing could save it except the consecration or ordination or whatever you call it, of a courthouse.

Even the jailbreak was fortuity: a gang—three or four—of Natchez Trace bandits (twenty-five years later legend would begin to affirm, and a hundred years later would still be affirming, that two of the bandits were the Harpes themselves, Big Harpe anyway, since the circumstances, the method, of the breakout left behind like a smell, an odor, a kind of Gargantuan and bizarre playfulness at once humorous and terrifying, as if the settlement had fallen, blundered, into the notice or range of an idle and whimsical giant. Which—that they were the Harpes—was impossible, since the Harpes and even the last of Mason's ruffians were dead or scattered by this time, and the robbers would have had to belong to Murrell's organization—if they needed to belong to any at all other than the simple fraternity of rapine) captured by chance by a band of militia and brought in to the settlement jail because it was the nearest. Or a chance band of militia rather, since the presence of the band was a third fortuity, it having been part of a general muster at the settlement two days ago for a Fourth of July barbecue, which by the next day had boiled down into one drunken brawling which rendered even the last hardy survivors vulnerable enough for the residents of the settlement to eject them, this particular band having been carried, still comatose, in one of the evicting wagons, to a swamp four miles away known as Hurricane Bottoms, where they made camp to regain their strength or anyway their legs, and where the bandits, on their way across country to their hideout after their last exploit on the Trace, stumbled onto the campfire. And here report varied, divided; some said that the sergeant in command of the militia recognized one of the bandits as a deserter from his corps, others said that one of the bandits recognized in the sergeant a former follower of his, the bandit's, trade. Anyway, on the following morning all of them, captors and prisoners, returned to the settlement in a group, some said in confederation now seeking more drink, others said that the captors brought their prizes back to the settlement in revenge for their eviction because these were frontier, pioneer, times, when—as Uncle Gavin said—personal liberty and freedom were almost a physical condition like fire or flood, and no community was going to interfere with any mere amoralist so long as he practiced somewhere else, and the settlement, being neither on the Trace nor the river but lying about midway between, wanted no part of the underworld of either.

But, like it or no, they had some of it now. They put the bandits into the jail, which until now had had no lock at all, its clients so far being amateurs—local brawlers

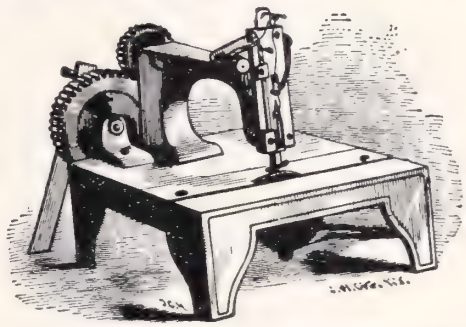
and drunkards and runaway slaves—for whom a single wooden bar in slots across the outside of the door like on a corncrib, had sufficed. But they had now what might be four—three—Dillingers or Jesse Jameses of the time, with rewards on their heads. So they locked the jail this time. They did it right. They bored an auger hole through the door and another through the jamb and passed a length of heavy chain through them, and sent a messenger at a run back to the post-office-store to fetch the old Carolina lock from the latest Nashville mail-pouch—the lock, the iron monster weighing almost fifteen pounds, with a key almost as long as a bayonet, not just the only lock in that part of the country, but the oldest lock in that cranny of the United States, brought there by one of the three men who were what was to be Yoknapatawpha County's coeval pioneers and settlers, leaving in it the three oldest names—Alexander Holston, who came as half groom and half bodyguard to Doctor Samuel Habersham, and half nurse and half tutor to the doctor's eight-year-old motherless son, the three of them riding horseback across Tennessee from the Cumberland Gap along with Louis Grenier, the Huguenot younger son who brought the first slaves into the country and was granted the first big land patent and so became the first cotton planter; while Doctor Habersham, with his worn black bag of pills and knives and his brawny taciturn bodyguard and his half orphan child, became the settlement itself (for a time, before it was named, the settlement was known as Doctor Habersham's, then Habersham's, then simply Habersham; a hundred years later, during a schism between two ladies' clubs over the naming of the streets in order to get free mail delivery, a movement was started, first, to change the name back to Habersham; then failing that, to divide the town in two and call one half of it Habersham after the old pioneer doctor and founder)—friend of old Issetibbeha, the Chickasaw chief (the motherless Habersham boy, now a man of twenty-five, married one of Issetibbeha's granddaughters and in the thirties emigrated to Oklahoma with his wife's dispossessed people), first unofficial, then official Chickasaw agent until he resigned in a letter of furious denunciation addressed to the President of the United States himself; and—his charge and pupil a man now—Alexander Holston became the settlement's first publican, establishing the tavern still known as the Holston House, the original log walls and puncheon floors and hand-mortised joints of which are still buried somewhere beneath the modern pressed glass and brick veneer and neon tubes.

The lock was his: fifteen pounds of useless iron lugged a thousand miles through a desert of precipice and swamp, of flood and drought and wild beasts and wild Indians and wilder white men, displacing that fifteen pounds better given to food or seed to plant food or even powder to defend with, to become a fixture, a kind of landmark, in the bar of a wilderness ordinary, locking and securing nothing, because there was nothing behind the heavy bars and shutters needing further locking and securing, not even a paper weight because the only papers in the Holston House were the twisted spills in an old powder horn above the mantel for lighting tobacco; always a little in the way, since it had constantly to be moved: from bar to shelf to mantel then back to bar again until they finally thought about putting it on the bimonthly mail-pouch; familiar, known, presently the oldest unchanged thing in the settlement, older than the people since Issetibbeha and Doctor Habersham were dead, and Alexander Holston was an old man crippled with arthritis, and Louis Grenier had a settlement of his own on his own vast plantation now, half of which was not even in Yoknapatawpha County, and the settlement rarely saw him; older than the town, since there were new names in it now even when the old blood ran in them, and you no longer shot a bear or deer or wild turkey simply by standing for a while in your kitchen door, not to mention the pouch of mail—letters and even newspapers—which came from Nashville every two weeks by a special horseman who did nothing else and was paid a salary for it by the federal government; and that was the second phase of the monster Carolina lock's transubstantiation into the Yoknapatawpha County courthouse.

The pouch didn't always reach the settlement every two weeks, nor even always every month. But sooner or later it did, and everybody knew it would, because it—the cowhide saddlebag not even large enough to hold a full change of clothing, containing three or four letters and half that many badly-

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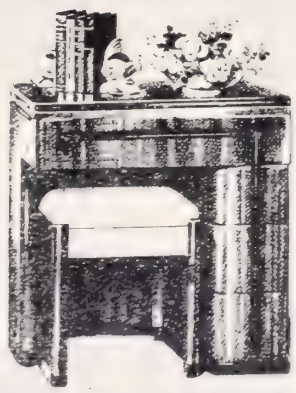
During the first year of Harper's publication . . .

ISAAC SINGER was experimenting with the strange-looking machine above—the first practical home sewing machine ever invented.

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printed one- and two-page newspapers already three or four months out of date and usually half and sometimes wholly wrong or misinformed to begin with—was the United States, the power and the will to liberty, owning allegiance to no man, bringing even into that still almost pathless wilderness the thin peremptory voice of the nation which had wrenched its freedom from one of the most powerful peoples on earth and then again within the same lifespan successfully defended it; so peremptory and audible that the man who carried the pouch on the galloping horse didn't even carry any arms except a tin horn, traversing month after month, blatantly, flagrantly, almost contemptuously, a region where for no more than the boots on his feet, men would murder a traveler and gut him like a bear or deer or fish and fill the cavity with rocks and sink the evidence in the nearest water; not even deigning to pass quietly where other men, even though armed and in parties, tried to move secretly or at least without uproar, but instead announcing his solitary advent as far ahead of himself as the ring of the horn would carry. So it was not long before Alexander Holston's lock had moved to the mail-pouch. Not that the pouch needed one, having come already the three hundred miles from Nashville without a lock. (It had been projected at first that the lock remain on the pouch constantly. That is, not just while the pouch was in the settlement, but while it was on the horse between Nashville and the settlement too. The rider refused, succinctly, in three words, one of which was printable. His reason was the lock's weight. They pointed out to him that this would not hold water, since not only—the rider was a frail irascible little man weighing less than a hundred pounds—would the fifteen pounds of lock even then fail to bring his weight up to that of a normal adult male, the added weight of the lock would merely match that of the pistols which his employer, the United States government, believed he carried and even paid him for having done so, the rider's reply to this being succinct too though not so glib: that the lock weighed fifteen pounds either at the back door of the store in the settlement, or at that of the post office in Nashville. But since Nashville and the settlement were three hundred miles apart, by the time the horse had carried it from one to the other, the lock weighed fifteen pounds to the mile times three hundred miles, or forty-five hundred pounds. Which was manifest nonsense, a physical impossibility either in lock or horse. Yet indubitably fifteen pounds times three hundred miles was forty-five hundred something, either pounds or miles—especially as while they were still trying to unravel it, the rider repeated his first three succinct—two unprintable—words.)

So less than ever would the pouch need a lock in the back room of the trading-post, surrounded and enclosed once more by civilization, where its very intactness, its presence to receive a lock, proved its lack of that need during the three hundred miles of rapine-haunted Trace; needing a lock as little as it was equipped to receive one, since it had been necessary to slit the leather with a knife just under each jaw of the opening and insert the lock's iron mandible through the two slits and clash it home, so that any other hand with a similar knife could have cut the whole lock from the pouch as easily as it had been clasped onto it. So the old lock was not even a symbol of security: it was a gesture of salutation, of free men to free men, of civilization to civilization across not just the three hundred miles of wilderness to Nashville, but the fifteen hundred to Washington: of respect without servility, allegiance without abasement to the government which they had helped to found and had accepted with pride but still as free men, still free to withdraw from it at any moment when the two of them found themselves no longer compatible, the old lock meeting the pouch each time on its arrival, to clasp it in iron and inviolable symbolism, while old Alec Holston, childless bachelor, grew a little older and grayer, a little more arthritic in flesh and temper too, a little stiffer and more rigid in bone and pride too, since the lock was still his, he had merely lent it, and so in a sense he was the grandfather in the settlement of the inviolability not just of government mail, but of a free government of free men too, so long as the government remembered to let men live free, not under it but beside it.

That was the lock; they put it on the jail. They did it quickly, not even waiting until a messenger could have got back from the Holston House with old Alec's permission to remove it from the mail-pouch or use it for the new purpose. Not



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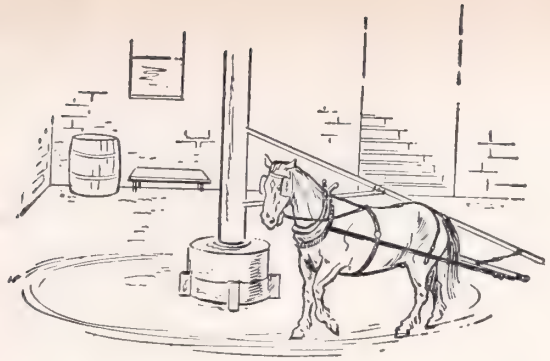
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that he would have objected on principle nor refused his permission except by simple instinct; that is, he would probably have been the first to suggest the lock if he had known in time or thought of it first, but he would have refused at once if he thought the thing was contemplated without consulting him. Which everybody in the settlement knew, though this was not at all why they didn't wait for the messenger. In fact, no messenger had ever been sent to old Alec; they didn't have time to send one, let alone wait until he got back; they didn't want the lock to keep the bandits in, since (as was later proved) the old lock would have been no more obstacle for the bandits to pass than the customary wooden bar; they didn't need the lock to protect the settlement from the bandits, but to protect the bandits from the settlement. Because the prisoners had barely reached the settlement when it developed that there was a faction bent on lynching them at once, out of hand, without preliminary—a small but determined gang which tried to wrest the prisoners from their captors while the militia was still trying to find someone to surrender them to, and would have succeeded except for a man named Compson, who came to the settlement a few years ago with a race horse, which he swapped to Ikkemotubbe, Issetibbeha's successor in the chiefship, for a square mile of what was to be the most valuable land in the future town of Jefferson, who, legend said, drew a pistol and held the ravishers at bay until the bandits could be got into the jail and the auger holes bored and someone sent to fetch old Alec Holston's lock. Because there were indeed new names and faces too in the settlement now—faces so new as to have (to the older residents) no discernible antecedents other than mammalinity, nor past other than the simple years which had scored them; and names so new as to have no discernible (nor discoverable either) antecedents or past at all, as though they had been invented yesterday, report dividing again: to the effect that there were more people in the settlement that day than the militia sergeant whom one or all of the bandits might recognize.

So Compson locked the jail, and a courier with the two best horses in the settlement—one to ride and one to lead—cut through the woods to the Trace to ride the hundred-odd miles to Natchez with the news of the capture and authority to dicker for the reward; and that evening in the Holston House kitchen was held the settlement's first municipal meeting, prototype not only of the town council after the settlement would be a town, but of the chamber of commerce when it would begin to proclaim itself a city, with Compson presiding, not old Alec, who was quite old now, grim, taciturn, sitting even on a hot July night before a smoldering log in his vast chimney, his back even turned to the table (he was not interested in the deliberation; the prisoners were his already since his lock held them; whatever the conference decided would have to be submitted to him for ratification anyway before anyone could touch his lock to open it) around which the progenitors of the Jefferson city fathers sat in what was almost a council of war, not only discussing the collecting of the reward, but the keeping and defending of it. Because there were two factions of opposition now: not only the lynching party, but the militia band too, who now claimed that as prizes the prisoners still belonged to their original captors; that they—the militia—had merely surrendered the prisoners' custody but had relinquished nothing of any reward: on the prospect of which, the militia band had got more whiskey from the trading-post-store and had built a tremendous bonfire in front of the jail, around which they and the lynching party had now confederated in a wassail or conference of their own. Or so they thought. Because the truth was that Compson, in the name of the public peace and welfare, had made formal demand on Doctor Peabody, old Doctor Habersham's successor, and the three of them—Compson, Peabody, and the post trader, Ratcliffe—added the laudanum to the keg of whiskey and sent it as a gift from the settlement to the astonished militia sergeant, and returned to the Holston House kitchen to wait until the last of the uproar died; then the law-and-order party made a rapid sortie and gathered up all the comatose opposition, lynchers and captors too, and dumped them all into the jail with the prisoners and locked the door again and went home to bed—until the next morning, when the first arrivals were met by a scene resembling an outdoor stage setting: which was how the legend of the mad Harpes started: a thing not just fantastical but incomprehensible, not just whimsical but a little terrifying (though at least it was bloodless, which would have contented neither



In Harper's early days, a sturdy white horse harnessed to a vertical shaft furnished power to operate the presses. From seven in the morning until noon and from one o'clock to six the horse trudged around the shaft.

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The time finally came when the Harper press horse, having earned an honorable retirement, was removed from his monotonous round and shipped away to enjoy a peaceful old age on Mr. Harper's farm. For the first few days the horse frisked about, delighting in his new-found leisure, but like many retired workers he soon began to miss his former occupation. His spirits were low, his appetite flagged.

One morning, so the story goes, when the seven o'clock whistle sounded on a nearby factory the old horse trotted purposefully out to a large tree in the middle of the pasture and walked round and round it till the noon whistle blew. After an hour's siesta he again circled the tree till six and then sought his shed in the manner of one who has done a good day's work.

Every day thereafter as long as he was able to hobble he dutifully followed the same routine and gazed with scorn at the other horses frolicking about the pasture. Such capers were not for him; he had a job to do.

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Harpe): not just the lock gone from the door nor even just the door gone from the jail, but the entire wall gone, the mud-chinked, axe-mortised logs unjointed neatly and quietly in the darkness and stacked as neatly to one side, leaving the jail open to the world like a stage on which the late insurgents still lay sprawled and various in deathlike slumber, the whole settlement gathered now to watch Compson trying to kick at least one of them awake, until one of the Holston slaves—the cook's husband, the waiter-groom-hostler—ran into the crowd shouting, "Whar de lock, whar de lock, ole Boss say whar de lock."

It was gone (as were three horses belonging to three of the lynching faction). They couldn't even find the heavy door and the chain, and at first they were almost betrayed into believing that the bandits had had to take the door in order to steal the chain and lock, catching themselves back from the very brink of this wanton accusation of rationality. But the lock was gone; nor did it take the settlement long to realize that it was not the escaped bandits and the aborted reward, but the lock, and not a simple situation which faced them, but a problem which threatened, the slave departing back to the Holston House at a dead run and then reappearing at the dead run almost before the door, the walls, had had time to hide him, engulf and then eject him again, darting through the crowd and up to Compson himself now, saying, "Ole Boss say fetch de lock"—not send the lock, but bring the lock. So Compson and his lieutenants (and this was where the mail rider began to appear, or rather, to emerge—the fragile wisp of a man ageless, hairless, and toothless, who looked too frail even to approach a horse, let alone ride one six hundred miles every two weeks, yet who did so, and not only that but had wind enough left not only to announce and precede but even follow his passing with the jeering musical triumph of the horn: a contempt for possible —probable—despoilers matched only by that for the official dross of which he might be despoiled, and which agreed to remain in civilized bounds only so long as the despoiler had the taste to refrain) repaired to the kitchen where old Alec still sat before his smoldering log, his back still to the room, and still not turning it this time either.

And that was all. He ordered the immediate return of his lock. It was not even an ultimatum, it was a simple instruction, a decree, impersonal, the mail rider now well into the fringe of the group, saying nothing and missing nothing, like a weightless desiccated or fossil bird, not a vulture of course nor even quite a hawk, but say a pterodactyl chick arrested just out of the egg ten glaciers ago and so old in simple infancy as to be worn and weary ancestor of all subsequent life. They pointed out to old Alec that the only reason the lock could be missing was that the bandits had not had time or been able to cut it out of the door, and that even three fleeing madmen on stolen horses would not carry a six-foot oak door very far, and that a party of Ikkemotubbe's young men were even now trailing the horses westward toward the river and that without doubt the lock would be found at any moment, probably under the first bush at the edge of the settlement: knowing better, knowing that there was no limit to the fantastic and the terrifying and the bizarre, of which the men were capable who already, just to escape from a log jail, had quietly removed one entire wall and stacked it in neat piecemeal at the roadside, and that not they nor old Alec neither would ever see his lock again.

Nor did they; the rest of that afternoon and all the next day too, while old Alec still smoked his pipe in front of his smoldering log, the settlement's sheepish and raging elders hunted for it, with (by now: the next afternoon) Ikkemotubbe's Chickasaws helping too, or anyway present, watching: the wild men, the wilderness's tameless evictant children looking only the more wild and homeless for the white man's denim and butternut and felt and straw which they wore, standing or squatting or following, grave, attentive, and interested, while the white men sweated and cursed among the bordering thickets of their punily-clawed foothold; and always the rider, Pettigrew, ubiquitous, everywhere, not helping search himself and never in anyone's way, but always present, inscrutable, saturnine, missing nothing: until at last toward sundown Compson crashed savagely out of the last bramble-brake and flung the sweat from his face with a full-armed sweep sufficient to repudiate a throne, and said,

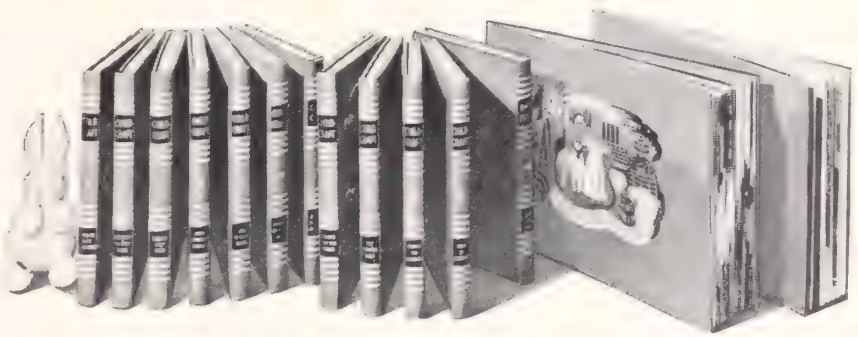
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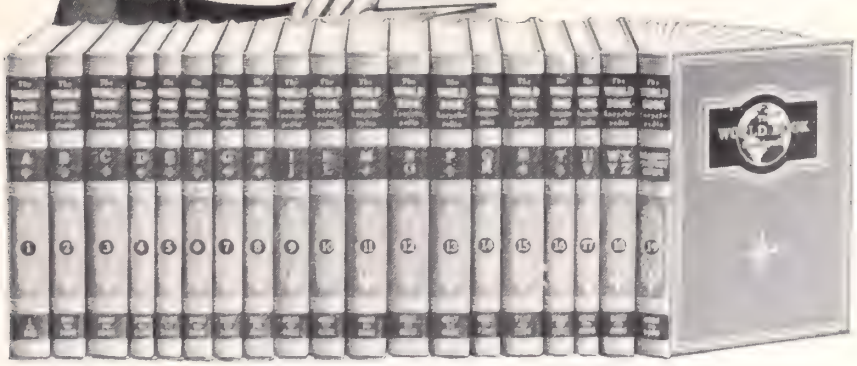
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"All right, God damn it, we'll pay him for it." Because they had already considered that last gambit; they had already realized its seriousness from the very fact that Peabody had tried to make a joke about it which everyone knew that even Peabody did not think humorous:

"Yes—and quick too, before he has time to advise with Pettigrew and price it by the pound."

"By the pound?" Compson said.

"Pettigrew just weighed it by the three hundred miles from Nashville. Old Alec might start from Carolina. That's fifteen thousand pounds."

"Oh," Compson said. So he blew in his men by means of a foxhorn which one of the Indians wore on a thong around his neck, though even then they paused for one last quick conference; again it was Peabody who stopped them.

"Who'll pay for it?" he said. "It would be just like him to want a dollar a pound for it, even if by Pettigrew's scale he had found it in the ashes of his fireplace." They—Compson anyway—had probably already thought of that; that, as much as Pettigrew's presence, was probably why he was trying to rush them into old Alec's presence with the offer so quickly that none would have the face to renege on a pro rata share. But Peabody had torn it now. Compson looked about at them, sweating, grimly enraged.

"That means Peabody will probably pay one dollar," he said. "Who pays the other fourteen? Me?" Then Ratcliffe, the trader, the store's proprietor, solved it—a solution so simple, so limitless in retroaction, that they didn't even wonder why nobody had thought of it before; which not only solved the problem but abolished it; and not just that one, but all problems, from now on into perpetuity, opening to their vision like the rending of a veil, like a glorious prophesy, the vast splendid limitless panorama of America: that land of boundless opportunity, that bourne, created not by nor of the people, but for the people, as was the heavenly manna of old, with no return demand on man save the chewing and swallowing since out of its own matchless Allgood it would create, produce, train, support, and perpetuate a race of laborers dedicated to the single purpose of picking the manna up and putting it into his lax hand or even between his jaws—illimitable, vast, without beginning or end, not even a trade or a craft but a beneficence as are sunlight and rain and air, inalienable and immutable.

"Put it on the Book," Ratcliffe said—the Book: not a ledger, but *the* ledger, since it was probably the only thing of its kind between Nashville and Natchez, unless there might happen to be a similar one a few miles south at the first Chocktaw agency at Yalo Busha—a ruled, paper-backed copybook such as might have come out of a schoolroom, in which accrued, with the United States as debtor, in Mohataha's name (the Chickasaw matriarch, Ikkemotubbe's mother and old Issetibbeha's sister, who—she could write her name, or anyway make something with a pen or pencil which was agreed to be, or at least accepted to be, a valid signature—signed all the conveyances as her son's kingdom passed to the white people, regularizing it in law anyway) the crawling tedious list of calico and gunpower, whiskey and salt and snuff and denim pants and osseous candy drawn from Ratcliffe's shelves by her descendants and subjects and Negro slaves.

That was all the settlement had to do: add the lock to the list, the account. It wouldn't even matter at what price they entered it. They could have priced it on Pettigrew's scale of fifteen pounds times the distance not just to Carolina but to Washington itself, and nobody would ever notice it probably; they could have charged the United States with seventeen thousand five hundred dollars' worth of the fossilized and indestructible candy, and none would ever read the entry. So it was solved, done, finished, ended. They didn't even have to discuss it. They didn't even think about it any more, unless perhaps here and there to marvel (a little speculatively probably) at their own moderation, since they wanted nothing—least of all, to escape any just blame—but a fair and decent adjustment of the lock. They went back to where old Alec still sat with his pipe in front of his dim hearth. Only they had overestimated him; he didn't want any money at all, he wanted his lock. Whereupon what little remained of Compson's patience went too.

"Your lock's gone," he told old Alec harshly. "You'll take fifteen dollars for it," he said, his voice already fading, because even that rage could recognize impasse when it saw it. Nevertheless,

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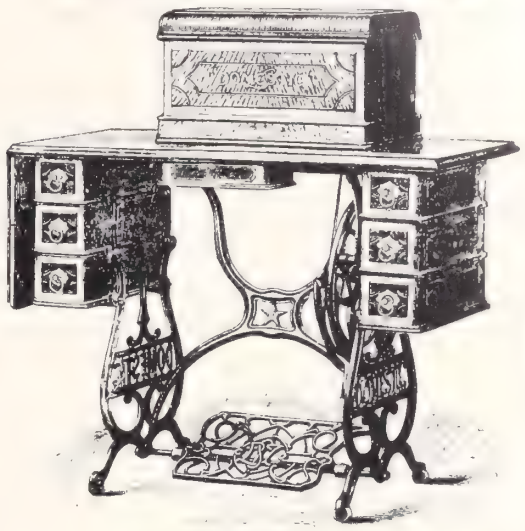
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the rage, the impotence, the sweating, the *too much*—whatever it was—forced the voice on for one word more: "Or—" before it stopped for good and allowed Peabody to fill the gap:

"Or else?" Peabody said, and not to old Alec, but to Compson. "Or else what?" Then Ratcliffe saved that too.

"Wait," he said. "Uncle Alec's going to take fifty dollars for his lock. A guarantee of fifty dollars. He'll give us the name of the blacksmith back in Cal'lina that made it for him, and we'll send back there and have a new one made. Going and coming and all'll cost about fifty dollars. We'll give Uncle Alec the fifty dollars to hold as a guarantee. Then when the new lock comes, he'll give us back the money. All right, Uncle Alec?"

And that could have been all of it. It probably would have been, except for Pettigrew. It was not that they had forgotten him, or even assimilated him. They had simply sealed—healed him off (so they thought)—him into their civic crisis as the desperate and defenseless oyster immobilizes its atom of inevictable grit. Nobody had seen him move; yet he now stood in the center of them where Compson and Ratcliffe and Peabody faced old Alec in the chair. You might have said that he had oozed there, except for that adamantine quality which might (in emergency) become invisible but never insubstantial and never in this world fluid; he spoke in a voice bland, reasonable, and impersonal, then stood there being looked at, frail and child-sized, impermeable as diamond and manifest with portent, bringing into that backwoods room a thousand miles deep in pathless wilderness, the whole vast incalculable weight of federality, not just representing the government nor even himself just the government; for that moment at least, he was the United States.

"Uncle Alec hasn't lost any lock," he said. "That was Uncle Sam."

After a moment someone said, "What?"

"That's right," Pettigrew said. "Whoever put that lock of Holston's on that mail bag either made a voluntary gift to the United States, and the same law covers the United States government that covers minor children: you can give something to them, but you can't take it back; or he or they done something else."

They looked at him. Again after a while somebody said something; it was Ratcliffe. "What else?" Ratcliffe said. Pettigrew answered, still bland, impersonal, heartless, and glib:

"Committed a violation of Act of Congress as especially made and provided for the defacement of government property, penalty of five thousand dollars or not less than one year in a federal jail or both. For whoever cut them two slits in the bag to put the lock in, Act of Congress as especially made and provided for the injury or destruction of government property, penalty of ten thousand dollars or not less than five years in a federal jail or both." He did not move even yet; he simply spoke directly to old Alec: "I reckon you're going to have supper here same as usual sooner or later or more or less."

"Wait," Ratcliffe said. He turned to Compson. "Is that true?"

"What the hell difference does it make whether it's true or not?" Compson said. "What do you think he's going to do as soon as he gets to Nashville?" He said violently to Pettigrew: "You were supposed to leave for Nashville yesterday. What were you hanging around here for?"

"Nothing to go to Nashville for," Pettigrew said. "You don't want any mail. You ain't got anything to lock it up with."

"So we ain't," Ratcliffe said. "So we'll let the United States find the United States' lock." This time Pettigrew looked at no one. He wasn't even speaking to anyone, any more than old Alec had been when he decreed the return of his lock:

"Act of Congress as made and provided for the unauthorized removal and/or use or willful or felonious use or misuse or loss of government property, penalty the value of the article plus five hundred to ten thousand dollars or thirty days to twenty years in a federal jail or both. They may even make a new one when they read where you have charged a Post Office Department lock to the Bureau of Indian Affairs." He moved; now he was speaking to old Alec again: "I'm going out to my horse. When this meeting is over and you get back to cooking, you can send your nigger for me."

THEN he was gone. After a while Ratcliffe said, "What do you reckon he aims to get out of this? A reward?" But that was wrong; they all knew better than that.

"He's already getting what he wants," Compson said, and cursed again. "Confusion. Just damned confusion." But that was wrong too; they all knew that too, though it was Peabody who said it:

"No. Not confusion. A man who will ride six hundred miles through this country every two weeks, with nothing for protection but a foxhorn, ain't really interested in confusion any more than he is in money." So they didn't know yet what was in Pettigrew's mind. But they knew what he would do. That is, they knew that they did not know at all, either what he would do, or how, or when, and that there was nothing whatever that they could do about it until they discovered why. And they saw now that they had no possible means to discover that; they realized now that they had known him for three years now, during which, fragile and inviolable and undeviable and preceded for a mile or more by the strong sweet ringing of the horn, on his strong and tireless horse he would complete the bi-monthly trip from Nashville to the settlement and for the next three or four days would live among them, yet that they knew nothing whatever about him, and even now knew only that they dared not, simply dared not, take any chance, sitting for a while longer in the darkening room while old Alec still smoked, his back still squarely turned to them and their quandary too; then dispersing to their own cabins for the evening meal—with what appetite they could bring to it, since presently they had drifted back through the summer darkness when by ordinary they would have been already in bed, to the back room of Ratcliffe's store now, to sit again while Ratcliffe recapitulated in his mixture of bewilderment and alarm (and something else which they recognized was respect as they realized that he—Ratcliffe—was unshakably convinced that Pettigrew's aim was money; that Pettigrew had invented or evolved a scheme so richly rewarding that he—Ratcliffe—had not only been unable to forestall him and do it first, he—Ratcliffe—couldn't even guess what it was after he had been given a hint) until Compson interrupted him.

"Hell," Compson said. "Everybody knows what's wrong with him. It's ethics. He's a damned moralist."

"Ethics?" Peabody said. He sounded almost startled. He said quickly: "That's bad. How can we corrupt an ethical man?"

"Who wants to corrupt him?" Compson said. "All we want him to do is stay on that damned horse and blow whatever extra wind he's got into that damned horn."

But Peabody was not even listening. He said, "Ethics," almost dreamily. He said, "Wait." They watched him. He said suddenly to Ratcliffe: "I've heard it somewhere. If anybody here knows it, it'll be you. What's his name?"

"His name?" Ratcliffe said. "Pettigrew's? Oh. His Christian name." Ratcliffe told him. "Why?"

"Nothing," Peabody said. "I'm going home. Anybody else coming?" He spoke directly to nobody and said and would say no more, but that was enough: a straw perhaps, but at least a straw; enough anyway for the others to watch and say nothing either as Compson got up too and said to Ratcliffe, "You coming?" and the three of them walked away together, beyond earshot then beyond sight too. Then Compson said, "All right. What?"

"It may not work," Peabody said. "But you two will have to back me up. When I speak for the whole settlement, you and Ratcliffe will have to make it stick. Will you?"

Compson cursed. "But at least tell us a little of what we're going to guarantee." So Peabody told them, some of it, and the next morning entered the stall in the Holston House stable where Pettigrew was grooming his ugly hammer-headed iron-muscled horse.

"WE DECIDED not to charge that lock to old Mohataha, after all," Peabody said. "That so?" Pettigrew said. "Nobody in Washington would ever catch it. Certainly not the ones that can read."

"We're going to pay for it ourselves," Peabody said. "In fact, we're going to do a little more. We've got to repair that jail wall anyhow; we've got to build one wall anyway. So by building three more, we will have another room. We got to build one anyway, so that don't count. So by building an extra three-wall room, we will have another four-wall house. That will be the courthouse." Pettigrew had been hissing gently between his teeth at each stroke of the brush, like a professional Irish groom. Now he stopped, the brush and his hand arrested in midstroke, and turned his head a little.

"Courthouse?"

"We're going to have a town," Peabody said. "We already got a church—that's Whit-

field's cabin. And we're going to build a school too, soon as we get around to it. But we're going to build the courthouse today; we've already got something to put in it to make it a courthouse: that iron box that's been in Ratcliffe's way in the store for the last ten years. Then we'll have a town. We've already even named her."

Now Pettigrew stood up, very slowly. They looked at one another. After a moment Pettigrew said, "So?"

"Ratcliffe says your name's Jefferson," Peabody said.

"That's right," Pettigrew said. "Thomas Jefferson Pettigrew. I'm from old Ferginny."

"Any kin?" Peabody said.

"No," Pettigrew said. "My ma named me for him, so I would have some of his luck."

"Luck?" Peabody said.

Pettigrew didn't smile. "That's right. She didn't mean luck. She never had any schooling. She didn't know the word she wanted to say."

"Have you had it?" Peabody said. Nor did Pettigrew smile now. "I'm sorry," Peabody said. "Try to forget it." He said: "We decided to name her Jefferson." Now Pettigrew didn't seem to breathe even. He just stood there, small, frail, less than boy-size, childless and bachelor, incorrigibly kinless and tieless, looking at Peabody. Then he breathed, and raising the brush, he turned back to the horse and for an instant Peabody thought he was going back to the grooming. But instead of making the stroke, he laid the hand and the brush against the horse's flank and stood for a moment, his face turned away and his head bent a little. Then he raised his head and turned his face back toward Peabody.

"You could call that lock 'axle grease' on that Indian account," he said.

"Fifty dollars worth of axle grease?" Peabody said.

"To grease the wagons for Oklahoma," Pettigrew said.

"So we could," Peabody said. "Only her name's Jefferson now. We can't forget that any more now."

Cooler in the Suburbs

WHAT can be expected of a husband and a father who can earn no more than $1,500 or $1,600? How is it possible for him to stem the current always running so strong against him, especially against the refined and sensitive poor of Anglo-Saxon strain? It is clear that he cannot live in the city proper; he must pitch his tent, as it may justly be styled, in the rear of Brooklyn, along the lines of the New Jersey railroads, among the sand knolls of Long Island, or amid the pastures of Westchester. He must come and go daily to and from his business in every sort of weather, keeping mind and nerves on the stretch lest he miss the boat or train. His wistful life is regulated by schedule time; he is ever hurried, planning to save a few minutes, and yet wasting, from the perpetual stress of circumstance, his entire years. He has no leisure, no repose; he is absorbed in town, feverish in the country; he sees little of his family, nothing of his friends; he is engrossed with his petty affairs, which he may despise, but which he cannot afford for an hour to neglect. His life is a dull, wearisome round, his most serious thought how he shall get on, and while still thinking of it, the cord snaps and the end comes.

—From "The Problem of Living in New York" by Junius Henri Browne, *Harper's,* November 1882.

The Easy Chair

The Constant Function

Bernard DeVoto

THE Abbé Sieyès amply summarized his achievements during the Revolution: *"J'ai vécu,"* he stayed alive. That terse eloquence is like an incantation uttered when thunder grumbles to the left of noon. *Harper's* has been published for a hundred years; it was the first quality magazine that circulated nationally and it created a type. The type flourished for a long time and during the last quarter of the nineteenth century it dominated monthly journalism. Thereafter it declined and with the first world war it began to disappear. Besides *Harper's* only one other member of what was once called "the quality group" remains. To have survived for a hundred years is an achievement impressive in itself, but that the first quality magazine is as vigorous now as at any time during the century is a fact so significant that it invites examination.

The circulation figures cause no uneasiness in the Luce offices but they stand for a national influence altogether disproportionate to their sum. That influence, which was not achieved by chance, explains why *Harper's* has survived. As American journalism developed in the twentieth century, it seemed to be abandoning one of its basic functions. But the function was not only basic, it was vital, it could not be abandoned, and one segment of journalism had to perform it. Natural selection, which produces specialized life forms in adaptation to the environment, shaped *Harper's* to the service of the endangered function.

BEGIN with the fact that the magazine meets the competition of the newsstand; it must make a profit. There may be ways of keeping a subsidized magazine from being a closed magazine but none has yet been found. No way of keeping it from being dull has been found, either. Such a magazine usually begins in dedication to a set of findings postulated before the search for them begins, some pattern of belief, some gospel. It exists to advertise dogmas, to hold truth to a test oath, and to conduct public arguments for the private comfort of those who agree with the arguments before they are made. The job it does may repeatedly be valuable but its detachment is circumscribed by a vested interest; it is slanted journalism and must work under suspicion that the end in view has made it selective with the evidence. The suspicion is frequently well founded, for the shortest way between dedication and dogma makes a wide detour round evidence that points another way. And such a magazine is usually querulous and always pontifical. It so loves virtue that it appeals to nothing but the love of virtue. True believers doubtless find it *gemütlich,* but to sinful people, who greatly outnumber them, its self-righteousness is aggressively dull. Periodically it calls on the sinful to repent and to throw a nickel on the drum for virtue's sake —how can you be indifferent when the gospel hangs in the balance? That is its sales talk; it asks to be bought as an act of faith. Since they are withdrawn from competition, its editors need not be competent but only devout, its writers not interesting but only orthodox.

But what counts more heavily is that their ideas are not subjected to competition, either. In fact, they are protected from it, for we must not question gospel truths. Theoretically, a magazine which need not worry about the payroll and the printer ought to be the best medium for unbiased inquiry but things have never yet worked out that way. The profit motive is the only warranty journalism has found for what Justice Holmes

called "free trade in ideas." The best test of truth, he decided, "is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market." But all subsidies rig the market; they are in restraint of trade. If a magazine is kept, it does not matter in the least who keeps it.

So two things, equally important, *Harper's* has to interest the audience it addresses—educated people, people of supple intelligence, of persistent curiosity, capable both of pursuing ideas and of playing with them. Presumably these people too love virtue but they will not suffer boredom for its sake; as it grows in the shuck it is not worth fifty cents to them. A *Harper's* editor is a man trying to put together a magazine which will sell for fifty cents on its merits. His nightmare is ponderousness and his prayer is that tomorrow's mail may have a frivolous manuscript in it, or if that be crowding providence too hard, at least an amusingly written one. He wakes to resume his search for new *Harper's* writers, writers who know what they are talking about and breathe easily while they talk.

And also, the audience insists on determining for itself what virtue is. *Harper's* must guarantee its readers that no orthodoxy will interfere with the free competition of ideas. They will not be editorially weighted or skewed; they will have their say and submit their claim. Justice Holmes's principle holds that so long as the market is free and open, error will be corrected, competition will provide the essential tests. They are functions of competition and they consist of criticism and appraisal. The evolution of American journalism made *Harper's* a magazine of appraisal, of critical inquiry.

For both newspapers and magazines have steadily narrowed the range of inquiry. Modern journalism concentrates on reporting. The facilities of communication, incomparably swifter than those of the nineteenth century, are focused on presenting, describing, showing, picturing, stating. Size, expense, and the pressure of the speed-up, not to mention the tastes of the mass audience, all work to the same end: get the thing reported and get on to the next thing that is clamoring to be reported. But if journalism stops with reporting, then a necessary part of its job is left undone. There must be something that says, Wait a minute! and asks, But just what is this, just what does it mean, and how can you be sure? What is reported must also be examined, interpreted, criticized, and reconsidered. If large-scale publishing cannot perform this function, it cannot therefore be allowed to atrophy; someone else must take care of it.

Thus *Harper's* often has found itself reporting news, though not as the daily paper reports it. Its reporting is retrospective, to correct or amplify the record. Its reporter has had time that the legman lacked and so has turned up among the facts relations or significance that he missed, or has dug farther into the setting than he was able to. Newspapers can do this once-routine kind of follow-up only as a special feature and usually when they are able to build fresh news on the old.

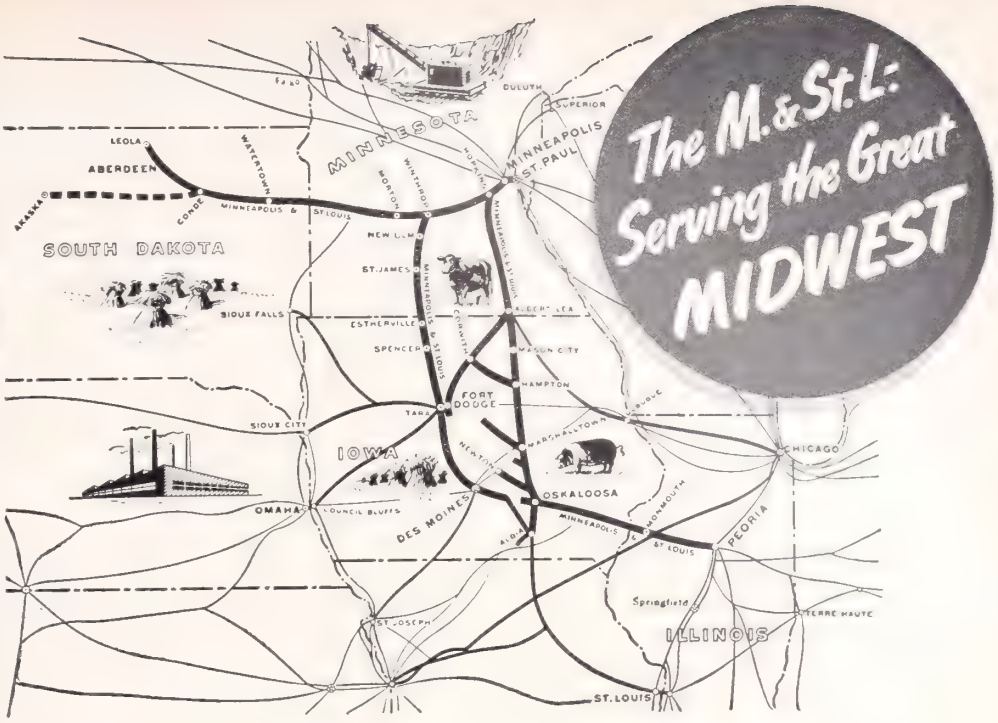
Harper's, however, is much less concerned with news than with comment on it. The forces that have produced the modern newspaper have incidentally enervated the editorial page. Even if they had not, it would not now be possible for a paper to exert such a national influence as several did seventy-five years ago. To compensate for what it has lost, daily journalism has invented the syndicated column to interpret the news, but it has rather opened a new field than plugged the gap. A columnist cannot qualify himself to cover all the news, though some try to. He is a specialist, usually a specialist in politics, and he has to work under the same pressure of haste that drives the city desk. His frequently expert competitor, the radio analyst, is under a double exigency, for his space is measured in time. What the news weekly offers, a compound in which reporting and editorial interpretation are pressed together in register, is not a substitute for critical inquiry. But there has to be comment on the news that escapes from the tyranny of haste and the limitation of space. *Harper's* has become a vehicle for comment by experts.

The evolution of monthly journalism left similar areas bare. A magazine whose circulation is in the millions is primarily an enterprise in popular entertainment and information, and its service of information has to ignore a great deal of the world at hand. Here too *Harper's* is an impresario of experts, and in two kinds of knowledge, that which leaves the mass audience cold and that which it avoids because of anxiety. Something is hap-

pening in science or technology, in philosophy or sociology; in some odd half-acre of the United States or the world at large a sign seems to have been given, and somebody who understands it finds it promising or ominous; a learned specialty has turned up something potentially significant or important to a few people but not as yet to a great many. The big box office, the mass-circulation magazine, cannot deal with such things, but educated people must be kept in touch with the advance of knowledge. So *Harper's* transmits the knowledge of specialists and makes it negotiable. And also there is the information which the big magazine must avoid because it is tabooed. It has to be put at the disposal of people for whom it is important or usable.

THE same two functions are more important still in the inquiries that concern opinion. A big magazine can deal hardly at all in opinion that is at odds with popular belief or tolerance, or that goes to the roots of either. Popular tranquillity of mind may be questioned, but it can be challenged only lightly, to a point short of discomfort. And the box office cannot give costly space to marginal thinking, the minority opinion that offends no one. But there has to be some channel round the avoidances, compromises, and taboos of the big magazine. Inquiries must be made, opinions must be expressed, judgments must be passed—ideas must be got into the marketplace. Here is a pivotal function of journalism, to which we citizens have given a charter of freedom and immunity on the express condition that it will get them there.

For we are committed. The independent press is a mechanism of our society. In the relationships of men there are no final truths, our premise runs, and error of opinion may be safely tolerated "so long as reason is left free to combat it." There is no way of telling in advance: an opinion that offends popular belief may be inflammatory, it may be fallacious, it may be right, it may be worthless and incapable of turning litmus paper either way. You can only get it into the market and set conflicting ideas to work on it, in the belief that what emerges will be





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years ago Mark Twain wrote:*

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SAML

Nothing but *Angostura* Bitters will do.

just recently, Bernard DeVoto wrote:**

. . . bitters, so long as they are *Angostura*—all others are condiments for a tea shoppe cookbook.

we think***

it was very nice of Messrs. Twain and DeVoto to express their appreciation of *Angostura.* They were so right!

*"*Love Letters of Mark Twain.*" © 1947, by The Mark Twain Co.
**Editor's Easy Chair, Harper's Magazine, Dec. 1949.
***THE ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORP.

THE EASY CHAIR

the most dependable approximation of the truth. And this applies not only to "the thought we hate" but to the marginal opinion which modern journalism has tended to let go by default. If it goes by default it has been suppressed as effectively as if someone higher up had censored it. Hence a continuing necessity for a journalism that will provide the utmost possible latitude of discussion.

The utmost possible—which necessarily sets a limit, though one exceedingly difficult to define. Freedom of speech and of the press does not mean, as naïve and zealous people long to believe, that what I write must be published, but instead that if someone does publish it the constitutional guarantee will protect me. What I write may be not so much dangerous—the thought we hate—as harebrained, but written to an important end nevertheless. Against the indifference of journalism, I and those whom conceivably I might affect used to have the recourse of pamphleteering, but that has become prohibitively expensive and impossible to distribute nationally. If Thomas Paine himself were alive today he could reach an audience only through established periodicals—and it is precisely the possibility that even the looniest, or the most dangerous, point of view may have a seed in it from which a Thomas Paine may grow that forces a magazine of inquiry to strain its abhorrences to the utmost. At any moment the entirely inconsequential may become urgent. So the channel must be kept open for use.

The function assigned to *Harper's* by natural selection, then, was that of assuring the expression of opinion. A magazine which undertakes the job is subjected to formidable hazards. It is a shining target for the most malign skills of our age, publicity and propaganda; if it were to be victimized by either it would promptly die. Sensationalism would kill it just as fast. It cannot be a magazine of controversy, which means either a magazine with a cause or one which stages an exhibition match that is only an elegant kind of box office. But the facts that produce controversy and the clash of opinion that arises from them are in the very center of its path. If con-

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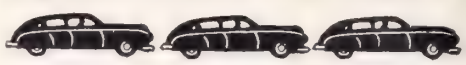
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troversy therefore follows, it must amiably abide the uproar. And at the core of editorial responsibility are the kinds of opinion just alluded to, the harebrained and the dangerous, together with a great variety of others that hinge on them, the eccentricities, manias, fads, fashions, and delusions in which the human race and its sub-species the Americans are so fecund. They are inexhaustibly interesting and at any time any of them may explode into importance. It is the delight of journalism to inquire into them and the duty of critical journalism to appraise them —but shall the columns of *Harper's* be open to their advocacy? The question is far from pellucid. There is the sovereign principle: the widest possible freedom of discussion. And there is a fact: sometimes they may have a legitimate claim. A magazine of critical inquiry has to pass on the legitimacy of the claim; there is no way of not doing so.

THIS is the upper ether of editorial skill and integrity, and the life of the magazine hangs in the balance. It undertakes to facilitate the search for truth. In doing so it may please or antagonize, it may arouse, it may catalyze, but it cannot crusade and no one can use it to crusade with. Its safeguard is the temper in which it works. However ardent the heart, the mind must be cool. The critical spirit is skeptical, resolved to find out, to test all things. It refuses to let the mind's edge be blunted by wishfulness or indignation. It is aware that there are no final truths, "that time has upset many fighting faiths." It is willing to criticize its own motives and to announce its own mistakes. There is no finer irony than that which makes a reluctance to believe the principal guarantee that ideas will be wholly free to fight for acceptance.

Beyond this—which could have been called liberal journalism until the adjective came into disfavor—there is the additional necessity of being civilized. The skeptical intelligence will be urbane. It will dread solemnity as much as it dreads inaccuracy or propaganda. It will have leisure to enjoy the altogether unimportant and it will insist on handling even the weightiest subjects with a light touch. It has got to be



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the old pro, the ballplayers' ballplayer. "I been watching him for eight years," a fan is supposed to have remarked about Joe DiMaggio, "and nobody ever knocked him a hard fly yet." *Harper's,* too, has got to look that way to the stands.

Harper's, that is, serves a constant function and can serve it only on the highest level of journalism. At its century mark, it may fairly ask where is there better journalism, or more expert, or more reliable? It implies a reciprocal audience, the people for whom the best that journalism can offer is indispensable. There has never been a time when that audience was very large. *Harper's* cannot claim that it has been alone in serving this audience or that it has served them better than some other magazines which have tried. But it has never fallen below their standards, it has never offered them less than the best journalism. It has put itself at the service of inquiring minds. It has tried to get at the realities of the contemporary scene, to inquire into them, to appraise them.

For a hundred years *Harper's* has been offering expert journalism to the most intelligent audience. They must have found it satisfactory, for they have kept it alive. At the turn of its century it expects that satisfaction to continue and expects to survive as long as there is any sensible way of looking ahead.

Occupants of the "Editor's Easy Chair"*

Donald G. Mitchell (unsigned), October 1851-1859

George William Curtis, jointly with Mitchell, 1853-1859; solely, 1859-1892

(Following Curtis's death in 1892, the chair stood vacant for eight years.)

William Dean Howells, 1900-1920

Edward S. Martin, 1920-1935

Bernard DeVoto, 1935-

* Renamed the "Easy Chair" in 1935.

The Villains

Gerald W. Johnson

Every candid mind must admit that the villains of a nation are as certainly a part of the true picture of it as are its heroes. Cato without Nero is not an accurate representation of Rome; Fouché was as much a Frenchman as Bayard; and if Alfred the Great was an English king, so also was John. Even in our own early history we recognize the existence of the deplorable, if only to point up the virtues of the worshipful. Sir William Berkeley who, according to Charles II, "killed more people in that naked country [Virginia] than I did for the murder of my father"; Judge Samuel Sewall, who hanged nineteen Salem witches; and Benedict Arnold are all authentic figures in the pageant of American history and were they omitted the story would be falsified.

It follows that a survey of the record beginning with the year that saw the foundation of *Harper's Magazine* and coming down to the present would be incomplete without some reference to the incidence of scoundrels in that period. Naturally, an account brief enough to be encompassed in a single issue of the magazine cannot waste attention upon scurvy knaves such as can be dealt with adequately by the uniformed police; but on the other hand it cannot ignore villains in the grand manner, malefactors who operated potently and with an air, for these really affected the course of events as ordinary thieves, swindlers, and fanciers of homicide never did.

Such figures must be very conspicuous indeed, and it would seem that pointing them out should be the simplest of tasks; but an element enters that complicates the apparent simplicity of the operation. It is the influence of geography. The period under consideration begins in 1850, and by 1850 the United States was a continental domain. Texas, California, and Oregon had all been acquired and the writ of the Supreme Court ran from the Lake of the Woods southeastward to Key West and southwestward to San Diego, that is to say, from the sub-arctic to the sub-tropic in mundane geography, and in the spiritual realm from Calvinism to the Spanish Inquisition.

Now it is a matter of common knowledge that villainy, like oranges and barley, is greatly affected by climatic conditions, and if the area under consideration is one with a wide climatic range, it is difficult to find a villain who is equally villainous in all parts of that area. Which of the great rogues of European history appeared equally scoundrelly in every corner of Europe? Madrid's loathsome pirate, Drake, was Sir Francis, the ornament of Elizabeth's court, in London. Peter of Russia, indistinguishable from Shaitan in Constantinople, was an interesting and industrious ship carpenter in Holland. In England prior to 1815 Napoleon was a villain, net, but only there; everywhere else he oscillated with bewildering speed between ogre and hero.

Since 1850 the United States in both

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geography and demography has resembled Europe more closely than it has resembled any single European country; hence our estimation of villains is European, rather than English, or French, or German, which is another way of saying that it is somewhat wavering and uncertain.

This was brought home to me forcibly some years ago when I, born and bred in North Carolina, compared notes in Baltimore with another newspaper scrivener born and bred in Chicago. He remarked that when he first crossed Mount Vernon Place, the *Siegesallee* of the Maryland city, and on the pedestal of a statue there read the name, "Roger B. Taney," he all but fainted. He would as soon have expected to see a statue of Benedict Arnold. I had just returned from my first visit to Boston, and I understood his emotion; for on Boston Common I had seen a bronze figure representing Charles Sumner, and in a respectable city I should as soon have expected to find a statue of Beelzebub.

It is evident, then, that even as the barley which flourishes in the country around Chicago and much farther north is hardly worth cultivating in the heat of Alabama, so the villainy of the Chief Justice who delivered the Dred Scott decision, strong in Illinois, droops and fails below the Mason and Dixon Line; while the villainy of Charles Sumner can be cultivated in Massachusetts only under artificial conditions, as the oranges that thrive prodigiously in Florida can be grown only under glass in Boston.

TIME is another variable that complicates the calculus of villainy in a specimen of any real size. Within my own lifetime, for example, I have seen Woodrow Wilson transmogrified from a demigod into a demon and back into a demigod again, and that within the two decades between 1920 and 1940. In fact, I have seen faster metamorphoses on a smaller scale; it was in 1920 that H. L. Mencken published the second volume of his *Prejudices,* containing the blistering essay, "The Sahara of the Bozart," that made him everywhere below the thirty-seventh parallel the damnedest villain since William Tecumseh Sherman. But that essay heralded, if it did not touch off, a tremendous burst of intellectual production in Dixie which did the region a lot of good; so when Mencken ventured into the South only about six years later his journey became a sort of Roman triumph, beginning with enthusiasm in Richmond and at the University of North Carolina, and rising to a thunderous climax at New Orleans, where they made him an honorary fire chief and photographed him wearing a large, white fireman's hat. Mencken is the only literary figure of the past century who has collected denunciations that fill an entire volume; so if he rates no higher than a part-time, temporary villain, it is plainly futile to search further among men of letters.

But not even Mencken changed character as rapidly as the one other type whose lightning-like descent to Avernus is remembered by men still in their thirties. In times past the word "banker" before a man's name was not a mere designation; it was an honorific, easily ranking with the French "*de*" or the German "*von*" and approaching in grandeur the English "*sir*." But in the month of October, "the lonesome October" 1929, a "most immemorial year," the word "banker" became practically overnight an epithet so opprobrious that calling a Frenchman a species of camel, or a German a pig-dog was hardly worse than hurling "banker" at an American. Even today, twenty years later, although the word has lost its opprobrium, it is still no more than a common noun, denuded of all reverential associations—a classical demonstration of the thinness of the line that separates sanctity from villainy.

Triangulation of an American villain of impressive size is thus an intricate and perplexing operation. It requires a base line not only of known altitude, but also of known latitude and known date. It is quite impossible to measure Thaddeus Stevens, for example, unless it is known whether you are viewing him from the angle of 1869 or that of 1949. The Warren G. Harding of 1921 is obviously not in the same category as the Harding of 1925.

IT FOLLOWS that, disregarding certain persons of murderous and larcenous proclivities from Jesse James to Al Capone, it is difficult to find conspicuous American figures of whom one can say flatly, as Dr. Sidney Painter says in his recently-published life of King John, "he was definitely a bad man." Between 1850 and 1950 the two worst Presidents undoubtedly were Grant and Harding. One is safe in saying that they were bad Presidents; but to say that they were bad men is not merely questionable, it is

nonsensical. No doubt Grant had a weakness for bottles and Harding for belles, but villainy, like ambition, "should be made of sterner stuff." When lame Talleyrand brought Fouché into the audience chamber to be presented to the Bourbon king, Chateaubriand, noting how the Prince leaned heavily on the policeman's arm, could remark, "I seemed to see Vice advancing, supported by Crime." No scene in American history since 1850 comes as close to justifying such a remark by an intelligent man, not even when Albert B. Fall went nosing into Woodrow Wilson's sick-room.

Yet, subject to the caveat that American villains are not equally villainous when viewed from different angles, it is possible to arrange the deplorables of the past century in interesting classifications, based first on their intrinsic nature and second on their puissance, as measured by the damage they did to the country.

In considering their generic qualities one admission may as well be stated at once. We have never yet produced a scoundrel who made a real contribution to the refinement of vice, as the Roman emperor Caligula is supposed to have been an ingenious contriver of new perversions, or as the Borgias are said to have developed the art of poisoning, or as Adolf Hitler contrived the new crime of genocide. There is extant a writing attributed to Benjamin Franklin which the prudish have construed as a defense of gerontophilia, but it is in fact no more than a discourse on social manners and customs with some observations on expedience in conforming to them. The American villain is, in comparison with classical and even modern European and Asiatic models, somewhat pallid. Lust plays a relatively unimportant part in his make-up, and sloth hardly any. Pride is usually confined to the narrow limits of personal vanity and gluttony is negligible. Of the seven deadly sins covetousness, anger, and envy are his specialties, if covetousness be understood to cover ambition, and anger, vindictiveness.

II

HARPER'S MAGAZINE was barely two years old before three who may be called the last of the truly statuesque American historical figures died. These were John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay. We have had greater men since, but even Abraham Lincoln was not as monumental during his lifetime as these were, and as John Adams and the Virginia Dynasty were before them. It follows that whatever they did was colossal and, if bad, was worse than anything that latter-day statesmen could perpetrate. For instance, Webster's Seventh of March speech was regarded in New England as a betrayal of such proportions that Whittier spoke of

> A bright soul driven
> Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
> From hope and heaven!

an anguished shriek that could hardly be extorted from a New England poet today were the Honorable Harry S Truman caught down on his knees shooting craps with Joseph Stalin.

Clay's deal with John Quincy Adams to keep Andrew Jackson out of the Presidency and Calhoun's nullification project were comparable in magnitude. As viewed from the appropriate angle, these were villainies in the grand manner. True, below the Potomac the Seventh of March speech made Webster a hero of tremendous dimensions; and in the perspective of a hundred years it is apparent that its support of the Compromise of 1850 postponed the Civil War and perhaps thereby saved the Union, since time was working against the South. Clay's deal made him a hero in New England and gave the country a nearly-great President in the younger Adams. Nullification made Calhoun immortal in the South and, curiously, has made him something of a national hero since 1932 among those intellectuals who are desperate for effective arguments against the welfare state.

The Civil War that burst when *Harper's Magazine* was ten years old stands out in history as the greatest of our national tragedies, and the violent demagogues on both sides who helped precipitate it were highly undesirable citizens, but they were, as a rule, so small that it is difficult for the historian to descry them without a magnifying glass. John Brown, indeed, managed to achieve lasting fame in the same way that Horst Wessel did, to wit, by getting himself hanged for good and sufficient reasons; but Robert Barnwell Rhett, just as vicious if less energetic, on the other side, is known only to historians and other students of political microbiology.

The men who actually fought the war were long ago acquitted of anything worse than

using bad logic in deciding a problem involving divided loyalties. Indeed, the losing side, which normally furnishes the villains in any great revolt, has given us our nearest approximation to Arthur, the Blameless King, in Robert E. Lee; and the brilliance of his military record is a source of American pride although the proud American may be from Minnesota instead of Georgia. Even the momentary victims of war-born fury are now recognized as victims; fair-minded Northerners are ashamed that leg-irons were fastened upon Jefferson Davis, as fair-minded Southerners are ashamed of what their sharp-tongued grandmothers said about Sherman.

THE quarter-century following the Civil War is generally accounted bad, so bad that Claude G. Bowers gave his book about it the title, *The Tragic Era*. It was during this period that we elected Grant to the Presidency and almost elected James G. Blaine. It was the time of the Credit Mobilier and the railroad buccaneers, the incubation period of the great trusts. It was the time when the natural resources of the country were expropriated with an effrontery unequaled before or since. It was the time when the corruption of the cities of the Eastern seaboard reached its nadir, and when the legitimate aspirations of the working classes were crushed with a brutal ferocity unparalleled in our history. It would seem logical, therefore, to look to this period for examples of towering villainy, if they are to be found at all.

Villains there were, in plenty, and if theft be accounted the acme of villainy some of them were towering. The cities, the states, and the nation were robbed with brazen recklessness; small business men were stripped of all they had and tossed into the almshouse, and the robbers called it the operation of a sound economy. Labor was robbed of its elementary rights and the robbers had the ineffable gall to name the robbing Christian piety, as when Rockefeller said God gave him the money he extracted from his competitors. Some of them bought judges and prosecuting attorneys. Some of them bought Congressmen on the hoof, as the pork-packers bought swine in Chicago, checking them not by name but by the number purchased.

In the cities, bosses like Tweed, of New York, regimented the ignorant and the poor, and by means of their votes put into municipal offices creatures who looted the public treasury of multiplied millions. At the same time they revived the ancient evil of the sale of indulgences, but this time on the mundane level; they sold immunity from prosecution to gamblers, prostitutes, dive-keepers, and gangsters, and also to "respectable" business men who wished to evade the law for profit.

In the single department of thievery this was truly prodigious, but as part of the wide realm of sin it may be called rather narrow specialization. Even as a financial operation it is puny by comparison with the Praetorian Guard's putting the whole Roman Empire up at auction, or the course of Warwick in delivering all England to one side or the other as suited his personal advantage. The mightiest of the "malefactors of great wealth" in the Tragic Era could not sell the United States bodily.

Nor could they, as the event proved, do it irreparable damage. This is not to be written down to their credit, for they did their worst. But while the outcome of their operations does not affect their moral quality, it does have a very definite effect on their stature as villains. The man who steals milk bottles may be as wicked as the man who steals a bank, but he is not as important. Oakes Ames, for example, may have stolen $20,000,000 in the Credit Mobilier scheme between 1867 and 1872; in the abstract this looks enormous, but in the concrete situation it shrinks in importance, because his scheme did get the Union Pacific Railroad built, and the existence of a transcontinental line was so vastly important that the loss of $20,000,000 in its construction counts hardly more than the pilfering of milk bottles counts in the dairy business. Hence, even if all that is said against him is true, Ames is an object of contempt, rather than of terror, not to be compared, for instance, to John Law, whose Mississippi Bubble all but wrecked France in the eighteenth century, or even to Serge Alexandre Stavisky, whose pawnshop swindle almost wrecked it again in the twentieth.

THIS curious immunity to the attacks of thieves is strikingly exemplified in the history of the cities for the past century. There is hardly one that has not been pillaged by crooked politicians at some time since 1850; and there is hardly one in which the work of the pillagers has not turned out to be in some way profitable to the town. For

blatant and shameless criminality it is hard to beat the record of the Tweed ring in New York between 1850 and 1875. Their effect on public morals was utterly destructive, but their effect on public finance was not. Tweed got a $40,000 bribe in stock of the corporation for getting the Brooklyn Bridge project approved, and a very much larger rake-off in connection with the purchase of the real estate that now comprises Central Park. In twenty-five years the Tweed ring certainly stole $30,000,000 and some observers have estimated the loot at seven times that much; but today the value of the park property alone is more than all the gang stole, to say nothing of the bridge and a dozen other public improvements that the Tweed ring put through. For emphasis let it be repeated—this is no credit to Tweed; but it does have the effect of reducing him from the status of a disaster to the status of a petty annoyance to the city of New York.

It is possible to argue with some plausibility that such characters as Oakes Ames, Tweed, and the industrial and financial buccaneers were necessary to the country and worth more than they cost—more, at least, than their cost in money. In the matter of the transcontinental railroads, for example, it is fairly evident that the gentry who were anxious to line their own pockets speeded up completion of the roads anywhere from ten to twenty years. Theoretically, the roads might have been built by honest men; but practically the honest men who originated the enterprises failed to carry them through. Crooks who saw the possibility of vast profits for themselves supplied the driving energy requisite for the last great effort.

Similarly, in the cities the large public improvements should have been made by honest men; but the history of such improvements shows that honest men almost invariably opposed their making. Our social consciousness was not sufficiently developed for us to realize the civic necessity of parks, playgrounds, boulevards, or even, in many places, adequate water supply and sanitary systems. The crooks did not appreciate that necessity any more than the honest men, but they did see in large public works opportunity for large graft, so they heartily favored the improvement of cities and thereby contributed, however unwittingly, to the health, safety, and convenience of all the people. But when a man's work proves, on the whole, beneficial to the public, there is a certain incongruity in describing him as a villain in the grand manner.

Whether one considers the building of the railroads, of the industrial system, or of the cities, it is doubtful that the land pirates were, on balance, an affliction. The real affliction was the inertia, due to lack of imagination, of the honest majority. Had we been socially alert, there would have been no need of crooks; but we were lethargic, almost comatose. Like strychnine in certain cardiac conditions, the poison that the robber barons injected served as a stimulant whose toxic effects were inconsiderable by comparison with the value of the reaction it produced.

III

It is not to be denied that the United States has suffered lasting hurts in the years since 1850; but the injuries that are felt for generations after their infliction are not financial. They are injuries to the mind and the spirit, not to the pocketbook. It was not the loss of a certain amount of oil that comprised the damage that Albert B. Fall inflicted upon the country; it would have been better to lose ten times as much oil than to lose our former confidence that the President's Cabinet, while it may sometimes be incompetent, or even silly, is never crooked. Huey Long was perhaps the most dangerous demagogue that the country has produced; but he was dangerous not because his gang stole so much in Louisiana, but because he stimulated the latent appetite for fascism in all parts of the country. As an individual, Fall never commanded an impressive following; at most he was but a bush-league rascal; but Long came close to being a villain in the grand manner, one comparable to Bloody Mary with a potential capacity to swell to something like the size of Hitler. Where the pint-size rogues stole money, he had the ability to steal reason and judgment from the minds of men, leaving them furnished with nothing but prejudice and emotion, mostly hate.

That sort of theft is, in fact, the only kind that has had any lasting influence upon the course of American history; so the men who have perpetrated it would seem to be the only kind of villains worthy of serious notice by history. But as one surveys the years since 1850 an anomaly becomes apparent. The

men who have embezzled our good sense and substituted for it hatred, suspicion, distrust, and cynicism have only in rare instances been villains by any dictionary definition of the word. Far more frequently they have been holy men, and some of them are enshrined near the top of the secular hagiology.

Consider, for example, the evils that still survive as legacies of the Civil War. The slaughter and destruction perpetrated by Grant and Lee were repaired and forgotten, long ago. The never-dying evils were the hatreds and prejudices that attended the conflict and these were only to a small extent the work of the soldiers. The men in uniform had little to do with establishing the conviction, on one side, that the institution of slavery was the deliberate choice of wicked men, and, on the other, that the tariff was not an economic policy, but one step in an infamous project to obliterate the South as Hitler hoped to obliterate Poland. Yet these convictions were the bases of a cold war that lasted for many years and that has not been entirely eliminated to this day, as witness the frequent recourse to filibustering by the Southern bloc in the United States Senate.

The people who poisoned the relations of the sections were not rapscallions but, as a rule, persons animated—or so they thought—by the highest motives. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the novelist, and her preacher brother, Henry Ward Beecher, William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist, and Charles Sumner, the pious Senator, were persons of the utmost respectability. Beecher's lamentable entanglement with a choir singer does not invalidate the assertion; for in the first place, the trial resulted in a hung jury and in the second place, if he did step aside from the path of rectitude with the charming Mrs. Tilton, that doesn't indicate that his political and financial conduct was monstrous.

On the other side the monumental figure, John C. Calhoun, was in his private life perhaps the most impeccably correct man who ever figured prominently in American politics. He was so correct, indeed, that he tangled with Andrew Jackson rather than accept socially Mrs. Peggy Eaton, against whom, after all, nothing was ever proved. That collision destroyed him as a Presidential possibility, and a politician who will sacrifice the Presidency to propriety is proper in a superlative degree. The Southern fire-eaters of smaller caliber, such as Jefferson Davis, Yancey, and Rhett, likewise deserved Mark Antony's ironical encomium, "So are they all, all honorable men."

Incidentally, it is worthy of passing notice that the commercial and industrial pirates of the Tragic Era after the Civil War did more lasting damage by debauching politics than by looting the public till. Their wholesale purchase of official and legislative cattle reduced the standard of public service for many years and set up in the minds of the voters a pernicious tolerance of official misconduct of which we can still find lingering traces. Yet it was precisely this, the most anti-social act of which they were guilty, that they could most easily justify in their own minds. They bought judges, legislators, and Congressmen lavishly, yes; but only, as they thought, to prevent their being bought by some villain of a deeper dye. Hence they could quite consistently regard their purchases as measures of public safety.

Among calamities below the level of high tragedy one of the most unfortunate which the nation suffered between 1850 and 1950 was the fourteen years' orgy of criminality inaugurated by adoption of the prohibition amendment. Yet the prohibition movement was semi-religious from the start. After it gained some headway it attracted numbers of spectacular hypocrites, as any movement that is plainly succeeding is bound to do; but in general the prohibitionists were pious, sincere, and rigidly moral. Their aim, like that of the abolitionists, was to do good.

The next great tragedy after the Civil War was the collapse of the moral hegemony this nation attained in 1918. The emasculation and eventual destruction of the League of Nations was but one incident in the larger tragedy of the defeat of the world's hope that in democracy it had discovered a method of government really capable of effecting the safety and happiness of the people. Who was responsible is still a matter of dispute, but the thing happened, and once it had happened the one possible avenue of escape from the second world war was definitely closed.

This country was not solely responsible for the disaster, but it bears a large share of the responsibility, and as far as our part is concerned there are but two possible explanations. One is that the disaster was attributable to the intransigence of Woodrow Wilson; the other is that it flowered from the conspiracy

of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr., who planned, before Wilson had reached Paris, to defeat any treaty that he might bring back.

Take your choice; but no matter which alternative you prefer, or even if you embrace both, you are confronted by the fact that the second most dreadful blow the country suffered in the century just past was struck, not by any villain, but by gentlemen of the highest character, whose purpose was to do good.

This leaves the arrant rogues looking somewhat ineffective, which calls for explanation. The most plausible theory is based on the assumption that scoundrelism is a product of social decomposition, as methane is of physical rot. To produce marsh gas naturally in any considerable quantity you must have a cesspool of large dimensions; similarly, to produce a really gigantic villain you need a moral cesspool of formidable extent, and we have had none. Our stink-holes have all been relatively small.

Tweed, for example, was the product of frightful social and economic conditions among the poor of New York City—conditions repeated on a smaller scale in smaller cities and productive of smaller Tweeds. But the slums at that time were urban and the country was predominantly rural, so not even Tweed became a national menace. We have not yet had nation-wide conditions bad enough to produce a Robespierre, a Hitler, or a Mussolini. Huey Long, our nearest approach to the type, came from a state admittedly among the most backward in the Union as far as social services to the people are concerned; and he flourished at a time when the whole country was suffering under an economic collapse that bore hardest upon the poor. But we managed to pull out of the Depression before he, or any of his type, could become highly dangerous. So far, we have always managed to clean up the rotten spots before they had poisoned the whole body politic sufficiently to produce a rogue who would stand among the giants of his breed.

IV

Villainy, however, is determined largely by whether you are on the sending or receiving end. What does me serious and lasting injury I cannot regard as just and right, irrespective of motives. If our worst national disasters are attributable to the pious and respectable—not a uniquely American experience, for Robespierre was justly called "The Incorruptible"—it is plainly relevant to the discussion to examine the calamitous sanctified, to search among secessionists, abolitionists, prohibitionists, and isolationists for some common factor other than the pure desire to do good. There must be some one element present in characters apparently as completely diverse as Calhoun, Sumner, Garrison, Bryan, and Borah.

One comes to mind immediately—they all distrusted the processes of democracy. This charge brought against Bryan, of all people, will evoke indignant and astonished denials, but the charge stands. The Commoner did, indeed, trust the people in all matters strictly political, but he had no faith whatever in their capacity in the moral realm. There he believed in the doctrine of the Elect to whom the truth was delivered and whose duty it is to make it prevail, regardless of the opinions of the unregenerate. Darwinians and wine-bibbers he regarded not as merely mistaken, but as a stiff-necked and froward generation, to be corrected by the rod.

So it was with the others. Each was so certain of the righteousness of his own judgment that he attributed moral turpitude to any contrary judgment. However much he might profess humility, he held himself or, if not himself at least his sect, his faction, his cause as the sole repository of truth. He had never heeded the advice of Cromwell to the Scotch Presbyterians: "I beseech you, brethren, that you pray God to show you that it is possible for you to be mistaken."

It is as certain as anything can be that the man of fixed moral principles is the very bedrock on which civilization rests. But there is a difference, sometimes hard to see yet immensely important, between believing that one's own principles are right and drawing the inference that the principles of all others are wrong and should be extirpated. It is precisely this difference that furnishes the moral basis for majority rule; the genuine democrat concedes not only that the other fellow has a right to his opinion, but that he actually does right in maintaining that opinion by every argument that he can bring to its support. To put down opinion by employing terror, whether it be fear of the hangman or fear of hell, is to repudiate the democratic process,

to draw aside from true Americanism and to adhere in some measure to some form of the heresy of the *Herrenvolk*.

Twenty centuries ago Marcus Aurelius was very emphatic on this point. "He is an abscess on the universe," said the imperial philosopher, "who withdraws and separates himself from the reason of our common nature through being displeased with the things which happen; . . . he is a piece rent asunder from the state who tears his own soul from that of reasonable animals."

Marcus Aurelius, however, was an emperor. He made the law, and what he said went. Smaller men must be more prudent. Certainly an abscess on the universe is a villainous thing, but an assertion that to be false to the inner spirit of democracy is, in a leader, the greatest villainy that can be perpetrated on his people, is a stiffer commination than it is becoming for us to utter. It drags one into metaphysical speculations regarding motives and guilt or innocence before God.

So let no inferences be drawn. Let nothing more go on the record than the obvious truth that the lesson of the century since 1850 is something of a paradox; for it plainly implies that within the period the damned rascals have done us little harm, but the holy terrors have very nearly been our ruin.

Our Own Exposed Deformity

TO IMAGINE these comfortable gentlemen [of Congress] arrayed, in their frock coats of identical make, on opposite sides in a civil war, or as the lawgivers of separate confederacies, would be grotesque, if the reality a few years ago had not been so tragic. A few distinctions of East and South and West may perhaps be traced in the physiognomies, but individual peculiarities assert themselves far more strongly. The man of the people, with his indifferent necktie and "well-met" manner; the smug, well-to-do lawyer; the "elegant speaker"; the richest members, with heads partially bald and faces seamed with fine wrinkles, wearing a look of long resignation to the collection of dividends; or the plethoric, rosy-faced man who gains his point by private champagne rather than public speech; the quiet gentleman of refined manners; and the gory antagonist—all these, and other types besides, may be sharply discriminated without regard to state or geographical lines.

It has grown to be the fashion to say that Congress accomplishes nothing except to disturb trade, but if that is so, it is not due to idleness. Accomplishing nothing was never before so laborious a task. House members are the busiest people in the country, with their caucuses, their incessant committee meetings, their speeches and preparation, their dense correspondence with constituents, and interviews with visitors. . . .

Whatever the evils of Congress, they are faithful reflections of the avarice, ambition, or low sense of honor in the communities there represented; and the people do not do wisely to sneer at their own exposed deformity, without trying to remedy it by cultivating morals more assiduously in business and in political opinion.

—From "A Nation in a Nutshell" by George P. Lathrop, *Harper's*, March 1881.

Mountains of Paper

Roger Burlingame

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson



EUROPEANS, coming to the United States for the first time, are struck by the flood of expendable paper which whirls about them. In the streets the wind sweeps it in their faces: wrappers, containers, bags, torn newsprint, the remains of printed mail, and a blizzard of cellophane. On nearly every corner stands a packed municipal wastebasket containing, among its infinite variety, copies of the latest editions of the city's enormous newspapers, hardly dry from the press and as neatly folded as when they lay on the newsstand. Passing the newsstands, our visitor sees mountains of paper: hundreds of different magazines, comics, and paper-bound books, proclaiming the nation's fabulous articulation and its insatiable avidity for printed paper. In the shops, he finds almost everything he buys double-wrapped, "packaged," enveloped in print, cigars and shirts protected in cellophane, and if he chances on a naked pair of socks, the clerk will not let him take it out without a paper receipt.

If he lies late in his hotel bed of a Sunday and asks the bellhop for a newspaper, he presently finds, lying on his stomach, two or three pounds of miscellaneous intellectual product including one or more magazines and an encyclopedia of information covering peach shortcake and reducing diets, child panties and child psychology, hormones, nuclear fission, congressional debate, supersonic aviation, night club bebop, the Beethoven symphonies, the tomb of St. Peter, antihistamine, brassières, Iranian archaeology, gardening, religion, wetting agents, and Korean communism, plus a "full-length novelette" and half a dozen pages of inscrutable colored comics. After our friend from England, where paper is precious, or France or Italy, where it has always been scant, has tried to explore this embarrassment of riches he will presently find himself wading in his room, through a sort of drifted snow beneath which lie hidden his clothes and his personal belongings.

An editor-turned-author, Roger Burlingame numbers among his books March of the Iron Men, Engines of Democracy, *and, most recently,* Backgrounds of Power. *He has written articles for* Harper's *on such subjects as modern farms and writing, and a short story.*

If the foreigner remains long enough to get his name on a "sucker list," the poundage of his mail will be increased by masses of virtually fireproof and indestructible glossy stock often portraying great beauty of execution, if not of thought, in its half-tones and color reproductions. He has long heard, of course, of what Americans will do, in this way, in the most evanescent interests, yet the physical presentation, its weight, the certainty of its continuance, years after he has left the country or even after he is dead, never fail to astonish him. Waste? Americans don't think so. Burden on the Post Office? It has the shoulders of Atlas in rain, heat, and gloom of night, and the tax system will never let advertising down. Superfluous, given the pictorial, musical, and dialectic commercials on the air? No: radio and television are like dry ice on the clouds from which the paper blizzard falls. The couriers of the air simply put extra burdens on the couriers of the post: contest material, box-tops, fan mail are new flakes in the storm.

But the newcomer to the United States is impressed, when he penetrates deeper into our civilization, by the mountains of paper which are not expendable. In libraries and other institutions, he will find scarcely believable quantities carefully preserved. At Washington's National Archives Building, he learns that twenty million cubic feet of federal records are kept in "record centers" and agencies over the country. In the Library of Congress he will be told that seven and a half million separate chunks of printed matter including books, periodicals, newspapers, and film come in annually and that half of these are kept. And, if he talks, intimately, with archivists, research librarians, and other biblio-professionals, he will find a large consumption of aspirin by these folk whenever they think of the future. Here, for example, is a single specific prophecy: If the Yale University Library increases at its normal rate, it will need, in the year 2040, six thousand miles of bookshelves and six thousand employees solely occupied in cataloguing new books.

With one more piling of Ossa on Pelion we may let our visitor go, exhausted, home. Playing with figures is, of course, a popular American pastime, and while he is here our transatlantic friend will have seen many things laid end to end to encircle the globe or reach the sun. This one may comfort him, unappetizing as it may sound. Every man, woman, and child—our favorite phrase, statistically speaking—in the United States consumes, annually, better than 300 pounds of paper. In the whole of Western Europe with a population of 270,000,000 compared with our 150,000,000, the per capita consumption is 56.

II

In this Centennial issue of *Harper's Magazine,* we are concerned, not only with the 1950 American scene, but with the history of a hundred years. Had the flood, or blizzard, or whatever we please to call it, which is giving us nightmares today, started in 1850? If not, when in the intervening years did it gain its headway?

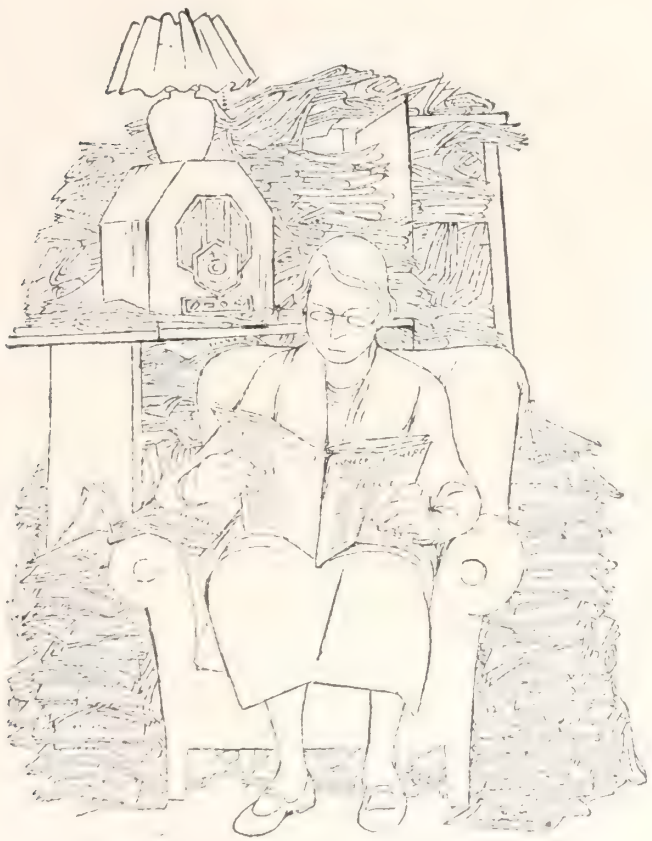
In terms of the present, the year of *Harper's* birth seems a millennium ago. It was a time of restless movement, which would scarcely seem to have been favorable for reading and writing; yet the American penny newspaper had been firmly established in the East, Robert Hoe had patented the four-cylinder rotary revolving type press, and the Fourdrinier continuous paper machine, or an American modification of it, was at work in many mills.

The year before, 78,000 tons of paper of all kinds were produced by some 430 mills in the United States, a figure which was multiplied by 250 a century later. But even then foreigners were struck by the quantity of printed material they met in every city and village—even on lonely farms. The English travelers, D. W. Mitchell and W. E. Baxter, estimated that in the early eighteen-fifties there were 2,400 to 2,800 daily, weekly, and bi- or tri-weekly papers with a total circulation of five million. This put a newspaper into the hands of one person in every four, with a few left over. "Newspapers," wrote William Chambers, the London publisher, in 1857, " . . . are not a casual luxury but a necessary of life in the States."

As the eighteen-sixties began, Anthony Trollope, who was not happy about the quality of American journalism, was nevertheless overwhelmed by the democratic use of newspapers. "The coachmen on their boxes and the boots as they sit in the halls of the hotels have newspapers constantly in their hands. The young women have them also, and the children." Sir Samuel Peto, who

came over late in the Civil War, put the number of papers at 3,666 with ten million circulation (double that of ten years before) "which gave one to every third person in the whole population." Sir Samuel added that paper, at that time, was made not only from rags as theretofore but from cotton waste, straw, hay, stable refuse, hemlock, corn husks, mulberry leaves, bark, canes, and reeds.

These glimpses of American newspaper circulation in the time of *Harper's* childhood give an index of many trends including that toward mass production. In Europe, printed news was a luxury even in the mid-nineteenth century. In America it was a kind of inalienable right. Also, here, where each man was "as good as the next," every farmhand or mechanic expected, one day, to be rich. Thus when advertisers, in the cheapest press, came to publicize luxuries beyond the immediate reach of its readers, they were clinching sales for tomorrow. In Europe, among the lower classes, such fantasies were not even dreamed —not merely because the money was not on the horizon but because social prejudice decreed that common folk be content with common goods. In America, with installment buying, such large potential markets opened that mass-production began and luxuries became cheap in fact until things like the automobile eventually emerged as necessities. The universal newspaper was, perhaps, the most potent factor in this development. Moving through the years, the parallel growth of advertising and mass production may be followed as a unique American phenomenon.



The really startling rise in the per capita consumption of newsprint paper began in 1890 at six pounds, rising in 1900 to sixteen, in 1910 to twenty-five, and in 1920 to forty-one pounds. These were the years when the bicycle, the camera, the home sewing machine, the watch, home electric equipment, the telephone, and finally the automobile—all luxuries at the start—moved into mass markets. The more these things became the property of the "common man," the more paper was used to exploit them. In these years advertising became an "art" and new techniques and processes gave it new dignity. By 1925, the Sunday newspapers were able to give their readers 110 pages for a nickel. That was, to be sure, the peak of that particular trend and the surprised overseas visitor who finds today's less formidable poundage on his Sunday morning stomach must pay two or three times as much for the burden.

But newspaper history, though highly significant in the social story of the country, is only a part of the paper picture. Books and magazines have, since the beginning of our period, bulked larger here than elsewhere. Going back, again, to the eighteen-fifties, Allan Nevins tells us the United States had then "the most flourishing book-publishing industry in the world." Here again, as with the newspapers, reading was done by all classes, in every income bracket. "There is a library in the meanest cabin of roughly-hewn logs, constructed by the pioneer of the West," wrote the Count de Gasparin in 1860. "I do not remember that I ever examined the rooms of an American without finding books or magazines in them," wrote Trollope in 1862 with special emphasis on the laboring classes. The English coachman or laborer, he added, was proud of his reading; the American took it as a matter of course.

Three hundred book publishers were operating in 1856, most of them in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore. Editions of books were usually about ten times as large as in England. Many of these books reached the farm country and the pioneer

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settlements through that picturesque forerunner of the book clubs, the book agent who traveled by train, boat, and buggy into the remote corners. He was a great character, this super-salesman, revered and welcomed in the backwoods to which he brought the gossip, scandal, and cultural flavor of the sophisticated centers along with his Shakespeare, his anthologies, his encyclopedia, the suspect novels of Dickens and Dumas, and the more respectable works of Cooper, Irving, and Longfellow.

Magazines were already overworking the paper mills a hundred years ago when *Harper's* was launched. But the bulk of those publications was relatively small until S. S. McClure and Edward Bok began what came to be called mass circulation in the nineties. Bok's *Ladies' Home Journal* was a wonder of the world when, by 1900, it sold a million copies a month at ten cents each. This phenomenon had the new commercial giant of national advertising behind it; and, though the whole movement was deprecated in the upper echelons of literature, especially in England, magazine writers saw, for the first time, the possibility of making a decent living out of their product; and one by one, even in England, the grand old men of letters sidetracked their pride and succumbed. So we may thank commerce rather than literature for the growth of the hills of American paper into mountains by the turn of the century.

The tonnage of "book paper" almost precisely doubled in the decade from 1890 to 1899. But there were other important factors. This product, despite its name, went into many things besides books and magazines.

Commerce of every kind was finding more need for printed paper every year. Time was when traveling agents sold most commodities which had national distribution by means of personal charm, easy payment plans, or promises which in the days of the American dream were believed and, indeed, generally kept. Our history and literature unhappily neglect this important phase of our national growth. But the thousands of peripatetic salesmen of McCormick reapers and harvesters, Singer sewing machines, barbed wire, and Seth Thomas clocks kept no diaries.

For indeed, although they were more literate than their predecessors, the "Yankee peddlers," they used little paper. And the slow, uncertain postal service was not much help to their activities.

In 1872, however, a pioneer named Aaron Montgomery Ward conceived a novel plan. Within two years he was sending by mail an eight-page catalogue to remote farmers; another two years later his book had grown to 150 pages with pictures; and by 1888 he was doing an annual mail-order business of a million dollars. In 1900, Ward's disciples, Sears and Roebuck, were sending out 425,000 catalogues, grown to the size of a city directory, and twenty years later they were circulating a still larger volume to five million people. Mr. Chic Sale has remarked, irreverently and without documentation, that such literature eventually became expendable in a specialized manner in rural districts, but each current catalogue occupied a place near the Bible on farmers' shelves. Ward started a mail-order epidemic (caught particularly by seed and hardware merchants) in testimony to which, postal statistics show that the number of pieces handled in the mail rose between 1890 and 1913 from four to eighteen and a half billion annually.

John Henry Patterson, hero of the cash register, was the great pioneer in "direct-mail promotion." It was he who began the systematic assembly of what we call sucker lists. He then organized a kind of mass-production process of addressing envelopes, later taken over by machines. In the beginning, eighteen envelopes were addressed to each name on a list of many thousands and these were used for the "follow-up" letters and circulars sent out on a schedule to persuade, by repetition, reluctant or forgetful cash-register prospects. Patterson's colleagues were appalled by the vista of waste they foresaw until the results of these postal torture methods began to come in. Then the idea caught fire all over the country. Everyone with anything to sell, from a lawn mower to a political idea, swamped the mails. The typewriter, then the Multigraph, the Addressograph, and many other devices in addition to the printing press brought the whole affair into a continuous mass process and opened new, huge maws everywhere for the devouring of paper. The whole business of promotion took on a rabbit-like reproductive momentum; presently it was an independent industry, obliged to promote by mail its own mail production.

In the nineties, too, business and industry underwent a revolution due to the efficiency

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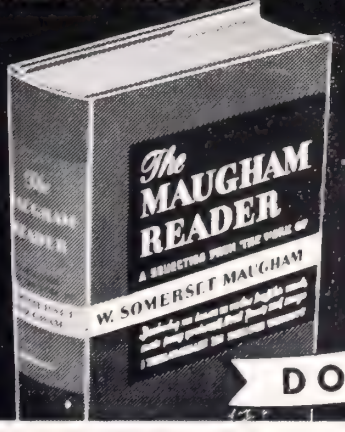
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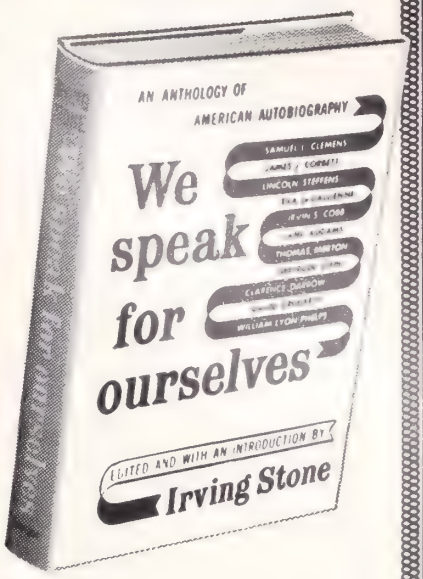
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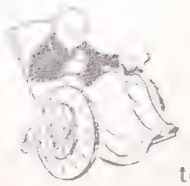
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DOUBLEDAY

The Wheel Chair

(merely an advertisement)



This wheel chair has been got out to replace the swivel chair in order to do honor to *Harper's* in its centennial issue. And by coincidence the wheel chair's occupant has been reflecting recently about the vanities of age. Apart from the fact that many of the young seem to regard the fact of age as presupposing the imminence of death, age has many securities, many freedoms, many recompenses, so many in fact that they incline the wearer of many winters to a certain complacency. No one can say to him as he downs the critical martini (made to DeVoto specifications), "That sort of thing will kill you young." An old man may suppose, if he will, that gin and greed have kept him hearty. What were, in fact, the accidents of life suddenly become a formula for longevity. Age may slap its juiceless thigh and say to youth, "I've had it, can you say as much?". And youth replies, "I can't."



Life does not begin at 101. Let's not belittle a century by assuring ourselves that it does. Some may seek the fountain of eternal youth, the wheel chair will settle for the glass of eternal age and will hope to drink it annually with its friends and cousins, Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

But the backward look is dangerous particularly for those who must travel in the jet-propelled wheel chair of these desperate days. This space was not purchased at the enlarged rates of the centennial issue for the glorification of Mr. Harper, and only partly to satisfy the vanity of the ad copywriter. We must turn an alert, if rheumy, eye on the road ahead.

The milestones have been flashing by of late and on the opposing page you will find some pictures of them. The best lives are always marked off in books, and the books which are pictured across the gutter on the facing page, **LONG THE IMPERIAL WAY, THE HUMAN USE OF HUMAN BEINGS, THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE, THE PROSPECT BEFORE US,** are — each in its individual way — good enough to talk about a hundred years hence.



For example, **LONG THE IMPERIAL WAY** ($3.50), a book written in English by a Japanese soldier, Hanama Tasaki, who fought in China, is called by Merle Miller, "A novel ranking with the half-dozen best to come from any country after this war." It is something the world had hardly known before, a place where West and East shall meet.

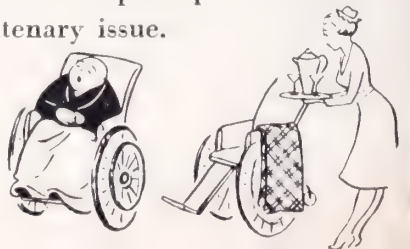
This is an age when the great sciences of our youth begin to merge their outlines, wave and waver like static on TV and as astronomy, physics, mathematics, psychology, geology overlap, each seems to be almost upon the same elusive ultimate truth. In his new book, **THE HUMAN USE OF HUMAN BEINGS** ($3.00), **Norbert Wiener,** one of the world's great mathematicians, brings to the lay thinker a single unifying factor that provides a lens with which to view our frightening progress and at the same time opens new deep vistas of speculation.



It is a trial of idealism generally that it is set in motion by a dangerously hot flame of conviction. As peoples go, Americans are idealists. In **THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE ($3.75),** a novel of our overflowing West in the first years of this century, **Wallace Stegner** has followed the mind of one man and the people that followed him as they became victims to the error of idealism.

Of recent years, the study that seems to have interested **John Dos Passos** most is the effects of power upon the characters of man. Through many varieties of political experience, he has followed the Spotswood family toward the completion of a new epic sequence which will be called District of Columbia, and along the way has put down notes of what he saw as he explored the minds of men as they lived their hungry lives under many forms of government. In **THE PROSPECT BEFORE US** ($3.75), to be published during October, he tells of his experience in the twisted wonderlands of political theory.

These are four books that a man might well remember over a mere century. We hope that when Mr. Harper's bicentenary comes around, he may be occupying the next wheel chair to ours and that we may still be discussing with him some of these books and even perhaps some of the articles in the centenary issue.





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before
us

engineering initiated by Frederick Winslow Taylor, the "father of scientific management." Until he arrived, rules of thumb applied in most manufacturing establishments: cost accounting, bookkeeping, record filing, and so on were managed in dusty old books with the leather peeling off the backs, in volumes of crinkly letter copies made by wetting and pressing or, surprisingly often, in the heads of geniuses with photographic memories. Taylor began by flooding machine shops with paper—instruction cards, routing schedules, records of time and motion studies—and the movement spread into offices and the old books gave way to card indexes and vertical files, carbon copies, multiple memos, and a hundred other paper-consuming devices — ton upon ton of them.

III

THE bulk of the paper produced in the century we are celebrating was scrapped. It lighted the home fires or it was ground and went into pulp for new paper. The expendable material has disturbed street cleaners, firemen, and rubbish disposal administrators. But another, often tougher, problem has been posed by the paper which must be preserved.

In 1913 the United States government began a practice which, in addition to piling up enormous quantities of records in its own files, put a similar burden on the individual citizen. In that year, fortified by a Constitutional Amendment, it demanded the filling out of forms giving that most private information, the amount of one's yearly income. Starting with the higher brackets, Internal Revenue moved with the years far down the scale.

For the first time, relatively elaborate systems of bookkeeping had to be introduced into the home. Scraps of paper which had previously been tossed gaily into wastepaper baskets became Exhibits under Items. Receipts, canceled checks, hotel bills, records of stock transactions, stubs, cash register tickets had to be filed against the Ides of March.

In offices the requirements of the federal income tax regulations (and those of the states which followed) called for new filing cabinets. New kinds of lawyers and "experts" came into being with new paper-filled offices. As patterns for corporation taxes became more elaborate, entire departments were



created in large businesses for the handling of paper work.

World War I brought new government demands for forms and questionnaires. Efforts to recover from the Depression of the nineteen-thirties—in particular, Roosevelt's NRA—brought an unprecedented flood. In the government bureaus and agencies, forced by the accumulation into physical expansion, the question arose: How long must all this paper be kept?

In less than forty years, the problem has become acute. Much of the paper used in current operations can be destroyed after a reasonable interval. But what of the enormous volume of war records? Are not the details of army or navy engagements valuable to historians? What about intelligence reports? And how can a veteran get his pension without his service record? On the other hand, must we keep requisitions in triplicate for blankets, wool socks, or "CC" pills?

In 1934, an Act of Congress created the "National Archives" and a large part of the problem has since been in the lap of the Archivist.

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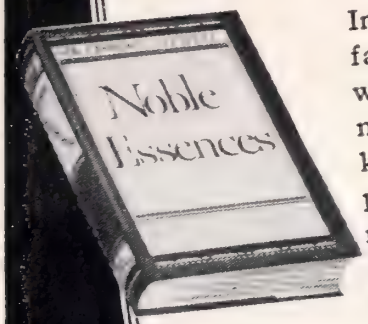


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The National Archives building in Washington is the center into which federal records feed. The Archivist talks in terms of cubic feet. The various agencies scattered over the country hold twenty million of these packed with paper, film, and sound recordings—but mostly paper. These federal records are constantly being examined, useless material disposed of, material of temporary value screened out in intermediate records centers, and the truly valuable stuff sent to Washington for permanent filing. This final residue occupies 900,000 cubic feet now in the Washington building and the Archivist tells us that, piled a foot deep and a foot high on shelves, the records would stretch about 170 miles. They consist of 741,000 maps, 854 atlases, 37,000,000 running feet of motion picture film, 300,000 sound-recording discs, and a billion documents.

The National Archives is a Mecca for the growing army of American historians. Here, too, go the lawyers, the seekers of old claims against the government, land-title searchers, military and diplomatic experts, explorers, and scientists. Presumably the record of every government business transaction, every legal process, every State Department note that has permanent value is to be filed there. Over the century and a half of American history, all sorts of records have been lost. In the high, wide, and handsome days of expansion, we were careless about such things. Many disastrous fires have wiped out priceless pieces of paper. Yet the amount and variety of material that can be found today in the fireproof, dustproof, dampproof, everything - except - atomic - bomb - proof Archives building is overwhelming and sets another question mark for the future.

But it was the making of these records in the first place which shows the increase in the use of paper by government. In the 142 years before 1916, a million and a half cubic feet of records were made. In the mere thirty-four years since 1916, 28.5 million were made—nearly twenty times as many.

IV

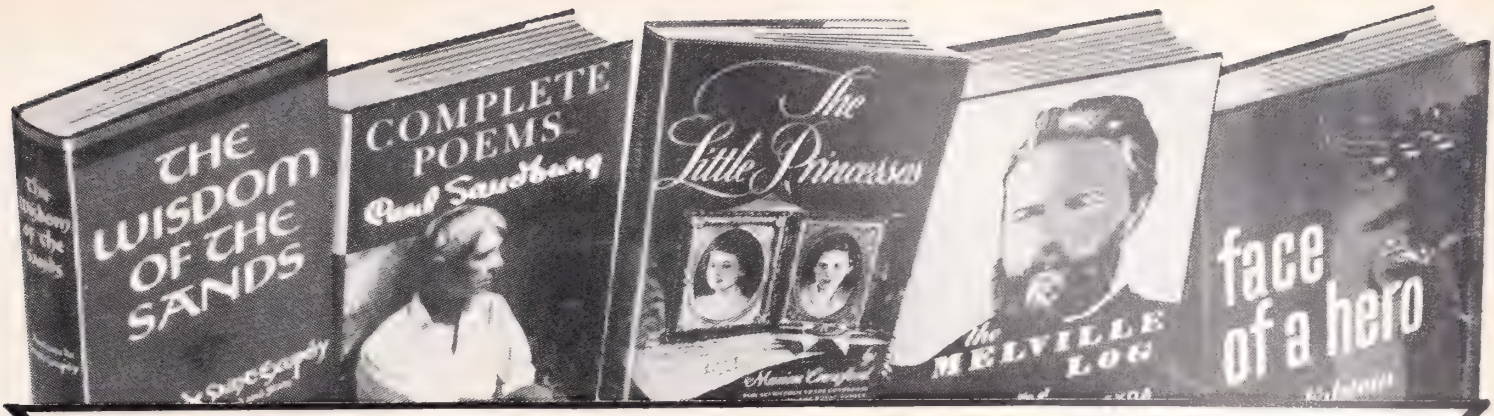
In the eighteen-fifties, that altruistic American movement which had so astonished foreigners—to supply the masses with free reading matter—got well under way. In this decade, the opening of New York's Astor Library, Boston's Public Library, and



Baltimore's Peabody Library (all free) started an epidemic which spread rapidly west infecting Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and even part of Kansas. By 1860, the free reading of about eight million books was offered to the literate among thirty-one and a half million people.

Some fifteen years later, Andrew Carnegie became interested in the idea that the chance to read should be wholly divorced from the size of one's income. It is generally believed that Carnegie "gave" free public libraries. He did not. His method was far shrewder and more productive than this. What he gave was merely empty buildings; he required, before he gave these, that the communities he endowed with library space apportion by law from their taxes an annual amount of 10 per cent of the gift for the purchase of books and the maintenance thereafter of the buildings and their contents. With this start and the expenditure of some thirty-six millions of dollars by Carnegie and others who had caught from him the fever, the number of community-supported libraries passed the nine thousand mark by 1900. Today the American Library Association lists 11,300.

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library and the research library, though the borderline is misty. Many libraries, such as the Congressional, the New York, Boston, and other large-city collections are both. The small-community free library is only occasionally used for research, though the ambition of the librarian is likely to be in that direction. On the other hand, school, college, and university libraries perform primarily a research function.

Now in theory, no research library must ever throw anything away. The menu of a dinner given by an Ancient and Honorable Order of Bartenders in 1867, or a hardware catalogue put out by an obscure store in frontier days, may be consulted once or twice in a century. Yet when it is needed, it is of immense value to a historian or the writer of a doctor's thesis. An explorer of literary trends will want the dime novels of a remote era. Genealogists want diaries, manuscript letters, passenger lists, wills. Economists want old bills of lading, invoices, ledgers, and journals. Politicians want the throwaways or recorded speeches of past campaigns. So it is a stern ethic of every conscientious research librarian



(who, to the outsider, often appears as a maniac) that room must be found for every scrap of ephemeral matter that comes to him from any attic or cellar and that the scrap must be catalogued, bound, boxed, or filed—"processed" is the technical word—so as to be instantly, always available.

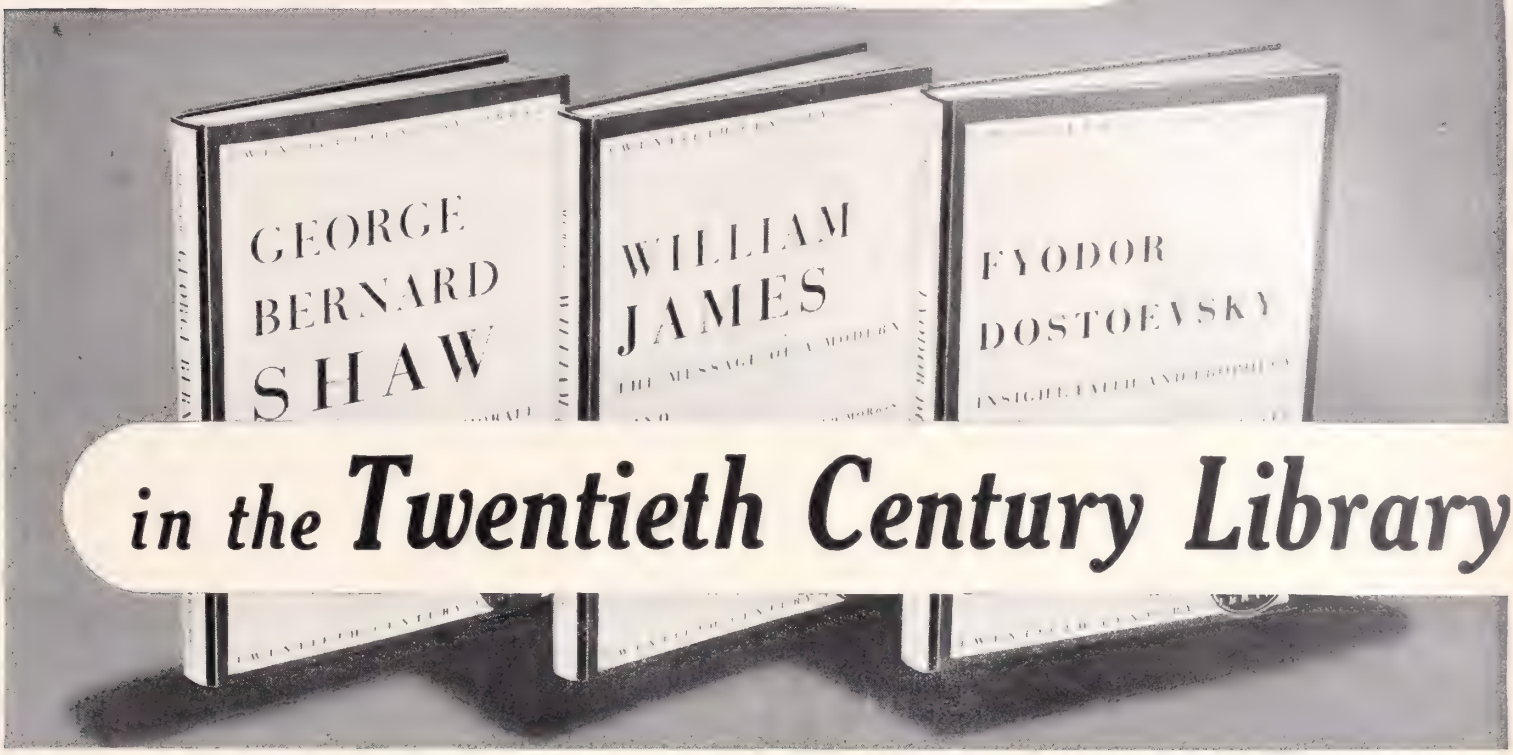
The Library of Congress, which performs all library functions, presents, with the National Archives, the most sensational figures. In the year ending June 30, 1948, the Library of Congress received, from purchase, gift, exchange, copyright law, and other means 7,606,576 "pieces," an increase of about a million over the year before. Of this total 3,705,468, including newspapers and "serials" or periodical publications, were added to the permanent collections of the library. More than half the receipts had been "processed out," so to speak, because of duplication or other reasons. The permanent additions represented an increase of better than half a million over the year before. This is not an abnormal annual increase. The Library contained, in 1949, about twenty-seven million pieces.

This great institution is exceptional in that many things come to it automatically, by law—such as copyright material and government publications. It has a busy staff. It must handle, for instance, current publications, exclusive of newspapers, at the rate of 3,000 to 5,000 a day. The UN sends between 5,000 and 7,000 miscellaneous pieces a week. Watching the sorters and filers and processers at work in the Library of Congress gives one a sense of the rapidity and volume of the torrent of American printed paper that nothing else quite equals.

In his book, *The Scholar and the Future of the Research Library,* Mr. Fremont Rider, librarian at Wesleyan University, gives some statistics about the purely research library. A curious one is that virtually every American university library has, since its beginning, doubled every sixteen years. This is as true of Harvard, whose library began in 1636, as it is of a library started only sixteen years ago and experiencing its first doubling. Indeed, argues Mr. Rider, unless such a library *does* double every sixteen years, the university sponsoring it begins to deteriorate, because an educational institution is always as good as its library, and no better.

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umes can go through many sixteen-year periods of doubling without serious difficulty. But when it comes to contain 4.5 million (as Harvard's did at Mr. Rider's writing in 1944), we may expect nine million in 1960, eighteen million in 1976, and thirty-six million in 1992; the thing runs into acreage, cubic feet, and personnel out of all proportion to the anticipated budget.

Mr. Rider and others have proposed ways of meeting the situation. Librarians are experimenting with microcards and microfilms, reducing print to illegibility and so saving space. But so far these devices have invited dim views from readers. The magnifying and lighting tricks necessary to these space-savers are uncomfortable to use and hurt the eyes. Students of books and documents like to feel the paper in their hands. But perhaps in a new era—a post-paper age—they will have to get used to new sensations.

There are also useful programs for library co-operation. A new pooling center, for example, has just been started in the Midwest, helped by a Carnegie Corporation endowment. Here acquisition and processing (including cataloguing) will be managed for nineteen libraries at once. The center will also serve as a place of deposit for little-used research material which can be returned to the depositing library on demand. In this and other ways, the mountains of non-expendable, printed paper can be kept down.

If they are not, Mr. Rider foresees an appalling future. It was his prediction that Yale, in 2040, would have six thousand miles of book shelves; he also estimated that the Yale library would then contain eight acres of floor space and need 750,000 catalogue drawers.

"We seem," he very reasonably says, "to be fast coming to the day when, unless it is afforded the most expert sort of bibliographical service possible, civilization may die of suffocation, choked in its own plethora of print."



1984 and All That

THE future of genius lies with science and the state, because the state has effected a corner in power and romance. For art and letters there is little hope in a growingly mechanical civilization, because the modern powerful depend upon the mob and not upon each other. . . . Therefore, the arts must suffer from the atmosphere of indifference they must breathe. They will not vanish, for mankind needs always to express itself; its aspiration, its content, its discontent; those three can be expressed only in the arts. But this does not mean that the arts can aspire to thrones or be worthy of them; as science and the state dwarf them they must become little stimulants, sing little songs that will less and less be heard amid the roar of the spinning world.

—From "The Twilight of Genius," by W. L. George, *Harper's*, January 1918.

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Coming Events Cast Their Shadows . . . .

Psychiatry, 1876

MENTAL disorders falling short of insanity have hitherto entered too little into pathological study. The time may come when, with a better knowledge of the mutual relations of the mental and vital functions, disorders of the former, now in a great measure left for "the patient to minister to himself," will be prevented or successfully treated, and the development of insanity thereby often forestalled. With future progress in this direction, it may be that not a little of the abnormities and enormities which the law considers and punishes as crimes will be recognized as more properly belonging to pathology, claiming the judicious management of the physician rather than judicial treatment.

—From "The First Century of the Republic, Medical and Sanitary Progress," by Austin Flint, M.D., *Harper's,* June 1876.

New Deal, Fair Deal, 1897

PROPHESYING in politics is a hazardous employment of expectation, but as one reads the political platforms of the century he finds here and there prophetic passages. At the close of the eighteenth century reformers were still talking of the rights of man, and meant by that phrase equal civil and political rights. At the close of the nineteenth century reformers are interpreting the same phrase, but it now signifies economic equality. In the last Presidential campaign the idea was freely advocated by the friends of the laboring man—who are unusually numerous at such a time. Economic Inequality *vs.* Economic Equality, that is the great political issue of our day. The basis of democracy in America is industrial. Does Lincoln's remark, in his inaugural, indicate the course democracy is taking; and does the new political phrase—economic equality—intimate that it shall dominate American democracy before the close of the twentieth century?

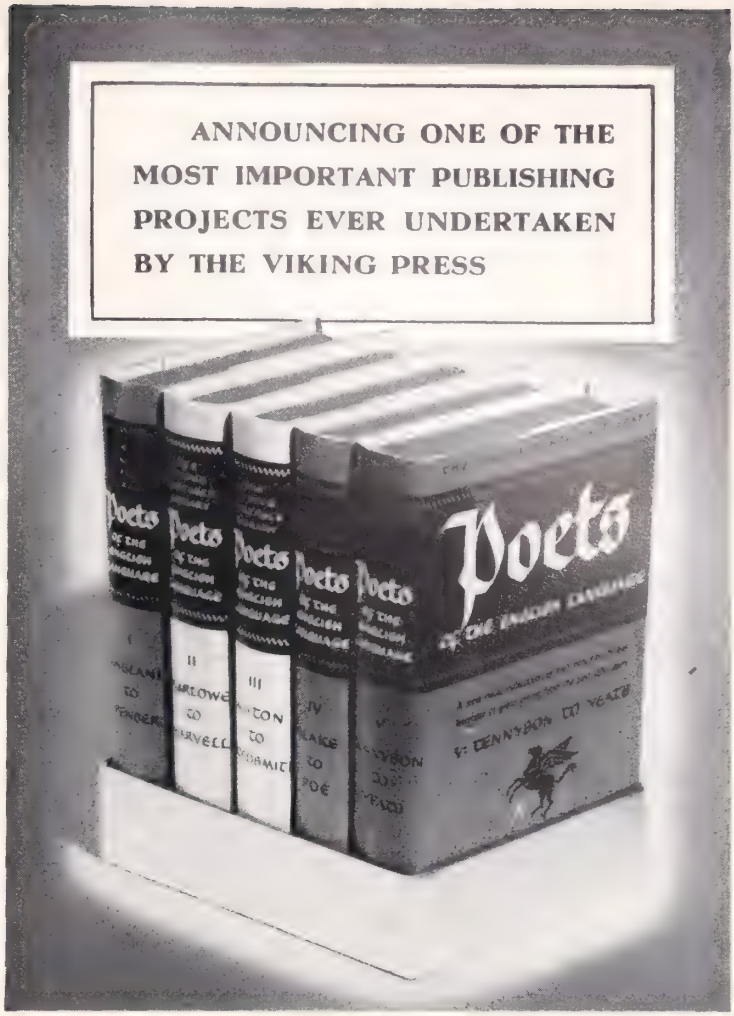
—From "The Hundred Years' Campaign" by Professor Francis Newton Thorpe, *Harper's,* May 1897.

Pearl Harbor, 1893

IT WILL not be denied that in case of war with a strong naval power the defence of Hawaii would require very strong military and naval establishments there, and a fighting fleet as large and efficient as that of the enemy. . . . Attempts of the enemy to gain an important advantage by a sudden stroke, which would be entirely harmless if made on our continental stronghold, might have an excellent chance of success if made on our distant insular possession, and then the whole war could be made to turn upon that point, where the enemy might concentrate his forces as easily as we, or even more easily, and be our superior on the decisive field of operations. . . . We would no longer possess the inestimable privilege of being stronger and more secure than any other nation without a large and costly armament. Hawaii, or whatever other outlying domain, would be our Achilles' heel. Other nations would observe it, and regard us no longer as invulnerable.

—From "Manifest Destiny" by Carl Schurz, *Harper's,* October 1893.

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The Years of My Life

Thomas Mann

Translated by Heinz and Ruth Norden

At the age of seventy-five Goethe said to Eckermann: "I have the great advantage of having been born at a time when the greatest world events were the order of the day, continuing throughout my long life and making me a living witness of the Seven Years' War, then of the defection of America from England, next of the French Revolution, and finally of the whole Napoleonic era down to the fall of its hero and the events that followed." Here was an old man, boasting of the historical events it had been his good fortune to witness, experiences that had helped him to reach "conclusions and insights quite different" from those that came to men born "now"—that is, in 1824. Well, even that generation had no cause to complain of any lack of incisive world events, nor did the generations that followed. It is always dangerous to pride oneself on the historic wealth of one's own lifespan, for events may grow ever more astounding—indeed, they always do.

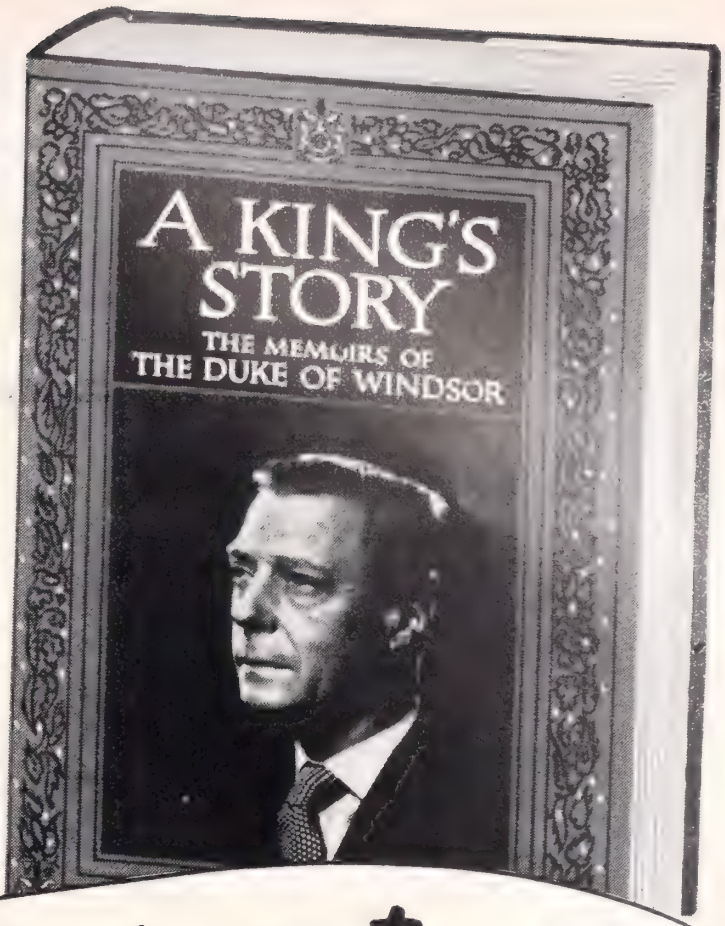
If it is something to have been born immediately after the Franco-Prussian War and the end of the second French Empire; to have lived through Germany's continental hegemony under Bismarck and the prime of the British Empire under Victoria; to have witnessed, almost at the same time, with growing consciousness, how everywhere in Europe the intelligentsia began to undermine the bourgeois mode of life; to have seen the disaster of 1914, the entry of America on the world scene, the fall of the German Empire, the complete change in moral atmosphere brought about by the four bloody years of World War I, the Russian Revolution, the rise of Fascism in Italy and of National Socialism in Germany, the Hitler terror, the alliance of East and West against it, the war won and the peace again lost; if all this, I say, seems more than enough for a single life in terms of outward drama and in quantitative terms probably equals Goethe's experiences, I would yet not vouch that today's babes in arms—if technology running amuck will let them live at all—will not, in their old age, be able to boast of world upheavals and spectacular changes compared with which those witnessed by a man of seventy-five today will pale into insignificance.

I do not begrudge them their share. Let us, as the old German Christmas carol says, "not glance enviously at one another's gifts." Each generation has its due. Yet I do claim one advantage, one that may rightly be asserted by the generation of 1875 over those of 1914 and later years. It is no small matter to have gone through the last quarter of the nineteenth century, a century of greatness that saw the full-blown flowering of the bourgeois-liberal age—to have lived in that world, breathed that air. Perhaps the main advantage—and it is a cultural one—is that the man whose life spans two epochs learns at first hand about the continuity and transitional character of history. For history pro-

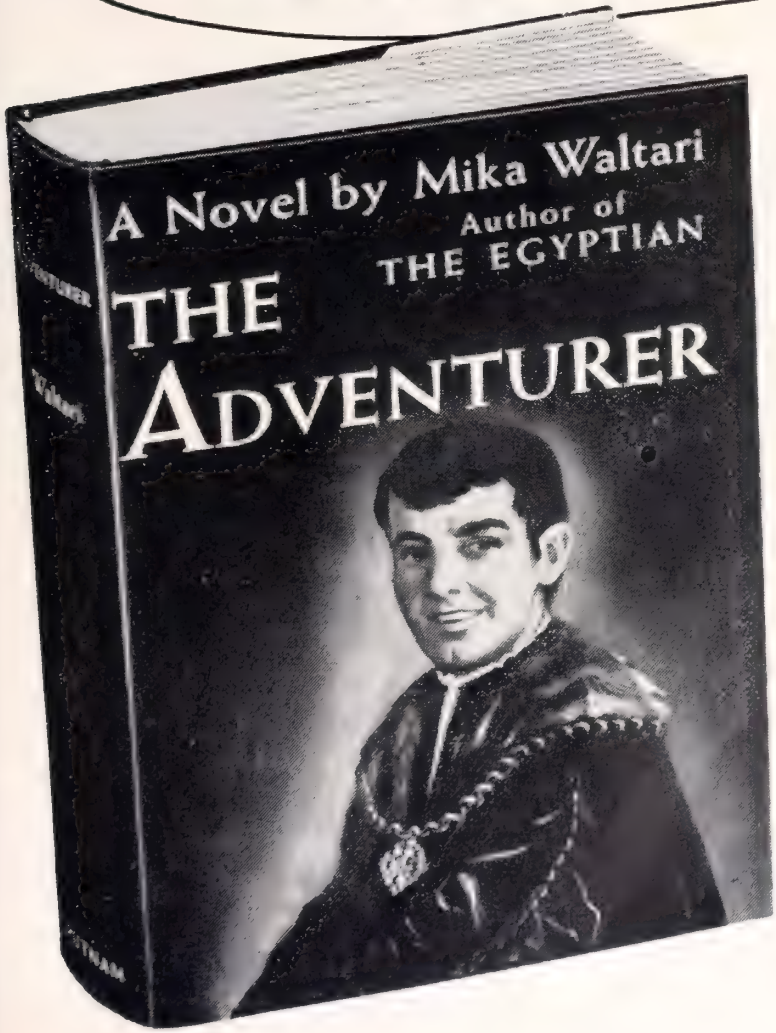
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ceeds by transition rather than by leaps and bounds, and every *ancien régime* already contains the living seeds of the new age, at work in the realm of the spirit.

THIS was scarcely true as early as my childhood, which fell into the first glory of the newly founded German Empire, a glory dimmed but slightly by the ugly impact of mammon, of the tribute in gold flowing from France, of the scandals that haunted the founding boom. Who would have dreamed of the canker eating deep at the heart of the luscious fruit? In so far as public affairs concerned us at all, we thought the Lord had done exceedingly well by us through the instrumentality of the powerful man who held autocratic sway over Germany, ostensibly as the "faithful German servant of his master"—even though Europe might see him as a perplexing mixture of brutality and cunning.

How seasoned one feels when one considers that as a child one still saw with one's own eyes the old Kaiser, Wilhelm I—the "Great," as he was called under his grandson! In his youth he had been dubbed the "Grapeshot Prince," for it was such ordnance he had ordered fired on the people in 1848. Now he had become an almost mythical, grizzled hero *im Siegerkranz*—wreathed in the laurels of victory—a majestic national idol, far milder in character than his "Iron Chancellor." I glimpsed him once, when his special train passed Lübeck and halted for a few minutes in the soot-blackened railway station. The populace, in as far as it had been admitted, shouted its hurrahs. Dignitaries greeted the head of the Reich, and we children, escorted by our governess, were permitted to watch worshipfully. Wilhelm I was already in his extreme old age as he appeared in the carriage door. His military cap hung in folds over his head. His chin whiskers were ice-gray. The tips of his gloves dangled loosely from his fingers, as he raised a trembling hand in salute. Close behind him stood his personal physician, vigilant and ready to catch him, as it were. One of the gentlemen of the reception committee wore the Iron Cross on his frock coat, and the aged emperor inquired in what battle the decoration had been earned. As I recall, this was the substance of the official interchange—or at least its highlight. There was a new outburst of hurrahs, as the train pulled away with its exalted passenger—and we had seen history in the making.

THIS was the time of annual celebrations on September 2, commemorating the victory at Sedan, of National Liberalism, faithful to the tradition of Bismarck; of August Bebel's Social Democracy, growing alarmingly and occupying in the mind of the middle class—as I can vouch for from vivid personal memory—precisely the role that has fallen to Bolshevism today. Social Democracy—that meant revolution, extreme sans-culottism, expropriation of the owning classes, destruction of culture, destruction generally. I can remember our school principal reading the riot act to some pranksters who had carved up tables and benches with their pocket knives: "You've behaved like Social Democrats!" There was a burst of laughter in the assembly hall, even from among the teachers, but the principal thundered: "It's nothing to laugh about!"

Nevertheless, bourgeois culture could still afford to laugh then. It seemed destined to endure forever, and the Social Democrats were the last ones to offer a serious threat to it. Meanwhile the power of government was in the hands of a demoniac conservative. For the sake of appearances, constrained by the spirit of his times, Bismarck had given the Reich a pseudo-democratic constitution, but at heart he was the archenemy of European democracy. As such he was a revolutionary, in a sinister, modern, and atavistic sense—the type of the great apostate of the second half of the nineteenth century, dead set against European liberalism, just as were Dostoevsky and Nietzsche—of whom he knew nothing, of course.

It is curious to note that a mind of this type, appearing in the guise of a statesman, could hold sway over the flourishing business enterprise, bathed in an aura of empire and romance, that called itself the German Reich. This Reich rested on "culture and property," those pillars of the bourgeoisie. Busy and active as it was, it was rooted in bourgeois security, as was the whole age itself—an age that today has so completely taken on the aspect of the "good old times." Gold was actually in circulation. Those who have never fingered gold coins cannot possibly have known the golden age of the bourgeoisie. The inroads of age are brought frighteningly home to me when I recall that I received my



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first fee as an author in the form of three gold ten-mark pieces. Decency and respectability were the marks of that age. The exposure of the body brought on by sports was still far away. The body was something to be covered, excepting only the deep necklines of ladies' evening dresses, in aristocratic and hence also in bourgeois society.

This festive baring of shoulders and bosom, which Tolstoy the moralist so vehemently disapproved, and which Tolstoy the novelist described with such profound erotic ardor in *Anna Karenina,* was in astonishing contrast to the all-enshrouding chastity of feminine bathing costume. The fair sex of 1880 entered the water in ruffled creations that preserved the utmost discretion even when wet.

Veiled and covered by a lace-tufted sunshade to protect the complexion, the lady of the wealthy middle class leaned back in her carriage, for the fashion of the tanned skin was still far away. A winter season in the mountains was still unknown, almost as unknown as open-air games, excepting a decorous game of croquet in the garden. We boys had to practice distressing gymnastics in dreary *Turnhallen,* using gear that dated back to the days of Father Jahn and the program of hardening youth for the war against Napoleon. We did so at best in shirt sleeves, but, incredibly enough, in stiff collars and, often, starched shirt fronts as well, under the supervision of a red-bearded athletics instructor with pince-nez and a rum-soaked sergeant's voice. Sports may be incompatible with alcohol, but patriotic gymnastics, like the German students' movements, had a philosophical affinity with the Teutonic custom of beer-drinking.

The horse-cars trotted through the streets, clanging their bells, and I recall the day when Munich retired the last flag-decked one to its mausoleum, all lines having been electrified. The change from kerosene lamps, from gas jets that formed the footlights in the theater, from the brilliant white incandescent gas mantles to electric light—I witnessed it all. The first telephone boxes were seen in the offices of the great merchants, though not nearly so quickly in their homes. The bicycle —called velocipede in Europe—appeared on the scene, at first a grotesque high wheel on which the rider perched like a monkey on a camel, while the tiny back wheel all too readily turned the whole thing turtle, then the low English wheel which we called "safety." Safety—that was the British watchword of the times. Indeed, bourgeois security and its liberalism were English to the core. The continent rested in the shadow and under the protection of the British Empire.

II

Safety and "gilt-edged investments"—they were the tokens of my youth, its seemingly unshakable foundations. And yet, unknown to the average citizen, these foundations were beginning to be undermined, were honeycombed with doubt, from the direction of an anti-liberalism of revolutionary or neo-conservative stamp, of a youth going about in a new, deliberately unconventional costume, its concepts of life radically different from those of its fathers. This was rebellion against the "parlor," the bourgeois salon—a kind of healthy, open-air, gypsy spirit manifesting itself; there was, however, also another kind of gypsydom, creative and literary, that had more to do with hashish and perfumed cigarettes than with health. The word decadence, which Nietzsche wielded with so much psychological virtuosity, had penetrated the intellectual jargon of the times. Jaded, overripe aestheticism and decay formed the themes and cadences of lyricism, from Hofmannsthal to Trakl, and whatever may have been meant by the catchword *fin de siècle,* which spread all over Europe—whether neo-Catholicism, Satanism, intellectual crime, or the brittle refinement of nervous excitation—it was, in any event, a formula of decline, an all too modish and somewhat foppish formula implying a sense of impending doom—the end of an age, the bourgeois age.

When I come to think back, I was never in the fashion myself. I never wore the macabre cap and bells of the *fin de siècle.* I was never a member of any school or coterie that happened to be riding the crest of the wave—whether of the naturalists, the neo-romanticists, the symbolists, the expressionists, the surrealists, or whatever their name. Hence I was never put forward by any school, nor often praised by the literati. They saw a "bourgeois" in me—and not without reason, for from an instinct that reached up into the conscious sphere, I held fast to my innate bourgeois traditions, the cultural heritage of the nineteenth century, a heritage,

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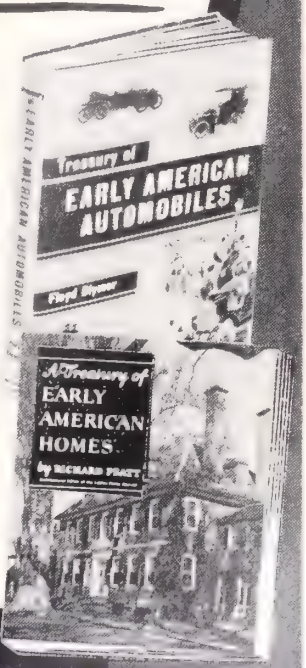
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incidentally, to which I owe a marked sense of and admiration for greatness.

Tolstoy may have been a naturalist—but, above all else, he was of the stuff of greatness, of prodigious stature, of the heroic dimensions of the nineteenth century, which I admired and carried within me as an ideal—a kind of bond and obligation, an ambition hardly suited to make the life of faltering youth easier. Wagner too was a naturalist, and a symbolist besides, and, according to Nietzsche, an exponent of decadence; chiefly, however, he was a giant. At the time when I immersed myself lovingly in his works, when my youthful enthusiasm for him was at its peak, his operas still drew capacity audiences throughout the world, as they do today; but Wagner was no longer the intellectual fashion, the *dernier cri.* I with my burning interest in him—an interest only sharpened by Nietzsche's criticism—was actually a laggard, a straggler, just as I was when I came to read and passionately admire Schopenhauer, for, early in my twenties, he, too, had ceased to be the man of the day. He was a man of yesterday, or the day before. Yet for me he once again stepped forth from his historic role and became the passionate present.

These links with the past were conditioned by personal necessity. The English, Scandinavian, and Russian novel of 1850 and 1860, Wagner's epic drama, the morality of pessimism, Nietzsche's psychology of decadence, the artistry of Flaubert and the Goncourts, together with a goodly portion of low German humor—these were the elements that helped to shape *Buddenbrooks*, written from my twenty-third to my twenty-fifth year. The book, published precisely at the turn of the century, was old-fashioned in pace and dimension. It was a book that was of "no concern" to the literati, but the educated middle class of Germany, after brief hesitation, took it up and exalted it, because the general situation it portrayed resembled its own, and soon the book had been translated into all the European languages. I recall that while I was writing it a certain Munich artist asked me what I was about. I replied, with vexation rather than good cheer: "It's tedious, bourgeois stuff, but it deals with decay, and that's what's literary about it."

All I had done was to transfigure personal family experiences into the form of a novel. But I was not really aware that in telling of the dissolution and end of a patrician family I was telling of far more dissolution and end, of a far more significant juncture in culture, society, and history. Else how could I have felt constrained, fourteen years later, to undertake a quixotic and discursive defense of bourgeois romanticism, of nationalism, of the German side of the war—a work that took years of effort and that has become unfavorably known under the title of *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen,* ("Reflections of an Unpolitical Man")? The "retrograde bonds" of which I have spoken and which had been so necessary to my work—here they asserted themselves with negative effect. They made a reactionary of me, or at least made me appear in that light for the moment. For at heart the book was far more of a developmental novel, far more of an experiment than a political manifesto. From the psychological point of view, it was an extended probing of the conservative-nationalist sphere, in polemical form, without any thought of definite commitment. Scarcely was the book finished, in 1918, when I dissociated myself from it, a separation made easy for me in many ways. There was the narrow-minded rejection of the book by the German conservatives, who found it still far too liberal and European. There were certain personal contacts with those circles that made me appreciate their true political and intellectual stature and filled me with fear and trembling. And there was the rise of that wave of revolutionary obscurantism in the intellectual and scientific spheres, a movement that troubled me profoundly, that pitted nationality against humanity, scoring the latter as retarded and degenerate—in short, the rise of fascism.

My times—I think I may say that I have never truckled to them, have never been their sycophant. I was a nationalist when the explosive pacifism of the expressionists was the order of the day. I fought with a shudder against the anti-humanism and irrationalism of the intellectuals of 1920 and 1925—the political consequences of which were at the time perceptible to only a very few. A bare four years after the *Reflections* had appeared I was found in the ranks of the defenders of the democratic republic—that feeble creature of defeat—an anti-nationalist, without any sense of a break having taken place in my life, without the slightest feeling that I had anything to abjure. It was precisely the anti-humanism of those years that made me realize that I had never done anything—or sought to

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do anything—but to defend humanity. I shall never do anything else.

III

MY TIMES—they were changeful, but my life in them is of one piece. The numerical proportions which it occupies give the pleasure I find in all order and agreement. In the year 1900 I was twenty-five, and done with *Buddenbrooks*. When the century was that age, and I as old as the century is now—that is to say, fifty years old, in 1925—*The Magic Mountain* appeared.

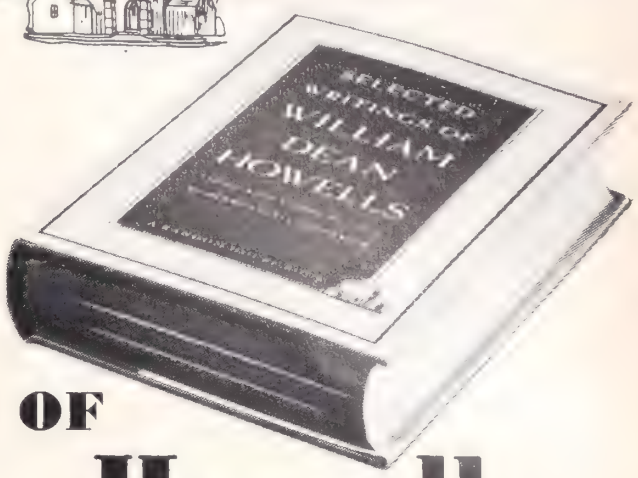
How different from the work of my youth were the circumstances under which that book was written! World War I lay in the past. Nihilism, proclaimed by Nietzsche as inevitable, to be carried to its logical conclusion as a mode of life in World War II, was already a finished product in the front ranks of the intellectuals—in the writings of an Ernst Jünger, for example. One who was versed in National Socialism has called that movement "the revolution of nihilism"—and that is what it was, blended with a sinister faith in the inhuman, in the proto-rational and chthonian, in soil, people, blood, past, and death. Not that I was altogether unfamiliar with these ingredients of the times. But when I spoke of a cultural advantage which the man born in 1875 possessed over those born straight into the post-bourgeois world, what I thought of was this: We old-timers still witnessed a form of opposition to liberalism and rationalism that itself abided by the loftiest tenets of culture, a darkling variety of humanism, as it were, a pessimism that wrote the language of our great humanistic epoch, its proud misanthropy never denying respect for ideas, for the higher vocation, for the dignity of man.

The narrative of my maturity, *The Magic Mountain*—this too was a humanistic work of thought. Its symbolism revolves about "life's problem child"—man—and the question of his state and estate. It sought to be a book of all mankind, as did, in the thirties, the stories of Joseph, for the most part already a gift of America. The outward scene of *The Magic Mountain* was narrowly confined—a Swiss mountain valley frequented by visitors from all over the world. The inner scene was broad. It embraced, fourteen years before World War II, the entire Western politico-moral dialectic, a dialectic that continues militantly to this day, still awaiting synthesis in human terms, thus enabling the novel to retain a certain timeliness over a period of twenty-five years.

No longer, as in the *Reflections*—which had paved the way for the novel—was it a question of defending art and intellect against politics. Politics had become dominant, even though art seemed to toy with it. Two antagonists were locked in struggle, in pedagogic dispute over a soul—the soul of the West. They were Western morality that was still bourgeois pitted against a morality that was bourgeois no longer. On the one hand stands politics as humanism, on the other as ascetic inhumanity. Democracy and its representative have come to be treated as friends, though not without irony, whereas—epitomized by a Jesuitically-trained Communist—there looms the cruelty of dogmatic dictatorship, iron bondage to the totalitarian state.

I SHALL confess—after so many misunderstandings this seems to be the appropriate moment for such a statement—that this revulsion against totalitarian dogmatism, this terror of terror, has remained with me throughout the past twenty-five years, that I can never become its partisan. This stand does not spring from old-fashioned liberalism, or from any failure to grasp mankind's striving and yearning for new absolute bonds, such as religion once offered. It springs from the fundamental disproportion between totalitarianism and truth, a disproportion that runs counter to my deepest instincts. As a writer, as a psychologist, and as one concerned with all that is human I am pledged to truth and dependent on it. I am fascinated by it and pervaded by its dignity as I am by the infamy of untruth. Illusion is creative; but mendacity is intolerable, aesthetically and morally. Well, the totalitarian state requires that one believe in lies. True, this is not characteristic of the totalitarian state alone, I know. Lying is universal—with the liberal world no exception. Special interests require ideological embellishment. Power politics puts on a messianic guise. And what we call propaganda never has much in common with truth. But that is not what I mean. A little deceit—even a great deal of it—does not yet amount to faith in the lie as such, in the lie as a history-shaping power.

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One may well doubt, after all, whether history ever materializes truth—and it is this doubt that rather alienates me from history—a doubt which leaves the born historian unruffled. Gregorovius, in his *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages,* writing of the origins of the Christian Church and its dogmas—the primacy of the Bishops of Rome, for example, or, in other words, the ascendancy of papal rule—says with serenity:

> If the power of an otherwise venerable tradition, resting on the faith of centuries, appears miraculous, it should be considered that in every religion that takes on concrete form traditions and legends are the basis for practical effects. Once the world has acknowledged them, such traditions and legends become facts within the faith.

To me, a peculiar horror emanates from this phlegmatic formulation. How is that? "Once the world has acknowledged them," legends can become truth? Myths, fables, forgeries, lies may become the basis of historical actuality? This, indeed, is the proper and essential work of history? In that event history would be a repulsive kind of fiction, the fiction of force; for whenever untruth becomes truth, it is, in the final reckoning, a matter of force. Yet it is precisely this trick, namely that the application of force may turn lies into truth, may make them the very foundations of life, which totalitarianism has learned from history. It is this that it admires in history's creations, that it is determined to use in making history on its own. For totalitarianism it is not truth that wins salvation (nor is that by any means inherent in the nature of truth), but faith—an ordained and enforced faith in a myth that alone promises salvation. In a word, the totalitarian statesman is the founder of a religion; or, more accurately, the founder of an infallible, inquisitorial system of dogma that forcibly suppresses every heresy while itself resting on legend—a system to which truth must austerely submit.

SMALL wonder that in our world of liberalism—a liberalism despairing of itself—the founding of such a creed met with success, regardless of the horror emanating from it for the man inured to freedom through creative art, where alone perhaps freedom is possible and natural. Almost from the moment of its birth freedom has been tired of itself, looking out for new bondage, new limitation, something that would command absolute veneration, a centripetal system of ideas and morals. It became clear that man cannot live in an individualistic diaspora, that in it no such thing as mankind may even be possible. Nothing could be more naïve than merrily to pit freedom against despotism from a moralist's point of view; for freedom is a frightening problem—frightening to such a degree that there is a real question whether man, for the sake of intellectual and metaphysical security, would not rather have terror than freedom. There is much about this in the novel of my old age, *Doctor Faustus.*

The holy terror, the new church, the new faith offering universal allegiance, promising, in addition to all its other blandishments, liberation from freedom—it has been found. Byzantine Russia, which never knew bourgeois democracy, where despotism was the wonted air of life, created it, on the basis, not of any Eastern theory, but of a pan-economic world doctrine of salvation, stemming from Western industrialism, of German origin, its content of truth only conditional. On this foundation Russia built its one true, orthodox church, with its holy scriptures, its sacrosanct structure of dogma, and all its other paraphernalia. Since it is at once a state—this church—it engages in power politics—and who has the right to be surprised? World conquest is an ancient dream, and every faith seeks to conquer the world, at the risk of becoming a mere means of world conquest.

IV

I SHOULD like to leave no doubts concerning my high respect for the historic event of the Russian Revolution, which fell into my times. Within its own country it put an end to anachronistic conditions that had long since become intolerable. Intellectually it lifted up a nation that was 90 per cent illiterate. It brought the living standards of the Russian masses to an infinitely more human level. After the political revolution of 1789, it was the great social revolution, and like the former it will leave its traces on all human society. If there were nothing else to inspire me with respect for it, there is still its unalterable opposition to fascism of Italian or German stripe—that callow aping of bolshevism, a pseudo-revolution without any refer-

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ence to the idea of humanity and its future. No one will deny that the great Russian Revolution does have pertinence in this respect. What lends it its tragic stamp is that it happened in Russia, of all places, and that it bears the specific seal of Russian destiny and character. In that vast country autocracy and revolution fought a merciless battle against each other over many long decades, a fight that scorned no weapon, that shrank from no form of terror. In that struggle the sympathies of the democracies, including America, were always on the side of revolution, for its victory held out the hope of a free Russia—free in the sense of democracy. But the result was different—it was Russian. Autocracy and revolution embraced each other, and what we see before our eyes is autocratic revolution, revolution in Byzantine guise, putting forward claims to world salvation that are opposed in a rivalry of historic and gigantic proportions by Western claims to world dominion, in the intellectual as in the material sphere.

It is one of history's sinister coincidences that the issue between the two imperialisms is joined and threatens to burst into flame at a time when technological developments have reached dizzy heights and science holds in readiness methods of destruction that menace the very existence of mankind. For at heart both parties are concerned with mankind and its welfare rather than with its doom. Who would deny the spirit of humanity to the Russian people—eternal Russia? Humanity was never more profoundly expressed than in Russian literature—*holy* Russian literature, as I called it in one of the stories of my youth. And as for communism, to which I am a stranger, and for whose contempt for truth I have already expressed my antipathy, but which has deep roots in the nature of the Russian people—why, it was only yesterday that Western democracy, fighting for its life, stood shoulder to shoulder with Russian communism in the war against the vicious and grotesque phantasmagoria of our times that sought and was about to win world dominion —Nazi fascism. Today there is a widespread belief that the last memories of that yesterday must be stamped out as treasonable; but I hold that a peaceful continuance of that brotherhood in arms—an eventuality, it is true, that would have required greater wisdom on both sides—might have given rise to great things for mankind, and good; while none gifted with sight can fail to note that the present chronic state of conflict can, by no stretch of the imagination, lead to a good end.

Even if it should not abruptly lead to a world-wide shooting war—the most hopeless and desperate adventure into which mankind will have ever hurled itself, an adventure for which no one can give the signal without signing his moral death warrant—even then that chronic conflict will inevitably continue to shackle the peoples of the world in fear and hatred, compel them to squander their best energies in the service of fear and hatred, hamper and scotch every advance, degrade men intellectually, paralyze the sense of justice in great nations, depriving them of reason and holding them up to ridicule before one another, because of the follies into which their mania for and of persecution has led them. No one is able to envision the picture of a full-scale hot war. But even the conflict in its present stage destroys what it seeks to preserve—democracy.

For democracy succumbs to the temptation of driving out the devil with Beelzebub, to take fascism as a comrade-in-arms, to support it and nurture it back to stature—and that you cannot do anywhere in the world without succumbing to the profane spirit of fascism at home.

From the depths of the human breast there rises today the cry: "Peace, for God's sake, peace!" America and Russia, these two good-natured giants—both of them susceptible, it is true, the one to headlong hysteria, the other to outbursts of Sarmatian savagery—is it necessary that the one slay the other, as Fafner slew Fasolt, that he alone might curl around the treasures of the world and fall asleep? There will be nothing left for him on which to rest his dragon's belly. The hydrogen bomb, unlike the club, leaves no residue, no treasure worth hoarding—not even democracy. The giants of East and West—how much they really have in common! Their very greatness makes for kinship between them—the spaciousness of their life which in turn creates a special relationship to time, a certain heedless lavishness in husbanding it. They have time, they take their time, they are strangers to impatience—I have never yet seen an impatient American, nor a Russian who had lost his patience. There is much that is curiously akin between the Russian and the American people—an innate affability and openness, an absence of reserve in human intercourse, qualities that are sharply distinct from the

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aloof individualism of the French or English character. It is well known that our soldiers, on the few occasions during the war when they had an opportunity to meet their Russion comrades—in Iran, for example, and in Germany—got on excellently with them, better, in fact, than with the French and the English. There is a certain primitive spirit of exuberance on both sides, in matters of drink and love, in their whole disposition toward life, and this made good friends of them, despite all difficulties of language.

Ivan and Sam or Jim do not want to leap at each other's throats, just because the constitutions of their countries diverge. The basic principles of democracy diverge—liberty and equality. They contradict each other and can never be ideally fused, for equality bears within itself the seeds of tyranny, and liberty those of anarchic dissolution. It is the task of mankind today to find a new balance between the two, to join them in a new alloy. In such an alloy there will be little point in glossing over the fact that justice is the dominant order of the age, and that its realization, in so far as it is within man's power, has become a matter of the world's conscience. The bourgeois revolution must be extended into the economic sphere, liberal democracy must become social. At heart everyone knows this, and if Goethe, toward the end of his life, declared that every reasonable man was, after all, a moderate liberal, this should be modified today to read: every reasonable man is a moderate socialist. I know well, of course, that it is precisely "moderate" socialism, liberal and humanistically disciplined—Social Democracy, in other words—that hates totalitarian communism most bitterly of all. That is no different in America from what it once was in Germany. Yet I do believe that even acknowledging the need for the social reform of liberty—the very act of turning away from the superstition that socialism must be held down everywhere in the world and that it is better to ally oneself with fascism than to permit free enterprise to suffer the slightest harm—I believe that even these things would bring about such a change in our national atmosphere and in our political conduct at home and abroad as to dull the sharp edge of the Russo-American conflict. Isolation, boycott, and extreme distrust —these determine the relationship of Russia to the Western world today. The beneficial changes which this relationship would undergo in the face of a sincerely anti-fascist and socially disposed America are incalculable.

IT HAS on occasion been said of me that I must always be a patriot—if now no longer a German patriot, then an American. There may be some truth in this. So let it be the patriotic dream of my old age that America may rise to a moral boldness in keeping with its strength, that it may seize the initiative to call a universal peace conference, at which not only would an end be put to the pernicious armaments race, but a plan would be conceived—in the clearly understood national interest of all countries, including America—a plan for the *comprehensive financing of peace,* for the consolidation of all the economic energies of the nations, to the end of administering the world in common, of distributing its goods in such a way that wretched poverty and famine shall vanish from the face of the earth, that needless suffering, for which man rather than God is responsible, shall be abolished. And not until Russia scorned such world planning—such preparation for a world government to protect law and peace—not until then would the proof be manifest that Russia does not want peace, a proof now taken for granted with much prematurity.

It is said that Russia wants peace only from the conviction that time is on the side of its cause. That may be true, but if so, time is also on our side, and America will scarcely yield to Russia in its confidence in the power of time. Both Russia and America are great and patient. Time works for us all, if we but allow it to have its way in its work of reconciling conflicts into a higher unity, if we—individuals and nations—but fill it with work on ourselves. Time is a precious boon, granted to us that in it we become wiser, better, more perfect and mature. Time is the very essence of peace, and war is nothing but savage contempt for time—the attempt to break away from it in senseless impatience.

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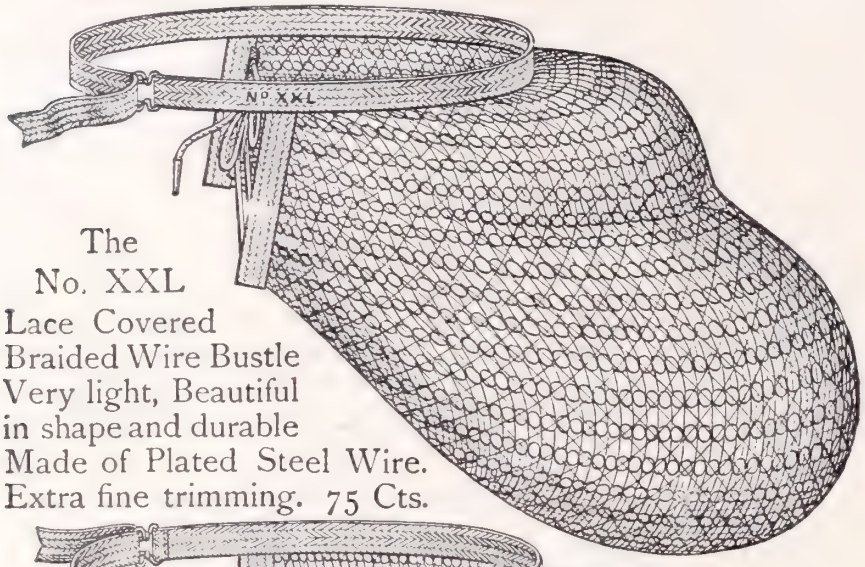
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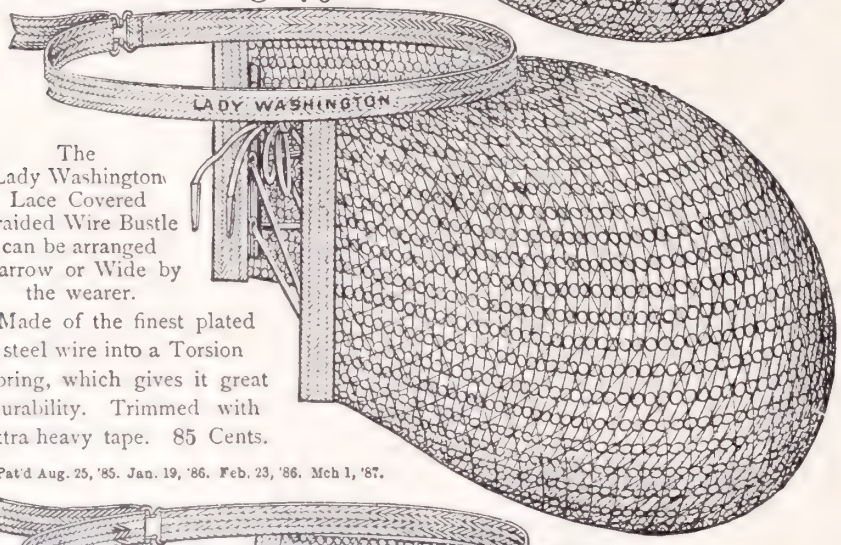
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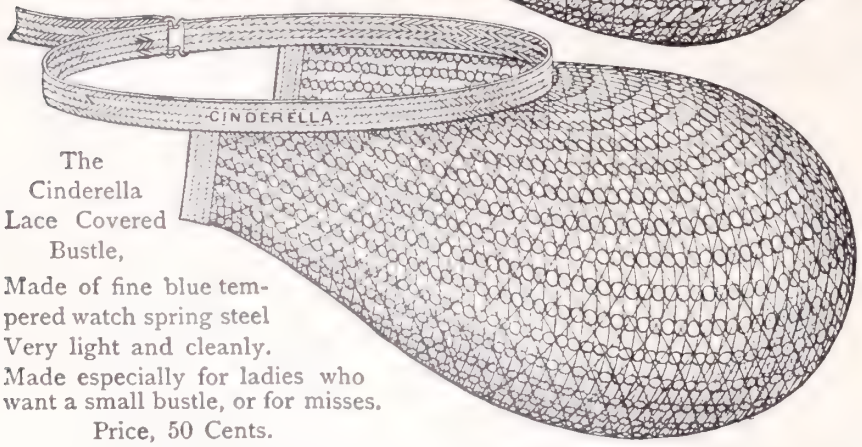


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A Century of Books

C. Hartley Grattan

Books and authors are highly volatile data of history. Writers and books worth conjuring with today are thoroughly dead tomorrow, and books which are also-rans of the seasons of their publication often rise in significance as time passes. Contemporary sales figures are an exceedingly unreliable index to enduring importance. Critics thought remarkably astute by their contemporaries and accepted as czars of literary taste are revealed in retrospect to have been astonishingly fallible. Many intelligent people can tell a good book from a bad one, but all of us lack a reliable technique for discriminating between the *faux-bon* and the truly first rate. Acceptance and rejection, survival and revival, are ill understood, rarely much thought about, or are disposed of with the explanation that does not explain: *de gustibus non est disputandum.*

How, then, can I or anybody know with assurance what books of the century since 1850 should have been read by the ideal, conscientious reader? Even the most discerning reader feels compelled, for one reason or another, to read a lot of transiently important books in the course of a lifetime, let alone a century, particularly books reporting the state of knowledge in various fields of learning in which he is interested but not expert, and books on current problems which time, or man, eventually solves. Moreover, his professional concerns will inevitably involve him in a range of reading of which remarkably little will outlast the "graven monuments of princes." To read these things he will no doubt miss a good many busses he might be expected to catch. One lives in the climate of one's time, sharing its illusions and imbecilities, reading the books that embody them and, since there are but twenty-four hours in any day, not reading what posterity declares are the classics of the time. The best of readers should expect to fumble badly among the books of his own lifetime. Anyone now living has a better chance of knowingly reading the truly great books of the century 1750-1850 than of reading those of the century 1850-1950. Nor is this so deplorable as is often snobbishly implied. It would be incredibly foolish not to read one's share of the run-of-the-mill books of one's own day. Self-conscious avoidance of them would make for a curious ignorance of the only period one can really know—one's own lifetime—and it is indeed just possible that in doing so one would miss some of the most significant reading experiences of all. There are moments, after all, when a strictly contemporary ham sandwich is more to be coveted than another turn in the imagination at Trimalchio's banquet.

The best one can do is to recall some of the authors and books that the intelligent readers of our century at least had a chance to read. Whether all of them did so is not particularly important. The merest

C. Hartley Grattan became a contributing editor of Harper's *in 1943, has averaged six articles a year for us ever since, bringing his total to forty-six. An authority on Australia and economics as well as literature, he is author of nine books.*

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glance at the appallingly long lists of candidates for mention* makes it clear that this is a perilous enterprise, only to be accomplished by the free use of unexplained subjective criteria and an impressionistic method. Mention of a book here should be taken to imply the other books of the same author which came earlier or later. These books I have read myself or, in a minimum number of instances, know I should have read, and live in hopes of reading shortly. You might make a very different selection, throwing out some of my choices and bringing in others. I have not included all the books and authors I think might well be included, for I do not want to produce a catalogue. Essays like this are analogous to anthologies. Many men anthologize, but really to get universally satisfactory results, every man should be his own anthologist. This is my anthology. It ranges over the domestic and the foreign fields. The American reader is, after all, one of the most cosmopolitan readers of all time.

THE decade of the eighteen-fifties opened with the death of William Wordsworth and, after the government had considered the claims of Henry Taylor, Sheridan Knowles, and Professor Wilson—whoever they were—Alfred Tennyson succeeded as Poet Laureate. In 1850 Tennyson published *In Memoriam*. Dickens and Thackeray were in mid-career. Dickens, before the decade was over, published *David Copperfield, Hard Times,* and *A Tale of Two Cities.* Thackeray published *Henry Esmond* in 1852. In America in 1850 Nathaniel Hawthorne offered *The Scarlet Letter* and Ralph Waldo Emerson offered *Representative Men.* The following year Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* appeared and in impressive sequence readers were offered Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852), Henry David Thoreau's *Walden* (1854), and Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* (1855). In 1857 one could take on Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* and Charles Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal.* As the decade closed Charles Darwin published *The Origin of Species* (1859), thus initiating a change in the intellectual climate of monumental dimensions, and John Stuart Mill offered a classic argument for a classic value, *On Liberty* (1859). Two years before *Harper's* was born, Mill had set the world straight on economic principles with his *Principles of Political Economy* (1848) and that same year Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels had announced the forthcoming end of All That in their *Communist Manifesto.*

What strikes one about this record of the first decade of our century is its quality of contemporaneity. There is not a single book mentioned here which, I think, anybody today could read with a sense that it was completely irrelevant to current interests and concerns. The last century is, after all, but the most recent episode in the making of the so-called modern mind, the history of which begins, by widely accepted convention, with the slow decay of the medieval synthesis, a process which, in 1950, is far from complete and which, in the definitive sense, may never be completed. Neither, for that matter, have we yet finally sloughed off the Greco-Roman mind—nor should we want to, it seems to me; and there are moments when it appears that the largest constituent element of our mentality is the Cro-Magnon mind or, God help us, the mind of Pithecanthropus Erectus. A little perspective is a useful thing. Eighteen-fifty is but yesterday in the long story of the human race. That the books of the eighteen-fifties should appear surprisingly modern is in the proper nature of things; and it is not altogether unlikely that a few readers will find one or two of the books mentioned altogether too modern for their taste even today. Baudelaire has made his way into remarkably few Sunday schools. Marx and Engels are not yet suffocated in respectability.

The modernity of the record established at its beginning, there will be few surprises as it is carried down the years, save the fact that struck me most forcibly: how great a proportion of the books and writers whom we consider very much of the present moment were originally published several decades ago. Books of quality and durability are frequently, though not always, like delayed-action bombs: they "go off" long after they are dropped from the presses. Fëdor Dostoevsky, still a subject of anxious concern to even the most advanced critics, produced *Crime and Punishment* in 1866, *The Idiot* in 1869, *The Possessed* in 1871, and *The Brothers Karamazov* in 1880. Tolstoi's *War and Peace* also dates from 1866, Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons,* which introduced the name and idea

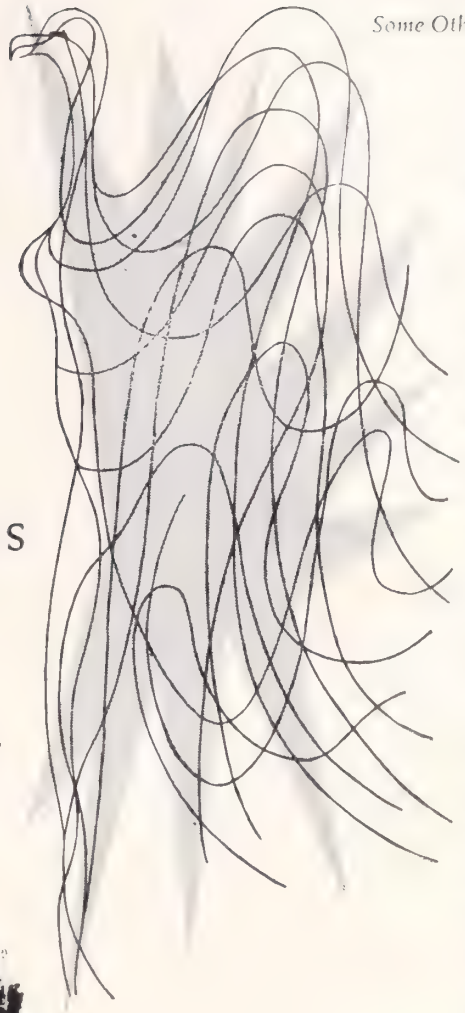
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of nihilism, from still earlier—1862. Karl Marx brought out volume one of *Das Kapital* in 1867. It was in the sixties, too, that writers as various as George Eliot—whose impact was fairly immediate, subsequently receded, and is now about to be revived—and Henrik Ibsen began their careers. (Ibsen, of course, did not do what came to be considered his characteristic work until the seventies and eighties and did not reach our English-speaking world in full force until even later. It is odd to recall that one of H. L. Mencken's early literary chores, never carried very far, was editing a series of Ibsen plays, then still considered fiery particles of wisdom.) Herbert Spencer, who in 1850, altogether without ironic intention (considering what followed after), had published *Social Statics* (which Mr. Justice Holmes assured us was *not* part of the United States Constitution), continued to pour out a stream of books through the sixties, seventies, and eighties which provided the ammunition for a long generation of conservative intellectuals. It is a lovely thought that one of the friends of Spencer's old age was Beatrice Potter. They broke over Beatrice's marriage to Sydney Webb, out of which were born, with inevitable gradualness, numerous ideas that were incorporated into British socialism. As the sixties ended Walter Bagehot, a most sensitive and versatile mind, published *Physics and Politics*, in which the newer learning of the day was brought to bear on the ancient game of ruling mankind. Bagehot was as distinguished an editor as the *Economist* has ever had.

In the early seventies Darwin put out *The Descent of Man* (1871) and at the decade's end Henry George published *Progress and Poverty* (1879), both vehicles of seminal and durable ideas. Beginning in this decade and continuing into the early nineteen-hundreds, Thomas Hardy provided a low-keyed commentary on human life which in perspective is more enduring than the optimistic commentary provided by George Meredith in a career that partially overlapped Hardy's. Mention of Hardy recalls that the note of somber fortitude runs like a black, silken thread through the work of many of the writers of the hundred years, from Tennyson right on down, offset, as Tennyson is offset by Browning, by others of a flaming optimism. If to our sense the earlier gloom seems disproportionate to the cause (the erosion of traditional faiths and certainties), this should be a sufficient warning that how men respond to the chances and changes of life is not entirely to be explained by reference to the objective facts. My favorite commentary on all this is an etching by Will Dyson showing Thomas Hardy interviewing God, who is saying with mournful emphasis, "Ah but Mr. Hardy, Mr. Hardy, if you only knew *all* the circumstances." If the men of the earlier years of our century hardly knew all the circumstances we know, what circumstances, do you suppose, are unknown to us?

IN THE eighties the Americans come back into the center of the panoramic picture I am trying to paint. In 1881 Henry James reached the stage of *The Portrait of a Lady;* in 1883 Ed Howe exposed the canker in the Middle Western paradise with his *Story of a Country Town,* subsequently a tale retold by a thousand hands; while in that same year Mark Twain reported in imperishable accents a paradise lost in *Life on the Mississippi* and two years later another in *Huckleberry Finn.* William Dean Howells gave us *The Rise of Silas Lapham* in 1885, a novel all too frequently chosen to represent him, though my vote goes for *The Landlord at Lion's Head,* published twelve years later. The seventies, and especially the eighties, were the time when Friedrich Nietzsche—who discovered by studying himself that modern man was sick and then got blamed for much of modern man's sickness—published his amazing books. These years were also the years of Guy de Maupassant and Emile Zola. They were, too, the time of Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* (1888) and of *Fabian Essays* (also 1888), to which Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb, and Graham Wallas contributed. From somewhere in this general vicinity the cumbersomely named "non-Communist left" takes off. (We have now accounted for the intellectual origins of the traditional liberals now be-

come conservatives, the far-leftists who have evolved into extreme reactionaries, and the leftward-leaning liberals of the modern vintage. They stem from writers who flourished from forty to a hundred years ago.) This was but the beginning of Shaw. In the next decade his dizzying career across the intellectual landscape, not concluded in 1950, was well and truly launched. The eighties were also the decade of *Treasure Island* (1883); and in 1886 the long, varied, and astonishingly productive career of William Butler Yeats opened with the publication of his first volume of poetry.

ANOTHER decade and our century reaches its halfway mark. From the nineties on, the books I shall mention seem to me less and less of yesterday and more and more of today, though there are still thirty years to go before I can say, "This is where I came in." William James' *Principles of Psychology* (1890), Alfred Marshall's *Principles of Economics* (1890), A. T. Mahan's *The Influence of Sea Power on History* (1890), and Sir J. G. Fraser's *The Golden Bough* (1890 *et seq.*) are simply unusually vivid focal points in their respective disciplines to which the past seems logically to lead up and from which the future as we know it inevitably flows. Or is this an illusion? Do not these men and books provide the indispensable background against which has been played out the intellectual drama of our time: James and what he represented to set the background for Freud, Marshall for Keynes, Mahan for the airpower theorists (who is their Mahan? Douhet?), Fraser to set off Boas. If we add John Dewey's *School and Society* (1899) and Thorstein Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class* of the same year, what I mean may be a trifle clearer. We are, as we come to the nineties—are we not?—reaching a point where we can, with ever increasing vividness, see our men and books creating and buffeted by winds of doctrine of which we ourselves have personal experience. No longer are they so plainly "figures of history," or "representative men of their time," which time is in the ill-apprehended past, but men of our time, subject to the forces which have molded us. Hence our

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decreasing ability to render assured verdicts on their historical significance. They may be less or more important than we think. From the nineties on this lack of certainty will plague us increasingly.

But of one thing we can be sure. The nineties no longer mean Oscar Wilde to us. Holbrook Jackson's fine book *The Eighteen-Nineties* is a period piece, not a history-with-perspective. For Americans the nineties are the time when Emily Dickinson was first published (1890, 1891), when Edwin Arlington Robinson began to publish, when Stephen Crane brought out *The Red Badge of Courage* (1895), even the time of Sarah Orne Jewett, Ambrose Bierce, Hamlin Garland and—dare I risk it?—the Harold Frederic of *The Damnation of Theron Ware* (1896). Abroad it is the time of Gerhart Hauptmann, Arthur Schnitzler, Anton Chekhov, and Joseph Conrad.

DURING the first ten years of the new century we got Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* (1900), Frank Norris' *The Octopus* (1901), J. A. Hobson's fantastically influential *Imperialism* (1902), Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh* (1903), Henry James' *The Golden Bowl*, and the earliest volume of Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe* (1904) (but maybe Rolland is dead?); and in 1907 the rich harvest of William Graham Sumner's *Folkways*, William James' *Pragmatism*, Bergson's *Creative Evolution*, and Henry Adams' *Education* (in a secret edition of forty copies). Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale* came along in 1908. In 1900, too, we got the first work of Sigmund Freud in which the concept of psychoanalysis was explicitly formulated; in 1906 he made his only visit to the United States; but it was not until the nineteen-twenties that he became the rage (and in that phase a bit of a bore). Thus slowly did the third most influential contribution to the thinking of our century make its way. Freudianism surely ranks with Darwinism and Marxism among the great creative-corrosive influences.

In the next decade there appeared Franz Boas' *The Mind of Primitive Man* (1911), Mrs. Wharton's *Ethan Frome* (1911), Beard's *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* (1913), and in the same year the first installment of Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* (the last came in 1927), the first volume of poetry by Robert Frost, and D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. W. Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage* is dated 1915. Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil* came in 1917 and Lenin's *State and Revolution* in the same year, Willa Cather's *My Antonia* in 1918, and in 1919 Mencken's *The American Language* and Keynes' *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*. The first twenty years of the century were also the palmy days of H. G. Wells, prophet of his own peculiar version of the "sensible man," then as now the peripheral man of no power (though Wells never saw that point all his long life).

The nineteen-twenties saw the appearance of an extraordinary number of what we fondly believe are classics of our time, though many are only classics of our generation, in all probability. In February 1922 in Paris James Joyce's *Ulysses* was published in an edition of 1,000 copies and in New York in the same year T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* was published, also in an edition of 1,000 copies. John Dewey's *Human Nature and Conduct* came out in that year. The following year Albert Einstein published *The Meaning of Relativity*, a statement of a position he had established as far back as 1905. (Unknown to all the atom bomb was in its period of gestation.) Thomas Mann crossed the language divide in definitive fashion in 1924 with *The Magic Mountain;* in that same year Stalin delivered the lectures that became *Foundations of Leninism* and E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India* came out. *The Counterfeiters* of André Gide was translated into English in 1927 and that writer's international vogue was launched. That year also saw the completion of Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. This was the general period when Aldous Huxley's vogue was at its height. But for most home-dwelling Americans the twenties were the years of Sinclair Lewis—*Main Street* (1920), *Babbitt* (1922), *Arrowsmith* (1925); Theodore Dreiser—*An American Tragedy* (1925); Scott Fitzgerald—*The Great Gatsby* (1925); the characteristic plays of Eugene O'Neill; and H. L. Mencken.

AND SO we come to the last lap of our hectic dash down the century, the twenty years since 1930. I pause to look wildly around. How out of the vast number of names and titles that suggest themselves can I possibly snatch a dozen or so that will mean something of importance not only to my contemporaries but to my successor at this impossible task fifty or a hundred years hence? Should I name Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, and John Steinbeck as the Americans "most likely to succeed?" I hesitate because I am insufficiently attuned to the *Zeitgeist* of these years to have read these men with unalloyed enthusiasm. Will James T. Farrell be remembered for *Studs Lonigan* (completed in 1935), Walter Van Tilburg Clark for *The Ox-Bow Incident* (1940), Eudora Welty for her short stories? Will Thomas Wolfe last, even in carefully made selections? What of Dos Passos has a chance of survival? Is Robert Penn Warren a man with a future?

Is not one's confidence in the durability of H. H. Richardson's *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony* (1930—the first volume dates from 1917) well justified? But is it prejudice or insight that leads one to suspect that Franz Kafka, whose work began to appear in English in 1930, is a "man of the time," not of the long future? How is one to rate the "political" novelists—André Malraux, Ignazio Silone, Arthur Koestler, George Orwell—as to durability? There seems to be an aura of permanent interest hovering around *Man's Fate* (1934), *Fontamara* (1934), *Darkness at Noon* (1941), *Animal Farm* (1945), but less certainly around *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949). Is Jean-Paul Sartre as dull as *I* think he is? Will not the flag of Albert Camus fly longer?

Is Hart Crane a great poet or simply an "advanced intellectual's" dream of a poet? Who *is* the poet of these decades: T. S. Eliot, Allen Tate, W. H. Auden, Robert Lowell, E. E. Cummings, Dylan Thomas, Edith Sitwell?

On the non-fiction side the task is even more impossible. Frankly I have but two nominations, Leon Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution*, which came into English in 1932, and John Maynard Keynes' *The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*, pub-

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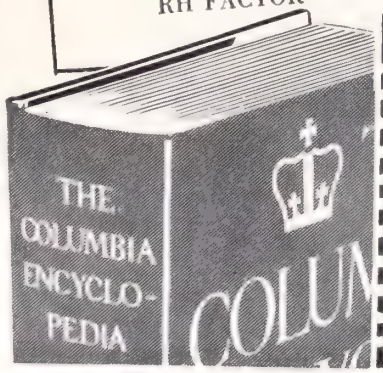
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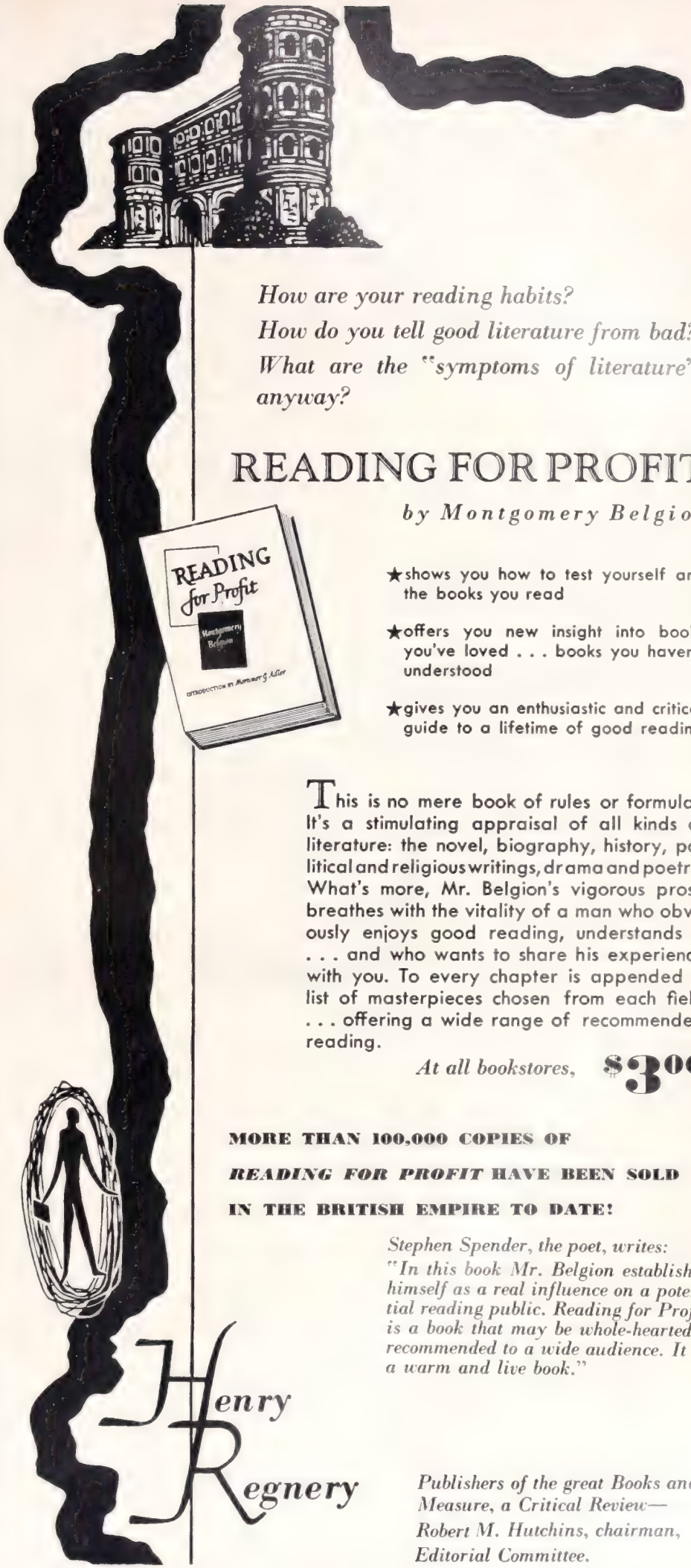
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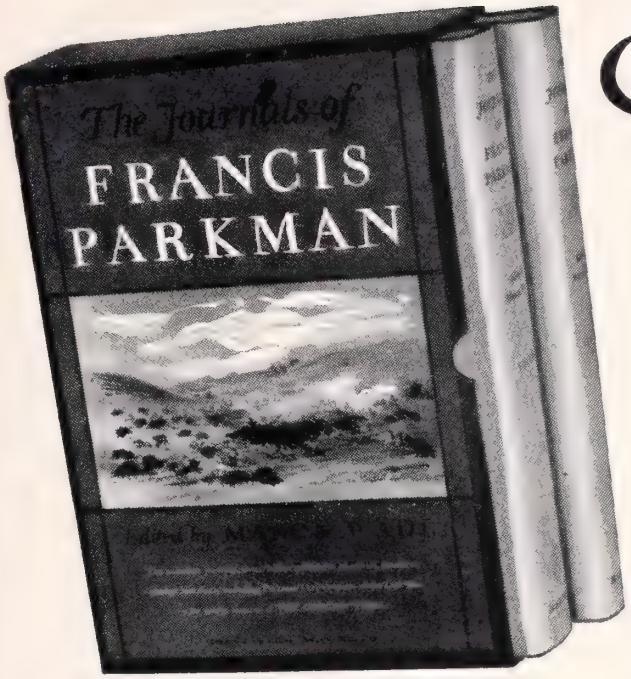
Richard H. Rovere

A CENTURY ago almost to the month, Herman Melville, living on a farm in the Berkshires and just settling down to work on *Moby Dick,* published in a magazine called the *Literary World* an essay on Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse.* The essay is important now not only for its appreciation of Hawthorne but for its plea for the encouragement of American writers. "Let America, then," Melville wrote, "prize and cherish her writers; yea, let her glorify them. While she has good kith and kin of her own, let her not lavish her embraces upon the household of an alien. . . . Let America praise mediocrity even, in her own children, before she praises . . . the best excellences in the children of any other age. Let her own authors, I say, have the priority of appreciation. . . . And if any of [them] fail, or seem to fail, then . . . let us clap him on the shoulder and back him against all Europe for the second round."

Melville wrote in a golden age and was himself a golden figure. The year 1850 was the middle year of what F. O. Matthiessen called the American Renaissance. The Renaissance man in the Berkshires was aware of this, but dimly and imperfectly so, and it takes no dazzling powers of perception to see that what lay behind his extravagant and combative language was something very different from what appeared on the surface of it. He compared Hawthorne's short stories in the *Mosses* most favorably with the complete works of Shakespeare—"not a great deal more and Nathaniel were verily William"—but in fact he shared with his age the suspicion and fear that Nathaniel and William belonged to wholly different orders of mankind.

For it was plainly this fear on the part of his countrymen that provoked him to his intemperate plea. America's neglect of American literature in 1850 had many causes, among them the lack of international copyright that made it advantageous for the merchants of art to encourage a taste for the unprotected works of foreign authors. But the most important one was what Emerson, thirteen years earlier, had called American "timidity, and subservience to the courtly muses of Europe" and what we, drawing upon the more charitable language bequeathed us by the psychologists, can describe as the young republic's sense of cultural insecurity. It took America a long time to convince itself that it was really becoming a civilization, really breeding a culture. Its rejection of its writers was a form of self-rejection. It doubted their worth because it doubted its own worth. Melville did not understand this or he would have been gentler with his times, as Emerson came to be, and it is clear enough now that the reason he did not understand it was that he shared it very deeply. He spoke of American genius as "an explosive sort of stuff [that] will expand though screwed up in a vise, and burst it, though it were of triple steel," and he was living proof that this was true—though no truer of American genius than of any

In honor of the Centennial, Richard H. Rovere has taken a temporary holiday from his regular job of reviewing new books in these pages to survey the changing status of the writer in America and particularly his position today.



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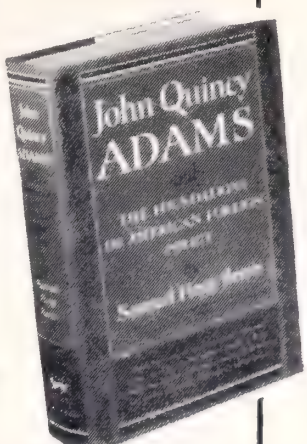
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other. But if his heart had known the confidence his words expressed, he would not have called for the praise of American mediocrity, nor would he have advocated a literary high-tariff policy under which the "best excellences" of foreign writers were to be admitted only after American second-raters had been given their due.

In this respect, then, the lot of the writer* has improved in the century: the American now knows that there is such a thing as American literature. He has a tradition to serve him both as a guide and as a point of departure. To have this may not be as important as certain schools of criticism sometimes make it out to be. Certainly it is not essential: after all, what may still be our greatest novel was produced in 1851 by the very man who had unconsciously revealed the frailness of his faith in 1850. But at any rate the American can now be certain that if he contributes to his own literature, he contributes to world literature, and this knowledge does provide certain elements of comfort and encouragement for the writer. It also protects the critic against the kind of defensive exaggerations with which Melville victimized himself.

The particular injustice against which Melville protested in his Hawthorne essay has long since been remedied. Neglect is still part of the writer's lot, but such neglect as the heirs of Melville suffer now they share with the foreign writers whom they looked upon as rivals a century ago. Actually, the remedy was in process even as Melville wrote. *The Scarlet Letter* was published in 1850 (Melville had read it but thought it not quite as interesting as the short stories), and it promptly put an end to Hawthorne's obscurity. In its first edition, it sold 5,000 copies, which would be a pretty good sale for a serious novel today and was the equivalent, in a nation of only 23,000,000, a formidable percentage of whom were slaves and free illiterates, of a sale of about 45,000 in 1950. *Representative Men* was also published in 1850, which happened to be the year of Emerson's first big lecture tour through the West, and it sold moderately well, as everything of his did from that period on. To be sure, it was seventy years before Melville himself came into his own, but his was a special case and had far less to do with the fact that he was an American than with the fact that he was a genius. In 1850, he was a misunderstood writer but hardly an unpraised one. In 1851, when *Moby Dick* was in press, this august publication, which very largely reflected the cultural xenophilism that Melville so despised, published a chapter from the book and in December of that year an extremely favorable review of it.

Nevertheless, cultural xenophilism was a fact, and it persisted well into the twentieth century. It hung on longer in music, painting, and the other arts than in literature. As the years wore on, though, it fell under increasingly heavy criticism and its force grew weaker and weaker. Today it has none worth speaking about.

II

Melville had said that he was making his plea for the American writer not because he wanted to better the lot of his colleagues but because he wanted to better the lot of society. "It is for the nation's sake and not for her authors' sake that I would have America be heedful of the increasing greatness among her writers," he said. This may have been slightly less than candid on his part, but he did believe, as every writer must, that the moral and spiritual health of a society depends to some degree upon its literature. If he were to appraise the situation today, he would be compelled to find it even less encouraging than it was in 1850. The neglect of literature now is not selective as it was then but broad and undiscriminating. We live in an age not of cultural xenophilism but of an enveloping Philistinism and of an intellectual fragmentation unprecedented in history.

The past several decades have seen two parallel but contradictory developments in

* I must make it clear that in this article I am not using the word "writer" in the census-taker's sense. A great many Americans classify themselves occupationally as writers. Figures based on the 1950 census are not yet available, but one estimate made not long ago puts the number of writers at 75,000. Most of these, of course, are newspaper reporters, advertising writers, publicity writers, motion-picture writers, radio and television writers, writers for commercial magazines of high or low repute, professional book-reviewers, and so on. It involves no judgment of the social usefulness of their work to leave them out of this consideration. As I use the term, I intend it to apply rather narrowly to those writers whose work is the product of creative imagination—in other words, to those who contribute, or earnestly aspire to contribute, to the literature of their day. The best definition of literature I know of is Ezra Pound's. "Literature," Pound said, "is news that stays news."

American life. On the one hand, there has been an enormous growth of mechanized entertainment and of that substitute for literature, just getting under way in Melville's day with the activities of what Hawthorne described as "the damned mob of scribbling women," which is the principal stuff of commercial magazines, book clubs, and best-seller lists. On the other hand, there has been so vast an increase in specialized knowledge and specialized techniques that communications among the highly trained have broken down almost as badly as communications among nations. By the standards of the scientist, almost every non-scientist is a Philistine. By the standards of the literary man, almost every non-literary man is a Philistine.

The man of letters, naturally, believes that the other man's Philistinism is the truly reprehensible one. It is a self-serving belief, but it is not for that reason false. In any case, the neglect of literature in 1950 is almost comprehensive. In Melville's day, many Americans who did not read the native literature *did* read Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Bulwer-Lytton, and Byron, along, of course, with a great many others who were not worth reading on any terms. The Americans who don't read their own writers today don't read any other writers. Xenophilism at least implied a value judgment of sorts. It may have been crude or silly or pretentious or mistaken, but it was a judgment nonetheless when a man held one set of writers to be more deserving of his attention than another. There are still Americans who make literary value judgments, but there are, relatively speaking, very few of them. They are not as rare as whooping cranes, but they are approximately as rare as Americans who have never participated in a familiar educational ritual called American Literature, Introduction to.

In 1850, a book, by either a native or a foreign author, was not accounted a success until it had been sold to one in every 5,000 or 6,000 free, literate citizens; today, when the percentage of college graduates is higher than the percentage of secondary-school graduates a century ago, a book that sells as well as that

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makes the best-seller charts, somewhere near the middle. In 1850, a book that sold to one in every 15,000 was accounted a distinct failure; today, a book—a *book*, not a printed aphrodisiac or a manual on Increased Selling Power Through Self-Mastery—will greatly encourage both author and publisher if it sells to one in 15,000. Flushed by a success of such magnitude, neither author nor publisher is likely to think much of the joke on the reviewer—scarcely a book is published without drawing at least one such reviewer—who has described the book as "must reading for every American." Only a small proportion of books that have any legitimate claim to distinction sell to anything like one in 15,000.*

III

But ours is an immense, wonderful country. Far out on the broad margin of its economy, it supports enterprises, minuscule in relation to those at the center, that would strain all the resources of many European powers. Negligible minorities here are equivalent in size and wealth to great majorities elsewhere. What appears to be Lilliputian on this continent would be Brobdingnagian in many other places on earth. On the margin of the American economy, supported in his serious work by fewer people than live in a single Congressional district, the American writer nevertheless enjoys freedom and material well-being on a scale that is equaled elsewhere only in reveries. If writers in Europe lived by the patronage of so relatively few of their countrymen as American writers do, they would be driven to mendicancy. Whether or not Melville was right in saying that a society neglects literature at its peril, whether or not there is an abstract truth in Bernard DeVoto's contention that a book is not finished until it has been read, it is a fact beyond dispute that literature can survive neglect in staggering quantities, provided the negligent society is large enough and rich enough. In the midst of neglect by a large, rich society, the American literary establishment is, as literary establishments go, huge and prosperous. In fact, one sometimes hears the extraordinary complaint that, like so many other things in America, it suffers from its very bigness, that it carries too much useless fat. No one complains that too few books are published in America; to most people, a more reasonable complaint is that to satisfy the consumer's demand and to keep the machinery of the publishing industry from lying profitlessly idle, writers are urged to produce too often and too much, and frequently, therefore, spread themselves too thin. Anyway, there are more people devoting their time and energy to literature today than ever before: there are more serious books written and published, more publishing houses functioning, more literary magazines circulating (the largest one is patronized by about one in 25,000) than at any other time or in any other place. Safety in numbers is the principle behind it all. The American writer's lot is made tolerable and often more than tolerable by the happy circumstance that there are a great many people in a single Congressional district and that if a book sells to one American in 15,000, it sells about 10,000 copies.

Of course, there are serious books that circulate to many times 10,000 readers. A man may happen to produce, as Robert Penn Warren has in *World Enough and Time*, a distinguished novel in which the necessary component of sex and violence is large enough to attract the interest of an institution like the Literary Guild, which is in the business of distributing the stuff of dreams to dreamers in short supply and which has a subscription list running up into the hundreds of thousands. If clever packaging can give his work an appeal to the prurient as well as to the sapient, if a pretext can be found for embellishing the cover of a twenty-five-cent reprint with plethoric mammaries, he may eventually reach an audience of millions. When this happens, the writer's lot is not tolerable but

* It is sometimes held that the vast increase in library facilities makes figures like these misleading. One copy of a book, it is pointed out, may be read by dozens of people nowadays. As a counter-argument, this seems to me unconvincing. It is true that more books are read without being owned nowadays than formerly, but it is also true that more books are owned and not read.

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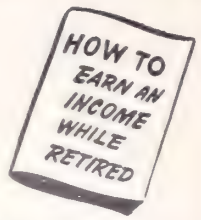
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NEW BOOKS

princely. But it happens rarely for most writers, and it is quite the grossest kind of self-deception to suppose that when the honest in literature finds itself on a footing with the meretricious, it is the element of honesty that has won it this parity. It would be just as reasonable to hold that the meretricious is really honest because its appeal is as great or that a book which can be used as a love potion or a sedative can have no other use but this.

The fact is that our richly inventive civilization, which has done such clever and improbable things with soya beans and lumps of coal, has found all sorts of ways of exploiting the writer's gifts and personality. Not only can his best work be put to many uses, but the talents of which his best work are the fruit can be put to other tasks in the worlds of business and entertainment. Hollywood, radio, television, and the advertising agencies pose moral problems for the writer of 1950 that the writer of 1850 never had to face. In the long pull, though, the writer who wishes no master but his conscience comes back to the undersized Congressional district and to the Lilliputian industry which are so miraculously and so fortunately able to support him. He owes something to the fact that the one is, in absolute terms, as large as it is and something to the fact that the other is, in relative terms, so small. As a general rule, the writer, in particular the novelist, who has attained a fair degree of recognition is able to work full-time at his trade. This is not to say that every writer is able to live in ease and security on the returns from his work or that every writer is able to make what use he wishes of his time. As everyone knows, there are some whose standard of living is lower than that of a millhand and there are others—a very few—who must subsidize their work by being millhands. But it was ever thus, and the wonder today is not that some American writers have a difficult time of it but that so many do not. One cannot generalize very successfully about the living standards of writers, but it is perhaps reasonable to say that the upper and lower limits are approximately the same as those of civil servants.

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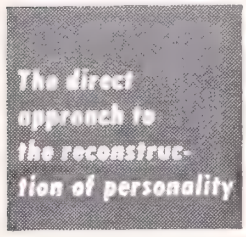


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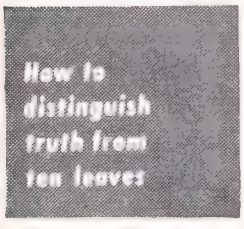
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In the field of the novel, which is the predominant one in this century, there are very few established writers who require subsidies of any kind. But among younger novelists who are awaiting recognition and among poets and playwrights and critics, subsidies are often necessary. They are generally forthcoming. Some of them come from outright philanthropies in the form of cash grants, some from universities in the form of teaching jobs, but the biggest subsidizer is the publishing industry itself, which has higher ideals of public service than any other industry in the country. Because it has seldom attracted large investors and because it has found more advantages in a kind of easy-going competition than in driving toward monopoly, it has been largely unaffected by the most objectionable values of the business civilization around it. True, most of its handsomest profits come from its trafficking in the meretricious, but, happily, the better part of the industry is still in the hands of men who regard profit not as an end in itself but as a means for supporting literature in an hour in which there are few other means for supporting it. Recently, there have been strong tendencies in the other direction—moves toward consolidation, moves toward bringing in big money from the mass-entertainment industries — but by and large the book industry has been successful in keeping its commercial activities on a purely commercial basis, while it frequently uses the take from its dope-peddling to pay off the losses incurred by the publication of serious writing.

If the writer, under most circumstances, owes his well-being to the hard core of citizens who value him as an artist and a man of conscience, he owes his freedom of expression to those who ignore him as well as to those who do not. Thanks to the fact that the public's interest in literature is rarely familial enough to be suffocating, he enjoys the privilege of applying his own restraints and of being his own censor to an unsurpassed and probably unsurpassable degree. He is freer today from restraints of all kinds on his forms and contents than he has ever been before. When novel-reading was a common diversion of the young, people worried about what was in the novels, but now, fortunately for the novelists, people are more worried about what is on television—though it would seem they are not greatly worried about that. When, as happens occasionally in one of the large urban centers, someone sets up the hue and cry, the writer can generally rely on the courts to be on his side. To the extent, of course, that he engages in non-literary activities, he is subject to the same social pressures as anyone else. If he is a teacher or a ladies'-club lecturer or a popular journalist, he will find himself circumscribed by whatever repressive forces are currently at work; he must either make allowances for the prevailing winds or suffer the consequences of not making allowances. But as a writer—as a man concerned with news that stays news—he is hardly touched by the prevailing winds, for the simple reason that this side of his being has its impact on so small a segment of the society to which he belongs.

IV

So much for the American as a writer. The writer as an American involves us in somewhat different and perhaps more important considerations. It is possible to compare the writer's economic status with that of some class or group, civil servants or dentists or whatever, but there is simply no way of comparing his social status with anyone else's. To become a writer in America is in effect to abandon the class one belongs to by birthright and join another. Indeed, it has become almost a commonplace of the stage and movies to illustrate the Oedipal or Electral nature of a relationship by having a discontented adolescent announce his determination to become a writer and by having the aggrieved, betrayed parent respond with explosive obloquy.

There is something in this. Though literary criticism could easily enough show that rebelliousness alone makes a shaky foundation for a literary career, psychoanalysis could probably demonstrate that it has been the ground from which many careers, of varying degrees of fruitfulness, have been launched.

NEW BOOKS

The profession of literature, which should be a means of drawing closer to one's fellows, is both regarded and employed by many young people as a means of escape. But no matter what the conscious or unconscious intention may be, there is a severing involved in becoming a writer, and it is a severing of ties not only with the class of one's origins but with all other classes. This is partly because writers live to themselves by choice and partly because they are left to themselves by their compatriots. The average American's lack of interest in literature and his remoteness from it are likely to breed in him a view of the writer as a man who is at once an idler and a magician. The idler he holds in contempt and the magician in an exaggerated awe.

In any event, writers live withdrawn, isolated lives, not only spiritually and intellectually but physically. They are not distributed about the country as members of most professions are but clustered together in or near the big cities—New York in particular. If they live in a big city, they are likely to live in a part where other writers live; if they live outside the city, they are likely to choose some fashionable literary suburb. They are given to marrying other writers and having all their friendships with writers. Their religious and political views are seldom of the sort that give them any sense of communion with their fellows, and they have almost no connections with the state of the kind that are quite common in England and France. If they venture into the world beyond the literary compound, they find themselves ignorant or ill at ease, generally both. This leads to resentment, which leads in turn to more pronounced isolation. Thomas Wolfe's title, *You Can't Go Home Again,* says a great deal about the voluntary declassing of American writers.

One can go through the diaries and memoirs of all the leading American writers of the past century without coming on a single career like that of, say, Stendhal, who moved with ease among all kinds and conditions of men not only in France and Italy but over the whole face of Europe; who had friendships and love affairs in all classes of Eu-



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ropean society; who was at home in the worlds of business, science, war, and diplomacy, as well as in those of literature, music, art, and the theater; and who could depict, with knowledge that grew directly and immediately out of experience, the life of his time on all levels. When it happens that an American writer like the poet Wallace Stevens is a business man as well as a writer, it is considered a weird anomaly, as it most certainly is, both by other writers and by other business men, and no reviewer can so much as mention his work without listing—as if thereby to describe a freak—his business references.

BOTH the evidences and the consequences of the writer's isolation can be found in what he writes. American literature is rich and varied, and it has much to say about human existence, but it is seldom able to deal with American experience in the simple, straightforward way that European literatures deal with the peoples of European nations. Our novelists get at American life mainly by describing their own experiences on the periphery or by dealing with the peripheral experiences of others. They are mostly specialists in the extremes of experience. They know more about men on lonely mountaintops than on populous plains. Either they concentrate on unique, exotic personalities, as Hemingway for example does, or they concentrate, like Faulkner, on unique, exotic interludes in common experience.

In short, Whitman's varied carols, though much talked about and written about, are seldom heard. There are very few American novels that leave one, as so many great European novels do, with the feeling that they have been written out of a deep, interior knowledge of what life is like not only in moments of stress and violence but in moments of calm. Of course, the European writers achieve this sort of success by projecting self-knowledge, which ultimately is the root of all knowledge and which Americans are no more lacking in than anyone else. But to project self-knowledge, to throw it beyond the self, requires a certain intuitive comprehension of the everyday life of others, a certain traveler's sophistication that the American writer generally doesn't have. It takes empathy more than sympathy. When American writers feel called upon to salvage the democratic experiment in literature, to capture the varied carols, they invariably fall back on one of two familiar methods: either they mine their childhood memories for visions of how it was before the great declassing, or they go out and research American life, observing, with notebook open and pencil poised, the ways of farmers and workers and lawyers and politicians and thieves. Nearly all our fiction outside the Hemingway and Faulkner schools is based on research or memory or both. Sinclair Lewis combines the two, with research preponderating. Dos Passos, when he is not working with the exotic, is also a researcher. Wolfe exploited memory, as do Farrell and Richard Wright. Willa Cather and Ellen Glasgow often wrote with convincing interior knowledge (Miss Glasgow in a very limited segment of life), but both of them fell back on research toward the end of their careers. Perhaps that minor genius, Ring Lardner, was the only one in our time whose interior knowledge was adequate to his needs, which were not as great as they should have been. There is nothing wrong, of course, in using either research or memory, except for the fact that research only rarely yields satisfying results, and memory has a way of becoming exhausted, as all but the early books of Wolfe and Farrell show.

But isolation is part of the writer's lot and any self-conscious effort to change it is likely to be self-defeating. Hawthorne visiting Brook Farm was oppressed by what he saw to be the forced, unnatural character of the relations between intellectuals and workers, and he was convinced that even with Emerson, who made the greatest efforts to communicate, "in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had inscriptions he could not read." The effort, in the Marxian thirties, of writers to know the life of the American working class by means of forming a political alliance led to some of the most preposterous nonsense in the history of American writing. It is a great pity that the American writer has en-

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—The "Monthly Record of Current Events," *Harper's,* February 1851.



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The Pardonable Ballet

INDEED, there can be nothing more deplorable than the ordinary ballet and the painful *pas de deux,* which used to be danced at the theater between the play and the farce. The trembling, ill-balanced, half-ghastly, half-grinning, and wholly pitiable woman, in a series of short, white skirts, trying to stand upon the point of one foot, patting the air with her hands, and turning an agonized smile to the audience; while her male companion, with the thick, India-rubbery legs, whirled round three times in a breathless manner, and then spread his inane hands before the spectators—this was a performance which was absurd and painful, but not, in the ordinary sense, immoral. The only emotion it suggested was, that a hat should be passed around for contributions to release the wretched pair from the necessity of the nightly suffering which they evidently endured and certainly inflicted.

But the charm of the ballet is no longer a single dancer; it is the scenery, the effects, and the combination. The dresses are unquestionably short, and there is not much of what used to be called, in the Taglioni and Elssler days, "the poetry of motion"; but is the spectacle wholly improper, and the influence unmixedly immoral? Possibly the Easy Chair is an easy moralist, but he apprehends the greater part of the pleasure is like that of seeing a pantomime, or of reading a fairy tale. It is a pleasure not to be visited with the most tremendous threats of retribution. However, this is delicate ground; for the effect is often at the mercy of one performer, and he or she may taint the whole scene with impurity. But that is true of much that is never questioned. There are many passages of Shakespeare which are equally at the will of the actor to make intolerable.

Indeed, without defending any recent performance, the Easy Chair is inclined to regard the enjoyment of the ballet as at least a pardonable pleasure, and not to argue national demoralization from it. . . .

—"Editor's Easy Chair,"
Harper's, May 1868.

Come and Get It

THE laws governing the repast itself are unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians. In countries where oysters abound they may be served before the soup, upon the half-shell, with a slice of lemon cut lengthwise, to the number of four (small) upon each plate. These, and small crabs in summer, are alone admissible *before* the arrival of soup, and form the only course placed upon the table, being there when dinner is announced.

Soup.—In view of the many heavy courses to follow, the most elegant soup is a clear *bouillon,* although richer ones are seen. . . .

Fish follows next, and with it the invariable boiled potato, mealy and white, *"au naturel."* With salmon, boiled rice is frequently used, served as a garnishing. Care should be taken to see that the fish chosen is in season.

Entrées to the number of one or two are *de rigueur* after fish. . . . A roast with vegetables follows the first *entrée,* and after a second the game course is in order. . . . The vegetables with game should be very delicate ones, so as not to predominate what is considered the finest course. Boiled celery with cream sauce, rice croquettes, and mushrooms are all suitable, the first being a favorite dish in France. The substantial part of the dinner may end here with one more *entrée,* which at the best tables is frequently some vegetable of decided flavor. . . .

In the cosmopolitan dinner, cheese is the line of demarcation between dinner and dessert, being served after the table has been brushed in preparation for the latter. . . .

Dessert usually opens with some hot dish, called in France *plat doux,* or, if pastry, *plat solant.* Ices, jellies, meringues, etc., etc., follow, fruit and nuts being last. When the ladies retire at this juncture, the gentlemen being left to their wines, coffee is served to the former in the parlor, and to the latter with brandy and *liqueurs* at the table.

—"The Art of Dining" by Julie Verplanck, *Harper's,* December 1875.

Harper's MAGAZINE

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in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

NEXT month *Harper's* will publish the first of a series of five articles on the new cosmology by ***Fred Hoyle,*** Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and lecturer in mathematics at the University of Cambridge. The articles, which have already created considerable stir in England and which will subsequently appear in book form here, present an exciting new picture of the universe, combining generally accepted findings of modern cosmology with daring concepts of the author's own. We believe that they are as significant a contribution to science writing as *The Universe and Dr. Einstein,* which we ran in 1948.

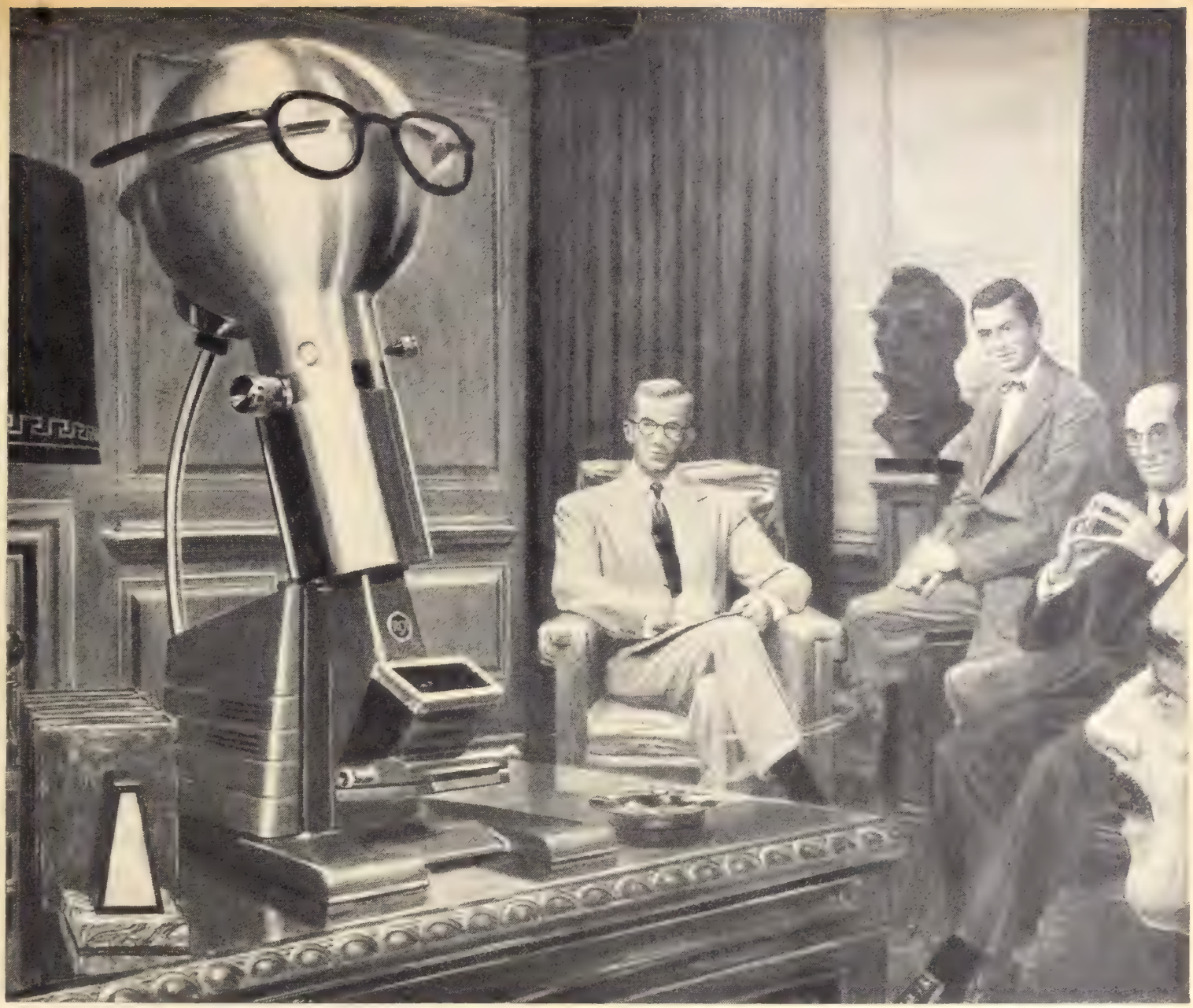
FROM Mark Twain's time on, American tourists' impressions of Europe have been flooding the U.S. book and magazine market. But we rarely get the reverse side of the picture: the European tourist's impression of America. Europeans who write about the United States usually do so as historians, critics, sociologists, economists, or political analysts, not as just plain visitors. In December, ***D. W. Brogan*** fills in this gap with an autobiographical account of one British "Tourist in America," describing the American scenes, settings, and customs he likes best and giving us natives a whole new perspective on exactly what we have here.

AS A contrast, and at the same time a supplement, to Mr. Brogan's remarks, ***Fred M. Hechinger*** takes up the impact on the rest of the world of American products, gadgets, customs, and ways of thinking, in "American Goods Preferred." ***Tharon Perkins,*** whose husband, Milo Perkins, has often appeared in this magazine, presents a colorful picture of the present boom in Venezuela, based on personal observation. And in fiction we will present a third excerpt from ***Katherine Anne Porter's*** novel-in-progress, the second installment of which appears in this issue.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE: FREDERICK L. ALLEN, *Editor in Chief;* RUSSELL LYNES, KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, ERIC LARRABEE, CATHARINE MEYER, ANNE L. GOODMAN, *Editors;* JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN, JOHN FISCHER, RICHARD H. ROVERE, *Contributing Editors.* DAVID FREDERICK, *General Manager;* WALDO W. SELLEW, *Advertising Director;* FRED M. SINGSEN, *Assistant to the Publisher;* JOHN JAY HUGHES, *Circulation and Promotion Manager.*
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Personal & Otherwise

If you have a taste for putting people in their places, this is the magazine for you. It is the only magazine equipped with Lynes's Patent Pigeonholer—a highly entertaining device, invented by our fellow-editor, ***Russell Lynes.*** Mr. Lynes, who has written a number of witty and interesting articles on the arts, is also an attic-inventor of the old school. With no more equipment than an old typewriter, one of those gritty wheel-erasers, and his two bare hands he perfected a Pigeonholer which is at least as ingenious as any I. B. M. machine.

The first product of Lynes's Patent Pigeonholer was an article called "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow" which originally appeared in our February 1949 issue. (A later model, simplified so it could be handled by I. B. M. machines, was subsequently mass-produced by *Life* magazine; and any number of inferior copies have since been put on the market by others.) This month, in "The New Snobbism" (p. 40), Mr. Lynes shows how his Pigeonholer can adroitly re-shuffle the cards—kings, knaves, jokers, and all—and sort them again with its sharp and precision-timed punches. (We have heard, by the way, that *Life* is tooling up to mass-produce this product of Mr. Lynes's gadget also. And Harper & Brothers plans to bring out a larger model on November 15 to be distributed through the bookstores this winter. Subtitled "A Guidebook to Your Friends, Your Enemies, Your Colleagues, and Yourself," the book will cover still more snobs than are contained here. And it, like this article, will portray the various categories in the telling lines of artist ***Robert Osborn,*** whose work last appeared in *Harper's* Centennial issue and, lavishly, in an exposé of the modern chair in the September number.)

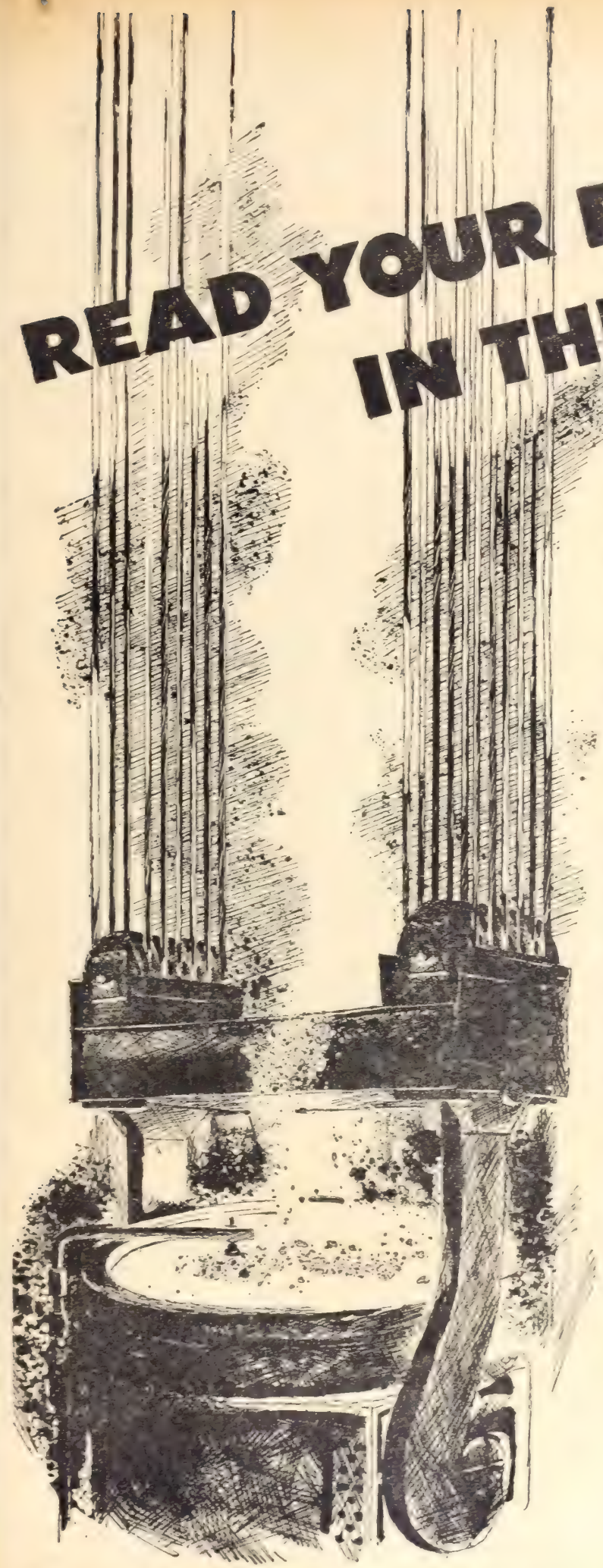
One of the fascinating things about snobbery is that it is such a recent phenomenon (in spite of Mr. Lynes's reference to the gods of the Greeks and Romans—a reference which reveals him as a classical, or *When I went to school we began Latin in the sixth grade*, snob). Not until Thackeray established the word in the English language by his series of articles in *Punch* a hundred years ago was there even a name for it. And even then *snob* didn't mean exactly what we (and Mr. Lynes) mean.

Back in 1829, when Thackeray was in his first year at Cambridge (if P&O may, for the moment, be an academic, or *I can read duller books than you can,* snob), the word *snob* was a piece of student slang which meant "townie" —anyone who lived in the town of Cambridge but was not associated with the university. When Thackeray and his friends brought out a short-lived college magazine called the *Snob,* they were therefore engaged in ridiculing the vulgarity and ignorance of those outside their own circle. But as we use the word, they were *being* snobs, not ridiculing them.

It wasn't until almost twenty years later that Thackeray took up the old college slang word and began extending its meaning. In *The Book of Snobs* he aims his satire mainly at the newly prosperous bourgeois who were trying to be gentlemen without knowing how; but before he is done, he has found snobs in all ranks of society, from the "Snob Royal" on down.

Before Thackeray was through with the word, therefore, it had come to imply much

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Communists, socialists and even our own "social-planners" miss the whole secret of real industrial production. Yet, the smallest businessman in the tiniest factory in America knows how it is done... Hustle is the word. Turn Americans loose to compete and they roll up production totals that stagger the world. The steel business is an example. Competition has made it big and strong and husky... handy to have around right now, because it can outproduce Russia and her satellites 3 to 1.

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of the ego-cuddling pretentiousness which we now associate with snobbism. The fact that, as Mr. Lynes says, most of Thackeray's snobs were of the social variety merely indicated that most of the insecurity in his world was social. For Mr. Lynes is undoubtedly right in saying that a snob is almost by definition someone who is insecure. The difference between a proud man and a snob is the difference between a man who is genuinely sure of himself and one who isn't.

Snobbery therefore is more characteristic of a flexible than of a rigid society. The easier it is to move from one social class to another, from one region to another, or from one occupation to another, the more people there will be who aren't quite sure what is expected of them, or what to expect of themselves, under the new conditions. If there are more snobs, and more kinds of snobs, now than in Thackeray's day, it may well be because never before were so many so unsure about so much.

WE DON'T mean to imply, of course, that there was no such thing as a snob before Thackeray discovered the genus and named it. The rise of the middle class in England had begun more than a century before *The Book of Snobs* attacked its gauche pretentions, and there were doubtless plenty of snobs to be found in the eighteenth century. By a neat coincidence, we have in this issue a hitherto unpublished manuscript by a twenty-four-carat eighteenth-century snob. For however disarming ***James Boswell's*** frankness and amiability may be, he is certainly a snob as he reveals himself in this "London Journal" (p. 28). A Scot who went to England, Boswell devoted his life to Boswellizing a man who despised Scotland. The first words young Boswell ever spoke to Dr. Johnson, as this "London Journal" records them, were a snobbish apology for being Scotch: "Mr. Johnson, indeed I come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." To which Johnson replied with his own brand of snobbery, "Sir, that, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help."

Boswell's snobbism, as he displays it in these pages, is part of his charm both as a writer and as a person. For snobbery is by no means always an unattractive weakness in human beings, especially when it is candid; and the candor of the "London Journal" has probably never been exceeded in English literature. Other writers have exposed themselves more blatantly; but candor and exhibitionism are not the same thing.

THE history of the Boswell manuscript from which we publish these selections is as fantastic as any in the annals of literature. Boswell's will named three friends as literary executors and gave them power to publish any manuscripts he had left; but the executors published nothing, and the manuscripts were hidden away or forgotten. For more than a hundred and twenty-five years they lay unread and all but unknown, some in Malahide Castle in Ireland and some (including the present journal) at Fettercairn House in Scotland. The existence of some of the papers at Malahide was first discovered by Professor Chauncey Tinker of Yale, after he received an anonymous tip; the manuscripts at Fettercairn were found by Professor C. C. Abbott, who came upon them accidentally while looking for something else. But the credit for assembling all the papers, after years of negotiation, search, discovery, and legal battles, belongs to the American collector, Lieutenant-Colonel Ralph Heyward Isham, who recently sold the entire collection to Yale University.

The complete text of Boswell's journal, together with other hitherto unpublished manuscripts from the Isham collection, will be published by McGraw-Hill, the first volume coming out soon after this issue of *Harper's* appears.

Ah, Wilderness—Easy Chair Style

FOURTEEN miles north of Durango, Colorado, eight thousand five hundred feet up in the Rockies, *New York Times* correspondent James W. Merrick recently found "white-shirted waiters, with black ties and pendent napkins," serving filet mignon, freshly caught trout, and iced tea to two hundred actors and technicians engaged in making a technicolor movie of ***Bernard DeVoto's*** Pulitzer-prize winning book, *Across the Wide Missouri*. Here, on the banks of the storied Animas River (or just off U. S. Route 550, if you refuse to get in the spirit of the thing), MGM's producer Robert Sisk has built a tent city where Director William

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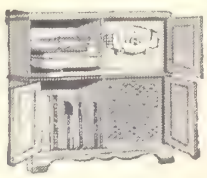
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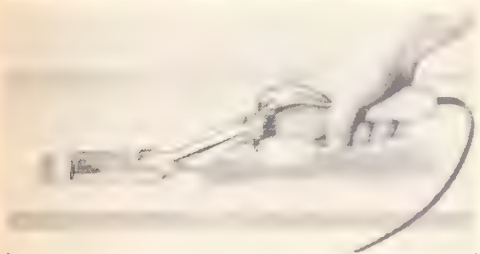
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Aside from the fact that none of the events described in Mr. DeVoto's book took place within about five hundred miles of Durango and the Animas, one can only admire the lengths to which the movie makers will go in insuring an authentic wilderness setting for the story of the mountain men. They have even brought down a hundred Sioux Indians from a reservation in South Dakota, hired scholarly chief Nie-Hah Pouw Chtu-Tum-Nam (called Nippo) to translate the screenplay into the Blackfoot and Nez Percé dialects, and got the Indians out of their Levis and provided them with wigs and braids in the style of their ancestors. (The Sioux, Mr. Merrick reports, take pictures of one another in make-up and wardrobe, delightedly exclaiming, "Look, I'm an Indian.")

Since *Across the Wide Missouri* was written by the occupant of the "Easy Chair," it is not inappropriate that Mr. Gable and the others live in wooden-floored tents equipped with hot and cold water, shower, toilet, lights, and a heating stove. Nor, since Mr. DeVoto has taken to pursuing his researches on the Oregon trail from the co-pilot's seat of an Army bomber (see the July "Easy Chair"), can one object to Mr. Gable and his friends getting from location to location in four forty-two-passenger busses and assorted passenger-cars, station-wagons, and Jeeps. But if MGM had to provide everybody with five blankets apiece (and some softies with seven), how can the cast consume a ton of ice a day, as Mr. Merrick reports it does? But then, come to think of it, the "Easy Chair" just last December made quite a strong point of the need for plenty of ice.

"Sound practice begins with ice," he wrote. "There must be a lot of it, much more than the catechumen dreams, so much that the gin smokes when you pour it in."

Well, it ought to be quite a movie if they stick close to the "Easy Chair" technique!

Where We Came In

•••"This War Is Different" (p. 21) is a practical outline of the economic problems confronting the United States in the immediate and more distant emergency. ***Peter F. Drucker,*** author of *The New Society* and other books about the industrial order of the twentieth century, has written often for *Harper's* since 1939, and has specialized in correlating the problems of various separate areas of the economy. In 1942 he consulted with army officers in the Pentagon about war industry; during peacetime he has been active in furthering industrial understanding between management and labor, and, since Korea, he has been discussing with government, union, and industrial officials the new problems of manpower, allocation of raw materials, and the financing of the war which is, as he says, "different."

Just how is 1950 different from 1941? In looking back to Pearl Harbor, it is helpful to take up Robert Sherwood's book about *Roosevelt and Hopkins* and find the feeling of those days in the words of the President over the radio on the Tuesday following the Monday of the declaration of war:

> We may acknowledge that our enemies have performed a brilliant feat of deception, perfectly timed and executed with great skill. It was a thoroughly dishonorable deed, but we must face the fact that modern warfare as conducted in the Nazi manner is a dirty business. We don't like it— we didn't want to get in it—but we are in it, and we're going to fight it with everything we've got.

There has been nothing quite like that in 1950. The shock is past, for one thing. Nobody, when the Korean attack took place, was bewildered that anything so dishonorable should have been done. Nobody has been bewildered at the thought of pouring American men and fire into a strip of land thousands of miles away. But if, as Mr. Sherwood said, World War II "was the first war in American history in which the general disillusionment preceded the firing of the first shot," what we are in now is different only in that acceptance of the facts has gone a step further. We are no longer simply

interested in throwing in everything we've got; we realize that we must also build our strength for the long and (as we see it now) dirty business of the future.

•••*Eric Larrabee,* author of "Korea: the Military Lesson," (p. 51), is an editor of *Harper's* and an ex-soldier. In answer to an inquiry about his military career, P&O received the following memo:

> Enlisted as private, summer of 1942, hoping to be let finish college. Just made it [Harvard, February 1943]. Sent for Basic Training to Camp Hood, Texas, the Tank Destroyer Center—three miles of perfectly aligned barracks set down in a gently rolling terrain of white *caliche* dust and thick black mud (very adhesive); in the distance light-colored mesas with little green caps of scrub pine. Hood was quite sparse and clean, pretty GI sort of camp. Went through Basic. Enlisted. Pioneer School (engineering and demolitions), and OCS (commissioned 2nd Lt. August 1943).
>
> For a time I taught map-reading in a training battalion, administered a one-hour test for emotional stability to several hundred officer candidates, invented a test for ambidextrous tank-turret manipulation (very dubious results), and ended up giving a two-hour lecture to each officer class in the Tank Destroyer school on classification techniques and morale.
>
> Transferred in 1944 to Camp Ritchie, Maryland, the Poor Man's Pentagon, to be trained as a Military Intelligence Interpreter (French). Ritchie was a very odd place—Indians wandering around in German and Japanese uniforms, beautification projects presided over by an enormous master sergeant who looked like Man Mountain Dean and in fact was, an eight-day week instead of seven, and for all its chaos one of the best schools in the Army.
>
> Sent to ETO as French interpreter. ETO didn't need French interpreters, inasmuch as the war was well out of France. Retrained in Le Vesinet, near Paris, as an aerial photo interpreter, subsequently assigned to XXI Corps headquarters as such. Worked much of the time at Fire Direction Center of Corps Artillery, locating German batteries, ammo dumps, etc. on photographs. Participated in conference on Photo Interpretation at Military Intelligence Service headquarters after war. Finance Agent in Recruiting Office, Fort Bragg, while awaiting separation.

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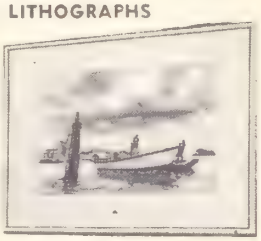
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P & O

Mr. Larrabee edged into his editorial chair at *Harper's* in June 1946, having stowed away a number of respectable military decorations along with his uniform. He has written a variety of articles for *Harper's* on non-military subjects, including "The Six Thousand Houses That Levitt Built" (September 1948) and "The Day the Sun Stood Still" (January 1950), as well as one article which bears some relation to "Korea: the Military Lesson." This was "The Peacetime Army: Warriors Need Not Apply" (March 1947), and it included this suggestive remark:

> The announced intention of the recruiting program is to enlist quality rather than mere numbers; the inducements being offered will tend to produce exactly the opposite result. . . . The Army is advertising that never before has it been such a soft touch, and it is getting the men to whom a soft touch appeals. . . . But one task is inescapably the Army's—the military occupation of the defeated enemy countries and of areas of tension like Korea and Trieste. . . . We need a good Army now.

●●●"The Reasonable Music" (p. 58) is the second story by ***John Cheever*** to appear in *Harper's*. The other story was "Vega," which we published in December 1949; it has just been reprinted by Herschel Brickell in his collection of the O. Henry awards, *Prize Stories of 1950* (Doubleday).

Mr. Cheever was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1912 and was educated at Thayer Academy in South Braintree. He now lives in New York in the winter and in Bristol, New Hampshire, in the summer. In reply to a question about his new story, he wrote to us:

> "The Reasonable Music" was written in a six-by-ten servant's room in the basement of a large Manhattan apartment house. Like most servant's rooms, the one window looks onto a brick wall, the space around the door is dominated by a wash basin. It is a difficult room to ventilate. A Japanese houseman (who subscribes to the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the Book Find Club) has a room across the narrow hall. There is an Irish cook on my left and a Swedish maid on my right. Both of

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these good women are religious and keep their radios tuned to a station that features prayer and hymn-singing. Because my shoes pinch I sometimes write in my stocking feet. I mention these details because several people have gone to the trouble of pointing out that some of my stories read as if they had been written in a servant's room by a man in his stocking feet. I don't know. I hope some day to find a new pair of shoes and a better place to work. None of this, however, is intended to denigrate "The Reasonable Music." I like that story.

John Groth, whose drawings illustrate "The Reasonable Music," is a New York painter known best for his pictures of war and sports. He teaches at the Art Students League and the Workshop School of Advertising. Since 1932 he has had frequent one-man shows in Washington and New York—the most recent having started at the Ferargil Gallery last month. He was a correspondent in the European Theater for the Chicago *Sun* Syndicate and *American Legion Magazine* in 1944-45, and he may go overseas again. His drawings have appeared often in this magazine.

•••In recent months *Harper's* has run several articles on varying aspects of America's current preoccupation with the uncovering and identifying of the Communists in our midst. The enthusiasm of a majority of the regents of the University of California for loyalty oaths intended to expose Reds on the faculty is part of the same picture. To date, however, many of the Communist "investigations" have gone wide of the mark, and it is not recorded that the regents have trapped a Communist by their oath and their statement of disavowal tacked onto the faculty employment contract. However sincere may be the intention of the Board of Regents, the fact remains that a traitor may swear a special oath to his loyalty with fewer qualms of spirit and less disturbance of the digestive juices than could you or I.

The ordinary man of tender conscience knows that this is true, but yet he may wonder, on reading ***John Caughey's*** story of the University of California crisis, "A University in Jeopardy" (p. 68), why these teachers have held out so long against pressure to sign. Losing a job for a principle may look quixotic or just plain stubborn. But a matter like this quickly goes beyond the realm of ideas, where it supposedly originated, and becomes, as one regent admitted, a matter of "discipline." Even if the niceties of principle seem inconsequential, the whiplash of "discipline" makes the toughest human hide shiver. So it is possible for any of us to understand the power of conviction behind this two-year battle.

Professor Caughey is a graduate of the University of Texas and a University of California Ph.D. He had been at the Los Angeles branch of the University since 1931 teaching American history, especially that of the West. His books include histories of the Pacific Coast and of California; biographical studies of Bernardo de Gálvez, Spanish governnor of Louisiana, of Alexander McGillivray of the Creek Indians, and of Hubert Howe Bancroft, historian of the West; and a gold rush centennial volume, *Gold Is the Cornerstone.*

He has edited volumes on the Los Angeles *Star;* Ware's 1849 emigrants' guide; East Florida, 1783-1785; Robert Owen; and the California gold rush. He has published articles in scholarly and popular journals and is editor of the *Pacific Historical Review* and of the *Chronicles of California,* a series of books celebrating the state centennial.

•••A great many Americans may be shocked to learn that Israel has been traveling on the road to theocracy, but the fact has been concerning Jewish liberals for more than a year and a half. It was dramatically brought to public attention as early as January 1949 when two top leaders of the Israeli Religious Bloc arrived in this country and revealed to a group of Jewish journalists the details of the alliance between State and Synagogue in Israel. This report subsequently appeared in *Jewish Newsletter,* a weekly review edited by ***William Zukerman,*** author of "Church and State in Israel" (p. 76), with the editorial comment that it was strange that people who have always fought for a strict separation of church and state should fail to





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P & O

see the need of separating the state from the synagogue. Mr. Zukerman's was the first attack, but other voices, among them those of Professor Milton Konvitz of Cornell and Dr. Maurice Eisendrath, President of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, soon joined his in speeches and articles. A still more powerful protest was heard at the annual convention of the Central Conference of American Rabbis in August 1949. On January 17, 1950, a delegation of Rabbis sent by the Central Conference visited the Israeli Ambassador to ask him to submit this protest to the Israeli government, which he promised to do. Since then criticism of theocratic practices in Israel has increased in Jewish circles, and articles denouncing it have appeared in even such publications as the Zionist *Jewish Frontier* and the *Reconstructionist.* Mr. Zukerman's present article belongs in the same category, but it is concerned more with a statement of facts than with a theoretical discussion of the subject.

In addition to editing the *Jewish Newsletter,* Mr. Zukerman also conducts a weekly column which appears in a number of Jewish publications in this country, Canada, and Great Britain. He has written for such magazines and newspapers as *Ladies' Home Journal,* the *Nation,* the *New York Times,* the *London Quarterly,* the *New Statesman & Nation,* and the *Antioch Review,* and between the wars he was chief European correspondent of the New York *Jewish Morning Journal.* His book, *The Jew in Revolt,* was published in England.

•••In the Centennial issue of *Harper's* last month, one of two pieces of fiction was "The Prisoner" by ***Katherine Anne Porter,*** a shipboard story which introduced some of the characters whom we meet again in this issue in "Under Weigh" (p. 80). A third episode from *No Safe Harbor,* Miss Porter's novel, will appear in the December issue. "Under Weigh" presents a panorama of the large cast of characters in this book, on which Miss Porter has worked for some years; in the next installment, the spotlight will focus mainly on one woman.

Katherine Anne Porter, who was

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born in Texas and educated at small Southern schools for girls, has made writing her way of life, and it has taken her well over this country, Mexico, and Europe. She began her career as a newspaper reporter in Dallas and Denver, and has continued to write for magazines and newspapers since then, though her work outside the short story and novelette has been mostly in literary criticism and personal sketches. The first of her highly praised books was *Flowering Judas,* published in 1931, and she has since written *Pale Horse, Pale Rider, The Leaning Tower,* and other books. She has held Guggenheim Fellowships, has been a fellow in the Library of Congress, and has lectured at writers' conferences and, as writer-in-residence in 1949, at Stanford University. She is now living in New York, working on her novel and collecting a volume of miscellaneous critical pieces. One of these is the delightful "Gertrude Stein: A Self-Portrait" which appeared in *Harper's* in December 1947.

Miss Porter will spend the spring term as guest lecturer in literature at the University of Chicago.

Bernarda Bryson's pictures for "Under Weigh" represent another style from an artist who has done many different kinds of drawings for *Harper's.* She has recently contributed illustrations for "Mountains of Paper" in the Centennial issue and some charming satiric spoofs on the spirit of romance for "Sir Carl of Heldart: A Novell" in September.

•••The profile cutter at work in this issue on "McCarran, Lone Wolf of the Senate" (p. 89) is ***Alfred Steinberg,*** thirty-two-year-old Washingtonian from the Midwest, who makes a profession of political portraiture. Of this task, he says:

> A typical Washington piece may lead you to twenty-to-thirty national personalities, each of whom will eventually suggest you do his story too. I am not afraid to take on the more controversial figures since Veep Barkley jocularly assured me some time back that he would lend me his Secret Service man whenever an article of mine appeared.

Mr. Steinberg has contributed to a number of magazines and newspapers, including the *Reader's Digest,* the *Saturday Evening Post,* the *Nation,* the Washington *Post,* and the *New York Times.*

It takes only a tiny little flair for political prophecy to foresee that the voters of Nevada will return Patrick McCarran to the Senate in the elections this month. After winning the Democratic primary by almost three to one, he successfully herded through the Senate in mid-September a modified version of his Communist-Control Bill, which came out such a hodge-podge at the end of seven days of debate that separate backers of its main provisions had accused each other, as the *New York Times* reported the battle, of "trying to assault the Constitution."

This action came only a month after another McCarran triumph in the Senate, described in a *Times* editorial on August 18 as follows:

> The degree to which the Congress of the United States is in danger of being stampeded into approving anything—no matter how drastic or how silly—that bears the label "anti-Communist" is well illustrated by the Senate's action last week in passing Mr. McCarran's drastic and silly immigration bill unanimously and without debate.

Yet it is altogether likely that the United States government will continue to have the powerful shepherd of Reno in its pay as legislator for some time to come.

•••The two poets this month are ***Sylvia Stallings*** and ***Burke Boyce.*** "The Unhappy Warrior" (p. 39) is part of a sonnet sequence by Miss Stallings, a young poet whose work *Harper's* has been publishing since her student days at Bryn Mawr. She is now working as assistant to Lewis Gannett at the New York *Herald Tribune.*

"Snow Tracks" (p. 95) is the first "serious" poem which Mr. Boyce has submitted to an American magazine, but a series of his light poems ran in the *New Yorker* for several years. He is the author of *Miss Mallett* and *Cloak of Folly.*

•••***Osbert Lancaster's*** drawing (p. 98) of a New York skyline was made for the cover of *Architectural Review,* of which the artist is an editor.



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LETTERS

One Problem Solved—

To the Editors:

I am sure that those who read the letter addressed to the United Nations from the citizen of Bugufi, protesting against the Chief of Urundi's desire to annex his country, as printed in your September issue ["Problems, Problems Everywhere"] would be glad to know that the UN did act on that petition. And today Bugufi is still safe for Bugufians. Last summer the UN's Trusteeship Council received a number of such protests from this tiny kingdom in Tanganyika, East Africa. And also a letter came from the Chief of Urundi setting forth his claim to Bugufi. . . .

In February 1949 the Trusteeship Council reviewed these petitions and recommended that Great Britain and Belgium, the administering countries in that part of Africa, hold consultations on the question. This the two governments did and early in 1950 they reported to the Council on their joint investigation. . . . They recommended that it would *not* be in the best interests of the people to make any change in rulers —that any alteration in the status quo would be contrary to the express wishes of the overwhelming majority of Bugufians. Consequently, the Trusteeship Council rejected Mwambutsa's claim.

E. Moody
New York, N. Y.

The Keeley Treatment—

To the Editors:

The staff at the Keeley Institute was very disturbed at the mention you made of the Keeley Institute in your article entitled "What We Know About Drinking" [July 1950].

The article makes the flat statement that the Keeley treatment is an aversion treatment and, by inference, describes the Keeley treatment very graphically but very untruthfully.

The aversion treatment is not now, nor has it ever been, used at the Keeley Institute. We are wholly concerned with making our patients well, not sick. After seventy years of experience, study, and research, we are still convinced that the aversion type of treatment is not indicated in the treatment of chronic alcoholism.

Although the misconception that your article gives is not new, we are distressed that you have given it such additional impetus in your nationally circulated and widely read publication.

Scientifically the article is otherwise excellent, but we would like to put ourselves on record as correcting this mistake, which we feel has damaged us considerably.

J. H. Oughton, Jr.
Dwight, Ill.

We regret that owing to a juxtaposition of paragraphs, the article unintentionally gave the impression that the Keeley Institute uses medicines producing violent nausea, and are glad to put on record the Institute's assurance that it does not use an "aversion treatment."

Answering Mrs. Gaines—

To the Editors:

The many inquiries resulting from your article on "Old-Age Pensioner" in your July issue are a testimonial to the influence of *Harper's*.

The case of "Mrs. Gaines," the author of the article, is very easy for us to identify from our records. She is a remarkably talented woman, with great ability as a writer, who in her later years has suffered very serious financial, family, and health reverses. It is quite understandable that Mrs. Gaines should have become so resentful of her fate that she found it almost impossible to adjust herself to it. Inability of older persons to make necessary adjustments is by no means confined to those who must apply for relief—everyone is acquainted with the difficulties many of them have. When the transition is from a luxury standard of living to that of relief, as the record indicates Mrs. Gaines had to make, it is easy to understand the irritability she manifests in her article.

The record shows that at least part of the delay of which she complains was caused by her absence from the city immediately after she applied for assistance. Also, Mrs. Gaines made it most difficult for our workers to verify her need. Financial need is, by law, the only basis for eligibility for Old-Age Assistance. During the period since Mrs. Gaines applied, the New York City Department of Welfare has received over 250,000 applications for assistance; it maintains 352,770 persons on public assistance rolls, giving them almost $150,000,000 a year. Certainly no reader of *Harper's* would want us to make these grants without thorough investigation of need. Mrs. Gaines appeared unable to understand that this was essential. Obviously there are always a small number of cases, such as Mrs. Gaines', where from lack of co-operation, or other reasons, decision cannot be made easily. Obviously also among the more than 8,000 employees of the Department of Welfare there may be some who at times may fail to extend the courtesy we expect them to show at all times. But I can assure her that since the time of her first application, last year, most of the situations about which she complained have been corrected. (Incidentally, if Mrs. Gaines was told that "the new Commissioner abolished emergency cash grants," she was misinformed; such emergency cash grants have been available without interruption for the past ten years.) For example, an application for assistance today is acted on in most cases within twenty-four hours, and in practically all cases within two days, with emergency cash aid where it is deemed necessary. In



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A Word for the A&P—

To the Editors:

After reading Mr. Andrews' discussion of the A&P–Department of Justice controversy [Sept. 1950], I was sorry to note that you were not planning to present an opposing point of view by a disinterested party. . . .

I have no axe to grind for I am not even remotely connected with the A&P or, for that matter, any chain organization in any field, but Mr. Andrews' article was misleading and certainly unfair and I felt motivated to write this letter.

Statistics probably best illustrate Mr. Andrews' errors. In his article he stated that in 1942 A&P sales were almost 1½ billion dollars. That year it is established that food store sales (excluding specialty food stores) were 12.2 billion dollars. A&P therefore did 12.3 per cent of the total food store business during the twelve-month period. . . .

In 1937 A&P sales totaled $881,703,076 against total food store sales in the U.S. of $8,356,000,000—a 10.6 per cent share of the total food-store sales. In 1949, a postwar . . . year, total food sales were around $24,750,000,000. A&P did $2,904,578,427 in sales—a 11.7 per cent share of the business. . . .

For purposes of a quick comparison, following are A&P shares of total food-store sales for a period of years:

1929	11.3 per cent
1931	12.5 " "
1933	13.3 " "
1935	11.9 " "
1937	10.6 " "
1949	11.7 " "

. . . It would seem that possibly *the* most important indicator of A&P threat to free competition . . . is the

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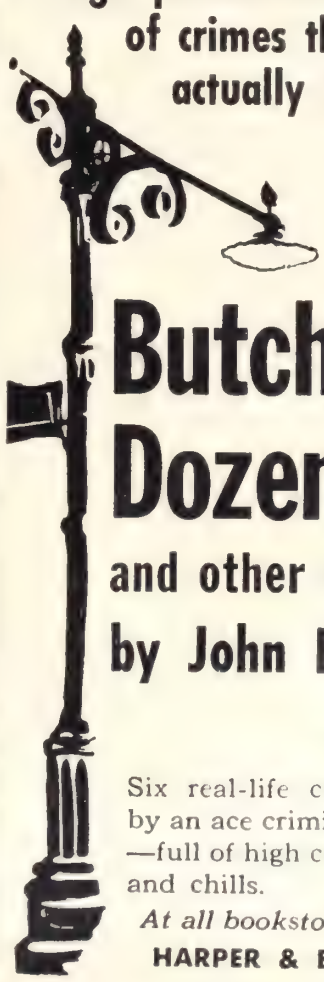
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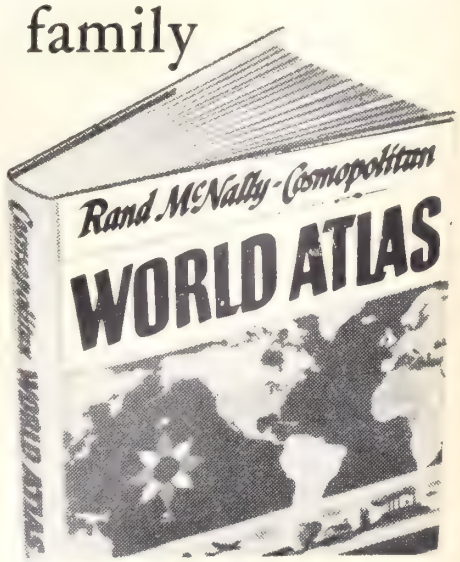
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As a result of my study of the A&P position in the grocery industry and my knowledge of the arguments presented by both the Anti-trust Division of the Justice Department and articles like Mr. Andrews', I fail to see the ominous threat posed by A&P. . . .

CARL W. STURSBERG JR.
Hicksville, N. Y.

Lattimore vs. McCarthy

To the Editors:

Sincere congratulations and deepest sympathy to *Harper's.* The congratulations are for the excellent "What It Was Like" by Mrs. Owen Lattimore and "The Noble Crusade of Senator McCarthy" by Alfred Friendly [both August]. The sympathy is for the vilification *Harper's* and the authors will probably get from McCarthy and his ilk.

MILDRED MORRISON
Dover, N. H.

To the Editors:

Re the August issue of *Harper's* which devoted twenty-two pages of its text to stroking the brow of Lattimore & Co. and flaying McCarthy, may I suggest that freedom can die of foolishness, and whether Lattimore's foolishness was the legitimate variety (democratic) or illegitimate (Commie) it was a deadly blow at freedom.

Further, may I suggest that when Democracy is on the ropes, such solicitude for foolishness compounds the felony.

HARRY CRAWFORD
St. Mary's, West Va.

To which the editors reply, "Who says it's on the ropes?"

To the Editors:

Your magazine for August 1950 and Alfred Friendly's "The Noble Crusade of Senator McCarthy" and "What It Was Like" by Eleanor Lattimore makes me tell you that I shall never subscribe again. . . .

If you would go to such lengths to perpetuate communism on these U.S.A. as the above referred to articles, I want no more of your magazine. . . .

JAMES W. FARMER
Lakeville, Conn.

To the Editors:

In your August issue you have scored ably and emphatically on the side of truth, decency, and fair play.

I infer that it was your intention to give your readers the facts when you decided to carry the articles by Alfred Friendly and Eleanor Lattimore concerning the fiendish deeds of an individual who currently bears the title of United States Senator. . . .

I am grateful to you and the authors mentioned, as no doubt thousands of other Americans are, for giving us the truth.

ROSS PEEGMIRE
Syracuse, N. Y.

To the Editors:

After reading the two articles on McCarthyism by Alfred Friendly and Mrs. Eleanor Lattimore, I believe that the following answer by Trajan to a request made by Pliny (about A.D. 112) for policy in the handling of accusations made against the outlawed Christians is timely:

My Pliny—

You have taken the method which you ought in examining the causes of those that had been accused as Christians; for, indeed, no certain and general form of judging can be ordained in this case. These people are not to be sought for; but if they be accused and convicted, they are to be punished, but with this caution, that he who denies himself to be a Christian and makes it plain that he is not so by supplicating to our gods, although he has been so formerly, may be allowed a pardon, upon repentance. As for libels sent without an author, they ought to have no place in any accusation whatsoever, for that would be a thing of very ill example and not agreeable to my reign.

S. L. BLUMENSON
Berkeley, Calif.



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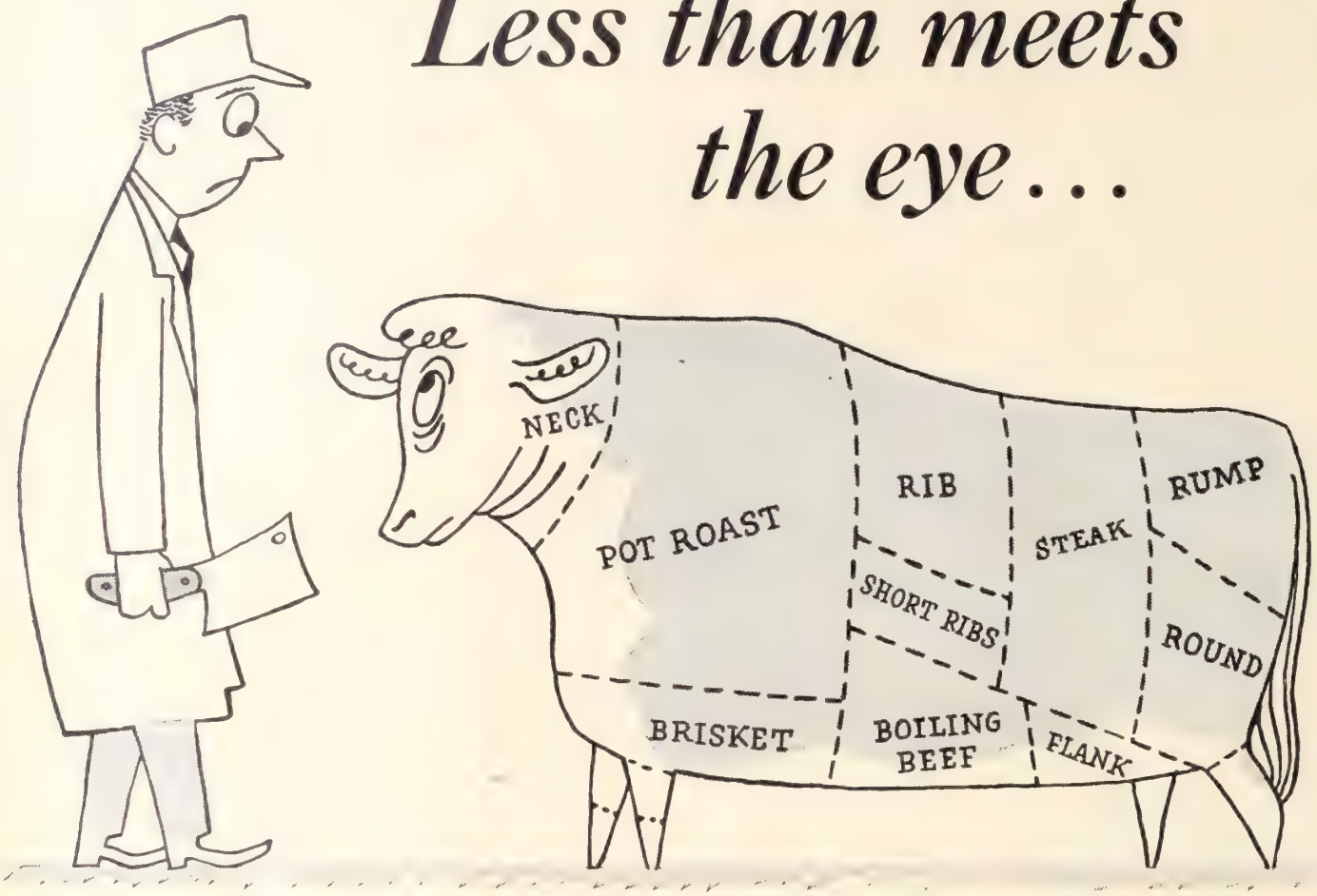
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This War Is Different

Peter F. Drucker

Most of us realize by now that a state of *limited* and *long-term* warfare, on a global scale, presents problems of foreign and military policy such as we have never tackled before. But it is still not understood—certainly not by the Administration or Congress—that we face even more difficult and unprecedented problems of *economic* policy. The question before the country is not whether to apply the controls we applied in 1941-45, or only some of them; the question is whether we shall recognize in time that limited but long-term warfare is new to us, and must be faced in a quite different way.

It is not the *size* of the manpower and material requirements that will cause the major difficulties. To be sure, it may cost us up to a quarter of our national income to be adequately prepared (1) for limited wars like the one in Korea; (2) for building up the economic and military strength of the Free West and the Free East; (3) for immediate conversion to full-scale total warfare, if this is forced upon us. At the present purchasing power of the dollar this may mean an annual military budget of $65 billions or so. (This is about twice as much as the total of all the programs which, as I write, have been adopted since the Korean invasion began.) To reach such a high level of preparedness and production with the speed demanded by the urgency of the situation—say within the next twelve to fourteen months—will be a tremendous strain upon the economy. Yet a $65-billion defense budget is still less than half of what we would have to spend for total war (though because of the expansion of our economy it should yield us at least two-thirds of the peak production of World War II). In such a limited war economy the civilian consumer would still live better and eat better than in 1941—or indeed in any period except for the past few years. And of course there would be no unemployment whatsoever. While a quarter of our annual production represents a very hefty chunk of manpower, goods, and services, the burden can be borne.

Peter F. Drucker appraises the economic aspects of the present emergency from a background of conferences with army officers on war industry in World War II and talks with leaders of government, industry, and labor since the Korean attack.

The real difficulties arise from the *permanency* of the crisis. Total war is, at least in intention, a war of limited duration. But we must assume that the present state of near-war may last five years, ten years, or indeed the rest of our lives. For an unlimited period we must be prepared to swing into total war overnight, if need be; but we must never get muscle-bound or reach the pinnacle of our strength. We must increase productivity and efficiency all the time—yet never at the expense of the immediate striking power of the armed forces. We face, in other words, a very difficult problem of balancing the requirements of stamina and staying power over the long pull against the requirements of the extreme effort. We not only have not solved this problem; we are not even ready to tackle it so far. For all we really know is how to organize for total war. We are in the position of an athlete who trained for the hundred-yard dash only to find himself competing in the ten-mile run.

For the next few months we may feel that we can disregard this problem. For until we have reached a state of adequate preparedness our situation will be exactly the same as if we were preparing for immediate total war.

In fact, the strain will actually be a good deal greater than it was in 1942. For we start at the peak of a boom. In 1942 we had large reserves of idle plants and literally tremendous reserves of idle manpower: eight million unemployed and another fourteen million women and old people who, while not in the visible labor pool, were available for immediate employment. Today we have no idle plants and practically no manpower reserve. *Any increase in defense production or in the size of the armed forces will cut at once into civilian production and consumption.* In the last war total civilian consumption increased steadily right through 1944; this time there will inevitably be an immediate and sharp cut—with the bulk of the cut to come in 1951, right at the start of the program. We must "get set for a jet-assisted take-off from an awfully short runway," as one Air Force officer put it; and we better make very sure that our seat-belts are fastened securely.

For the first stage of our effort we will thus need the full control panel of a total-war economy: credit controls, price controls, wage controls, allocation of materials—all but consumer rationing of foodstuffs, which should remain totally unnecessary as long as we don't have to fight a global war. We will even have to add some new controls such as an effective ban on strikes and direct allocation of plant space to military production. In his address of September 8, the President gave a very gentle forewarning; things will really get tough after the Election—at the latest by Christmas.

But the situation should change drastically by the end of 1951—provided we succeed in staying out of total war. By then we should be fairly close to the peak of our permanent effort. The period of dislocation should be about over. And the economy should settle down to a state of "normal" emergency such as we could live under indefinitely.

Then it must be the aim of our policy to *de-control* as much as possible. There are three reasons for this. In the first place, controls are tremendous wasters of manpower, which is our scarcest and most productive resource. Our World War II experience indicates that for every man employed in the government agencies, four or five men in industry and business do nothing but administer controls. Secondly, controls—particularly price and wage controls—freeze economic pattern and inhibit change; and in a permanent war economy, economic progress is perhaps even more essential than in ordinary peacetime. Finally, controls reward the inefficient and penalize initiative. This applies to union leaders fully as much as to manufacturers.

We certainly will have to keep sufficient controls to ensure priority for military production. This would include allocation of materials, allocation of plant space, and priority in hiring for defense procedure. But we must not attempt to allocate resources in the 75 per cent of the economy that is non-war. Controls on the consumer level and plant level in particular should be abolished or kept at a minimum. Instead of wage and price *controls* we might have wage and price *policies*: yardsticks of wage and price determination which are self-administering—such as for instance the cost-of-living formula and the automatic productivity increase of the recent General Motors wage contract.

II

But how will we prevent inflation without price and wage controls? The answer is that in a permanent war economy—whether limited or total—inflation is far too serious a threat to be kept under by any sort of controls, no matter how stringent. In World War II inflation lurked in the bushes; now it will be a lion in the streets that needs a much stronger cage than could be fashioned out of the paper of government edicts.

In World War II we actually had little inflationary pressure—though we talked a great deal about it. It was not until well into 1944 that we reached the limits of our manpower and plant capacity; until then a large part of the increase in money income was still absorbed by an increase in the production of goods. This time we start out with full employment. That means that every dollar spent for military rather than for civilian purposes will immediately turn into inflationary pressure. Controls would quickly prove impotent and would break down in black markets, in dodges to raise wages—the so-called "fringe benefits" such as pensions, health insurance, overtime provisions, etc., would serve admirably—and in general economic demoralization. For controls do not eliminate inflationary pressure; they only drive it underground.

Even more important is that we must be planning for a *permanent* situation—whereas in World War II we tackled the inflation problem on a temporary basis. This means that controls are not only impotent as an inflation-fighter; they may increase the danger by building up hidden pressure.

It also means that we cannot possibly rely on government borrowing—the sale of war bonds to the public—to "drain off excess purchasing power." By now practically every economist in this country has concluded that we should have paid for a far larger proportion of the cost of World War II in taxes and should have relied much less on borrowing. The arguments of the "soundness" of building up postwar purchasing power through defense bonds are now recognized to have been mostly an economic rationalization of the politically expedient. If we figure on an indefinite emergency, financing through bonds becomes highly unwise. That President Truman stressed this point in his September 8 talk is a very good sign.

Borrowing certainly would not work. After a few years people would be wanting to spend their savings. Also five years of such financing would build up a postwar inflation that would wreck the economy. Finally, it is not reliable enough. People may stop buying the bonds or may even start cashing them at the first hint that their purchasing power will go down or that the unlimited cashing privilege will be curtailed or withdrawn. Either the one or the other is bound to happen if we rely on bonds for any length of time.

To be able really to stand a limited war-economy indefinitely we must finance the entire military expenditure out of tax income. *Economically* this is the only sound way; a limited war-economy is a period of permanent inflationary boom in which, according to all economists regardless of school, the government budget has to operate at a surplus to prevent catastrophe. It is also the only sound way *politically*; inflation presents the greatest danger to our social and political stability. Finally it is *psychologically* sound; the tension of a permanent crisis is bearable only if people are being told the hard truths.

We should be able to cut down the tax bill by $10 billion or so—partly by eliminating our agricultural subsidies (which become unnecessary in a war economy), partly by cutting down on non-defense government activities. And of course we were already spending fifteen billions or so on military expenditures before Korea. This would, however, still leave $40 billion a year to be raised in new taxes—or a total tax burden exactly twice as heavy as our present one.

Higher taxes on large personal incomes, on corporation incomes, and on excess profits could at best bring in one-fifth of this amount. The Excess Profits Tax in particular may be quite ineffectual. Right through the postwar period most of the potential war industries—steel, automobiles, chemicals, the electrical industry—have been running at capacity anyhow. They are likely to make less money on government orders, with their fixed 10 per cent profit margin, than they have made during the past few years—and it is the earnings for these past few years which would

serve as the base for determining what are "excess profits."

The bulk of the new taxes will have to be paid by the income groups earning less than $7,500 a year. It is they, of course, who earn most of the total income which must be tapped, and it is they whose spending causes most of the inflationary pressure.

Either of the two ways of effective mass taxation—a higher income tax and a sales tax—has a lot to commend itself. Income taxes are easily collected and hard to evade; in the withholding method we already have an all but foolproof system of collection in operation. The income tax organization can allow taxpayers to accumulate postwar credits—a device used successfully by the British during the last war—which would sugar the pill a good deal and make it at least look like a combined tax and bond-buying program. A sales tax on the other hand would require a new collecting organization. It is also fairly easy to evade and might encourage bootlegging. But it attacks inflationary purchasing power at the source. Above all it encourages and rewards non-spending—whereas a very high income tax might do the opposite. And we should be able to answer the strongest objections against its impact by borrowing another British device: subsidies to the lowest-income families to bring their purchasing power up to the national minimum.

Whichever method we adopt, however, it will have to be on a truly heroic scale. If it is a sales tax the rate would have to be 20 per cent or more; if an income tax, we would probably have to put a flat 20 per cent "emergency tax" on the income left after "normal" —that is, present—taxes. Neither policy would be very palatable politically. But organized labor, at least, ought to realize that it stands to lose a very great deal more from inflation than from drastic taxation; inflation would wipe out all of labor's social security and pension gains.

III

THE most important and most difficult problems will however be the decisions within the defense program itself. It is here that we will have to balance permanent strength against immediate striking power.

I intentionally shall confine myself to domestic problems, leaving aside all the headaches of the division of resources and burdens between the United States and its potential allies. Even so I can give only a few illustrations of the kind of decision we shall have to make.

For one thing, we clearly cannot afford to do again what we did in World War II: suspend intellectual, technical, and professional education "for the duration." Our supply of educated and trained men is our seed corn. Even the short interruption of World War II—barely three years—left wide gaps which are not yet closed despite the tremendous expansion of higher education since 1945. A five-year suspension would weaken us profoundly. A ten-year suspension would cost us our intellectual as well as our technical leadership altogether—perhaps for good.

Even the armed forces admit today that it was a mistake to empty the colleges; but their thinking does not go beyond granting exemptions to men studying subjects of immediate military application, such as medicine, chemistry, or engineering. We need, however, *educated* people as badly as *technicians;* even the technical schools, whether of engineering, medicine, or business, have come to realize that the generally-educated student is a better bet than the specialist—even as a technician. What we need is not exemption for a few skills but a program that enables us to keep up the normal education of a free country.

A similar problem exists in industry. Our productivity and efficiency depend above all on the "first-line supervisor," the foreman. That American industry has learned this explains more than anything else our recent advances. As a result we have today at least three times as many foremen as we had in 1941—and they are infinitely more competent and better trained. But by the same token a very large part—perhaps the majority—are fairly young. One of the large automobile companies has found that more than half of its supervisors are under forty. Foremen are thus threatened by the draft only a little less than students.

AGAINST this need to preserve our future strength—the students—and our productive strength—the foremen—stand the manpower requirements of the armed forces. Obviously those two groups have exactly what is needed in modern war for officers

and NCO's: intellectual training, technical skill and—in the case of the foremen—proven leadership competence. Also, the armed forces will be seriously pinched for manpower. The age group between twenty and thirty contains almost a third fewer men today than it did ten years ago—a result of the low birth rates of the thirties. The supply of young men will go down for another seven years until the first members of the "war baby boom" will reach fighting age. In case of total war we will be forced to extend conscription to young women to fill non-combat jobs. How then can we balance the need for more manpower in the services with the need to keep students and foremen studying and producing?

For the students the answer may be fairly simple. We have for fifty years been running "co-operative" programs in some schools, especially in engineering schools. Under these programs the student spends six months in school, six months in a job. Everywhere, the result has been an increase in the scholastic achievement of the students and in the scholastic standards of the school; at the same time the "co-operative" student makes a superior employee.

The application of this idea in military service might actually be advisable even to give the armed forces the greatest immediate striking strength. Unless we are engaged in total war we have no use for an army of more than four or five million men, at the most. But we should have many more men trained to be able to convert to total warfare immediately. The "co-operative" principle would enable the armed forces to train and keep in training—subject to immediate call at any time—twice or three times the number of men needed in the period of limited warfare. In fact it is much more appropriate to our situation than universal military training.

But it would not solve the problem of the foremen—who could hardly work on a six-months-in, six-months-out basis—or the problem of doctors, teachers, etc., all of whom are as badly needed on the home front as in uniform.

IV

We shall also face difficult decisions as to what sort of civilian goods to continue producing. Take for example automobiles and houses. We know that the two most important factors making or breaking productivity—outside of the things that happen right at the place of work—are transportation and housing. Workers who have a difficult time getting to or from work are unproductive workers; they arrive already tired. Workers who are badly housed—particularly workers who live in cramped quarters—are equally unproductive workers. Yet in those two areas we are worse off today than we were in 1941.

That the American worker depends primarily on his own car for transportation is a great asset in modern war. It gives our whole population tremendous mobility—and that is important even if we do not have to evacuate bombed cities. But the dependence on the car can be a source of weakness too. More than two-thirds of our cars are of pre-World War II vintage, that is at least ten years old; in 1941 the corresponding figure was about one-third. The supply of spare parts for these old cars is poor; certainly we have no stockpile. And altogether we are still some eight to ten million cars short to bring our automobile standard up to where it was in 1941 considering the sharp increase in the number of families during the past ten years.

For any long-term defense economy we would therefore need another eight to ten million new cars and a stockpile of spare parts to keep our old cars on the road indefinitely. But the automobile industry is our major armaments industry on which we depend for tanks, planes, and airplane engines, heavy ordnance, naval engines, trucks, and a hundred other essential war materials. Can we afford to reserve half of its total capacity to home-front production without seriously weakening armed strength? But can we afford a breakdown in our transportation system because the old jalopies give out? There is no way around the dilemma; the much-advocated shift to a standardized "utility" car, for instance, would not free any plant capacity and would actually demand a great deal more in the way of new tools, dies, and machines than could possibly be saved in steel.

The housing problem may well be even more serious. As it is we are short three to five million housing units. Warfare always means population shifts. In addition we may have to find emergency housing for bombed-out people at a moment's notice. We learned

last time that there is nothing more expensive in terms of money, skilled manpower, and scarce materials than improvised emergency housing.

Private building will certainly be stopped very soon—and rightly so. But even though the housing industry is a major employer of critical skills and a large user of critical materials I consider it necessary—certainly as soon as the first stage in our economic mobilization has passed—to build up a stockpile of component parts for three to five million housing units, complete with standardized range, furnace, bathroom, sink, and refrigerator. Indeed, I think it is high time to put in some one like Mr. Levitt of Levittown fame—that is, some one who knows mass housing—to make a start on an emergency housing program.

ANOTHER question which will face us is this: Can we afford to gamble on our raw-material reserves holding up? Or do we have to divert manpower and equipment to push through substitute processes to give us a permanently adequate supply of oil and iron ore?

A war economy rests on oil and steel. But domestic reserves of oil and domestic iron-ore supplies are both low. The new Canadian field may ease the oil squeeze—but it is very far from any center of consumption and would require a tremendous investment in transportation to be integrated with either the Canadian or the American defense effort. Middle Eastern oil is abundant—but may easily be cut off. The iron-ore situation is better as there are large deposits of high-grade ore near at hand in Labrador and in the northern part of South America. But the exploitation of these new deposits, especially of the one in Labrador, demands new transportation facilities—railways, ore docks, etc.—and efficient use of the new ores may not be possible unless we move our steel mills to deep-water ports.

We can however obtain all the oil we could possibly use from oil-bearing shales and through hydrogenizing coal—with inexhaustible supplies of both raw materials. We have an even larger potential supply of iron ore in our Taconite deposits in the Northern Great Lakes area—precisely where we are organized for iron-ore transportation. The processes needed to extract oil from shale and coal are further advanced and much better understood than was synthetic rubber production in 1942; in fact they have been in commercial use in many countries for a considerable time. The extraction of iron ore from Taconite is not so well established; but it is well beyond the pilot-plant stage.

Each of the three processes, however, would require an investment comparable to the synthetic-rubber investment of the last war. All these are moreover still a good bit more expensive than the traditional processes. The question that faces us is therefore this: Should we gamble on our supplies holding up—and take the risk of having to organize makeshift expedients in the middle of the war, at the cost of a tremendous drain on our resources at a time of scarcity, and at the peril of a sharp cut in war production or fighting strength? Or should we now push substitute processes—at tremendous immediate expense and at the risk of saddling the country permanently with uneconomical industries? It is not an easy decision to make. But we will not be able to shirk it. There is too great a discrepancy between our plans for completely mechanized warfare and our military weakness in the Mid-Eastern oil region.

FINALLY, there is the decision whether *speed* or *security* is more important in defense production. If it's speed we shall place our military work largely in existing industrial areas as we did the last time. If it's security we shall disperse defense industries into new territory, which means heavy building of new plants, new housing, new transportation, new water and power supplies, etc. In the atomic age there could hardly be a more basic decision, and thus far not nearly enough attention has been paid to it.

The crucial question may well be whether central power stations should be left near the consumer—that is, in the big cities—or whether they should be moved to the coal mines in rural West Virginia, Alabama, or Illinois. It is still cheaper to ship coal to a power station in the big city than to transmit electricity over long distances—though the differential is a mere fraction of what it used to be only five years ago. The last war has shown that industrial production even in a badly bombed-out city can be maintained as

long as power and water are supplied. Certainly if we are going to expand power production we should put the new plants well out into the country and close to the coal mines—and should at the same time build them large enough to be used as stand-bys in case of bomb damage.

Every one of these decisions—and they are illustrations rather than a comprehensive list—may have a heavy impact on our military and economic strength. Every one will profoundly affect the future of the country. They are much too important to be left to chance. They are even much too important to be left to the generals—who, however, will have to make them if the American people and their government refuse to do so.

Nor can these problems be shrugged off with an easy "we'll be in total war anyhow." Of course, we may be in total war any time—and then most of these problems will indeed become irrelevant; we will fight such a war on the basis of "shoot the works and devil take the consequences." But it would surely represent an American defeat of the first magnitude, and one that might cost us the moral and military support of the rest of the free world, were we to be forced into total war by our own inability to organize for limited war. Soviet strategy has been based on the assumption that the West will not be able to bear the tensions of limited war and will collapse—though into appeasement rather than into total war. The tensions are indeed tremendous. But they are bearable if we face the basic economic decisions realistically, bravely—and soon.

Our Most Serious Military Problem

In our democracy where the government is truly an agent of the popular will, military policy is dependent on public opinion, and our organization for war will be good or bad as the public is well informed or poorly informed regarding the factors that bear on the subject. . . . Popular knowledge of history, I believe, is largely based on information derived from school textbooks, and unfortunately these sources often tell only a portion of the truth with regard to our war experiences. . . . Few Americans learn that we enrolled nearly four hundred thousand men in the Revolutionary War to defeat an enemy that numbered less than forty-five thousand, or that we employed half a million in 1812 against an opponent whose strength never exceeded sixteen thousand at any one place, and fewer still have learned why these overwhelming numbers were so ineffective. . . . Personally I am convinced that the colossal wastefulness of our war organization in the past, and the near-tragedies to which it has led us, have been due primarily to the character of our school textbooks and the ineffective manner in which history has been taught in the public schools of this country. . . . When the high-school student knows exactly what happened, and most important of all, why it happened, then our most serious military problem will be solved.

—General George C. Marshall, *Joint Meeting of the American Military Institute and the American Historical Association, Washington, December 28, 1939.*

London Journal, 1762-1763

James Boswell

The journal entries which follow—now published for the first time anywhere—have been selected from the forthcoming first volume of the Boswell Papers which were acquired last year by Yale University and are to be published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company. This London journal—which tells, with incredible candor, of Boswell's stay in London when he was only twenty-two, his efforts to get a commission in the Guards, his enjoyment of London society, his amorous dissipations, and his first meeting and ripening friendship with Dr. Johnson—was among the documents discovered in 1930-31 by Professor Claude Colleer Abbott at Fettercairn House, near Aberdeen, and subsequently acquired by Lieutenant Colonel Ralph Heyward Isham, whose extraordinary Boswell collection included also a great number of documents found at Malahide Castle in Ireland. In the summer of 1949 this entire collection came into the hands of Yale University through the generosity of the Old Dominion Foundation of Washington, established by Paul W. Mellon, and through the purchase of all the publishing rights by McGraw-Hill.—The Editors.

Journal from the Time of My Leaving Scotland 15 November 1762, Introduction:

THE ancient philosopher certainly gave a wise counsel when he said, "Know thyself." For surely this knowledge is of all the most important. I might enlarge upon this. But grave and serious declamation is not what I intend at present. A man cannot know himself better than by attending to the feelings of his heart and to his external actions, from which he may with tolerable certainty judge "what manner of person he is." I have therefore determined to keep a daily journal in which I shall set down my various sentiments and my various conduct, which will be not only useful but very agreeable. It will give me a habit of application and improve me in expression; and knowing that I am to record my transactions will make me more careful to do well. Or if I should go wrong, it will assist me in resolutions of doing better. I shall here put down my thoughts on different subjects at different times, the whims that may seize me and the sallies of my luxuriant imagination. I shall mark the anecdotes and the stories that I hear, the instructive or amusing conversations that I am present at, and the various adventures that I may have.

I was observing to my friend Erskine that a plan of this kind was dangerous, as a man might in the openness of his heart say many things and discover many facts that might do him great harm if the journal should fall into the hands of my enemies. Against which there is no perfect security. "Indeed," said he, "I hope there is no danger at all; for I fancy you will not set down your robberies on the highway, or the murders that you commit. As to other things there can be no harm." I laughed heartily at my friend's observation, which was so far true. I shall be upon my guard to mention noth-

ing that can do harm. Truth shall ever be observed, and these things (if there should be any such) that require the gloss of falsehood shall be passed by in silence. At the same time I may relate things under borrowed names with safety that would do much mischief if particularly known.

In this way I shall preserve many things that would otherwise be lost in oblivion. I shall find daily employment for myself, which will save me from indolence and help to keep off the spleen, and I shall lay up a store of entertainment for my after life. Very often we have more pleasure in reflecting on agreeable scenes that we have been in than we had from the scenes themselves. I shall regularly record the business or rather the pleasure of every day. I shall not study much correctness, lest the labour of it should make me lay it aside altogether.

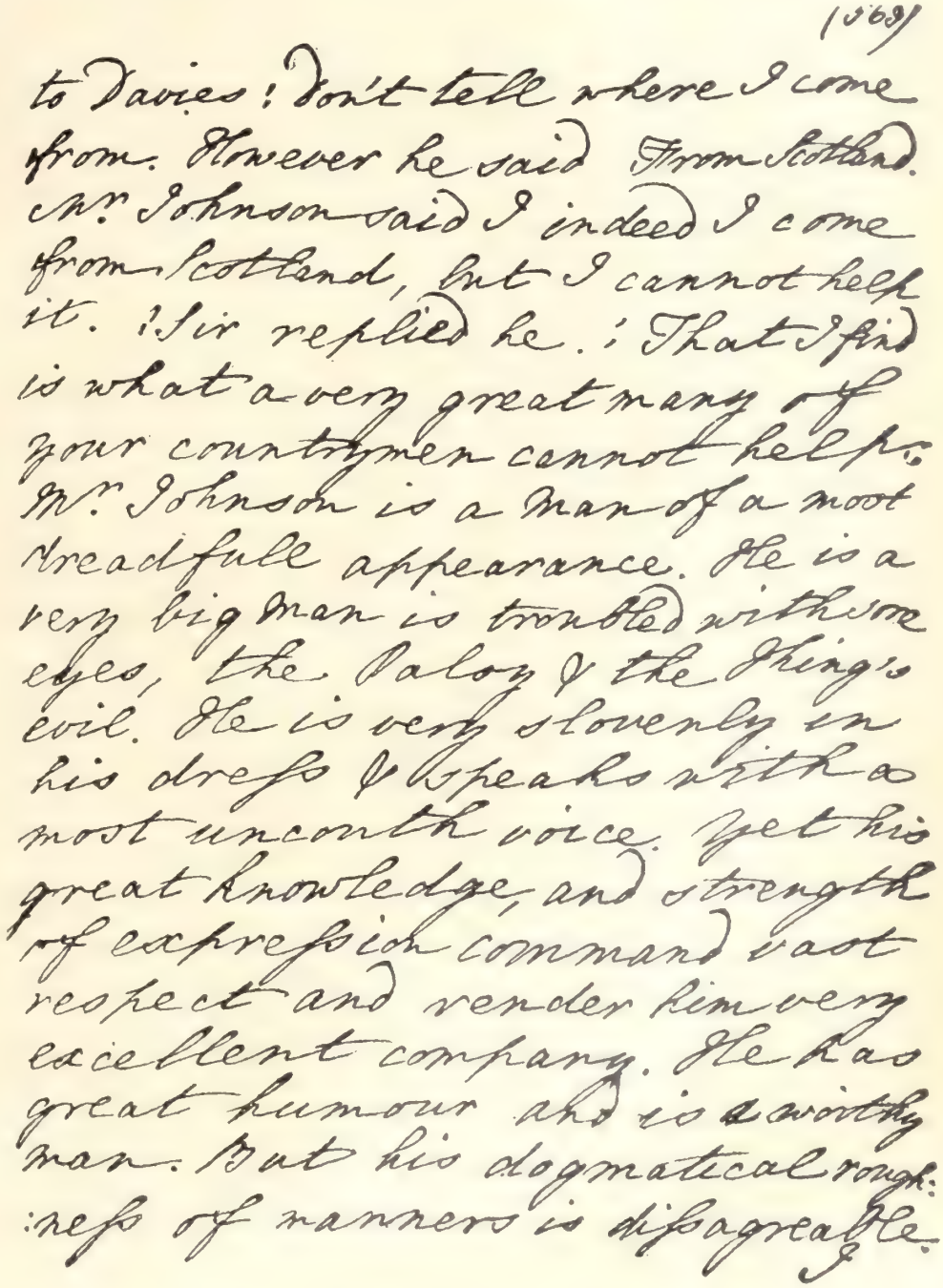
MONDAY 15 NOVEMBER. Elated with the thoughts of my journey to London, I got up. . . . I had a long serious conversation with my father and mother. They were very kind to me. I felt parental affection was very strong towards me: and I felt a very warm filial regard for them. The scene of being a son setting out from home for the wide world and the idea of being my own master, pleased me much. I parted with my brother Davy, leaving him my best advices to be diligent at his business as a banker and to make rich and be happy.

FRIDAY 19 NOVEMBER. . . . When we came upon Highgate hill and had a view of London, I was all life and joy. I repeated Cato's soliloquy on the immortality of the soul, and my soul bounded forth to a certain prospect of happy futurity. I sung all manner of songs, and began to make one about an amorous meeting with a pretty girl, the burthen of which was as follows:

> She gave me *this.* I gave her *that;*
> And tell me, had she not tit for tat?

I gave three huzzas, and we went briskly in.

I got from Digges a list of the best houses on the road, and also a direction to a good



1769

to Davies! Don't tell where I come from. However he said From Scotland. Mr. Johnson said I indeed I come from Scotland, but I cannot help it. Sir replied he: That I find is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help. Mr. Johnson is a man of a most dreadful appearance. He is a very big man is troubled with sore eyes, the Palsy & the King's evil. He is very slovenly in his dress & speaks with a most uncouth voice. Yet his great knowledge, and strength of expression command vast respect and render him very excellent company. He has great humour and is a worthy man. But his dogmatical rough ness of manners is disagreable.

A page of Boswell's original manuscript

inn at London. I therefore made the boy drive me to Mr. Hayward's, at the Black Lion, Water Lane, Fleet Street. The noise, the crowd, the glare of shops and signs agreeably confused me. I was rather more wildly struck than when I first came to London. My companion could not understand my feelings. He considered London just as a place where he was to receive orders from the East India Company. We now parted, with saying that we had agreed well and been happy, and that we should keep up the acquaintance. I then had a bit of dinner, got myself shaved and cleaned, and had my landlord, a civil jolly man, to take a glass of wine with me. I was all in a flutter at having at last got to the place which I was so madly fond of, and being restrained, had formed so many wild schemes to get back to. I had recourse to philosophy, and so rendered myself calm.

I immediately went to my friend Douglas's, surgeon in Pall Mall, a kind-hearted, plain, sensible man, where I was cordially received. His wife is a good-humoured woman, and is that sort of character which is often met with in England: very lively without much wit. Her fault is speaking too much, which often tires people. He was my great adviser as to everything and in the mean time insisted that I should have a bed in his house till I got a lodging to my mind. I agreed to come there next day. I went to Covent Garden—"Every Man in his Humour." Woodward played Bobadil finely. He entertained me much. It was fine after the fatigues of my journey to find myself snug in a theatre, my body warm and my mind elegantly amused. I went to my inn, had some negus, and went comfortably to bed.

Sunday 21 November. . . . I went to Douglas's and drank tea. I next went and called in Southampton Street, Strand, for Miss Sally Forrester, my first love, who lived at the Blue Periwig. I found that the people of the house were broke and dead, and could hear nothing of her. I also called for Miss Jeany Wells in Barrack Street, Soho, but found that she was fled, they knew not whither, and had been ruined with extravagance. Good heaven, thought I, what an amazing change in two years! I saw in the year 1760 these young ladies in all the glow of beauty and admiration; and now they are utterly erased or worse. I then called on Love, and saw him and Mrs. Love and Billy. I eat a tart there. He showed me a pantomime, called "The Witches," of his.

Since I came up, I have begun to acquire a composed genteel character very different from a rattling uncultivated one which for some time past I have been fond of. I have discovered that we may be in some degree whatever character we choose. Besides, practice forms a man to anything. I was now happy to find myself cool, easy, and serene.

Friday 26 November. . . . I was much difficulted about lodgings. A variety I am sure I saw, I dare say fifty. I was amused in this way. At last I fixed in Downing Street, Westminster. I took a lodging up two pair of stairs with the use of a handsome parlour all the forenoon, for which I agreed to pay forty guineas a year, but I took it for a fortnight first, by way of a trial. I also made bargain that I should dine with the family whenever I pleased, at a shilling a time. . . .

Sunday 28 November. I breakfasted with Mr. Douglas. I went to St. James's Church and heard service and a good sermon on "By what means shall a young man learn to order his ways," in which the advantages of early piety were well displayed. What a curious, inconsistent thing is the mind of man! In the midst of divine service I was laying plans for having women, and yet I had the most sincere feelings of religion. I imagine that my want of belief is the occasion of this, so that I can have all the feelings. I would try to make out a little consistency this way. I have a warm heart and a vivacious fancy. I am therefore given to love, and also to piety or gratitude to God, and to the most brilliant and showy method of public worship.

I then walked in the Park and went home to dinner, which was just a good joint of veal and a pudding. This they told me was their usual fare, which I approved of. I found my landlord rather too free. Therefore I carried myself with reserve and something of state.

At six I went to Mr. Sheridan's. He had been at Court and was splendidly dressed. He met me at the door with a cordial warmth. . . . He is a man of great genius and understands propriety of speech better than any-

body. But he is rather too much of an enthusiast in favour of his darling study. He has read much and seen much and is very good company. I was introduced to Mrs. Sheridan, a woman of very homely looks, but very sensible and very clever, as appears from her *Memoirs of Miss Sidney Bidulph*. I let myself appear by degrees, and I found that I was agreeable to her, which flattered me a good deal.

I asked for Mr. Samuel Johnson. Sheridan said he now could not bear him, because he had taken a pension of three hundred a year from the Court, by the particular interest of Lord Bute, and yet he still railed against the royal family and the Scots minister. . . . It hurt me to find Sheridan abusing a man for whom I have heard him profess the greatest regard. He added, "The bearish manners of Johnson were insupportable without the idea of his having a good heart. But since he has been made the object of royal favour, his character has been sifted and is bad." I drank tea and coffee and was very well. I came home and went to bed.

Wednesday 1 December. . . . On Tuesday I wanted to have a silver-hilted sword, but upon examining my pockets as I walked up the Strand, I found that I had left the most of my guineas at home and had not enough to pay for it with me. I determined to make a trial of the civility of my fellow-creatures, and what effect my external appearance and address would have. I accordingly went to the shop of Mr. Jefferys, sword-cutter to his Majesty, looked at a number of his swords, and at last picked out a very handsome one at five guineas. "Mr. Jefferys," said I, "I have not money here to pay for it. Will you trust me?" "Upon my word, Sir," said he, "you must excuse me. It is a thing we never do to a stranger." I bowed genteelly and said, "Indeed, Sir, I believe it is not right." However, I stood and looked at him, and he looked at me. "Come, Sir," cried he, "I will trust you." "Sir," said I, "if you had not trusted me, I should not have bought it from you." He asked my name and place of abode, which I told him. I then chose a belt, put the sword on, told I would call and pay it tomorrow, and walked off. I called this day and paid him. "Mr. Jefferys," said I, "there is your money. You paid me a very great compliment. I am much obliged to you. But pray don't do such a thing again. It is dangerous." "Sir," said he, "we know our men. I would have trusted you with the value of a hundred pounds." This I think was a good adventure and much to my honour. . . .

Friday 3 December. I began now to be much at home in my lodgings and to get into a regular method. I resolved to want a servant for my first year and in every respect to be frugal, that I might learn the value of money, see what I could afford to do with my allowance, and rather live within than exceed my income. I am really surprised at the coolness and moderation with which I am proceeding. God grant I may continue to do well, which will make me happy and all my friends satisfied. . . .

Sunday 5 December. . . . I then went to St. George's Church, where I heard a good sermon on the prophets testifying of Jesus Christ. I was upon honour much disposed to be a Christian. Yet I was rather cold in my devotion. The Duchess of Grafton attracted my eyes rather too much.

In the evening I went to Douglas's, where I found a letter from my friend Johnston which gave me much satisfaction, brought many comfortable ideas into my mind, and put me on a regular plan of sending him my journal.

I then went to Dempster's, where I met with the Kellie family. I let myself out in humorous rhodomontade rather too much. We were very hearty. We disputed much whether London or Edinburgh was the most agreeable place to a Scotch gentleman of small fortune. Lady Betty said that it must be very cutting to find so many people higher than one's self and to see so many splendid equipages, none of which belong to one. "Lady Betty," said I, "you have the pleasure of admiring them. But your taste is too gross —you want to have the solid equipages themselves, to embrace and carry in your arms the thick tarry wheels."

In reality, a person of small fortune who has only the common views of life and would just be as well as anybody else, cannot like London. But a person of imagination and feeling, such as the Spectator finely describes, can have the most lively enjoyment from the

sight of external objects without regard to property at all. London is undoubtedly a place where men and manners may be seen to the greatest advantage. The liberty and the whim that reigns there occasions a variety of perfect and curious characters. Then the immense crowd and hurry and bustle of business and diversion, the great number of public places of entertainment, the noble churches and superb buildings of different kinds, agitate, amuse, and elevate the mind. Besides, the satisfaction of pursuing whatever plan is most agreeable, without being known or looked at, is very great. Here a young man of curiosity and observation may have a sufficient fund of present entertainment, and may lay up ideas to employ his mind in age. . . .

Monday 6 December. I waited on General Douglas, who told me that the Duke told him that he thought it would not be in his power to get me a commission. This was a discouraging piece of information. I left him in bad humour, cursed a state of waiting for anything from great men, and in short despaired a good deal of getting it. . . .

At one I went to the Duke's, and being in a kind of despair, I talked freely and boldly to him. He was gently informing me that the thing was very difficult. To show him that this did not affect me, "My Lord," said I, "it is as difficult as can be imagined, yet I should think your Grace's interest might do it." (I should have mentioned that I wrote a letter to him, some days ago, very fully.) "My Lord," said I now, and looked him in the face, "a state of suspense and hanging on is a most disagreeable thing. I have heard people talk of it, and I have read in the poets of it, but now I feel it. I have got an independent spirit, and I can assure your Grace that if I had not a good opinion of you as a man, upon my soul, I would not ask such a thing of you. It just comes to this: if your Grace is so generous as to make a push for me (which indeed I can scarcely ask), I believe the thing may do." I could see that the good old man was pleased with my spirit. He told me that he would do what he could with Lord Ligonier. . . .

Tuesday 7 December. . . . In the evening I went to Northumberland House, to the rout, which was indeed magnificent. Three large rooms and the gallery (a prodigious one) were full of the best company, between three and four hundred of them. The gallery is like one of the rooms in Holyroodhouse for size and richly adorned on the walls and ceiling with landscapes and gilding. The King and Lady Northumberland are exhibited in full length portraits, in their robes. As I was standing in pleasing reverie in the gallery musing on the splendid scene around me and joining with that the ancient ideas of the family of Percy, my Lady came up to me with the greatest complacency and kindness: "Mr. Boswell, I am very happy to see you. How do you do? I hope you are come to settle among us. I was very sorry that I was not at home when you called. I gave positive orders that you should be admitted whenever you called." This put me into the finest humour. I thanked her sincerely. I chatted easily. She then carried me to my Lord, who was very glad to see me and very civil to me. This is indeed a noble family in every respect. They live in a most princely manner, perfectly suitable to their high rank. Yet they are easy and affable. They keep up the true figure of old English nobility.

I felt a little awkward this night, as I scarcely knew anybody in the room. I told my Lady so. She said that would go off by degrees. I could observe people looking at me with envy, as a man of some distinction and a favourite of my Lady's. Bravo! thought I. I am sure I deserve to be a favourite. It was curious to find of how little consequence each individual was in such a crowd. I could imagine how an officer in a great army may be killed without being observed. I came home quiet, laid by my clothes, and went coolly to bed. There's conduct for you. . . .

Friday 10 December. I went to Northumberland House in the forenoon. The porter told me there was nobody at home; but looking at me, "Sir," said he, "is your name Boswell?" Upon my answering, "Yes," "My Lady is at home, Sir," said he. Upon which I was shown up to her Ladyship, with whom I sat about twenty minutes in the most easy, agreeable way. She told me that she had a private party every Friday for particular friends, and that she would always be glad to see me there when I had nothing else to do.

I exulted, and thanked her, and said that I could not think how I deserved all this, but that I hoped we should be better acquainted, and that I should run about the house like a tame spaniel. An old gentleman then came in. I sat a little longer and then withdrew, full of joy at being reckoned a particular friend of the heir of the great Percy and a woman of the first consequence in London. She mentioned my commission, and kindly desired me not to be impatient, and I would get it. If the Duke does not do it for me, she will be my next resource. But it is better to have but one patron at a time and stick close to him. . . .

Tuesday 14 December. . . . It is very curious to think that I have now been in London several weeks without ever enjoying the delightful sex, although I am surrounded with numbers of free-hearted ladies of all kinds: from the splendid Madam at fifty guineas a night, down to the civil nymph with white-thread stockings who tramps along the Strand and will resign her engaging person to your honour for a pint of wine and a shilling. Manifold are the reasons for this my present wonderful continence. I am upon a plan of economy, and therefore cannot be at the expense of first-rate dames. I have suffered severely from the loathsome distemper, and therefore shudder at the thoughts of running any risk of having it again. Besides, the surgeons' fees in this city come very high. But the greatest reason of all is that fortune, or rather benignant Venus, has smiled upon me and favoured me so far that I have had the most delicious intrigues with women of beauty, sentiment, and spirit, perfectly suited to my romantic genius.

Indeed, in my mind, there cannot be higher felicity on earth enjoyed by man than the participation of genuine reciprocal amorous affection with an amiable woman. There he has a full indulgence of all the delicate feelings and pleasures both of body and mind, while at the same time in this enchanting union he exults with a consciousness that he is the superior person. The dignity of his sex is kept up. These paradisial scenes of gallantry have exalted my ideas and refined my taste, so that I really cannot think of stooping so far as to make a most intimate companion of a groveling-minded, ill-bred, worthless creature, nor can my delicacy be pleased with the gross voluptuousness of the stews. I am therefore walking about with a healthy stout body and a cheerful mind, in search of a woman worthy of my love, and who thinks me worthy of hers, without any interested views, which is the only sure way to find out if a woman really loves a man. If I should be a single man for the whole winter, I will be satisfied. I have had as much elegant pleasure as I could have expected would have come to my share in many years. . . .

Thursday 30 December. I had Erskine with me at breakfast, after which he and I went to Lady Frances Erskine's, and then I went to Lady Northumberland's. In my letter to her I mentioned to her that I would not choose to be far from London; and therefore I would choose no other corps but the Guards or the Blues; that is to say, the Royal Horse Guards Blue. "Madam," said I, "I took the liberty to write you a letter." "Sir," said she, "I am sorry to find these Guards so difficult to be got. I have been speaking to some officers on that subject. I imagined that your father had wrote in such a way to the Duke of Queensberry that he had not been in earnest to get it. But I find that it really is a very difficult matter. As to the Blues again, I should hope that may be easier; and when the Marquis of Granby comes over, I shall apply to him." "So your Ladyship really intends to take a charge of me? Pray don't be upon ceremony. I have no title to ask such a thing of you. I really did not expect that you would have engaged in it." "Sir, I should not say so if I did not intend it." "Madam, I am infinitely obliged to you." "I shall certainly, Sir, recommend you to Lord Granby in the strongest manner; and as the Blues are his own regiment, I should think that they will not interfere but allow him to do what he pleases. I hope, Sir, you are living agreeably in the meantime, as you know one must wait for a vacancy." "I am, Madam. But I want to be something." "Really, Sir, I think you are right. There's my Lord Warkworth, as his regiment is now to be broke, my Lord wrote to him to know if he chose to continue in the Army. He said by all means. For he could not think of being idle. The Blues, Sir, will not be so good as the Guards, because your business does

and the only station in real life which (at least for some years) I could fill with pleasure.

And now I swear that this is the true language of my heart. O why can I not always preserve my inclinations as constant and as warm? I am determined to pursue it with unremitting steadiness. I don't despair of having a regiment. O why don't my friends encourage me in it? Surely I ought not to languish in idleness. And surely so delicate a mind as I have cannot be greatly blamed for wavering a little when such terrible obstacles oppose my favourite scheme. I now see the sickly suggestions of inconsistent fancy with regard to the Scotch Bar in their proper colours. Good heaven! I should by pursuing that plan have deprived myself of felicity when I had it fairly in my power, and brought myself to a worse state than ever. I shudder when I think of it. I am vexed at such a distempered suggestion's being inserted in my journal, which I wished to contain a consistent picture of a young fellow eagerly pushing through life. . . .

Monday 21 March. . . . When I went home in the evening, I felt myself quite dissipated by running about so much. I was indolent and careless and could not fix to anything. Even this my journal was in danger of being neglected. Near a whole week had elapsed without my writing a single page of it. By way therefore of penance for my idleness, and by way of making up for the time lost and bringing up my business, I determined to sit up all this night; which I accordingly did, and wrote a great deal. About two o'clock in the morning I inadvertently snuffed out my candle, and as my fire was long before that black and cold, I was in a great dilemma how to proceed. Downstairs did I softly and silently step to the kitchen. But, alas, there was as little fire there as upon the icy mountains of Greenland. With a tinder-box is a light struck every morning to kindle the fire, which is put out at night. But this tinder-box I could not see, nor knew where to find. I was now filled with gloomy ideas of the terrors of the night. I was also apprehensive that my landlord, who always keeps a pair of loaded pistols by him, might fire at me as a thief. I went up to my room, sat quietly till I heard the watchman calling, "Past three o'clock." I then called to him to knock at the door of the house where I lodged. He did so, and I opened it to him and got my candle relumed without danger. Thus was I relieved and continued busy till eight next day.

Thursday 12 May. I went to Drury Lane and saw Mr. Garrick play "King Lear." So very high is his reputation, even after playing so long, that the pit was full in ten minutes after four, although the play did not begin till half an hour after six. I kept myself at a distance from all acquaintances, and got into a proper frame. Mr. Garrick gave me the most perfect satisfaction. I was fully moved, and I shed abundance of tears. The farce was "Polly Honeycomb," at which I laughed a good deal. It gave me great consolation after my late fit of melancholy to find that I was again capable of receiving such high enjoyment. . . .

Monday 16 May. Temple and his brother breakfasted with me. I went to Love's to try to recover some of the money which he owes me. But, alas, a single guinea was all I could get. He was just going to dinner, so I stayed and eat a bit, though I was angry at myself afterwards. I drank tea at Davies's in Russell Street, and about seven came in the great Mr. Samuel Johnson whom I have so long wished to see. Mr. Davies introduced me to him. As I knew his mortal antipathy at the Scotch, I cried to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." However, he said, "From Scotland." "Mr. Johnson," said I, "indeed I come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." "Sir," replied he, "that, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." Mr. Johnson is a man of a most dreadful appearance. He is a very big man, is troubled with sore eyes, the palsy, and the king's evil. He is very slovenly in his dress and speaks with a most uncouth voice. Yet his great knowledge and strength of expression command vast respect and render him very excellent company. He has great humour and is a worthy man. But his dogmatical roughness of manners is disagreeable. I shall mark what I remember of his conversation. . . .

Thursday 19 May. Mr. James Coutts told me that he and his brother and Mr. Cochrane

were to dine with a Mr. Trotter, upholsterer, a particular friend, and that he never went thither without carrying somebody along with him; so he insisted that I should go. I accordingly went, and was introduced to Mr. Trotter, who is originally from Scotland, but has been here so long that he is become quite an Englishman. He is a bachelor, an honest, hearty, good-humoured fellow. The company were all Scottish except an American lady, wife to Mr. Elliot, a son of Lord Minto's; Mr. Stewart, formerly the noted Provost of Edinburgh; and some more of these kind of old half-English gentry. We had a good dinner and plenty of wine. I resolved to be merry while I could, and soon see whether the foul fiend of the genitals had again prevailed. We were plain and hearty and comfortable; much better than the people of high fashion. There was a Miss Rutherford there, a Scotch girl who had been long in America. She and I chatted very neatly.

We stayed and drank tea and coffee; and at seven, being in high glee, I called upon Miss Watts, whom I found by herself, neatly dressed and looking very well. I was free and easy with her, and begged that she would drink a glass of wine with me at the Shakespeare, which she complied with. I told her my name was Macdonald, and that I was a Scotch Highlander. She said she liked them much, as they had always spirit and generosity. We were shown into a handsome room and had a bottle of choice sherry. We sat near two hours and became very cheerful and agreeable to each other. I told her with a polite freedom, "Madam, I tell you honestly I have no money to give you, but if you allow me favours without it, I shall be much obliged to you." She smiled and said she would. Her maid then brought her a message that a particular friend from the country was waiting for her; so that I was obliged to give her up this night, as I determined to give her no money. She left me pleased, and said she hoped to have the pleasure of my company at tea when it was convenient. This I faithfully promised and took as a good sign of her willingness to establish a friendly communication with me.

I then sallied forth to the Piazzas in rich flow of animal spirits and burning with fierce desire. I met two very pretty little girls who asked me to take them with me. "My dear girls," said I, "I am a poor fellow. I can give you no money. But if you choose to have a glass of wine and my company and let us be gay and obliging to each other without money, I am your man." They agreed with great good humour. So back to the Shakespeare I went. "Waiter," said I, "I have got here a couple of human beings; I don't know how they'll do." "I'll look, your Honour," cried he, and with inimitable effrontery stared them in the face and then cried, "They'll do very well." "What," said I, "are they good fellow-creatures? Bring them up, then." We were shown into a good room and had a bottle of sherry before us in a minute. I surveyed my seraglio and found them both good subjects for amorous play. I toyed with them and drank about and sung "Youth's the Season" and thought myself Captain Macheath; and then I solaced my existence with them, one after the other, according to their seniority. . . . I parted with my ladies politely and came home in a glow of spirits.

Tuesday 24 May. . . . I went and waited upon Mr. Samuel Johnson, who received me very courteously. He has chambers in the Inner Temple, where he lives in literary state, very solemn and very slovenly. He had some people with him, and when they left him, I rose too. But he cried, "No, don't go away." "Sir," said I, "I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you." He was pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and he said he was obliged to any man who visited him. I was proud to sit in such company.

He said that mankind had a great aversion at intellectual employment. But even supposing knowledge easily attained, most people were equally content to be ignorant.

"Moral good depends on the motive from which we act. If I fling half a crown at a beggar with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but with respect to me, the action is very wrong. In the same way, religious services, if not performed with an intention to please God, avail us nothing. As our Saviour saith of people who perform them from other motives, 'Verily they have their reward.'

"The Christian religion has very strong evidences. No doubt it appears in some degree strange to reason. But in history we have many undoubted facts against which *a priori* in the way of ratiocination we have more arguments than we have for them; but then testimony has great weight, and casts the balance. I would recommend Grotius, Dr. Pearse on Miracles, and Dr. Clark."

I listened to this great oracle with much satisfaction; and as I feel myself uneasy by reason of scepticism, I had great comfort in hearing so able an advocate for Revelation; and I resolved to read the books he mentioned. He pressed me to stay a second time, which I did. He said he went out at four in the afternoon and did not come home, for the most part, till two in the morning. I asked him if he did not think it wrong to live so and not make use of his talents. He said it was a bad habit.

He said Garrick was the first man in the world for sprightly conversation.

I begged that he would favour me with his company at my lodgings some evening. He promised he would. I then left him, and he shook me cordially by the hand. Upon my word, I am very fortunate. I shall cultivate this acquaintance. . . .

Wednesday 8 June. I breakfasted with Mr. Coutts, and I sauntered about idly all forenoon, which gave me pain. At night I received a very kind letter from my father, in which he told me that he would allow me to follow any profession that I pleased, but at the same time said that the Army was but a poor scheme, and that if I would pursue the law, though moderately, and be in the style of his eldest son, that he would give me all encouragement. It was a most sensible and indulgent letter. It made me think seriously, and I considered that I had now experienced how little I could depend on the favour of the great, which, when only founded on personal liking, is very slight. I considered too that I could have no prospect of rising in the Army. That my being in that way contrary to my parent's advice was uphill work, and that I could not long be fond of it. I considered that by getting into the plan of civil life, I should have all things smooth and easy, be on a respectful footing and of consequence in my own country, and please my worthy father, who, though somewhat narrow in his notions, is one of the best men in the world.

Thursday 9 June. I communicated my designs to Temple, who approved much of my resolution. I however determined to insist on first going abroad, as I am resolved to maintain a grave and respectful character.

Saturday 18 June. I breakfasted with Colonel Montgomerie, then strolled about with young Graham of Gartmore. I dined with Mr. James Erskine, and I was very vivacious, yet kept myself in moderate bounds. I am happy every Saturday in writing to Sir David Dalrymple. It always puts me in a good frame. At night I took a street-walker into Privy Garden and indulged sensuality. The wretch picked my pocket of my handkerchief, and then swore that she had not. When I got home, I was shocked to think that I had been intimately united with a low, abandoned, perjured, pilfering creature. I determined to do so no more; but if the Cyprian fury should seize me, to participate my amorous flame with a genteel girl.

Thursday 14 July. Mr. Johnson and I met at the Mitre by ourselves. He was in most excellent humour, though the night was very rainy. I said it was good for the vegetable part of the creation. "Ay, Sir," said he, "and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals." We had a good supper, which made us very comfortable.

I said, "You and I, Sir, are very good companions, but my father and I are not so. Now what can occasion this? For you are as old a man as my father, and you are certainly as learned and as knowing." "Sir," said he, "I am a man of the world. I live in the world, and I take in some measure the colour of the world as it moves along. But your father is a judge in a remote part of the country, and all his notions are taken from the old world. Besides, there must always be a struggle between a father and son, while the one aims at power and the other at independency." I told him that I was afraid of my father's forcing me to be a lawyer. "Why, Sir," said he, "you need not be afraid of his forcing you to be a laborious practising lawyer. That is not in his power. For, as the

proverb says, 'One man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink.' He may be displeased, but it will not go far. If he only insists on your having as much law as is necessary for a man of property, and endeavours to get you into Parliament, he is quite in the right.". . .

When we went into the Mitre tonight, Mr. Johnson said, "We will not drink two bottles of port." When one was drank, he called for another pint; and when we had got to the bottom of that, and I was distributing it equally, "Come," said he, "you need not measure it so exactly." "Sir," said I, "it is done." "Well, Sir," said he, "are you satisfied? or would you choose another?" "Would you, Sir?" said I. "Yes," said he, "I think I would. I think two bottles would seem to be the quantity for us." Accordingly we made them out.

I take pleasure in recording every little circumstance about so great a man as Mr. Johnson. This little specimen of social pleasantry will serve me to tell as an agreeable story to literary people. He took me cordially by the hand and said, "My dear Boswell! I do love you very much."—I *will* be vain, there's enough.

Friday 15 July. A bottle of thick English port is a very heavy and a very inflammatory dose. I felt it last time that I drank it for several days, and this morning it was boiling in my veins. Dempster came and saw me, and said I had better be palsied at eighteen than not keep company with such a man as Johnson. . . .

Thursday 4 August. This is now my last day in London before I set out upon my travels, and makes a very important period in my journal. Let me recollect my life since this journal began. Has it not passed like a dream? Yes, but I have been attaining a knowledge of the world. I came to town to go into the Guards. How different is my scheme now! I am now upon a less pleasurable but a more rational and lasting plan. Let me pursue it with steadiness and I may be a man of dignity. My mind is strangely agitated. I am happy to think of going upon my travels and seeing the diversity of foreign parts; and yet my feeble mind shrinks somewhat at the idea of leaving Britain in so very short a time from the moment in which I now make this remark. How strange must I feel myself in foreign parts. My mind too is gloomy and dejected at the thoughts of leaving London, where I am so comfortably situated and where I have enjoyed most happiness. However, I shall be the happier for being abroad as long as I live. Let me be manly. Let me commit myself to the care of my merciful Creator.

The End of My Journal Before My Travels.

The Unhappy Warrior

SYLVIA STALLINGS

Go, if you can, and tell the yellow-haired
Lacedaemonians and the Trojan lords,
Who not with flesh but out of spirit heired
Us who have lost the sense of all but swords,
That it goes well within the world of men:
Some petty thievery, some summer wars,
Some wives not always faithful; now and then
Rumored conjunction of the outer stars.
Tell them also that you are but the first
Of many heroes soon to call them friends;
A splendid company of late dispersed
To the fields where shortly April battle ends.
Else must they grieve, who won so hard their peace,
Knowing with you all breeds of hero cease.

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A splendid company of late dispersed
To the fields where shortly April battle ends.
Else must they grieve, who won so hard their peace,
Knowing with you all breeds of hero cease.

The New Snobbism



Russell Lynes

Portraits of the Species by

Robert Osborn

THERE was a time not long ago when a snob was a snob and as easy to recognize as a cock pheasant. In the days when Ward McAllister was the arbiter of Newport society and when there were precisely four hundred souls in New York worth knowing and only "nobodies" lived west of the Alleghenies, snobbishness was a nice clean-cut business that made careers for otherwise unoccupied women and gave purpose to otherwise barren lives. In those days the social order was stratified as tidily as the terracing of an Italian garden, and a man could take his snobs or leave them. But now the social snob, while not extinct, has gone underground (except for professionals such as head waiters and metropolitan-hotel room clerks), and snobbery has emerged in a whole new set of guises, for it is as indigenous to man's nature as ambition and a great deal easier to exercise.

Snobbery has assumed so many guises, in fact, that it is, I believe, time that someone attempt to impose order on what is at best a confused situation. There are a few basic categories of snobs that seem to include most of the more common species that one is likely to encounter, or, indeed, to be. None of these categories is new; there have always been, I presume, snobs of every sort,* but now that the pre-eminence of the social variety has been submerged in a wave of political and economic egalitarianism, and now that we find ourselves in an era in which the social scientists believe that it is somehow good for us to be ticketed and classified, let us sort out the most common practitioners of the sneer.

The Intellectual Snob is of such distinguished lineage and comes from such established precedent that he is dignified by a mention in Webster's ("one who repels the advances of those whom he regards as his inferiors; as, an intellectual snob"). The other categories are less well known and less well documented. For convenience, let us call them the Regional Snobs, the Moral Snobs, the Sensual Snobs, the Emotional Snobs, the Physical Snobs, the Occupational Snobs, and,

* It is 102 years since William Makepeace Thackeray published his *Book of Snobs,* a series of facetious essays that originally appeared in *Punch.* Mr. Thackeray's snobs are largely of the social sort.

Russell Lynes began his study of snobs at Yale University, continued it during the war in the Pentagon Building in Washington, and for the past six years has been gathering additional material in the editorial offices of this magazine.

finally, the Reverse Snobs or Anti-snob Snobs. Before we examine these, we should be aware that economic and social boundaries, while they may occasionally serve as guide ropes, are on the whole unimportant in considering the various forms of condescension and the various attitudes of superiority that distinguish the true snob from the merely vain man, woman, or child.

Snobbishness, as we will use the word, implies both an upward and a downward movement—a scramble upward to emulate or outdo those whose position excels one's own, and a look downward on (or sometimes straight through) those less happily endowed than one's self. The true snob never rests; there is always a higher goal to attain, and there are, by the same token, always more and more people to look down upon. The snob is almost by definition insecure in his social (in the larger sense) relationships, and he resorts to snobbishness as a means of massaging his ego. Since scarcely anyone is so secure that his ego does not sometimes need a certain amount of external manipulation, there is scarcely anyone who isn't a snob of some sort. As a matter of fact the gods of the Greeks and the Romans were frightful snobs, morally, physically, and emotionally, and it is not uncommon for civilized peoples to worship snobbery. It is the Christian religion that promoted the virtue of humility for us, and of all the virtues it is the most difficult to come by. Let us not, then, be snobbish about snobs—at least not yet.



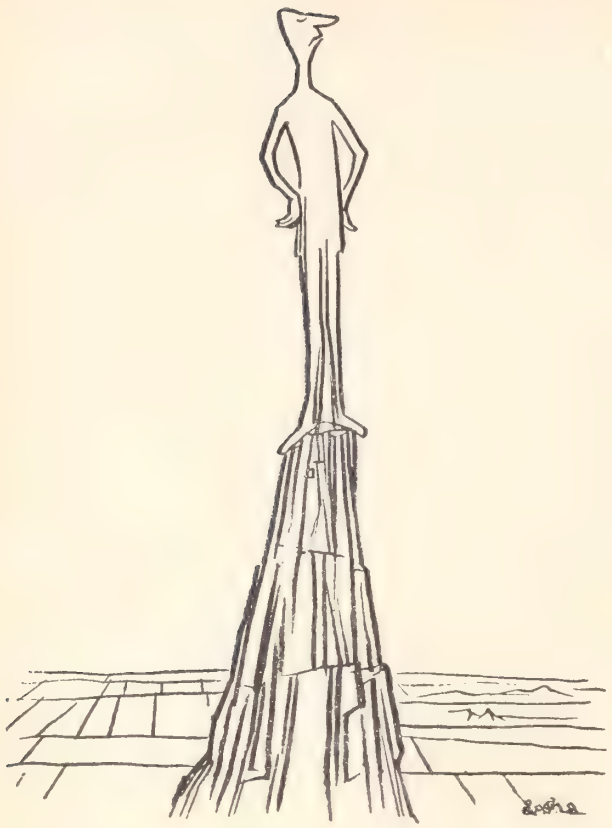
The Social Snob has gone underground (except for professionals such as head waiters and room clerks).

It is not my intention to apply the scientific method to the definition of the categories which we shall examine, though each species will be seen to have its sub-species and each sub-species to have many variants. I mean this to be suggestive, merely a sketch that will enable the reader to glimpse the vast possibilities that a methodical study of snobs by a diligent social scientist might uncover.

II

Our first category is the Regional Snobs, commonly known in the South as Virginians, in the West as Californians, and in the East as Bostonians. This, however, should be recognized for what it is, a mere colloquialism. The Regional Snob can come from anywhere, and is readily distinguished by his patronizing attitude toward anywhere else. He lets it be known that there is no place to match the seat of his origin; indeed, he seems surprised or amused that people in other places are so much like people. The Asturians who live in the north of Spain, for example, look with special distaste on the citizens of the neighboring province, Galicia, and they have a saying that "a Galician is the animal that most closely resembles a human being." In Texas it is said that you should never ask a man where he comes from. "If he's a Texan," they say, "he'll tell you. If he's not don't embarrass him." These are not as extreme cases as they might seem. It was recorded a decade ago that a boy who lived on Martha's Vineyard, an island off the Massachusetts coast, was assigned the problem in school of writing a composition about the then Duce of Italy. His paper started with the sentence: "Mussolini is an off-islander."

But let us consider more common types of Regional Snobs. In Vermont, for example, the Regional Snob is generally called a



The Regional Snob can come from anywhere.

"native" to distinguish him from the group known as "summer people." The aloofness of the Vermont native, a man proud of his thrift, of the bleakness of his winters, and especially of the fact that he has managed to squeeze a living out of rocky hillsides and out of "summer people,"* has a special laconic quality that is guaranteed to freeze the marrow of, say, a Texan. This kind of Regional snobbism is of the *We've had it tougher than anybody* variety, and is the opposite of the California type which is of the *We know how to live better than you do* kind, or of the Gracious Living types found in the South, notably in Virginia, in South Carolina, and in the New Orleans vicinity.

These types are, more or less, Area Snobs and should be distinguished from the local or home-town varieties which demonstrate certain cultural patterns quite different from those found in general geographical areas. The local snob does not even in many cases recognize his home town as anything very special; his vision may be myopic to the extent of permitting everything beyond the end of his particular street to go out of focus. "The other side of the tracks" is a phrase less frequently heard than it was a generation or so ago. We live in an age of "developments" —real estate developments, housing developments, community developments—of "projects" and of subdivisions, and the railroad tracks have lost some of their social significance in this age of busses and automobiles. So we have subdivision dwellers looking down upon development dwellers, and development dwellers turning their heads away from project dwellers, and project dwellers scornful of tenement dwellers. But the genuine home-town snob is rather more special than any of these.

Boston is too well known for its special brand of provincial hauteur to need discussion here, but the New York brand is less well documented and will serve to demonstrate one of the extreme forms of local snobbism. This is the Cultural Capital variety, or *Anything or anybody of any interest comes here* kind, that makes the New Yorker when visiting in any other city assume an air of condescension that has both an overhead spin and a reverse twist. "You know," the New Yorker* will say when visiting a city in the Middle West, "I think it's really terribly interesting *out here.*" It is a wonder that so few New Yorkers get their throats cut in what they think of as (but do not call) "the provinces." In its most advanced forms Cultural Capital Snobbism will bend all the way over backward and touch its heels with its hair with some such observation as: "I think New Yorkers are the most provincial people in the world, don't you?" The born and bred New Yorker is rare (or at least thinks of himself as rare), and in general the New Yorker by adoption is the more virulent of the species.

At the other end of the scale we find Small Town Snobbism: the *I have lived here longer than anyone* type vies with the type who makes much of the fact that only people who rub elbows with the members of a small community really understand the meaning of life. This latter type, like the Cultural Capital Snob, is usually a member of the community by adoption, having fled from the city in order to discover what he calls "real values."

* And more recently, with the advent of the Ski Snobs, out of "winter people" as well.

* Not to be confused with the magazine of the same name. It is not within the scope of this essay to discuss institutional snobbism.

Sometimes the members of this group are summer people gone native who retain certain characteristic attributes of their type such as station wagons, and dress themselves in more elaborately rural costumes (blue jeans, checked wool shirts, even straw hats) than any genuinely rural inhabitant would consider proper or necessary. Another variant of this species is the ex-urbanite who buys a farm in order to "get next to the soil." These might be called the Eternal Verities Snobs, Back to the Land Division, and are very likely to be authors.*

BEFORE we proceed to our next category, there is one offshoot of the Regional Snobs which bears brief mention: The World Is My Home species,† made up of people who pride themselves on the fact that they are as much at home in Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo as in the Casino at Monte Carlo or in the Ritz Bar in Paris or in the Pump Room in Chicago or in less expensive saloons in any of these places. The members of this category like to think of themselves as "the international set" and are frequently remittance men, decayed nobility, career diplomats, overseas representatives (and their wives) of American industries, wealthy divorcees, or rich refugees. They regard every international problem or crisis chiefly as a personal inconvenience, and every visa in their passports as a mark of sophistication. The natives of any place they visit have no other function but to serve them, and their technique for insulting waiters is unsurpassed. Although the world is their home, they are in one sense the most provincial snobs of all, for their real world consists of a few thousand wanderers, and their horizons are limited to the chips on the table, the bottles on the bar, and the crystals in the chandeliers of hotel dining rooms, and when out of doors they darken their little world with sun glasses.‡ They have an unmitigated scorn for all tourists and are ashamed and embarrassed by their compatriots who travel abroad.

It is probable that as the world grows smaller, Regional Snobbism will increase. It is a logical antidote to political efforts to make man love his neighbor.

III

LIKE the Regional Snobs, the number of Moral Snobs is legion and they love their neighbors no more dearly. Oscar Wilde, a really accomplished snob, said that "Morality is simply the attitude we adopt toward people we personally dislike." But the Moral Snob carries it further than that; his snobbishness extends to people he doesn't even know. Morality is both a public and a private matter, to be sure, and it is characteristic of the Moral Snob to put a good deal of ornamental fretwork on his public façade and let the private places of his personality be slovenly. To call him a hypocrite would be to attribute vices to his virtues; he is not so positive a character as that. He does not necessarily want to get away with anything, but he is always quite sure that everyone else does, or would if he didn't keep a sharp eye on them.

In our day there are two main categories of Moral Snobs—the Religious Snobs and the Tolerance Snobs. In mentioning the former, I am aware that I am on delicate ground, but the Religious Snobs are identified with no particular sect or creed, and the true believer is rarely, if ever, snobbish about it. The only thing that they seem to have in common is the conviction that those who disapprove of their faith or the methods by which they try to spread it are "bigots."*

Sometimes opposed to the Religious Snob and sometimes allied with him is the Tolerance Snob, a species of comparatively recent origin. It should be noted that he turns the

* Indeed, Connecticut and Bucks County have been so overrun by authors that a real farmer can hardly afford to buy land there.

† Not to be confused with the One World Snobs.

‡ There are two important variants of this species: (1) the Language Snob, who pretends to five or six languages and sprinkles his conversation with French, Spanish, and German phrases, and (2) the Reverse Language Snob, who prides himself on getting along everywhere with his native tongue on the assumption that anyone who doesn't know it is a fool or worse.

* The most extreme example of this type of snobbism I have heard of is credited to the family of the Duc de Levis-Mirepoix, one of the oldest important French titles, that dates back to the ninth century. The family is purported to be descended from the sister of the Virgin Mary, and when the members of the Levis-Mirepoix family pray, they are said to say: *"Ave Maria, ma cousine . . ."*



The Cultural Capital Snob will bend all the way over backward.

tables on the Religious Snob for lack of tolerance toward disbelievers and backsliders, and in such cases he often calls the Religious Snob a "bigot." The bigot is a most useful foil to the Tolerance Snob. But whether he is at loggerheads with the Religious Snob or not, the *I am more tolerant than anybody* Snob has a special predilection for getting his name printed on the letterheads of societies for the prevention and furthering of things.

IN CONTRAST with the Moral Snobs are the Sensual Snobs who take special pride in being able to wrest more pleasure per cell from the flesh than anyone else. In this general category which is even more elastic than I mean to make it we find the Food and Drink, the Sex, the Indolence, and the Health and Hygiene Snobs.

The Food and Drink species is almost too common to require more than a passing word. In Food the Herb Snobs while somewhat old-fashioned still persist; but this species, I believe, is less in the ascendancy now than the Pot Luck Snobs, Casserole Division, or the *This is something I just threw together at the last minute* species. The mussels-snails-brains-and-garlic group continues to operate, especially in areas where mussels, snails, brains, and garlic are still considered somewhat outrageous, and the Plain American Food Group ("If you want a good cup of coffee and a decent hamburger, eat in a diner.") flourishes in metropolitan areas where good foreign cooking is commonplace.

The Foreign Food Snob often can be identified by his attitude of frustration. The "little place" that he discovered and which used to be so good has always just recently gone to pot. "You know how it is," he says. "The frogs legs Provençal used to be superb, but now the place has got popular, and the food isn't fit to eat any more."

The Drink Snobs are, of all categories, the easiest to identify since the rules are so well established. They insist that their whiskey be bonded; they know what proof it is; and they drink it neat or "on the rocks"; their Scotch is "V.O." or "V.V.O."; their martinis are as dry as almost no vermouth can make them (in restaurants where they suspect the martinis may be somewhat amber in hue they order Gibsons and remove the onions); and they always nod at the waiter after looking at the date on a bottle of wine. Only the genuine connoisseur has the self-assurance to send back a bottle of wine. Some Drink Snobs take special pride in the amount they can consume and not show it; others take special pride in having a worse hangover than anybody ever had before.

The Sex Snobs have been adequately documented by the Physiology Department of Indiana University. It may, however, be interesting to note that the publication of Dr. Kinsey's first volume, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male,* produced two new manifestations of the Sex Snob: first, those of the *I could tell Kinsey a thing or two* variety; and

second, the species that insisted that the excitement about the book was all nonsense—"Why I've known that for years." The attitude of the British towards the Kinsey Report reveals an interesting provincialism. I was told by Dr. Kinsey that in general the reaction of the British professional and, if I may be permitted the phrase, the lay press, was: "No doubt this is all very true about Americans, but we are not interested. The British don't behave like that."

The Indolence Snobs, on the other hand, have been epitomized by an Englishman, Cyril Connolly, in his book, *The Unquiet Grave*. "Others merely live," he wrote; "I vegetate." An interesting counterpart to Mr. Connolly's form of snobbism is to be found in those who make a great show of doing nothing, of sleeping late, of lying in the sun, of always having time to amuse themselves and their friends, and who at the same time produce a great deal of work. These are the people who express their superiority by saying, "I just tossed off this novel in my spare time," or, "I just thought of this new international trade combine over a game of canasta in Miami one evening."

The Health and Hygiene Snobs may more properly belong with the Moral Snobs than with the Sensual Snobs. There is no denying, however, that there is sensual pleasure in the subjugation of the flesh, and that this is part of the routine behavior of the Health and Hygiene Snob. It is a far stronger motive than mere laziness that keeps a man or woman horizontal in the hot sun for a few hours in order to turn first red and then brown; it is certainly not morality that sends men and women to gymnasiums to reduce one portion of the anatomy and exaggerate another; nor is it laziness that makes them diet, abstain from (or at least be ostentatiously moderate about) liquor, and get to bed at what they call "a reasonable hour." It is the delight of being able to look down upon those who, to use their phrase, "don't take proper care of themselves." Sex, of course, enters strongly into this, but then so does a feeling of moral superiority. I have no doubt that the social scientists will in time be able to isolate the Health and Hygiene Snob from the Moral Snob.

While we are on the subject of the body, let us not overlook the Physical Prowess Snobs, more common among males than among females, but by no means limited to one sex. The Physical Prowess Snob is not necessarily an expert athlete; indeed he is likely not to be. It is the mediocre tennis player, for example, hitting everything hard if inaccurately, who is lofty about the player who may be able to beat him merely by getting the ball back.

No matter what you may think of the Sensual Snobs, it cannot be denied that, unlike the Moral Snobs, they are a great pleasure to themselves.

IV

Since the emotions carry us rapidly in dangerous directions and soon lead us to the darkest corners of man's nature, we must proceed to the dissection of the Emotional Snobs with caution. This is the *I feel things more deeply than anybody* variety, and there is likely to be at least one in every family.

Probably the largest single subdivision of this category is the Love Snob, a type which finds its roots among adolescents, who since they are having their first encounter with sexual love, believe that no one has ever been



The Sensual Snob takes special pride in being able to wrest more pleasure per cell from the flesh than anyone else.



***Emotional Snobs, or* We feel things more deeply than anybody *variety*.**

so in love before. Their intolerance of their juniors is matched only by their scorn for their elders, and this can set a pattern for adult love that is difficult to break. The so-called "great lovers" do not, I believe, belong in the Love Snob category but rather in that of the Sex Snob. It was surely not about the intensity of his emotions that Don Giovanni, with his list of 1,100 ladies, was vain.

The Mother Love Snob, or *I give my all for my children* type, is not uncommon among women who are not Sex Snobs, and it is probable that the second volume of the Kinsey Report may shed some light on this. The Filial Love Snob, or Mom Snob, is not in my experience nearly so common as English authors, such as Geoffrey Gorer, or Americans, such as Philip Wylie, contend that it is. That is not to say that the exploitation of Mom Snobbery by the florists once a year has not given it at least a seasonal boost.

The Marital and/or Soul Mate Snobs are not rare, though they are particularly tiresome because they are, by the very nature of their snobbery, raised to a higher power. Since it takes two to make Soul Mates, they are twice as tiresome as other snobs.

The Popularity Snobs also belong in the Emotional group; in a sense they are everybody's Soul Mate. To use their own vernacular, they have a "way with people" and can "get along with anybody." Theirs is the hauteur of affable condescension, and traditionally the species is common among traveling salesmen, Rotarians, public relations counselors, and politicians, though it would be a mistake not to recognize the far wider ramifications of this type wherever we meet them. Mass demonstrations of Popularity Snobbism are known as conventions.* The typical member of this species rarely uses the form "mister" in addressing anyone, no matter how brief or perfunctory the acquaintance. He is strictly a first-name man, and has little respect for anyone's dignity or privacy. He assumes that everybody loves him, and he reasons that there is no privacy in a public love affair.

By contrast the Unpopularity Snob, or *Nobody can get along with me* type, takes two principal forms.† The first is an imperious and often petulant species who by dint of the loftiness of his position or intellect makes much of the fact that he can't be bothered with boors and idiots. He works with his door closed; he throws all second-class mail into the wastebasket without opening it; and he never seems to be able to remember anyone's name, or if he does, he mispronounces it. When you meet him, he says "hello," but looks past you, as though you were obstructing his view. The second is the sensitive, or *I'm too special,* type who is "misunderstood" by crass and materialistic people. This species is likely to gravitate in the general direction of the arts and crafts and sooner or later to metropolitan areas.

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* College Reunions also figure in this category. They provide opportunities for the temporary renewal of Popularity Snobbism in those who were popular in college but have been slipping ever since.

† The persistence of one type of Unpopularity Snob is demonstrated by the number of adults who take special care to make the point that anybody who amounts to anything was "unhappy in school." It is likely to express itself in some such direct statement as "I was the most unpopular boy (girl) in my class."

V

Somewhere between the Emotional Snobs and the Intellectual Snobs* are the Sensitivity or Taste Snobs—those who are scornful of any whose aesthetic antennae they consider less receptive than their own. It is customary, I believe, to classify the Art Snobs, the Literary Snobs, and the Musical Snobs with the Intellectual Snobs, but it seems to me that they belong in a limbo between the Emotional and the Intellectual categories, with plenty of latitude to permit them to jump either way.† Furthermore the matter of taste comprehends more than just the arts (and, as we shall see, includes certain other vagaries of man's predilection for lording it over man). But let us take the arts first.

To categorize the Art Snobs into all of their many subdivisions would be an intricate and, I am afraid, tiresome business. We would, for example, have to consider the various shadings that range all the way from the Traditionalist or Permanent Value Snobs to the Modern or *I always keep an open mind* group. There are, however, a few basic behavior patterns that betray the Art Snob at any level. In a gallery he can be observed to stand back from a picture at some distance, his head cocked slightly to one side, and then after a rather long period of gazing (during which he may occasionally squint his eyes) he will approach to within a few inches of the picture and examine the brush-work; he will then return to his former distant position, give the picture another glance, and walk away. The Art Snob can be recognized in the home (*i.e.* your home) by the quick look he gives the pictures on your walls, quick but penetrating, as though he were undressing them. This is followed either by complete and obviously pained silence or by a comment such as, "That's really a very pleasant little water color you have there." In his own house his manner is also slightly deprecating. If you admire a print on his wall, he is likely to say, "I'm glad you like it. It's really not bad considering it is such a late impression." Or if he is in the uppermost reaches of Art Snobs and owns an "old master" which you admire, he will say, "Of course Berenson lists it as a Barna da Sienna, but I've never satisfied myself that it isn't from the hand of one of his pupils."

The Literary Snob has not only read the book you are reading, but takes pleasure in telling you the names of all the earlier and more obscure books by the same author, and why each one was superior to the better known one that has come to your attention.

Musical Snobs are in general of two sorts—Classical Snobs and Jazz Snobs. The former can sometimes be identified at concerts because they keep their eyes closed. This can for obvious reasons be misleading, but if closed eyes are accompanied by a regular movement of the hands in time with the music, it is clear that the listener is beating time to himself. This is characteristic of the lower orders of Classical Snob. If he has a score of the music which he follows while it



The Intellectual Snob is so well established as to need no discussion in this brief survey.

* So commonly known and, as we have noted, so well established as to need no discussion in this brief survey.

† It is interesting to note in connection with the publication of a new (1950) typographically eccentric magazine devoted to taste, that as an undergraduate Thackeray at Cambridge in 1829 contributed to a magazine called the *Snob*. An advertisement described it as follows: "Each number contained only six pages . . . printed on tinted paper of different colors, green, pink, and yellow." The *Snob* lasted for eleven numbers.



The Male Clothes Snob cares most of all about being conspicuously inconspicuous.

is being played, he may be a professional musician looking for subtleties of interpretation; he may, on the other hand, merely be a higher order of Classical Snob. The surest way to identify the Classical Snob is to see whether he comes back after the intermission or not; if he stays only for the more difficult or abstruse part of the program and ignores the more popular portion, he is either a snob or a professional critic, or possibly both.

Musical Snobs, Jazz Division, beat time not with their hands but with their feet. They do not talk about records or recordings but about specific choruses, solo passages, or "breaks." They know the dates and numbers of original pressings and occasionally they collect never-played records much the way some book collectors prefer rare copies with uncut pages. They are well grounded in the brand of jazz they refer to as "authentic" (New Orleans, Memphis, Chicago) and they are extremely partisan about what they consider to be "advanced" (Progressive Jazz, Bebop, or even Dixieland). There are some overtones of social and racial snobbery in the way Jazz Snobs identify themselves with jazz musicians.

Also among the Taste Snobs are to be found the Clothes Snobs, both male and female. In this instance the female is a good deal more interesting and varied than the male, for while the male "sharp dressers" are snobs of a sort, there is only one male Dress Snob who needs to arrest our attention: the Conservative Dress Snob. The buttons on the sleeves of his jacket actually unbutton. There is no padding on his shoulders. The collar of his shirt is a little too high for him, so that it bulges and wrinkles slightly, and it buttons down. He cares deeply about good leather and good tweed, but most of all he cares about being conspicuously inconspicuous.

The female Dress Snobs offer a far more complicated range of types and it requires some temerity on the part of a man to broach this subject at all. In general, however, women seem to fall into the following categories of sartorial superiority:

(1) The Under-dressed Snob, who wouldn't be caught dead at a cocktail party in a cocktail dress, and a similar type, the next on our list. . . .

(2) The Basic Dress Snob, who believes that she has so much personality that she can get away anywhere in a simple black ("basic") dress and one piece of "heirloom" jewelry.

(3) The Good Quality Snob, or wearer of muted tweeds, cut almost exactly the same from year to year, often with a hat of the same material. This type is native to the Boston North Shore, the Chicago North Shore, the North Shore of Long Island, to Westchester County, the Philadelphia Main Line, the Peninsula Area of San Francisco, etc. It rides horses and is rare in Southern California, except for Pasadena.

(4) The Band Box Snob—common among professional fashion models and among other young women trying to make their way in the big city. They look as though they had just stepped out of *Vogue* or *Mademoiselle*. They are never ahead of the fashion, but they are screamingly up-to-date.

(5) The Dowdy, or *Who the hell cares about fashion,* Snob.

(6) The Personal Style, or *I know more about my type than the experts,* Snob. This final type considers her taste to be above the whims of mere fashion. She is so chic that she believes that it is un-chic to be merely fashionable.*

Good taste is everyone's prerogative (no one willingly confesses to bad taste), and so nearly everyone is a Taste Snob of one sort or another, and often of many sorts at the same time.

VI

Our next category, the Occupational or Job Snobs, are of two sorts: those who are snobbish about the kind of occupation by which they live, and those who are snobbish about how they perform in their occupation. Few women, for example, are snobbish about being housekeepers; many are snobbish about the way they keep house. Many men, on the other hand, are snobbish about the positions they hold and less snobbish about how they perform in them. But first let's take the women. The woman whose dearest ambition is an absolutely well ordered and efficiently run house looks down upon the woman who firmly believes that it is nonsense to spend so much time over the household that there is not time for what she calls "life." She in turn looks down upon the whole-souled housekeeper. It boils down to a conflict between two aphorisms—"cleanliness is next to godliness" and "a little dirt never hurt anybody"—which, if we weren't careful, would lead us back to our discussion of Moral Snobs. Of course both of these types are looked upon with scorn by the female Career Snob who manages with overbearing aplomb both a job and a household.

The hierarchy within which men work is quite different, and makes quite different demands. The professional man feels somewhat lordly toward the business man or "money grubber" and considers him lacking in sensibility and intellectual curiosity and near-sighted to the point of seeing nothing beyond the sales chart but the golf course or the bridge table. He is likely to blame the world's ills on the business man's greed and lack of cultural understanding. The business man, on the other hand, thinks of many professional men as "dreamers" and "idealists" or even as "panty-waists." This applies especially to artists, writers, actors, musicians, scholars, and editors. The business man is less likely to be snobbish about physicians, lawyers, and engineers because he considers them, like himself, to be "practical" men. His most unlimited scorn is for bureaucrats who "have never met a payroll."

Performance on the job is less likely to matter than position, as I have said, but there is the Efficiency Snob whose pose is primarily one of crispness. He answers the phone by barking just his last name; he is inclined to have rows of buttons on his telephone or desk and almost no papers. His memoranda are brief to the point of being curt, he considers the word "please" something that has no place among desks and typewriters, and he wants things done "soonest." He thinks of himself as a "trouble shooter" and makes lists of possible troubles to shoot. As each one is shot, it is crossed off the list with a firm black line. Accomplishment is measured by the number of black lines, and everyone who doesn't measure up to his particular standards of efficiency is "hopeless." The reverse of this type, also common, is the man who lives behind a mess of papers, pencils, and paper clips and "can never find anything" and yet manages to get out the work.

The results produced by the Efficiency Snob and the Inefficiency Snob are just about the same.

Performance off the job often reveals the Manual Dexterity Snob who can do complicated mechanical things with his hands and who considers all who can't to be fumbling idiots, and the opposite of this, the All-Thumbs Snob, commonly found among women. Men who are all thumbs are sometimes reticent about it; women rarely are.

* The outstanding example of this in our time is the Queen Mother of England.

VII

WE HAVE noted as we went along that almost every kind of snobbism has its opposite; the Moral Snob contrasts with the Sensual Snob, the Manual Dexterity Snob with the All-Thumbs Snob, the Efficiency Snob with the Inefficiency Snob, and so on. But these contrasting sources of the sneer should not be confused with our final category, the Reverse Snob or Anti-snob Snob. This is the snob who finds snobbery so distasteful that he (or she) is extremely snobbish about nearly everybody since nearly everybody is a snob about something. This is the man who tries so hard to be "natural," so hard to be "just folks," so hard to avoid having anyone else think he is a snob, that he plays a game which (if I may be forgiven for being a Language Snob for a moment) is *faux naïf*. He would not, for example, ever be caught using a foreign phrase, as I have, lest it be thought pretentious even when it serves better than any other he can think of to convey its meaning. Or if he is forced to use it (or even a foreign name, let's say) he Americanizes its pronunciation lest anyone think him up-stage.* He makes much of the fact that simple, uneducated people are wiser and nicer than sophisticated and educated people, even wise and nice educated people. He plays down his own education and accomplishments with an elaborate display of modesty and is likely to introduce a very erudite and perceptive observation with the phrase, "Of course I know so little about this I have no right to an opinion," or, "I know this is probably stupid of me, but. . . ." Of all the snobs the Reverse Snob is probably the most snobbish; he is so sure of himself that he intentionally puts other people in a position where they have to play his game or feel like snobs themselves. The false simplicity of the Reverse Snob stands in direct and glaring contrast to the genuinely modest man.

By and large it is only the very great who are not snobbish at all. They are the ones who are modest about their accomplishments because they have devoted their lives to achieving some kind of understanding and so have developed a deep tolerance for ignorance. By the same token the serious professionals in any field are not likely to be snobbish about other serious professionals, whether they are doctors or actors or writers or mechanics or business men or masons or even, let it be said, housekeepers. As we noted at the outset, it is those who are unsure of themselves and are seeking security in their social relationships who have provided us with this incomplete list of Snobs.

It will not have escaped the reader (and so I might as well admit it) that this cursory attempt to classify and define snobs is an example not only of Intellectual Snobbism but of Moral, Sensual, Occupational, Political, Emotional, and above all of Reverse or Anti-snob Snobbism. I am sure there is no greater snob than a snob who thinks he can define a snob.

* "They spell it Vinci and pronounce it Vinchy; foreigners always spell better than they pronounce." —Mark Twain, *The Innocents Abroad.*





Korea: the Military Lesson

Eric Larrabee

Two hours before sunrise on June 25, in an early rainstorm of the monsoon season, three or more divisions of the North Korean People's Army crossed the 38th parallel to the south—demonstrating, in A. J. Liebling's words, that the way of the transgressor is trite. Nothing was new in the claim of the attackers to be repulsing the treacherous assault of the defenders (one-third on leave and the rest described the day before, by United Nations observers returning from a tour of South Korean installations, as unprepared in seven military particulars to undertake an offensive); nor was anything to be learned from the first weeks of fighting except the superfluous point that an untenable position cannot be held.

Within a matter of days the South Korean Army (commanded by a three-hundred-pound former major of Japanese ordnance and equipped with cast-off American armored cars, light howitzers, non-combat planes, and low-caliber antitank guns) had lost two divisions; a regiment was missing from a third, and a fourth was out of contact. The weather —did this indicate confidence on the part of the aggressor, or guile?—was certain to grow worse. There would be more rain, overcast, fog in the Sea of Japan, eventually typhoons. The South Korean orders were to retire if attacked. Even when an American garrison had been at its strongest in 1945 there had been no other plan; the staff officers of the XXIV Corps, which took this toehold on the continent of Asia, believed that it was strategically indefensible.

An attempt to hold it would be impeded by the same circumstances found by the commanding general of the 6th Infantry Division in Korea during the Russian-American occupation. "The many islands and varied coastline are indescribably beautiful . . . [but] the mountainous condition of the country, the lack of good roads, the poor condition of those existing, and the difficulty of communication, place responsibility on the commanders of the dispersed units."

Writing in the *Army and Navy Journal* in 1947, when it was possible for a volunteer to choose his line of duty, Major General Orlando Ward put the appeal for enlistment with his division in terms of challenge. Though not conspicuously known in World War II, General Ward was in this writer's limited experience with star rank one of the wisest and best of generals. "Our inability to speak the Korean language," he wrote, "is a barrier to understanding . . . and seems to breed ill manners in Americans." Three years later this was still a typical weakness. The first soldiers to represent the United Nations showed the same semantic difficulty in their use of the word "gooks" as an interchangeable term for North and South Koreans. How ill-

Eric Larrabee, one of the editors of Harper's, *was a combat intelligence officer in Europe during World War II. He was the author of "The Peacetime Army: Warriors Need Not Apply," which appeared in* Harper's *in March 1947.*

prepared we were to engage the sympathies of an Asian people could be seen at a higher level in the boast of American command in the Pacific that it could "understand the Orient . . . [and] grasp that it is in the pattern of Oriental psychology to respect and follow aggressive, resolute, and dynamic leadership."

So on Independence Day, near Osan, the U. S. Army opened its first full-dress fire fight with Communist troops. The campaign which followed (from the perspective of mid-September, when this article went to press) showed little justification for confidence until the Seoul invasion, which was both militarily and politically sound. Even if victory was now in sight, however, for too long we had been outplayed in a maneuver which forced us to commit available arms to a job they were imperfectly fitted to perform. These early failures are worth study, however sweet eventual success may seem, lest they happen again.

II

Military power does not depend on machines. The Nazi blitzkrieg, for example, was generally assumed to gather impact from an abundance of materiel, but it now appears (after an examination of postwar figures by Garrett Underhill in the *Armored Cavalry Journal*) that in May-June 1940 the Germans actually had fewer tanks, with less armor and lighter guns, than the French. It is not what you have, or how much of it, but what you are able to do with it that counts; and the dream of every military planner is to evade the question of who is stronger by meeting the enemy on the field least to his liking, under the conditions he is least able to cope with. It must be said for the North Koreans—or for the Russians, whose hand was reasonably believed to be in evidence—that at the start they had applied the principle with some success.

No doubt it is very invigorating to know, when such a thing happens, that the persons and policies responsible will be hounded without mercy. Unfortunately, in August these were to be found not in the State Department or Pentagon, but in the Kremlin. We forgot that our military situation, whatever it might have been in a more perfect world, was the clay in which the sculptors of Politburo thinking were compelled to work. It must be assumed that if we had done differently they would have also. There is of course no way of knowing what the Communist plans may have been, except by imagining you are the Lauris Norstad of the Soviet High Command and trying to decide what you would do, faced with the existence of American power, to deter us from bringing it to bear.

There had been some shrewd guesses as to how this might be done. One American officer, addressing an armored division association in 1947, had suggested that the "threat of the atomic bomb may well reduce the size of units in combat . . . . I anticipate the use of widely dispersed small forces—combat team size and even smaller—their equipment light—their supplies limited . . . ." The speaker, of all people, was Major General Leslie R. Groves, who commanded the atomic bomb project while it was in military hands. More recently a group of prescient Harvard and M.I.T. scholars—including McGeorge Bundy, wartime assistant to Secretary Stimson and co-author of *On Active Service*—had argued that confidence in the atomic bomb might "invite the extension of techniques of guerrilla warfare and internal revolt in marginal areas, in the confidence that such local activity would only incur local risks." This country was not, they wrote in an open letter to the *Times* this spring, "well equipped to deal with problems of limited aggression."

Indeed it was not. The assumption had often been made that we could expect to fight (1) the supersonic duel of intercontinental missiles that had attracted an outsize share of attention, or (2) a major land action in Europe, involving either mass armies in the manner of World War II or an elite corps armed with wonder-weapons. Neither political party, nor any special group in the Departments of State or Defense, had a monopoly on these views. Since the possibilities still exist, of course, they will continue to preoccupy the Joint Chiefs of Staff, whose chairman, General Bradley, has long believed that "our greatest danger is that we will be caught up in the fancy of a futurism, and commit ourselves to unbalanced forces that will not match the forces which might oppose us." But an immediate sense of how the campaign in Korea altered civilian attitudes toward the military future could be felt in the prompt forecasts last summer, from numerous and

varied sources, that American arms might have to survive an indefinite series of "little wars" on the same pattern.

Around the Asian periphery from Germany to Japan, in what James Reston called "a costly but useful warning," vistas were opened to the number of weak governments nominally aligned with the West which could be threatened—without marching in the Red Army and setting off a conflict in which the big bombers could be let loose on Moscow and Magnitogorsk. The possibilities were many: an invasion of Western Germany by Eastern Germany; of Yugoslavia by Bulgaria, Rumania, or Hungary; of Iran by Kurds or Azerbaijanis; of Tibet by Chinese Communists—internally an uprising in Indo-China under Ho Chi-minh, or of the Hukbalahap in the Philippines. In each instance, at the moment most suitable to their Grand Plan, the Russians could set in motion the "people's armies" of satellite powers, secure in the knowledge that the most forceful military countermove would only feed the machinery of their propaganda; it could not touch them. If in developing the B-36, which represents the capability of atom-bombing Russian cities from existing bases, we had hoped to create a forbidding prospect of retaliation, then the Soviets—by limiting themselves to a "safer" way of fighting—had granted the point.

III

The aim of the Russian strategy, or so it gave every sign of being, was to force the "monarcho-fascist beasts" to behave in exactly the way they always said we would behave. They would make us out to be, and encourage us to become, the Mechanical Monster who—in the eyes of the ill-armed majority of mankind—burns and tortures at a distance, and never fights fair.

A rabble in arms that does not include ten-engined airplanes among its equipment is likely to think that "fairness" is inherent in the weapons it has. The North Koreans possessed a large number of small arms; as many as eight men out of ten in the line were estimated to carry the Russian model-1941 7.62 submachine gun. They had a small jeep scaled to Asiatic roads, a workable handie-talkie radio (which we didn't have, never have had, and apparently never will have), and flash-hiders on most of their guns (a small point, but bazookas and recoilless artillery give themselves away in a burst of flame and smoke). They also had a tank, the Russian T-34, though not in inexhaustible quantity (the basic design—lest we be overimpressed by its wide tread, rough castings, and low silhouette—was tested twenty years ago in New Jersey by its inventor, J. Walter Christie). Their combat technique was reminiscent of the oldest of American wars; the tactics of the natives, as an English captain said of the Pequot War of 1636-37, "far differs from the Christian practice."

Infiltration, sabotage, protective coloration, murder by stealth—are these less clean and decent than a can of jellied gasoline dropped from a shining bomber? "Let me tell you about the enemy," said an American major to Homer Bigart. "They're slippery as eels. They are masters at camouflage and are all around you before you know it." A corporal who had been in the 2nd Marine Division told Marguerite Higgins: "In Tarawa you could at least see the enemy. Here the gooks hide in bushes . . . and you can never see what you're shooting at." The same complaint had been made years ago by a British officer, after a battle near Lexington:

> The country at this time took ye Alarm and were immediately in Arms, and had taken their different stations behind Walls, &c, on our Flanks, and thus we were harassed in our Front, Flanks and Rear . . . it not being possible for us to meet a man otherwise than behind a Bush, Stone hedge or Tree, who immediately gave his fire and off he went.

Now this is not "limited warfare" in any sense of the phrase as it is normally used in the West.* It looked a lot more like the People's War, the smooth co-ordination of armed populace and armored striking force recommended in 1943 by Tom Wintringham, commander of the British Home Guard and of the British International Brigade in Spain. The invasion of South Korea could have been planned straight out of his book, *The Story of*

* The doctrine of Limited War, as expounded by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart or Major General J. F. C. Fuller, is a code of behavior with archaic political prerequisites, though it has attractive features both as polemic and as a plea for common decency.

Weapons and Tactics, with only minor modifications. Wintringham's mistake was in believing that the Allied invasion of Europe, when it came, would prove that the People's War was the only way of licking the panzer divisions. He was one war off, and when it did come the People's War was employed not to liberate the oppressed but to protect the aggressor.

The question whether there is a way "in which air power could be employed so that effective guerrilla warfare could not be waged," to which Walter Lippmann addressed himself in a lecture to the Air War College, still has a categorical answer: none. And Mr. Lippmann reminded his audience that the Russians, experienced in resisting organized forces which have superior weapons, "have devoted as much energy and conscious effort to preparing for guerrilla war, their traditional method of defending Russia and their method of promoting the Communist revolution, as the British ever devoted to the navy, or as we devote to the B-36's and to the atomic bomb."

The Russians brought partisan warfare to such a peak of perfection in World War II that a German rear-guard army of over 100,000 men was unable to keep clear the arterial lines of supply to the front. Knowing that the lone guerrilla band is not enough, they centralized the partisan organization through MVD headquarters in Moscow, with regional staffs at Red Army command posts in the field, to relate behind-the-lines attacks to the main military plan. This is why the North Koreans (the phenomenon that puzzled Hal Boyle of the Associated Press) were prepared to fight two kinds of war: "guerrilla warfare from the hills and modern scientific warfare in the valleys." It is an old technique, originally improvised by Wellington to use against Napoleon in Spain, but it can be devastating. Tactical air power could be brought into play against the armored spearheads in Korea, but much of the guerrilla war inevitably evaded it. "These people are not playing by ear," commented an American major. "They're using every trick in the book and they know what they're doing."

Many officers whose previous experience was in the ETO (and a number who claimed to "know the Orient," for that matter) were surprised that "under Soviet coaching, a backward peasant population could be whipped into a modern army." The reporter whose words these are found that in July it was only "beginning to be appreciated what astonishing fighting spirit can be imbued . . . [by] nationalism, land distribution, and general political indoctrination. A Westerner can with difficulty understand the intensity with which the Asiatic peasant who has been landless will fight for his newly acquired land." Both the North Korean Minister of National Defense and the commanding general of a newly formed division were veterans of the Eighth Route Army of the Chinese Communists, which had been learning since 1937 how to pay for the small-arms job with agrarian bonuses, and whose slogan was flattering to the Asian peasant: "The soldiers are fish and the people water."

A PRINCIPLE of partisan warfare is to avoid a conventional test of strength, but to probe and annoy in the hope of making the enemy show his hand and waste his fire. It seems to me wishful thinking to suppose that the Russians were caught off base when we struck back at the North Korean aggression. (In the Security Council, perhaps; in Korea, no.) The very best they could ask for was to engage us in a civil war in a far country in which an artificial line of demarcation (the 38th parallel) separated the ungodly from the elect—tempting the nearest American headquarters, in which political sophistication has never been at a premium, to apply strategic bombing before its consequences had been assessed.

Here General Fuller's comment was to the point: "Now pause and remember you are fighting in friendly country and presumably have some friends north of the 38th parallel. Your best interests suggest doing the least possible damage by bombing, consistent with victory. What good is there in bombing primitive industrial plants when practically the whole of the Communist supplies are coming from Russia?"

Communist armies, anywhere in the world, have one thing in common—they live off the country. Ever since the German generals who fought the Russians began to retail their experiences to British and American inquisitors a picture has been available to anyone who wanted it of how the Red Army moves

across the land, what it needs, and where it gets it. Here is a description given by General von Manteuffel to Captain Liddell Hart:

> The advance of a Russian Army is something that Westerners can't imagine. Behind the tank spearheads rolls on a vast horde, largely mounted on horses. The soldier carries a sack on his back, with dry crusts of bread and raw vegetables collected on the march from the fields and villages. The horses eat the straw from the house roofs—they get very little else. . . . You can't stop them, like an ordinary army, by cutting their communications, for you rarely find any supply columns to strike.

Fuel for the tanks is stored in cast-iron drums, and pulled behind in trailers. M. F. Kerner, who served with the Red Army as quartermaster general of the Czechoslovak unit, has written in the *Herald Tribune* that he had "never seen so many ways of storing and transporting gasoline as the Russians improvised." Trucks were piled high with all kinds of containers; when these failed, horse-drawn wagons were impounded from the countryside. The Soviet High Command "refused to transport anything which could possibly be obtained in the battle regions." Farmers were drafted to hitch their oxen to antitank guns; tank repair shops were improvised in the forest by felling trees and arranging them crosswise to make a hoist; truck drivers repaired their own tires by vulcanizing crude rubber onto the tube by the roadside with a rock, gasoline, and a tin can. By our own lavish standards—a magnificent industrial base, a corps of specialists, and elaborate rearward organizations—the Communists lack what we smugly call "skill in logistics." What they do have, as Mr. Kerner had seen, is "an endless ability to forage for themselves, to withstand the slaughter of the elements and make do with whatever comes to hand."

Compare this with the American Army—with, for instance, one of the early counterattacks mounted by the United Nations forces in Korea. Before the battle, true to the tradition that nothing is too good for our boys, the commanding general announced that every man would have a hot breakfast: a fresh orange, fresh scrambled eggs, Canadian bacon, bread, and coffee. But the action itself did not go well. A hill on which one outfit was to replace another in the night was occupied, when morning came, by North Koreans who fired into American command posts, artillery emplacements, and tank parks with high-velocity guns (this means they were looking straight down the sights). The attack back up the hill was described as "worse than Tarawa or Iwo Jima." Thirty of the first forty casualties were victims of heat prostration—that is, exhaustion. "Weighed down with equipment," wrote one reporter, they "started shedding ponchos and all sorts of other gear . . . telling their buddies, 'The only way to fight this war is to be like the North Koreans—carry nothing but water and weapons.' "

IV

If it wants to fight a series of "little wars"—anywhere in the world, at any time, against Communist armies which are intractable to air power—the entire American Army should be able to "be like the North Koreans." A complete turnabout should be made from an economy of waste to one of want. "Any future American Army," as General Bradley has told the Command and General Staff College, "must leave an absolutely clean battlefield. We cannot expect industry to provide, nor a soldier to carry, any item he does not use." This problem of economy plus effectiveness, he felt, was not one to which "American ingenuity has been completely applied." Nor had it even been encouraged. Secretary Johnson was damned for his economies, even at a time when economy had become not only desirable but essential—cut to the bone and no quarter.

A number of isolated campaigns of only a few divisions each, under present conceptions of "enough" supply, would stretch both transport and morale to a breaking point. Unless it diametrically reverses its procedures, the American military machine is at its most congenial only when it operates on the big scale. It can be, at its best, one of the most beautifully fashioned fighting instruments that have ever been created, and especially in a full-dress invasion (as at the Inchon landing) there are few nations that can match it—go all the way: none. Wholly certain of the full backing of his industrial society, the American soldier is clothed in extraordinary confidence. But the knowledge that he is fighting on a shoe-

string, as in the early days in Korea, prepares him inwardly for disaster, and he complains bitterly that he has been let down—where are the reinforcements, where is the equipment, where is the stuff? This is partly psychological. Take away the accustomed machinery—the Quartermaster shower units, the USO shows, the Red Cross doughnut trucks—and there is no longer visible evidence that the full strength of the United States has been committed. With all credit to the approach that will expend materiel at any point to save the lives of soldiers, a great deal of military paraphernalia is useless; the terrible thing is that we have become accustomed to it.

Throughout World War II the American infantryman went into battle overburdened with junk. The troops who staged for the invasion of North Africa brought so much dunnage to the ports that there was not room enough for it in the ships (in response to this information, the War Department authorized a larger barracks bag). Early waves of the landing in Normandy came ashore with a heavier combat load than the Redcoats who stumbled up Bunker Hill, in some cases including four cartons of cigarettes per man. Soldiers were landed on hostile beaches in both theaters with nine packages of K-rations where one would have been enough, often with over ten pounds of grenades that less than 6 per cent of them would ever use, and eighty or more rounds of ammunition that would never be in short supply wherever they went.

These figures and many more like them have been carefully collected by an angry man, Colonel S. L. A. Marshall of the Detroit *News*, who was an army historian both in Europe and the Pacific. He would like to see some changes made. Not only did overloading of men cause many casualties (Colonel Marshall believes more at Omaha Beach than enemy fire), but it encouraged the prodigal wastage that sent supply statistics up into the logistical stratosphere. In World War II we wasted more material in Europe than the AEF of World War I consumed in its entire operation, and at times when overshoes and winter clothing were really short we had an oversupply of ridiculous luxuries. "The approaches to Antwerp," writes Colonel Marshall, "were cleared at last in the early winter of 1944. The first ships arrived in late November. In the early shipments came large quantities of cased Coca-Cola."

It is no longer possible to afford the largesse that put ten tons of supply behind every man in the European theater; we are simply not that rich. The industrial resources of the country, however enlarged since 1941, are not endless, and the strain of an all-out war of materiel could quickly make us a "have-not" nation. Stockpiling of scarce and strategic substances was 60 per cent behind anticipated needs in July. In May General Vandenberg gave his opinion that if war came the Air Force would have to fight for a year and a half with what it now has. Today it takes twice as many man-hours per pound of airframe to build a bomber, and the average weight of the planes is twice as great—in other words, four times the effort it took in World War II for a single machine. In 1944 the initial cost of an infantry division was 14 million dollars; today it would be 75 million. An armored division that would have cost 30 million dollars in 1944 would now cost 200 million. These costs cannot be cut, nor can we build an Army without tanks and bombers. Eliminating equipment is less important than eliminating the numbers of ineffectively employed soldiers who soak it up.

We must stop using gobbledygook phrases like "utilization of manpower" and learn how to use men. We must reduce—*mercilessly*, this cannot be compromised—the size of rear-area organizations, whose purpose is largely to push forward the avalanche of supply, whose life unfits them for the moments of actual combat that guerrilla warfare will bring their way, and whose boredom creates a demand for further luxuries to keep them from going rock-happy with a sense of their own unimportance. To make it employable anywhere but on the road-net of Europe or the United States, the size of the infantry division (*enlarged* since the war) must be reduced, even if this means cutting down the number of men in the line (one regimental commander with World War II experience estimates that shaving off fifty per cent need not reduce effectiveness).

This does not mean creating an elite, for the Army (unlike the Marines) must always be capable of indefinite expansion; it cannot put all its best in one division. What this does

mean is a brutal process of hacking, slicing, and dismembering throughout the Army, from top to bottom, at every extra man, extra gadget, extra function that can possibly be dispensed with. The ideal of universal employability has been achieved in the past. "Every Roman soldier," wrote Polybius, "once under arms and on duty, is equally well adapted for dealing with every kind of terrain and situation and emergency . . . whether he is called upon to take part in a general or a partial engagement, or to go into action by companies, or to carry on individually." Such a future American Army, as it must become, will have one other important characteristic. If it is truly light it will be potentially airborne—not specially and expensively trained to be airborne, but built on the principle of lightness, airborne over-all.

DO NOT overestimate the enemy. It is pathetic that 160 million Americans and Canadians, allied with 275 million Europeans, and sharing between them most of the wealth and power of mankind, should tremble before a half-developed country which by 1960, after two more Five-Year Plans, will have reached the industrial position of the United States in 1915. H. A. DeWeerd, in the *Reporter,* has shown how exaggerated were the figures for German and Japanese strength widely circulated during the time of their victories. He suggests that we are guilty of the same overemphasis in solemnly assuring one another that the Russians have the largest strategic air force, the largest tactical air force, the largest air-transport service, and the largest force of infantry and armored divisions in the world. While in some categories this is conceivably true, their success (thinks DeWeerd) has not been military but political.

In guerrilla war one political attitude is essential. Major Robert B. Rigg, who observed the Chinese Communists from both sides in the Civil War and accompanied the Iraqi Army on a campaign against the Kurds, has summarized it in the *Combat Forces Journal:*

> You'll hate them, but when they are captured don't hurt them . . . they should be treated as prisoners of war. . . . Guerrillas depend a lot on the local population. And so it's essential to get the local people on your side. Napoleon and Hitler lacked such a policy. The partisans may resort to techniques of terror by burning villages and killing hostages, but here they ape Hitler and you can turn this to your advantage. Remember the people and enlist their help. It will save you time and effort. You'll never succeed without them.

Anywhere that a Communist army fights guerrilla war among a population with the slightest, or even the most misguided, sympathy for their aims, it makes poor sense to conduct potent military operations without matching their political offensive with one of our own. The brutal and senseless display of technical superiority, or of Pukka Sahib attitude by an American commander, undoes in a moment any number of leaflets, radio broadcasts, and enlightened speeches at Lake Success. If there is any way of conducting ourselves before the millions of Asia that will gain their confidence, it is to fight our own fights when the time comes, with an Army that does not throw in their faces at every moment the contrast between our wastefulness and their need, our destructive technology and their industrial poverty. For if this war ever becomes one of Machines *vs.* People, with the United States on the side of the Machines, we shall most surely lose it. Wars are fought with machines, and we shall need them to win; but far more important is the courage and resourcefulness of men, and it is a matter of international interest which of the two—people or machines—the Americans most deeply believe in. We are asked to put it on the line, and the world watches.

A light Army, supported by true and general understanding of the infantryman's job, can fight as many wars on the Korean pattern as the Soviets may choose to start and still do credit to the nation. It is the only kind of Army that can win political victories. It is certainly the only kind of Army that can save us from the terrible verdict of history (quoted by Colonel Marshall) that was rendered by a German general on the reasons for French failure in 1870:

> The people had always concentrated on material questions. They thought that the offensive power of the enemy would be broken by the defensive action of new and terrible weapons. They ruined in that way the spirit of their Army.

The Reasonable Music



A Story by John Cheever

Drawings by John Groth

Sawyer got off the train from Cincinnati early on Sunday afternoon and carried his heavy valise and sample case to the hotel nearest the railroad station, the old Viaduct House. The desk clerk was bald and mulish and when Sawyer showed him a confirmation of a reservation he said sourly that the only vacancy was in the annex. The empty lobby and the stillness everywhere made this difficult to believe, but he followed an even older man up three flights of stairs and then down a long passage into a room with a warped, thin door, a room that seemed to him to be the merest shelter. The elderly bellhop had started back down the passage when Sawyer called after him in desperation and asked if there was anything to do in that city on a Sunday afternoon. The old man said that theaters, movies, saloons, museums, even ball games were forbidden in that territory on the Sabbath.

After he was left alone Sawyer took his suits out of the valise and hung them up and then stood in the middle of the room, absolutely lost in its bleakness like a passenger who has fallen unnoticed from the deck of a transatlantic liner. It was three o'clock by his watch. He looked through an open door into the bathroom. The fixtures were old-fashioned but the towels and the enamel seemed clean. Then he heard footsteps approaching in the passage and someone slipped a telegram under his door. It was the night letter his wife had promised to send him each Saturday, now that the exigencies of earning and spending kept him away from home. "We Are All Well And Happy," she wired. "Hope You Are Same Stop Went To Movies At Strand Last Night With Children Stop Early To Bed Stop Love And God Bless You."

This affectionate and homely message moved him deeply, as he received it in that forsaken bedroom, and he sat down—a family man—to recall with longing those Sunday afternoons which he had spent watering his lawn and watching his children play tennis. Sawyer had lost his job on his fortieth birthday and after six months of looking for another and finding nothing he had been forced to try his luck as a traveling salesman. His life before this had been one of extraordinary contentment and confinement. He had gladly followed the comings and goings of a suburban commuter, a small executive, who went willingly to his office in the morning and returned happily in the evening to walk up the leafy streets from the station to the house where his family and his dinner were waiting; and to have exchanged these easy-going ways for the reek of Pullman mattresses and the gloom of the Viaduct House was a displacement that he had not yet been able to accept. It still hurt him to think that in the evening ahead of him the people he most loved, meeting for supper in a room whose windows opened onto a garden, would miss him as intensely as he, who would eat his evening meal alone, would miss them.

He had been on the road three weeks and this loneliness was still all keen and strange to him.

THERE was nothing in Sawyer's appearance that would make a stranger take him for a salesman. His prematurely white hair and his handsome and solemn face reflected his lasting attachments to one wife, one family, one business, one part of the world. Now he took off his coat, his tie, his shirt, his pants, and was unlacing his shoes when he noticed that the room was close and that the bed and the upholstered chair smelled strongly of a spent perfume. He crossed the room and opened the window. The hot street was perfectly still. In the mountains, in the summer, at the close of a windy day, at all the best times of his life, it had seemed to him that he could feel the earth under his feet stir and turn, but here was the opposite of that pleasure. The light beat down directly onto the buildings. It seemed as if the local custom of a chicken dinner and a nap had affected the passage of the sun. Turning away from the window he noticed a calendar on the wall. Above the small table of numbered days and quartered moons was a picture of a naked girl, kneeling in a flood of violet light. The light colored her thighs, her fine belly, and the lower half of her perfect and lucent breasts, and Sawyer wondered if, in his limited experience, he had ever known such a flawless and supple woman with so fine a skin. He guessed that he hadn't. On the desk below the calendar there was an ashtray filled with cigarette butts, half of them stained with lipstick, and when he dumped these into the wastebasket he was reminded again of the strangers who had recently occupied the room by two empty whiskey bottles there. They must have had a time. He lighted a cigar and sat in his underwear, trying to figure a way out of the idleness that lay between him and the next morning. Earlier in the trip he had been able to make friends or to distract himself with the resources of a livelier city; with one thing and another this was probably the first time in thirty years that he had found himself alone.

Now there are many men whose fortunes and chances from the day of their birth surround them with affectionate and watchful people. Sawyer was one of these. He had not aimed particularly at gregariousness but it had been his luck, and not until now, not until the middle of his life, did he find himself idle and alone. His inexperience in idle loneliness made him look for some significance in the vacant afternoon as if the silence put a question. That there was no one in the city outside the hotel who knew his name, that his anonymity for the first time in years was nearly perfect, struck him as a fact of the moment. He did not make any more movement than it took him to smoke a cigar, but the hushed and dismal room seemed to work on his character, returning him to a frame of mind so remote that he could not honestly have named it. He took a newspaper he had bought and read on the train, the night before, and stretched out on the bed. That part of the room was dark and as he reached up to turn on the light he noticed that, written in pencil on the wallpaper in a crude hand, was I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU. This tenderness amused him; he linked it to the perfume, the cigarette butts and whiskey bottles, and wondered who the lovers had been and where they had gone. He searched through the newspaper for some business failure or sports prophecy he had missed on his earlier reading and he read assiduously.



But still the time hardly seemed to pass. When he had finished reading the paper for a second time he rolled it up and used it to kill a fly. He treed his shoes and dusted them with a soiled handkerchief. He sat on the windowsill and then in the chair. Not until six o'clock did the light in the street begin to change and give him reason to believe that the

terrible afternoon was ending. At half past six he went into the bathroom and carefully shaved. Then he ran the water for a bath and while he was sitting on the edge of the tub, waiting for it to fill, he saw that the lovers, whoever they were, had been there too. Written on the wall beside the tub was I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU. The writing disappeared when he rubbed it with a washcloth and he guessed that they had left only recently. He took a bath and put on a fresh cotton suit and went downstairs.

THERE was a sign COFFEE POT, and an arrow leading out of the lobby, and he followed this into a restaurant that had once obviously been a store. He was the only customer. The makeshift chairs and tables, the thin curtains along the broad window, the green glass ashtrays all reminded him of the guest rooms in summer cottages. The atmosphere was spare and maidenly and he was surprised when the waitress who came out of the kitchen appeared to be a voluptuous and good-natured woman. "We haven't got the kidney sauté," she said and, leaning over to scratch this off the menu, she brushed his shoulder with hers.

"All we've got is the chicken pot pie," she said.

"Do you live here?" he said.

"What do you mean? Here? In this coffee shop?"

"No. In this city."

"Sure. I live in this city. I live in this hotel. Right upstairs," she said.

"What do you do when you get through work?"

"Tonight when I get through work I'm going to take off my shoes and go to bed. In two hours," she said.

"I've never been here before. Isn't there any place where I can get a drink or see a movie?"

"There's a band concert. Fenton Park," she said.

"Anything else?"

"You want the chicken pie?"

"Yes."

"You want a drink?" she said.

"Sure."

"Harry'll get you one. He's the old man out at the desk. He'll get you a bottle."

"I don't want to drink alone."

"Anybody ever tell you you look like George Washington?" she asked.

"Yes. Lots of people," he said.

"I'll have a drink with you any other night but tonight, George," she said. "Tomorrow night maybe, tomorrow night, but tonight I'm so tired I'm dizzy. My head's falling off." She went into the kitchen for his chicken pie. He ate it greedily, drank some coffee, and paid her with a twenty-dollar bill. "I can't change that," she said. Then he gave her a ten, then a five and she came back to the table with the change from this.

"I'll show you where to get a drink tomorrow night," she said.

"Tonight."

"I tell you I can't. I been on my feet since nine o'clock. I didn't get to sleep until after three. I can't."

"Tonight," he said.

"I tell you I can't." The big weary woman stood close and smiled at him with her lined eyes, but she kept shaking her head and he stepped out of the restaurant into a soft midsummer night.

HE WALKED for a long time away from the station and the Viaduct House and when he came to a part of the city where the streets were broader, he saw that there was still an intense and sere light in the western sky that he had not been able to see from the neighborhood of the Viaduct House, and as this light became dimmer and more pure, and as the darkness in the streets massed and deepened, he felt that this change from light to dark had on the city, and on himself, some moral effect, as if his mature conscience was being weakened by the disappearing light and the summer night whose mildness he could feel through his clothing. The fact that he was unknown in the city occurred to him again. Then he saw the trees of a park ahead of him, darker than the night itself, and so full it seemed of what he desired that he hastened toward it, and when he stepped from the street into the shade a dilation of his senses occurred that was painful. Balls of pale light hung in the dark. The dark walks were crowded and beyond the talk of the crowd he heard catcalls, shrill catcalls, and saw on the grass everywhere couples in one another's arms. The unrelieved salaciousness of the night confounded him, and he stood by the



side of the walk, watching the girls go by: a fair girl with heavy eyebrows, a girl with a book in her hand, a girl whose face had the freshness and the roundness of a child's face, a girl with fat, pretty lips, a girl who seemed to have been crying, a girl who had washed her hair, a couple of girls speaking Spanish, a girl in tight slacks, an ugly girl smiling and listening to what the man she was with was saying as if this was all that mattered, as if the earth had fallen away. Then on the wind he heard a bar of band music and he began to walk deeper into the park.

PRESENTLY he came to a clearing where a crowd sat on benches, talking and waiting for the musicians. The program had reached an intermission. There was no person on the bandstand, but below the array of lighted and empty chairs he could see the musicians in white coats, grouped in twos and threes, smoking and talking. People were coming and going but the odd domesticity of the scene didn't lessen the strain he felt. While he stood there a girl spoke to him.

"There going to be any more music, you know?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I've never been here before."

"This is the first time I been here this summer," she said. She wore a sweater, slacks, and golden sandals, and her breath smelled of whiskey. She was young. "It's nice though," she said. "I mean these people who live in hot tenements, it's nice that they can cool off and listen to the music."

"Yes it is," he said.

"I used to come here all the time," she said, and then she added nicely, and with some self-importance, as if the city were friendly and small: "I been away, you know. . . ."

"Really. Where?"

"Denver," she said.

"Is that your home?"

"No." She smoothed her slacks frankly, in response to the way he was looking at her, and began to rock back and forth on her heels. "My home's in Virginia."

"What part?"

"West Virginia's my birthplace. My people

moved to Richmond when I was one year old. After that they moved to Norfolk. My old man's in the Navy."

"Oh."

"You a cop?" she asked with a quick harshness, a dread that touched him.

"No," he said, "no. What made you think I was a cop?"

"I don't know. You look so neat. How do you keep yourself looking so neat?"

"I don't," he said. "You look pretty neat yourself."

"Oh, these old slacks. I just bought them to wear in Denver. You ever been in Denver?"

"Sure."

"I don't like Denver," she said. "There's no law and order there. The cops in Denver are so rough."

"Give me a cigarette, Bunny," a man said to her.

He came up to her suddenly, out of the moving crowd. There was a tear in his blue suit and his face was scarred.

"Sure, Frank," she said. She gave him a cigarette and he lighted it and went off.

"Is he with you?" Sawyer said.

"No."

"Who is he?"

"He used to be my husband," she said. "Now we're divorced."

"Does he live with you?"

"No," she said. "I live in a hotel. The Chesterton. Frank don't live anywheres. In parks. He's a bum."

"How's the Chesterton?"

"It's all right," she said. "It used to be in a nice neighborhood but now it's gotten terrible. Right next to it they're tearing down this hotel where these old families live. It's so sad." This recollection seemed to touch her deeply and her clear voice rose in pity for her neighbors. "Where are all these old people going to go?"

"Other hotels."

"I don't see it," she said. "I don't see putting old people out like that. It makes me sad." She coughed.

"Cold?"

"No. Just cigarettes."

He put his arm around her and she responded instantly.

"You want to take a walk?"

"Sure, sweetie," she said.

The musicians had begun to return to the bandstand. Sawyer and the girl started to move away from the crowd and his hold on her waist was so savage that they moved awkwardly, they stumbled. Her hold on the senses of this reasonable and chaste man was like a derangement and his tongue tasted as if some membrane had broken and discharged blood into his mouth and brain. When they got away from the lights of the bandstand he kissed her roughly.

While he kissed her he found himself in the throes of a desire that could not distinguish rapacity from murder. The awareness that his desires were despicable and criminal did not lessen them at all and only brought some cunning to his plans. He would not go back to her hotel. On their right there was a stretch of perfect darkness and he pushed her toward this. Locked in one another's arms they continued their awkward and savage walk.

They had only gone a little way when the man with the torn suit caught up with them.

"Don't you be like this, Bunny," he said, "don't you go with him."

"Leave me alone, Frank," she said.

"Here's five dollars, get out of here," Sawyer said.

"Don't you go off with him, baby doll," the bum said.

"You ain't got nothing to say about what I do, nothing. I'm free from you," she said.

"Who got you out of Denver?" he said.

"Nobody got me out of Denver. I got out of Denver by myself."

"I give you forty-two dollars last month," he said.

"Oh, you make me laugh, the hundreds of dollars I spent on you," she said.

Then, with a crash, the music began. After a pause two more explosions of sound came from the amplifiers that were wired to the trees and then a solo cornet began a long and baleful account of unrequited love to a muted obbligato, a kind of elephantine waltz—an old favorite of bands on summer nights. Much-used, ill-used, the music had been played in public parks all over the world on nights like that. Gentle rains had interrupted it, thunder showers had sent its audience with newspapers over their heads running for shelter, large families had picnicked to it, young lovers had walked to it, it had been rehearsed

in fire-houses, church basements, and high-school auditoriums that smelled of drying overcoats.

It was the grand passion of some Italian opera, the closing aria where the humble lovers in their dry-cleaned rags stand in a fall of palpably false snow while the audience reaches for its gloves and its rubbers, assured by the volume of the music and the splendor of the light that this day is nearly over, that these tragic destinies are ending, and that in another few minutes the curtain will come down and the Floating Hospital or the School for the Blind, to which this performance was dedicated, will have made up its deficit for the year. "And now the princess," the libretto reads, "and Don Carlos, the usurper, who has been living in the forest disguised as a woodcutter, realize that she must either marry the old king or be beheaded by his camarilla and so, surrounded by their loyal serfs, they sing the last grand aria before they eat the poisoned grapes that Giganella, the old nursemaid, had brought them from Calabria."

The wood winds flatted. The proclamations of the cornet went on and on while the basses made thumping noises of sorrow, anger, and disgust. Lost long ago to the usurper and the princess, it had become the innocent music of summer and the park, of parents who had come out with their sleepy children to buy some ice cream and get a breath of air; and the change in Sawyer's outlook that had begun with the music was by now absolute. It was precisely the experience of waking from a bloody dream, and it was the hackneyed and lugubrious music that had waked him, the loud music of his good, sweet life. When its string of homely associations ended, there was nothing left of that ardor for which, a minute earlier, he would gladly have given up the world. The whore and the bum were still quarreling passionately. He walked away.

The morning was cool and sunny and when he woke and dressed he hardly remembered the night. He had breakfast in the coffee shop but there was another waitress there and the city on Monday morning looked animated and cheerful. The first buyer he saw was the friend of a man he had known in college and this ended the span of his anonymity in that city. He had finished his calls by the middle of the afternoon and he took a cab back to the Viaduct House.

Someone had left a newspaper in the seat of the cab and he glanced at it while they crossed the city. There was a photograph of Bunny on the second page, a snapshot taken with a cheap camera in a hard light, and while the picture made her look older and thinner than she had been, the background of a surf wall and a roller coaster had captured her sense of a good time. She had been found near the bandstand, sometime after midnight, half-naked and strangled, and the paper said that her home, as she had told him herself, was in Norfolk.

He was so enervated by shock that when the cab reached the Viaduct House it was an effort for him to move. He paid the fare, went upstairs, and struggled with his packing. It never occurred to him to stay and identify the murderer, or to do anything else but escape. He got to the station in time to catch the Chicago train and not until he sat down in the Pullman did he begin to feel like himself. The train began to move. It rolled heavily out of the city, it gained momentum and took up its peculiar place in time, dividing, with its roadbed, residence from industry, the rich from the poor. The rhythmic noise of its wheels brought easily to his mind the music he had heard that night and left him to contemplate a life whose salvation was no more than this, no more than a remembered song.

Sic Semper

Mr. Kremlin was distinguished for ignorance; for he had only one idea, and that was wrong.

—From Benjamin Disraeli, *Sybil, or The Two Nations*, 1845.

The Easy Chair

But Sometimes They Vote Right Too

Bernard DeVoto

"I AM coming to think that the world is too complicated for straight representative government." So a reader of the Easy Chair writes me, calling on me to say where I stand. And a few days after I got his letter, Mr. Joseph Alsop, who was a student of mine when I was a college teacher, alluded in his column to President Truman's "incurable loyalty to the third rate and the natural fellow feeling of so large an element in Congress for whatever is shabby, fraudulent, and political." He concluded, "A Republican leadership that howls against an Acheson while Johnson is almost lovingly embraced [I used to warn you against the passive voice, Joe], a President who seems to take pride in shielding his worst subordinates from the smallest retribution, look like symptoms of decay in our political institutions."

The same symptoms worry my correspondent, who says he is "beginning to wonder whether representative government is really the thing after all." The world, he thinks, has grown too perilous for us to risk Congress and its errors. As an example, "To the extent that Congress has had anything to do with it, our foreign policy has suffered. Everywhere—Europe, China, and the rest." He gives other examples and sums them up, "I wonder if Congress can do anything right."

His next step has been the crucial one so long as men have thought about government. It probably will still be crucial when Mr. Norbert Wiener's thinking machines have obviated Mr. Wiener's human tendency to commit fallacies. He rejects totalitarianism, for it "seems such a horror." He has "no assurance that 'planning' will stay disinterested for long." And now he is over the cliff, falling like Lucifer son of the morning, "I sincerely wonder if we can give the people much say in policy and survive for long." But, surprisingly, the clincher he submits is this: "I think, for example, a great portion of them [the people] 'think McCarthy has something.'"

(Relevant interruption. Just then I was wrestling with a problem. If you read the symptoms of paranoia in any standard textbook, you will find that they strikingly resemble the behavior of the junior Senator from Wisconsin. I wondered whether, if a Senator should go violently insane, the public had any way of keeping him from influencing policy. So far as I could see, two paragraphs of Section 4, Article I, of the Constitution left the public helpless. It could not require a Senator to appear before a lunacy board. It could not even make good a more important demand, that Senator Taft, McCarthy's licensor, submit to an intelligence test. So I took my problem to an expert in constitutional law, who confirmed me. He describes himself as "a Republican upstate Episcopalian, militiaman, and dirt-roads lawyer." I am a half Mugwump, 60 per cent New Dealer, 90 per cent Populist dirt-roads historian but I found that he and I saw pretty much eye to eye about the state of the nation. Except about McCarthy's results. The contitutionalist thinks that McCarthy has convinced the average man, my correspondent's "people," that Mr. Acheson phones Moscow twice daily for instructions and that the President is surrounded by Russian spies whom he knowingly appointed to key jobs. Whereas I think the average man regards McCarthy as a liar and a Typhoid Mary, the carrier of an infection far more dangerous to our political institutions than any other decay now apparent in them.)

My correspondent is "an editorial writer on

a conservative newspaper." He says that he is pretty conservative himself but adds, "I am startled to find that on almost every issue the guy who knows something arrives at an opposite conclusion from the guy who doesn't." He has learned that "the trouble with the press is not cupidity but stupidity." So finally, "If the press is stupid, how can the people be anything else?" Or Congress. If we are to survive, how can we entrust ourselves to either any longer?

The operative phrase is "the guy who knows." It always has been, though in Hamilton's time the guy who knows was also the well-born guy, the well-placed, the rich, the powerful. The Federalist point of view is immortal. The New England Federalists—Fisher Ames was probably the most persuasive—argued it more cogently and powerfully than anyone has in our time. Their public and especially their private papers would remind my correspondent that the first time representative government failed and the Republic perished was in 1800. The first time, that is, under the Constitution, for that document in itself proved to a formidable company of patriots and thinkers (Luther Martin, Patrick Henry, Gouverneur Morris, to name no more) that our political institutions had already decayed beyond redemption.

But we need not go looking through history for the Federalist point of view. Implicit rather than formulated, degraded to a vulgar cheapness, it is the point of view of two-thirds of the bankers in my correspondent's city, three-quarters of the newspaper owners in the United States, 85 per cent of the directors of really big corporations, and 90 per cent of our university trustees. It is the dominant point of view of the actual managerial class, as it would be unanimous among the fictitious one that Mr. James Burnham will crystallize out of dream if he can. And with Mr. Burnham we come to the payoff. For it was his point of view while he still consorted with Communists, and it abides while all else changeth, it is still his point of view since he crossed over into campground and all the saints shouted hosanna. And with him a large and variegated class of intellectuals and literary thinkers who took the crucial step, fell into the fallacy, faced left, and joined up with the right. It is the characteristic error of those whom my dirt-roads constitutionalist calls "the little liberals."

I like the phrase, which carries a slight taxonomic emphasis on the adjective. We have to have such a label to make clear that we are talking about that species and not the robust and honorable tradition of liberalism. It was precisely when the little liberal of our time repudiated liberalism that he joined hands with Fisher Ames and the enemy. The Federalist philosopher distrusted the people. They were stupid: they would become an anarchy and so bring all down. The little liberal is out of patience with them: they do not do what so obviously would be good for them. Both agree that they must be prevented from doing harm, to others or themselves, and that they are too stupid to be trusted with the government: representative government has failed. I cannot see, however, that if a machine gun, which is the alternative, is to be substituted for representative government, it makes any difference whose finger is on the trigger or which philosophy is lining up the sights. And now that we have a bumper crop of volubly penitent Communists, I am unable to see on what grounds we are asked to respect their intelligence, whose sole claim to respect is that they have recanted ideas which only fools would ever have accepted. The point remains the machine gun.

Get down to cases. My correspondent wonders "if we can give the people much say in policy and survive for long." I am not clear who "we" are nor how we are to take away from the people what they now possess and seem unlikely to give up of their own will. Will Congress declare itself inoperative and adjourn sine die? Does the anarchy which the Federalist feared suddenly break out and does the suddenly chastened mob then hand over its sovereignty to the supermen of good will whom the little liberal sees when he dreams? And what happens next?

Back in the blithe days when a handful of unskillful book reviewers were going to make the Revolution before next week's deadline, I used to wonder whom they and the American Communist party had to run things after it had been made. Staging street-corner demonstrations seemed an inadequate train-

ing for running the military establishment, which would still have to be run by somebody. Conspiratorial activities in crepe beards and party names among the revolutionaries of a neighborhood cell would not produce a diplomatic corps that could save the fillings of its own teeth from the pluto-demo-fascist thugs in striped pants. Which treasurer of a local was going to head the Federal Reserve? Was Earl Browder or the movie critic of the *New Masses* going to be Commissar of the Interior? If the thinkers who are now cashing in on their asininity were going to take over, the American Soviet Republic wouldn't last overnight.

So now. Suppose that the seventh trumpet sounds and the massed genius of Inland Steel, Mr. Burnham, and the chorus of recusant little liberals does succeed in extemporizing a mechanism for transferring government from Congress to something or somebody more effective—to whom will they transfer it? There has never been any answer except "the expert." It is spoken in a trance, in a nightmare so frightful that it scares you awake. We can have only one use for the expert—working for us. He can be a fine hired hand but we have paid high to learn that he makes a damned bad boss.

And which expert? We have a body of military experts who seem to rate high in the opinion of everyone except Hanson Baldwin (and, as I write, Ernest Hemingway) but if you want to see Congress illuminated with almost celestial radiance, simply picture turning over appropriations to the generals and admirals. The scientific or technological expert? A lot of scientists are acknowledging their willingness to take over if we will twist their arms a little; they candidly confess that they see no other salvation for us: be science-minded or perish. But there seems to be a tendency for civil and other liberties we still cherish to go out the window when science comes in the door, and bigshot scientists who five years ago were willing to save us unassisted have already begun to warn us against their kind. Congress is keeping an eye on the Atomic Energy Commission for reasons that seem to most of us the worst ones readily available, but we are all profoundly glad to have it watched. And an alliance between the military expert and the scientific expert is terrifying to contemplate.

The specialist, then? He appears to be the commonest hope and has replaced the image of the philosopher-professor-king in many aspiring minds. The vision is of an orderly and untroubled mechanism of government which frees "the guy who knows most" about taxation to work out and decree our tax policy, the guy who knows most about foreign policy (when found) to ordain our foreign policy, and the guy who knows most about agriculture to compel the Farm Bureau, the Farmers Union, the processor of foods, and the consumer to live in amiable co-operation. But that guy doesn't exist whereas the Farm Bureau and the Farmers Union do. If we created him he would have to be a commissar again and one or the other of those institutions, together with a lot of us non-agricultural bystanders, would get shot up.

No, the expert has to be kept on a short rope, which is our present practice. Almost as if they weren't in decay, our political institutions have met requirements of the modern world which the Constitutional Convention did not foresee by developing a lot of semi-independent administrative agencies for which the Constitution did not provide. There and in the Executive departments and bureaus we do use the specialist, the expert. He does his job pretty well, at least as well as he does it in General Motors or the New York Central. Probably Congress and the stupid people keep him from doing it still better, but we have to abide that loss in efficiency in order to keep going at all. Give FCC or ECA or FPC its head, let it operate with full efficiency, without anxiety about Congress or an ear cocked at the stupid people, and we'd be in the ditch before the chairman's term ran out. The expert as specialist has to be subject to the expert in government, and we grow our own. They are in the county boss's office, the state and municipal jobs, or Congress, or trying to get there. They may look pretty bad but we've tried, or seen others try, everything else and everything else has turned out worse.

Mark Twain said, "It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress." One Congressman has just finished a term in jail,

another one is still serving his, doubtless others belong in jail, and I can name a number who I think ought to be. Mark Twain also began a speech that hasn't got printed yet, "Once there was a Congressman, I mean a son of a bitch—but why do I repeat myself?" We all feel that way about various Honorables and there can be no doubt that we are sometimes right. As far back as Washington's first term, people were saying just those things about Congress, and sometimes they were unquestionably right.

But it isn't Congress we're talking about, son, it's the people of the United States, who include you and me and the bright guys as well as the stupid. For instance, though it is unsafe to use an absolute superlative, isn't Nevada now represented in the Senate by the worst delegation any state ever had there? Messrs. McCarran and Malone, who speak for a small private fief of big stock-companies, big industrial corporations, and big gamblers, cast votes that count as much in policy-making as those of Messrs. Lehman and Ives, who speak for the most populous state and, it may be, the best one. That fact and the fact that each of them equates governmentally with either of the New York Senators and with, say, Senator Vandenberg, Senator Douglas, Senator Aiken, or Senator Fulbright keep a righteous man at a slow burn. I would be almost too busy to protest if some Federalist come from the grave were to propose a Constitutional amendment which would rescind Nevada's statehood and provide a military, judicial, or territorial commission to clean it up and bring it into the twentieth century. Almost but not quite. Our political experiment in representative government always was precarious to the very verge of disaster but it remains safer than anything else.

Not Congress but us. It wasn't Congress that brought the boys back in a stampede and opened Europe to the present threat, broke up the defense establishment, made chaos of foreign policy, and brought on the despair of the little liberal, the NAM, Mr. Alsop, and my correspondent. We did it. Congress, a sensitively responsive political instrument, so responsive that the associated garden clubs can scare a Congressman into defying the power lobby, did exactly what we required it to. That's the mold we're cast in, the way the United States operates, the pattern of our society. It's alarmingly loose, wasteful, dilatory, and inefficient, but we're committed to it and there's no way of changing us. If that means we're going under, we will have to go under. But does it? It never has yet. What it has meant so far is that we shake down into adjustment instead of shaking to pieces, and correct mistakes instead of perishing from them. Our system scares any thoughtful man blue, but it doesn't scare him as much as any other system does.

Sure the people are stupid: the human race is stupid. Sure Congress is an inefficient instrument of government. But the people are not stupid enough to abandon representative government for any other kind, including government by the guy who knows. They have just had to fight their worst war to get three such governments out of the way, and may have to fight another one to dispose of a fourth. And bad as our system is, it is more effective than those governments. Their system has been tried repeatedly since Plato (a little liberal who understood that the people are stupid) first proposed it and in the end it never works. They are efficient at starting wars but not much else. I'd rather have efficiency at finishing them, as we have always shown we have, and at keeping the train on the tracks, as we have done. It may be a crude criterion but we are the oldest form of government now operating: we have outlasted every other political system in the world.

Remember, son, that a government which operates with precision straight to the point has to be by machine gun. Such a government would not let you, Mr. Alsop, and me bellyache so much; to do so would be wasteful and ineffective. So go on shooting at McCarthy and cursing Congress. Since I typed the first paragraph of this piece the decaying political institutions have acted on Mr. Alsop's suggestion and harpooned his white whale, the Secretary of Defense. It may be our turn tomorrow; Senator Taft may get alarmed by the trend in Ohio and rise in the Senate to ask if McCarthy is sane. If that happens, how stupid will the people look?

A University in Jeopardy

John Caughey

THROUGHOUT the past year and a half the University of California has been riven by a faculty-regents dispute which has mushroomed to epic proportions. It began as a debate over loyalty, which seems nonsensical because of course we all agree that only the loyal deserve faculty posts. But there was sharp difference of opinion about how to detect and keep out the disloyal—through an oath of non-membership in the Communist party, as the regents proposed, or through the traditional and tested routines of faculty self-inspection.

Intermittently there were indications that the drive against Communism was being used to cover other purposes. Finally, at the August 1950 meeting of the regents, this became quite clear. In connection with a motion to dismiss thirty-two members of the faculty this interchange occurred:

> "Do I understand," Governor Warren asked, "that we are firing these people merely because they are recalcitrant?"
>
> "It is not a question of Communism," said Regent Arthur J. McFadden, "but one of discipline."

Not disloyalty but discipline—these four words define the real issue. The tragic feature is that these men have been disciplined out of their jobs for following a course supposedly set up in good faith by the regents.

Inevitably there are overtones and consequences, some of which touch matters of vital concern to the existence of a true university. For example, when confronted with a so-called loyalty oath, which in reality was an oath of political denial set up as a condition of employment, the faculty opposition countered that it was completely and unreservedly loyal. It feels, moreover, a patriotic duty to safeguard a principle vital to Americanism and to the democratic republic in which we live. That principle goes under various names—freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and academic freedom. Academic freedom is usually taken to mean the right of a qualified scholar to teach and to speak and to write in the field of his expertness without interference. A fundamental thereto is that such a scholar shall not be censored out of eligibility to get or to hold an academic job.

On the loyalty front the oath and its sequel have not exposed a traitor or improved a patriot. Academic freedom, however, has been put in grievous jeopardy. Rights and guarantees that the faculty thought secure have been whisked away. A tradition of faculty self-government has been undermined, and faculty morale has been shattered.

Because this is the largest university in the land and one of the four or five most productive in scholarship, a narrative of how it hap-

John Caughey, who has taught American history for twenty years at the University of California, was a full professor there until he was discharged last summer in the dispute which he here describes in detail.

pened here may have some intrinsic worth. For the same reasons, the California pattern is bound to be noticed by those who shape the destinies of other schools, and it may, for good or ill, set in motion other events of a similar kind. This possibility, in fact, explains why I have put down the following account. The perspective is admittedly personal; this is a report of the university's ordeal as I saw it develop.

The first intimation that the university would apply a political test came in June 1949. True enough, the Faculty Bulletin of the preceding month had a terse announcement of a loyalty oath. The sound, however, was that of a positive pledge of loyalty, and no one expressed, and I think no one felt, any reluctance about complying.

As unveiled on June 12, however, the regents' oath turned out to be a special one featuring a denial of belief. To it the faculty voiced a philosophical objection. We had all signed and we all preferred the straightforward pledge of loyalty written into the state constitution by California's founding fathers in 1849:

> I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of California, and that I will faithfully discharge the duties of my office according to the best of my ability.

For all state officers this oath had served well through the entire hundred years of statehood. For a number of years this oath had also been asked of the university faculty and had been taken with never a hint of reluctance. As men of integrity, furthermore, we have regarded this oath as a pledge of complete loyalty, with no loopholes left or wanted for unpatriotic action of any description.

Hindsight now makes clear that we should have held out for this constitutional oath and no other.

II

At the time, the more conciliatory approach seemed to be to suggest an additional general clause denying commitments contrary to the oath proper. On June 24, after the faculty had scattered for the summer, the regents accepted this suggestion, but vitiated it by inserting a phrase of specific denial—"I am not a member of the Communist party." This demand for a specific denial is the crux of all the subsequent trouble, for it most palpably sets up a political test. As amended the oath now read:

> I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of California, and that I will faithfully discharge the duties of my office according to the best of my ability; that I am not a member of the Communist party, or under any oath or a party to any agreement or under any commitment that is in conflict with my obligations under this oath.

The objection to being made to say "I am not" is not confined to the minority that is under attack. A forced declaration of the obvious is equally distasteful. Thus when the Romans went around prodding men to deny that they were Christians, some good old pagans were incensed. When Catholic rulers at the time of the Reformation applied the same kind of pressure to root out Protestants, and when Protestant England used the device against Catholics, objection was not confined to the minority.

To Americans, because of a greater respect for individual rights and a greater awareness of the usefulness of minority opinions, test oaths have always been abhorrent. The fathers of our country took a strong stand against them. So did the fathers of our state; having spelled out the constitutional oath, they added this injunction: "And no other oath, declaration, or test shall be required as a qualification for any office or public trust."

Through the summer of 1949 there was official pretense that the special oath was requested but not required. It soon became apparent, however, that the only way to get a contract was to sign the oath. In the circumstances it is perhaps remarkable that any substantial number of the faculty refrained from signing.

From June to November the one reason assigned for the special oath was that Communists are victims of thought control and therefore cannot possibly carry out the impartial scholarship and honest teaching to which the university is dedicated. All along, the faculty has been aware that the whole strength of our foreign policy has been mar-

shaled to resist the spread of Communism. In support of this program we, if anything, have gone further than the general public. If the peril to our nation becomes greater, if the federal government decides on more drastic measures, we stand ready to make any useful contribution that we can.

But if the concern of the regents is over an invasion of the university by charlatans and propagandists, we submit that no oath or declaration can be as sure a protection as the faculty's own method of selecting and screening its membership.

Since the early twenties the University of California has had a well-developed system of faculty self-government. The present members of the faculty are where they are because of a procedure of selection by their peers on the basis of character, competence, and performance. This selective process is not infallible; errors of judgment and of charity have been made. But we do maintain that the only trustworthy and effective means of building and maintaining a proper faculty is by reliance on the expert judgment of scholars. The alumni may be the best judges of football coaches. The regents may be better connoisseurs of capital investments. But just as we rely on the lawyers to decide who shall be admitted to the bar and on the doctors to say who may practice medicine, the only sound procedure is to have the scholars in the several disciplines decide who shall constitute a university faculty.

By resolution and by delegation the faculty several times reminded the regents of the cogency of this principle. We pointed to this method of selection as a main reason for the university's distinction. We expressed confidence that anyone sacrificing scholarly integrity on the Communist altar would be detected and disqualified through the regular faculty procedure. We reminded the regents that, although since 1940 they had had a standing rule against employment of Communists, not once had they had occasion to apply it against a member of the faculty.

THUS passed the first half of the year of the oath. The arguments so cogent to us seemed strangely ineffective with the regents. In November 1949 we got a hint as to the reason. The oath, we now were officially told, was traceable to State Senator Jack B. Tenney, the Martin Dies–J. Parnell Thomas–Joseph McCarthy of California. A measure he had ready for the state legislature early in 1949 so alarmed the university's legislative representative (or, in translation, lobbyist) that this worthy communicated his fears to the president, who, in turn, proposed to the regents in March 1949 the institution of the special oath.

This revelation put a worse cast on the matter. If the regents were concerned to protect the university against the fraudulent scholarship of a typical Communist, the faculty could collaborate on safeguards that would be both honorable and effective. If, however, the regents were playing politics, to what extent could the faculty go along?

A new faculty committee, nevertheless, was set up and sent, on January 4, 1950, to meet with a corresponding committee of the regents. The keynote of this conference was the regents' insistence on an explicit anti-Communist program. They had in mind the possibility of action for perjury against an oath signer who might turn out to be a Communist. Aware that special tests and restrictions surrounded the Radiation Laboratory and other government-sponsored secret activities in the university, they saw no reason why the same rigors should not be extended to all departments. More bluntly, they wanted to know why anyone who was not a Communist would object to saying so.

The faculty representatives insisted that under such restrictions a real university was impossible. They stressed the necessity of relying on the faculty to police its own ranks. They asked confidence in the faculty, and as one piece of evidence cited the president's statement that he knew of no Communist in the faculty. They expressed no love of Communists, but neither did they like the application of a political test which could easily become a precedent for further narrowing of the base of eligibility for the faculty.

We adjourned with the express understanding that the two committees would confer again before reporting to the board of regents or to the faculty. To our dismay, however, at the next meeting of the board of regents, their committee made its report and had itself discharged.

A month later the regents reiterated their anti-Communist policy. They added a proviso

that before firing a Communist professor (if, as, and when one could be found) they would submit the evidence to the faculty for inspection. With heavier emphasis the regents affirmed an anti-non-signer policy. They announced that anyone who did not sign the special oath or an identical affirmation by April 30 would be dropped at the end of the semester. For such a person there would be no hearing whatsoever.

The charitable interpretation would be that it was by inadvertence that the regents set up a more considerate routine for Communists than for loyal and perhaps distinguished professors who balked at the special oath. Some observers were not so sure. Several of the regents, for example, had taken great umbrage at a faculty resolution reciting apparently unacceptable facts about the relative spheres of activity for faculty and regents in a well-ordered university. If the regents' main purpose was to bring the faculty to heel, then the February ultimatum was logical.

One ray of encouragement was that the action had not been unanimous. With eighteen of the twenty-four regents present, the vote had stood at twelve to six. Regents Earl J. Fenston, Farnham P. Griffiths, Victor Hansen, and Edward H. Heller voted against the ultimatum. So did Governor Earl Warren and President Robert G. Sproul. The support of these six was most heartening. This was particularly true of the Governor, who, in an election year, was ready to brave an inflamed segment of public opinion, and of the president, who courageously admitted that he had changed his mind about the wisdom of the oath requirement.

III

Whatever its intentions, the ultimatum roused the faculty as nothing else had. The northern half of the Committee on Conference began a campaign of publicity and persuasion. It convened the Berkeley deans and department chairmen and got their support. It went to work to find a solution that would have the endorsement of the vast majority of the faculty. Similar steps, though more tardily, were taken at Los Angeles. Incidentally, it should be remarked that a major handicap to the faculty in this whole campaign has been its dispersal on eight widely scattered campuses. Here is an unexpected illustration of the Roman maxim *divide et impera.*

On March 7 and 8 the assembled faculties at Berkeley and Los Angeles considered resolutions condemning the sign-or-be-fired ultimatum and calling for rescinding of the special oath requirement. In the north the vote was a vociferous 900 to zero; in the south an estimated 400 to 10. The faculty then ordered a mail ballot on the committee's proposed solution. This proposal, in essence, was a return to the constitutional oath, plus a contract form placing the signer liable to, but not necessarily in endorsement of, the university's previously announced rules of employment. Nor was the contract to embody denial of a specific political membership. The proposal carried, 1,154 to 136.

In the preceding fortnight much else had happened. One regent, in an open letter to the president, extolled the special oath as a blow against "communism, of which socialism is the first step." He pointed to England where, he said, freedom had been destroyed by socialism. Herein was more than a hint that the anti-Communist policy could readily expand to bar other minority groups.

Another regent attacked the faculty as Communist tools, Communist dupes, and Communist-led. The whole opposition to the oath stemmed, he said, from a "dissident minority" to which the more stable faculty members had submitted. True enough, the various pressures applied had brought the non-signers down to a small fraction. But many had signed under protest, and the faculty votes, one after another, had been by thumping majorities. At no time did it appear within the faculty that opposition to the oath was monopolized by a "hard core" or a "dissident minority."

Another plaint of this same regent was that the faculty was actually and purposely shielding Communists. In the light of his repeated attacks, many of us were not surprised to find in a newspaper report of one of his statements a passing reference to "seven admitted card-carrying Communists" in the faculty. By the time this report reached Los Angeles the number was twelve. Actually the regent's statement had been a hypothetical one that "even admitted card-carrying Communists" would or would not do thus and so. By typo-

graphical error an "s" was added and "even" became "seven"!

We were, as a matter of fact, under the handicap of having to wage this campaign in the realm of pure theory. Lacking a flesh-and-blood example of the group under attack, our argument had to be on the off chance that such a person whom we would consider eligible by competence and loyalty might sometime show up. Possibly no such person existed. If that were so, our argument still was that the regents' method was not the proper means of insuring exclusion, that it was inherently inefficient, and that it was a most dangerous precedent. But for lack of a live specimen in our ranks, we were restricted to intangible and theoretical resistance.

This circumstance, together with the urging of the most vocal of the regents, seemed to account for the faculty's motion on March 7 to send another proposition to mail ballot. It stated that proved members of the Communist party, by reason of their anti-scholarly commitments, are not acceptable to the faculty. This statement, of course, is a direct contradiction of the stand of the American Association of University Professors. Curiously, some members of the faculty argued that the statement did not affirm guilt by association but was an individual rather than a group condemnation. Others, influenced by the temper of the times, cast a politic affirmative vote. In the university-wide poll this proposition carried, 1,025 to 268.

Subsequently a faculty leader revealed that there had been a bargain. This proposition, in his words, was "put over" after assurances that the regents would be satisfied with it as a substitute for individual oaths of denial.

In the June-to-March palaver over the special oath, the faculty reminded me—and I hope I am Irish enough to be allowed to use the anecdote—of the Russian family dashing through the snow with the wolves in hot pursuit and saving itself by throwing out a baby whenever the wolves got too close. We also had been making sacrifices at regular intervals. In this second proposition I thought we had thrown out one baby too many.

Wiser tacticians thought not. And the sequel seemed to bear them out, for on March 31, when the board of regents, slightly revised through two new appointments, took up the faculty proposal of liability through contract, the motion to rescind the special oath failed by ten to ten.

No one took the tie vote as final. All looked forward to reconsideration at the next meeting of the regents.

IV

The faculty campaign, some weeks since, had been entrusted to a new committee which, by chance or otherwise, was more cautious than its predecessor. The policy it followed was one of limited publicity, almost no response to attacks in the Los Angeles and the Hearst press, co-operation with the president, and reliance on finding an additional vote somewhere in the board. The grapevine —how reliably I do not know—had it that a vote or two could be counted on and that the faculty proposal would squeak through.

At almost the eleventh hour the president and his immediate advisers decided that such a margin was not enough. In order to increase it they invited the Berkeley Alumni Council to appoint a special committee to investigate and, as it developed, to mediate.

The alumni committee took the task seriously. By private plane they flew from one end of the state to the other, interviewing most of the regents, consulting at length with three members of the faculty, and more briefly with a few others. As mediators they found it difficult, if not impossible, to understand that the faculty had already made every concession consistent with principle. They looked for a solution somewhere between the last stand of the faculty and that of the regents. This was the settlement which the alumni proposed and the regents adopted:

(1) The regents would escape from the untenable position of the ultimatum by withdrawing the special oath and with it the sign-or-be-fired stipulation.

(2) Although the oath as such was no more, as an "equivalent affirmation"* it would transmigrate to the annual contract.

(3) Every new appointee would have to sign this affirmation.

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* This clause reads: ". . . that I am not a member of the Communist party or any other organization which advocates the overthrow of the government by force or violence, and that I have no commitments in conflict with my responsibilities with respect to impartial scholarship and free pursuit of truth."

(4) Any member of the present faculty, however, could appeal for review by the Committee on Privilege and Tenure, including investigation and full hearing on his reasons for not signing. Recommendations of the committee would be subject to review by the president and final decision by the board of regents.

The board welcomed this "solution" by a vote of twenty-one to one, with the lone dissenter bewailing a Communist victory that would set the bells to ringing in the Kremlin. If there was any rejoicing in the faculty I did not hear about it. A few optimists hailed the new order as the first step toward a settlement. Many heaved a sigh of relief that the controversy could now be committed to history.

Others recognized a complete defeat for the faculty. The political test as a condition of employment is, if anything, more effectively enshrined in the contract than it had been in the oath. Ordeal by oath had given place to ordeal by inquisition.

A committee to act as a court of last resort for those who are on the point of dismissal is standard equipment in most universities. Almost always, however, those who appear before it are there to answer charges of gross neglect of duty, incompetence, or moral turpitude. When I joined the U.C.L.A. staff twenty years ago, the last thing I expected was that I should ever appear before such a committee.

Under the alumni formula anyone who objects to the political test is liable to dismissal unless cleared, not merely by his committee, but also by the president and the regents. This three-fold ordeal, furthermore, was to be an annual rite, and since my life expectancy in the university ran another twenty years before retirement, my professorial head would be on the block sixty-three times in the years to come.

A reasonable question, I believe, is whether a moderately sensitive person could be expected to do his best in the classroom and in research under this routine of multiple jeopardy.

V

After April 21 the faculty had little choice but to submit to the formula worked out by the alumni and adopted by the regents. Now it was left to each individual to consult with his conscience whether to sign the contract statement or to appeal for a hearing. Those non-signers whose worry had been solely in terms of a special oath now could sign without a qualm. Others, measuring their resources against the dire threats by certain of the regents, reluctantly let prudence lead them to signing. A remaining few showed confidence that the board of regents' authorization of the route of appeal was made in good faith. These executed the constitutional oath and appealed for a hearing on their reasons for not signing the statement.

Full and careful hearings were held, the president reviewed the reports, and on June 23 the regents met to take final action. After hours of spirited debate they voted (a) to defer action on all these reports so that they could study each case individually, and (b) to fire 157 employees who had neither signed the new contract for the period to June 30, 1950, nor requested hearings. According to the press reports, most of these 157 were nonacademic employees and few if any were regular members of the faculty. According to the press reports, most if not all the 157 were leaving the university as of June 30. Firing them was thus an empty gesture, though it certainly was not intended as a compliment.

Practically all the discussion concerned those who had chosen the alternative of a committee hearing. Certain of the regents expressed great displeasure that so many had appealed and had been approved. One said he had understood that the hearing avenue was only for Quakers. The attitude of one was, "They have had their hearings, now let us discharge them." The reasons for not signing were attacked as "the flimsiest excuses."

Other regents, notably the Governor, the president, Fenston, Griffiths, Hansen, Heller, and (recently appointed) Jesse Steinhart, took the stand that under the formula of April 21 appeal to the committee was a perfectly legitimate move. It was authorized in the plain reading of the regents' resolution. They would not admit that mere recourse to the appeal route constituted grounds for dismissal.

They also argued that arbitrary disregard of the recommendations of the committees

and the president would play havoc with the university.

After a month in which to study the committee reports, the regents met again on July 21. Once more, the bone of contention was whether to countenance any use of the appeal route. The argument did not touch on the loyalty or disloyalty of any individual. Instead, it had to do with the intent and meaning of the regents' resolution which had set up the hearings option.

The faculty was not in position to testify as to intent, but it did try to clarify the meaning as received. A professor who had been one of the first to sign, two non-signers, several members of the Committee on Privilege and Tenure, and, most eloquently, Provost Emeritus Monroe E. Deutsch made statements to the board, either in writing or in person. All agreed that the entire faculty understood and had been given to understand that appeal was legitimate and presumably safe for anyone not a Communist.

Finally the regents voted. In the first quarter of the roll call the votes were almost all to fire, in the middle they were more evenly divided, and it took every vote toward the end of the alphabet—Nimitz, Simpson, Sproul, Steinhart, and Warren—to carry the day, ten to nine. One regent, elderly and invalid, had to leave just before the vote. He had been consistently in the opposition.

Without debate and without dissent the regents then voted to accept signatures, resignations, and clerical corrections which brought the 157 fired in June down to 83. In similar fashion they voted to fire six members of the faculty, as recommended by the president on the basis of committee reports, not as Communists but for refusal to co-operate with the examining committee. On any other day this action would have made the headlines. In the context of the debate that had preceded, it was eclipsed by the "rehiring" of those who had committee endorsement. All the papers treated this as the chief news of the meeting.

Just before adjournment the chief campaigner against the faculty went back to the previous question, changed his vote to "aye," and announced his intention of moving reconsideration at the next meeting. But in answer to a reporter's question, the secretary of the regents said he would send contracts to these men.

He did not do it. Early in August we read in the papers that, pending possible reconsideration, we who had refused to sign but had been recommended by the committee and the president would get no contracts and no salary payments. We were not told to stop working, but in effect the message was, "You may be fired on August 25, therefore your pay is stopped as of last June 30."

The August meeting, by all accounts, was as heated as any of the others. This time, the long debate was on the motion to reconsider the hiring of the group recommended by the committee and the president. Governor Warren as presiding officer ruled the motion out of order and further that the action it proposed was illegal. On the latter point the university attorney agreed. Ably supported by Regents Steinhart and Hansen, Governor Warren argued this point at length, citing a Los Angeles City Council case as providing an analogy that would hold. Undeterred by this legal opinion, the nine opponents of the previous month, plus three men then absent, voted to overrule the chair. By the same tally, twelve to ten, the board voted to overrule the recommendations of the faculty committee, to turn down the recommendations of the president, to reverse its own action of July, and discharge the appeal-route professors.

Before the vote to dismiss, Regent Heller demanded to know, for the record, if any regent had any charge of Communism or any evidence of disloyalty to lodge against any of the persons whose fate was about to be decided. No such charge or evidence was brought forward. It was at this point that one of the hostile regents said, "It's not a question of Communism, but one of discipline."

After the vote to discharge, the leader of the twelve turned magnanimous. He proposed that the dismissed in all categories, whether they had had hearings or not, and whether the findings had been favorable or not, should have another ten days in which they might sign and be rehired as of July 1 last, with no questions asked. Further, he proposed that anyone who now chose to resign could claim up to a year's severance pay—proportionately reduced if he found an academic job sooner.

Regents Steinhart, Hansen, Fenston, and Warren, I'm told, hit the ceiling at this pro-

posal, saying that the men involved were either fit for employment and should have been retained, or unfit for employment and should be cut off entirely. They did not approve of using the taxpayers' money as rewards for resignations.

Some regents undoubtedly voted for this proposal out of compassion for those who otherwise were so suddenly deprived of work and income. It carried.

As of early September, when this is written, the latest development is a suit for writ of mandamus to compel the issuance of the contracts voted in July. If it succeeds some of us will be allowed to teach and to draw pay until next June.

Meanwhile, the number of contenders has been reduced to a token. As of April 21 there were said to be about 280 who had refused the special oath. Of these 69 went through committee hearings and were on the regents' docket in June. Signatures and resignations cut the number hoping for clearance in July to 40, in August to 32, and as of today to perhaps 25, some of whom will be moving to other jobs no matter what the outcome of the suit may be.

As one of those summarily dismissed, after half a lifetime of service to the university, I find it hard to be sent into exile, and all the harder because the action of the regents has been arbitrary and in bad faith.

Along with every other member of the faculty I was perfectly willing to take the constitutional oath of loyalty, which I have done. I was and am perfectly willing to give additional positive assurances of my loyalty to the United States, my preference for its basic institutions, my devotion to its historic ideals, and my willingness to serve it without stint in time of peace and without question in time of war.

I stand ready to answer any charges brought against me and to submit my whole record to inspection and all my actions to investigation. In going through the hearings procedure, this in effect is what I have done.

My concern, however, is not just personal. I am distraught at the damage that this action of the regents does to the university and to its students. Through the course of this controversy the university has suffered incalculable loss in disturbed teaching, interrupted research, emotional exhaustion of many persons involved, and indelible distrust within and between the faculty and the regents.

The tragedy is the greater since in many respects the University of California faculty-regent relationship had been a model of excellence. It is true that certain regents sometimes verged on a proprietary attitude in matters such as the architectural decoration of new buildings, or the question of who might speak on the campus. In the epoch of the New Deal, too, the regents had been adamant against acceptance of PWA money, with the consequence that students to the third and fourth academic generations are still crowded into classroom, laboratory, and dormitory space that is much less than adequate. Yet until the hysteria of the oath, our regents on the whole had an exemplary record. The university was able to attract good men to its ranks, not simply because of fair salaries, not simply because of a bonus in climate, but more significantly because it had the reputation of being effectively safeguarded from political interference by a devoted and disinterested board of regents.

The long-term record of the board offers hope in the present crisis. Within the board, too, there is a strong determination to restore the university to its proper condition. Within the faculty there is a corresponding will. These forces, backed by the unwillingness of the people of California to have less than a first-rate state university, are capable of rescuing the university from the jeopardy in which it now is.

Perhaps it will be by pumping the original meaning back into the April formula. More probably it should be by improving upon that formula. Ideally it should involve cancellation of the whole requirement of a political denial. Certainly it must include removing the stigma of the recent dismissals.

More broadly and basically there is the necessity of restoring the old climate of mutual confidence that used to prevail between regents and faculty. Even more fundamentally there is the need to redefine the university as a community of scholars dedicated and free to pursue the truth wheresoever it may lead. This is no small task. For myself, for the university, and for the nation I hope California has men who are equal to it.

Church and State in Israel

William Zukerman

Since its emergence, the State of Israel has sprung a number of surprises on an astonished world, but none more bewildering than a curious attempt made by a modern, democratic, and socialist government to force theocratic forms of life on its people. The bewilderment grows still greater when it is remembered that the pioneers of present-day Israel who left the East European ghettos fifty years ago to start the settlement which has now become a state, were mostly rebels against every form of reaction, social, political, economic, and religious, including their own Orthodoxy. What is more, throughout the greater portion of the half-century in which Zionism was struggling for recognition, the majority of the Orthodox Rabbis fought the "godless" Zionists with all their power. Yet no sooner did the movement attain its goal—the establishment of Israel—than Orthodoxy became the most important partner of the socialist government. Today both partners are building up the newest theocratic state of modern times. A mere enumeration of the facts tells an astonishing story:

(1) Israel has an established state religion. It has a Ministry of Religion whose ostensible official purpose is to deal with the needs of all religions in the country but which, in reality, is devoted primarily to the imposition on the Jews in Israel of the observance of Orthodox religious laws. These laws, religious in character, have been made compulsory and are enforced by the government. Orthodox Rabbis have become functionaries of the state who are paid by the state like policemen and soldiers and are endowed with power to enforce their orders. Orthodox Synagogues are built and kept up by the state. In short, Israel has begun its career with a flagrant violation of one of the most fundamental political principles of democracy—the separation of church and state—for which Western humanity has fought for centuries.

(2) Important as is this violation of a democratic principle, the moral offense is even more shocking. For the moral basis of all great modern religions of the Western world is freedom; complete freedom of the will and of the conscience without any compulsion from without. Religion by force, especially of the state, is a moral travesty and a contradiction of terms for modern man. This is truer still of Judaism. For it, of all the major religions, could not use force to impose its precepts because it had no political power for two thousand years and had to rely entirely on free and spontaneous acceptance by its followers or, at worst, on social pressure. This has doubtless been a source of great spiritual power in Judaism and one of the secrets of its perpetuation. Now Judaism has been robbed of its greatest spiritual treasure. Offered the power of the state to en-

William Zukerman, the editor of Jewish Newsletter, *was one of the first to recognize the grave threat of theocracy in Israel, which he outlines here. He has contributed to a number of leading national magazines and newspapers.*

force its religious precepts, Orthodoxy seized the opportunity it had not had for two thousand years. Orthodox Rabbis who, whatever their shortcomings, had always been servants of a willing people, if not of their God, have now become servants of the state. Spiritual guides have become policemen. A more paradoxical violation of the moral law first proclaimed by the Hebrew Prophets on that very same soil has seldom been seen.

(3) Israel is the only modern state which controls, as no totalitarian state has yet done, the diet of an entire people in accordance with an ancient religious cult. Every Jew in Israel, be he Orthodox or not, if he is to eat meat, must eat Kosher meat whether he wants it or not, whether he can afford it or not (for Kosher meat is always more expensive than other meat), and even if it is against his conscience. The Rabbis, endowed with the power of the state, control the importation of all meat and simply do not admit non-Kosher meat for Jewish consumption. There is no escape from that law for any Jew.

(4) The observance of the Sabbath is incredibly severe. "According to the Orthodox Jewish law, one may not strike a match or ride a bicycle, or turn on an electric light, or operate an automobile, answer a telephone call, or smoke a cigarette between sundown on Fridays and sundown on Saturdays," Paul Blanshard wrote in the *Nation* last May. No busses or public vehicles are permitted to run in Israel on Saturdays and all entertainment and businesses are, of course, suspended. It was only after much pleading and the invocation of the war emergency that the Rabbinate permitted the public utilities, gas and electricity and the railways, to function. But ships loaded with immigrants were not permitted to dock at Haifa after Friday sundown.

(5) A curious aspect of theocracy in Israel is that the state recognizes only one denomination of Judaism—the Orthodox—as the official religion. The other more modern, progressive, and liberal sects which have sprung up during the past century and a half (in what may be described as the Jewish Reformation) are not recognized as religions at all in Israel, although they are widely followed and constitute a great, progressive power in Jewry in every civilized country in the world. For a comparison, one would have to conjure up a situation in a modern Christian country where one church, for instance the Catholic, would ignore and attempt to suppress all Protestant and other Christian churches. The fact is that Israeli theocracy is not of a religion, but of a sect within a religion which has arbitrarily assumed that it alone is the religion of all Jews. And the government supports this assumption. No Liberal or Conservative Rabbi is permitted to officiate at a Jewish marriage ceremony, even if that Rabbi were so prominent a Zionist as Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, or the late Stephen S. Wise. There are only three small Reform congregations in Israel and these, too, must conduct their services in accordance with the Orthodox pattern (men and women must be segregated, prayer must be conducted only in Hebrew, men must wear their hats, music is prohibited, etc.). And this despite the fact that Orthodox Jews in Israel, according to reliable figures, constituted until recently, when the mass-immigration of Oriental Jews began, at the most 25 per cent of the population, the rest being either indifferent to all institutionalized religion, or opposed to Orthodoxy.

(6) More incredible still are the laws which give the Rabbinate in Israel the power to control the vital forms of everyday life such as marriage, divorce, inheritance, and all matters pertaining to the status of the family, women, and children. Marriages and divorces among Jews in Israel are entirely under the jurisdiction of the Orthodox Rabbinate. No civil marriage is recognized by the state, nor any other marriage ceremony for Jews except that performed by an Orthodox Rabbi. This, in Israel, goes much deeper than the performance of a single innocent religious ceremony in which one may or may not believe. It means the control by the Rabbinate of the entire matrimonial life and family relationship, and that affects every man, woman, and child every day of their lives.

For instance, Jewish children born of a marriage not performed by an Orthodox Rabbi in Israel are regarded as illegitimate and subjected to the rigors and discriminations with which pre-medievalism regarded illegitimacy. Treated as outcasts, they have no status under the religious law and are not even permitted to marry in the Jewish fold.

According to Orthodox law, a wife and daughters may not inherit any property of their husband or father unless there is a specific will left to that effect, while the husband and sons automatically inherit all property of the wife and mother. A woman's testimony is not accepted in a Jewish religious court. Woman is subjected to a number of other disabilities, discriminations, and humiliations. Jewish Orthodox religious law (Torah Law) treats the woman as an inferior being and openly says so. Fortunately, this has not been enforced in actual life even among Orthodox Jews in Western countries, where the Jewish woman has mostly enjoyed full equality with man and even a greater amount of respect and love within the family. But this was in Western countries where the woman lived under the civil law of the Romans and Anglo-Saxons. Now that she lives under Torah Law, her position in Israel has reverted, at least in the sphere of marriage, divorce, alimony, and inheritance controlled by the Rabbis, to pre-medievalism.

(7) Above all, Rabbinical control of marriage and the family in Israel introduces into the marital relationship a principle which, no matter how disguised in religious phraseology, is racial theory in practice. It is neither hidden nor disguised that the chief purpose of Rabbinical control of marriage is to maintain the "purity" of the Jewish group by preventing intermarriage between Jews and non-Jews, whether Arabs or Christians. This has been openly admitted by the leaders of the Religious Bloc in Israel (a combination of four political Orthodox religious parties) which is mostly responsible for the program of theocratization. Mr. S. Z. Shragai, one of the leaders of the Bloc and its chief propagandist abroad, officially stated that the aim of the religious control of marriages was to make it impossible for "one section of the Jewish people in course of time when Arab standards will have been raised, to intermarry with them, become in fact a new Palestinian people and cease altogether to exist as Jewish people" (*New Horizon,* May 1949, and *Commentary,* June 1950).

This theory has already led to some unbelievable acts. According to a report of the Religious News Service in this country earlier this year, the Israeli Department of Immigration does not admit couples of mixed marriages into Israel. This report was denied in an official statement of the Israeli Foreign Office. The "denial," however, confirmed the fact. It stated, in effect, that members of mixed marriages are not denied admission to Israel *per se,* but that since Israel is a country of immigration primarily for Jews, not for non-Jews, Jewish members of a mixed marriage are admitted to the state without any formalities, while the non-Jewish members are referred to the usual immigration channels and are subject to visas and quotas—which, in Israel, mean a wait of many years and a practical exclusion or separation of families. In some sections of the Orthodox press of Israel and in this country, articles have appeared actually demanding the deportation of non-Jewish wives now in Israel who entered illegally during the rush of immigration after the establishment of the state (New York *Jewish Morning Journal,* April 7, 1950).

How has this remarkable situation come about? This question, too, can be answered best by a mere statement of facts. On January 25, 1949, when the election to the first Israeli Parliament took place, Ben Gurion's right-wing Labor party, "Mapai," polled the largest number of votes, 35.8 per cent of the total, but not an absolute majority. The left-wing Labor party, "Mapam," polled 16.3 per cent; the Religious Bloc, a group of four small Orthodox parties which were hastily united for the election campaign, polled 12.3 per cent. Ben Gurion could not form a government by himself and had to enter into a partnership either with Mapam or with the Religious Bloc. He surprised liberal opinion in and outside Israel by choosing the latter. The reasons for his action were obvious: (1) Politically, Mapam advocated a policy of strict neutrality between East and West in the cold war and leaned toward Soviet Russia, while Ben Gurion's party was inclined toward a policy of greater *rapprochement* with the Western democracies, especially with the United States. (2) Economically, Mapam is predominantly socialistic, while Ben Gurion's party is now veering sharply in the direction of private enterprise. Whether Ben Gurion's choice was that of a high-minded statesman, or of a scheming politician, the future his-

torian will judge. All that a contemporary observer can say is that the curious alliance has resulted in an enormous increase of the power and prestige of the Rabbis. Theocracy in Israel, which started out as a temporary act of political expediency dictated by the urgency of the moment, has become entrenched as a permanent institution which will be very difficult to dislodge now. And something else has been accomplished. The Religious Bloc, as part of the political deal, has been given control over immigration, and it has used its influence and power to increase the number of its adherents by admitting a disproportionately large number of Orthodox Jews from Arab and Moslem countries, with the result that in less than two years, the Oriental Jewish population of Israel has increased from 42,000 to 197,000. This, according to the best observers of the scene (including Kenneth Bilby of the New York *Herald Tribune* in his new book, *The New Star in the Middle East*), means that Israel will have a majority of Oriental Jews within the next three to five years and may become in the near future another Oriental state, Arab in civilization, and Orthodox-Jewish in religion, not the outpost of Western civilization that it has set out to be.

This is Israeli theocracy in theory and in practice. These are its achievements during the first two and a half years of its existence. The heart-breaking tragedy of it is that all this was not accomplished by the strength of the clericalist parties alone, or by the will of the people of Israel, but by a government most of whose members are agnostics and were once the pioneers of one of the most advanced humanitarian social experiments of the age, and by a state which is described as the "bastion of democracy in the Middle East."

The Soil of Genius

IT MAY be thought that the development of invention from a sporadic manifestation of ingenuity to a large and universal technique has been solved by the great industrial laboratories, and by the employment of the mass attack. This is not so. Valuable as the great laboratory is, it is at its best in the process of development of ideas already open to inspection, and at its worst and least economical in the origin of new ideas. That it stood us in such good stead during the war is due to the fact that at that time we had a huge inventory of past science, not as yet employed for inventive purposes. Already this inventory is beginning to run low. . . . We need to cultivate fertility of thought as we have cultivated efficiency in administration. We need to find some mechanism by which an invention of interest to the public may effectively be dedicated to the public. We cannot afford to erode the brains of the country as we have eroded its soil. We must not be serfs, written down as property in the books of our entrepreneurs. We need a system in which variability and adaptability are at a premium and not at a discount. . . . We need not expect that the race will survive forever, any more than that we shall survive forever as individuals, but we may then hope that both as individuals and as a race we may live long enough to bring into the open those potentialities which lie in us.

—Norbert Wiener, *The Human Use of Human Beings*
(Houghton Mifflin, 1950)

Under Weigh

Katherine Anne Porter

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson

Two inordinately dressed-up young Cuban women, frankly ladies of trade, had been playing cards together in the bar for an hour before the ship sailed. They sat with crossed legs in rolled-top fine stockings to show their powdered knees. Red-stained cigarettes sagged from their scarlet full mouths, smoke curled towards their narrowed eyes and heavily beaded lashes. The elder was a commanding beauty; the younger, smaller, thinner, apparently in frail health. She observed the other attentively and played her cards as if she hardly dared to win. The long-legged young Texan, whose name was William Denny, shambled in and sat at a corner of the bar facing them, ordered a mug of beer, and watched them with a wary but knowing eye. The ladies ignored him, and though they paused now and again to sip their pousse-cafés and glance haughtily about the comfortably crowded bar, they never once glanced at Denny, who felt it as a personal slight. He leaned forward and rapped upon the bar, as if calling the bar man, still staring at them, a mean cold little smile starting in his face. Chili queens. He knew their kind. He had not lived all his life in Brownsville, Texas, for nothing. He rapped again, noisily.

"You have your beer, sir," said the bar man. "Anything else, please?"

They glanced at him then, their contemptuous eyes fixed upon him as if he were a wall shutting out their daylight. His gaze quivered, his smile vanished; he dived into his mug of beer, drank, lighted a cigarette, leaned over and examined his own shoes intently, and fumbled for his handkerchief. At last he broke for the open air, like a man on urgent business. There seemed nowhere to go, though, and nothing much to do, unless he went back to his cabin to finish unpacking a few things and settle down.

Opening the door of his cabin, he noticed three names on the panel instead of two. Herr David Scott, read the little card, Herr Wilhelm Denny, and, surprise, Herr Karl Glocken. He looked in upon an already crowded scene. The tight-faced, medium-sized young man whom he had noticed running around Vera Cruz with that bitchy-looking girl in the blue pants was cleaning the wash hand basin with something that smelled like lysol. There were two strange suitcases, foreign stuff, and a battered Gladstone bag open in Denny's berth, the lower. At least he had been promised the lower, and he was going to have it. The young man raised his eyes briefly, said, "Hello," and went on washing the basin. Seated upon a footstool, Herr Glocken was fumbling among the contents of a clumsy canvas duffle bag. He was the most terribly deformed human being Denny had ever seen. Bending over as he was, his body was so close to the floor his long arms could stretch

"Under Weigh" is a second episode from Miss Porter's novel-in-progress, which Harper's *introduced last month. The events take place on shipboard between Vera Cruz and Bremerhaven in 1931. A third excerpt will appear in the December issue.*

further than his out-spread legs. He got up with an apologetic air, stood almost four feet tall, with his long sad face cradled in a hunch high as his head. "I'll be out of here in a minute," he said in fair English, with a pained smile. He then eased himself down upon the edge of the mattress among the luggage, closed his eyes, and seemed to faint. David Scott and Denny exchanged unwilling looks of understanding; they were obviously stuck with this fellow, and there was nothing to be done about it that either could see at the moment.

"We'd better call the steward," said David Scott.

Herr Glocken opened his eyes and shook his head, waving one long hand limply. "No, no," he said, in a dry, deprecating voice, "don't trouble yourselves. It is nothing. I am only resting a little."

"Well, so long," said Denny, backing away, "I'll be in later."

"Here, let me move these," said David, laying hold of the suitcases. There was no place for them under the berth. Denny's luggage was already there. The closet was too small to hold them. He put them on the divan bed for the present.

Herr Glocken said, "I have no right to this berth, I belong in the upper, but how am I to get there?"

David said, "You take the divan and I'll take the upper."

"I don't know how I'll sleep there, it's so narrow," said Herr Glocken, and David, measuring the curve of the monstrous back by the width of the couch, looked away from both, and said, "Better stay where you are, then. We'll change around."

THERE was silence while David looked for a place to put his toothbrushes. Herr Glocken seemed to have fallen asleep at once. He lay on his side, facing the light, knees drawn up almost to chin, near the edge of the bed to make room for the curved spine. His thin dry hair was rumpled like sun-burned corn silk, the great misshapen face was closed in deathly melancholy. The toes of his shoes turned up and there were patches on the soles.

David observed the clutter of small articles belonging to Denny that took up most of the small shelf above the wash basin. "Eats yeast," he said innerly, and disgust was added to his deep sense of wrong. He had been assured by the ticket clerk in Mexico there would be only two passengers to a cabin. "Smokes a pipe. And reads improving literature." He removed from the couch a serious looking cloth-bound book entitled, *Recreational Aspects of Sex as Mental Prophylaxis,* with a subhead, "A Guide to True Happiness in Life." "Jesus," said David.

The smell of lysol could not quite down the other fetid smells of stale human garments, the rancid smell of Herr Glocken's shoes, the old moldy smell of the cabin itself. David saw his face in the mirror; he looked greenish, he felt qualmy, the floor rolled slightly under him, and his gorge heaved spontaneously. He rushed for the door, almost falling over Herr Glocken's duffle bag, and made for the upper deck. Another outrage: he had been promised a cabin on A Deck, but he was actually on Deck C, with a porthole instead of a window.

The warm slow winds were clean and so



moist they blew like a soft steam against his face. The deeply slanted afternoon sun cast long shafts of light into the water, dark blue below, clear green fluted with white at the surface. David saw Jenny strolling toward him, the first time he had seen her since they separated to find their cabins. She had changed from the blue trousers to a white linen dress and white leather sandals, and she was walking with a strange young man, a man David had never seen before, as if he were an old friend. He noted with a pang that the man was good-looking in a detestable way, like a kind of sports clothing advertisement, with a bland, conceited German face. Where had Jenny picked him up, in this short time? He stopped at the rail and pretended not to see them, then turned casually, he hoped, as they drew near.

"Why, hello," said Jenny absent-mindedly, with a vague air of imperfect recognition. "How are you?" and they moved on without pausing. Her wide light hazel eyes had the look of blind diffused excitement he knew well. She was probably talking already about the most personal things, telling her thoughts or asking questions designed to lead the man to talk about himself. David watched her small, neat figure, the round head with the black knot of hair, the rather stiff, modest walk, which managed to conceal or misrepresent everything he thought he had learned about Jenny. She had rather the look of a prim little school teacher, who kept in mind constantly that she must carry herself smoothly and hold her shoulders straight. David looked at his watch, decided it was time for the first drink of the day, the hour toward which he lived of late, and went in the bar, feeling all at once surrounded and smothered by the sea, which he hated, and which now filled him with a quiet, deep horror. There was no place, no place at all to go. This whole wild escapade to Europe was Jenny's idea, he had never wanted to leave Mexico, but had let her lead him by the nose, as usual. Still, not altogether, he reflected, when the first slug of whiskey had begun to take hold. She had wanted to go first to France, he had been determined, if he went anywhere, to go to Spain. They had compromised on Germany, which neither of them cared to see. That is, they had drawn one from three straws, and the shortest had come out. Even so, the question was not settled. Jenny had come in one afternoon announcing gayly that in case they changed their minds, they could still get visas for France from the French consul in Vigo. The German ship's agent at Norddeutscher Lloyd's had assured her this was possible. Well, she might go to France if she liked. He was going to Spain. She should see whether she would have it all her own way.



"BITTE," said Mrs. Treadwell timidly, thinking she might as well begin brushing up on her German, to the round small woman with glossy braids who was having tea at a table by herself. Opposite her was the only empty chair. The bar was crowded, it looked cheerful enough, but the silence was rather disconcerting. Even those persons who were obviously related in some way sat mute as strangers.

An amiable but empty little smile spread itself over the plump fresh face with its soft features. A competent white hand was lifted, palm out, gently. "No, no," she said "don't trouble yourself. I speak English for years now. I taught English, even—do sit down, please—in the German school in Guadalajara. My husband taught there also. But mathematics."

"Tea, please," said Mrs. Treadwell to the steward. She had changed from dark blue linen to pale gray linen, with still shorter sleeves, and the disgraceful looking big blotch on her arm where the beggar woman in Vera Cruz had pinched her, was turning livid.

"I am Frau Otto Schmidt," said the round woman, stirring her tea and dropping more sugar in it. "I was from Nürnberg in my youth and I am returning there at last. It was to have been my great happiness, my husband's long-looked-for joy, but now it is only grief and disappointment." She spoke in a low voice without complaint, as if she wished any chance acquaintance to identify her at once with her grief as the only fact of any importance to be known about her. Her pale blue eyes asked frankly for pity.

Mrs. Treadwell thought with a painful twinge of surprise, "Even here. How inevitable. I shall spend this voyage listening to some one's sorrows, I shall sit down and have a good cry with somebody no doubt before this trip is over. This is a fine beginning."

"Where are you going?" asked Frau Schmidt, after a small pause in which the expected question leading up to the story of her disappointment had not been asked.

"To Paris," said Mrs. Treadwell. "Back to Paris."

"Ah, you were only visiting in Mexico?"

"Yes."

"You have friends there?"

"No."

Frau Schmidt's blue gaze transferred itself to Mrs. Treadwell's arm. "You have bruised yourself badly," she observed, with mild interest.

Mrs. Treadwell said, "The astonishing fact is, a beggar pinched me."

"Why?"

"Because I would not give her an alms," said Mrs. Treadwell, thinking for the first time how extraordinarily selfish and stupid that refusal might sound, just told flatly. "Naturally I don't expect any one to believe it." She selected a thin dry wafer.

"Why not?" asked Frau Schmidt, childishly.

"Well, anything can happen, I know that," said Mrs. Treadwell, "but I always find myself thinking, *not to me.*" Now why had she said that? She observed at the same moment, on the other side of the bar, that the American girl Jenny Brown was already seated with the only presentable looking man on the boat.



"Anything can happen to any of us at any time," said Frau Schmidt with easy certainty. "My husband—how long have we hoped to return to Nürnburg together? But now I go alone, and for good. My husband died six weeks and two days ago today, at eight minutes after seven this morning. . . ."

It would have to be death, thought Mrs. Treadwell, for this sort, it can never be less than death. Nothing else could touch her, I feel certain. Still, "That is a very terrible thing," she said, sincerely. Frau Schmidt's soft mouth drooped at the corners at the first breath of sympathy. She stirred her tea in silence, her lids turned pink, she was quite pacified and alone all at once. Mrs. Treadwell, leaving half her tea, quietly made her escape.

On her way to her cabin she spoke and smiled, in the same tone and with the same smile for each, to the ship's doctor, noting his fine old saber scar; to the taffy-haired young officer whose rank she did not know and would never trouble to learn; to an earnest, stiffly corseted stewardess; and to a browbeaten little cabin boy who stared back with offended eyes. She noted the name below hers on the door panel, Fräulein Lizzi Spöckenkieker and wondered rather lightly

which of the numerous unpromising females on board she might be.

Presently as she was arranging her things on the narrow shelf of her small closet, smoothing multicolored tissue paper over perishable looking wear, shaking pleated silks, and setting gold and silver and satin slippers in a row, she smiled again into the garments and said *"Grüss Gott"* without turning when she heard some one come in. It was the tall girl with the shrill voice. Mrs. Treadwell had a thin tremor of nerves all over, a slight cold shudder from head to foot. She smiled even more amiably, unseen, and became very absorbed in her occupation.

After a brief whirl about the room, with scattered cries and giggles, during which a cloud of musky cologne water settled upon the thick air, Fräulein Spöckenkieker took herself away, leaving the door open. Mrs. Treadwell closed it, to shut out the sound of voices in the cabin opening off hers at an angle, where the name plate read, "Baumgartner." The woman Baumgartner was scolding vigorously a complaining, weak-voiced little boy. Ah, family life, good wholesome German family life, thought Mrs. Treadwell, cheerfully. The very notion was so suffocating Mrs. Treadwell put her head out of the porthole and breathed deeply.

"MOTHER," said Hans again, as soon as he dared, sitting on the edge of the bed trying to keep out of her way, "Mother, may I take off my clothes?"

Frau Baumgartner closed both hands into hard fists and shook them above her head. "Have I not *told* you," she said, in fresh exasperation, "that you cannot take off your clothes until I give you something else to put on. And I have not time now. Don't ask me again."

The tortured child in his prison of stitched embroidered leather, a Mexican riding dress meant for the cold mountain country, writhed with the itching of heat rash and salt sweat. "You may keep on what you've got until I open your luggage," she told him stubbornly, going on with her unpacking of her husband's things. "I have everything to do as you see and I cannot do everything at once." She loosed her wrath upon him. "Be silent, or I'll punish you!" She raised a flat threatening hand.

He collapsed, sobbing, streaming, there were dark wet streaks in the wrinkles of his buckskin trousers. "I'm dying," he told her, in a weak voice, his freckles looking like tiny spots of iodine on his pale skin.

"Dying," said his mother contemptuously, "a big boy like you talking such nonsense. Wait till your father sees you like this." She rummaged, orderly even in her haste and discomfort, through the layers of folded garments, stopping to push her damp hair off her forehead. She was pale too, flabby and wet down the spine and in the armpits; she could feel the sweat running down her legs; her arms shone wetly through the thin dark stuff of her dress. "I suppose you think your mother is not tired and suffering too? Do you think you are the only one? Instead of crying and whining and making my troubles worse, get up from there and stop sniveling and help me with these things."

"Mayn't I just take off my jacket?" he persisted hopelessly, wiping his nose on the back of his hand, weeping again in spite of himself.

"So—take it off, then," she said. "I see you are a baby and I shall give you a bottle to nurse, a bottle with a rubber nipple, with milk and sugar, and you shall have nothing else for your supper," she went on, beginning to enjoy her cruelty, the pleasant feeling that she could hurt his pride even if he had triumphed in the matter of the jacket. He stripped it off instantly, the air from the porthole blew upon him, and goose flesh rose all over him deliciously. His face cleared, he gave a deep sigh of bliss.

"Wait till I tell your father how you worry me—and if I see you being a cry-baby again, you know what you will get."

He waited timidly in the corner at the head of the bed, yearning for kindness, hoping his beautiful good mother would come back. She vanished in this frowning scolding stranger, who blazed out at him when he least expected it, struck him on the hands, seemed to hate him.

His head drooped, his hands hung beside him, he gazed from under his scanty light brows, not afraid, but timid, waiting. She got up, pulled her skirts straight, saw him, and was filled with pity and remorse.

"Well, my little one, my Hans," she said tenderly, and kissing her forefinger she laid

it gently on his forehead. "Now, wash your face and hands, wash well, and put on your knit jumper and shorts and we will go and have some cold raspberry juice. But hurry. I will wait outside." As if she had never been cross, she gave him a most loving smile. In the confusion of his feelings, Hans could have wept again, but the cold water on his face washed away his tears.

FRAU Rittersdorf, on Deck A, took advantage of the absence of her cabin mate to establish her prior rights and privileges as to space and choice of bed. Her ticket specified the upper berth, but Frau Rittersdorf had taken a good look at little Frau Otto Schmidt, and saw at once that the situation would be easy to control. She sent for vases, and set out carefully the two enormous bouquets she had sent herself, one of pale roses, one of gardenias, bought in Vera Cruz, wrapped in wet cotton, and carrying cards attached by silver gauze ribbons: *"To my dearest Nannerl, from her faithful Johann." "To the gnädige Frau Geheimrat Rittersdorf, with respectful greetings. Karl von Ettler."*

They looked well, it was not really a deception, as those interesting friends would have been happy to send her flowers on this as on many another occasion except for the lamentable circumstance that they were both dead. In the old days they had sent more than flowers. God remember them both. She crossed herself, though she was a Lutheran. It was a gesture she felt becoming to her.

She set out two silver-topped cut-crystal bottles of perfume, "Garden of Araby" and "Souvenir d'Amour," and fastened a quilted silk contrivance for containing her silver-backed brush, comb, mirror, nail file, and shoehorn on the right-hand side of the wash basin, the most convenient spot. She did her hair well, and dressed slowly. She had come on board early to avoid the nuisance of mingling with the crowd which she noticed seemed rather inferior in tone. Taking her mirror, she regarded her profile with approval. She had always been called a beauty and she deserved it. She was beautiful still, say what you like. Sitting a moment, she opened a large note book of red and gilt Florentine stamped leather which had a gold pencil attached and began to write:

"So in a way, let me confess, this adventure has not ended as I hoped, yet nothing is changed for the worse. Indeed I may yet see the all-guiding Will of my race in it. A German woman should not marry into a dark race, even if the candidate is of high Spanish blood, of the ruling caste, and of sufficient wealth. . . . There are those fatal centuries in Spain when all too insidiously Jewish and Moorish blood may have crept in —who knows? That I entertained the notion for a moment is no doubt a weakness of which I should be ashamed. Yet, surrounded as I was by foreign influences, soft persuasions of friends, good Germans whose counsels I respected, alone as I am in the world and somewhat reduced in means, perhaps I should not be too severely censured. . . . After all, I am woman, I need the firm but tender guidance of a husband, whose authority will sustain me, whose principles shall be my——"

Frau Rittersdorf paused. Inspiration had ceased, the next word would not come. She closed her eyes, and the long dark severe face of Don Pedro, with its air of remote distinction, hair graying slightly at the temples, around him the aura of Spanish wealth and Spanish pride, based soundly on a large Mexican brewery, rose to plague her. Why had it seemed so likely at one time that he would ask her hand in marriage? Her cousins in Mexico City, also brewers, had believed that he would; her dear friend Herr Stumpfen the Consul had been certain of it; she herself had once almost hoped. . . . She clenched her teeth slightly, closing the book. The dinner bugle sounded with a fine martial tone as if calling heroes to the battlefield. Frau Rittersdorf rose instantly, a girlish eager light in her eyes. She would of course be seated at the Captain's table.

"AH MY God, there goes the bugle, we shall be late," said Frau Professor Hutten to her husband, but she continued to hold a bath towel under Bébé's chin. Herr Professor Hutten with torn newspapers was wiping up a mess in the near corner, rather ineffectually. Bébé, his big white bull-dog face the very picture of humiliation, rolled his eyes and heaved again into the towel.

"My God, my God," said Frau Hutten in

despair, "seasick already, what shall we do?"

"He was seasick before, when we went to Yucatan, nearly all the way, if you remember," said the Professor, rolling up the soiled newspaper in clean newspaper, standing there in majestic benevolence as if he were getting ready to address his classes. "We need not look for any great change in his organic constitution as time goes on. As a puppy, you remember, he was easily upset, he could not keep his bottle down if he was in the least agitated, and so he is now, and so," concluded the Professor, "no doubt he will continue to the end."

His wife's distress was increased if anything by this prospect. "But how can I leave him in this condition?" she inquired. She was sitting on the floor, a solid mound of flesh, Bébé was sprawled beside her, and they were both equally helpless. "I cannot get up until you come back either," she reminded him, "my knee—"

"You are in no circumstances to forego your dinner," the Professor told her firmly. "I will take your place at his side, and you are to have your food, which otherwise you will miss greatly."

"But my dear, you will starve, think of that," said Frau Hutten, gazing up at him gratefully.

"A small matter," said her husband. "In fact, I shall not starve in the least. One does not starve for missing only a meal, dear Käthe. In fact it is possible to go without nourishment for forty days; we have scientific confirmation of the word of Holy Writ. More especially I dare say if one has flesh to spare, plenty of water, and perhaps a little stimulant of some kind at intervals. . . . However, none of this will be necessary. At the worst, you may have them send me a little something on a tray. Better, if we should fold a towel under Bébé's head, with plenty of newspapers underneath, he will do very well by himself for, let us say, an hour."

Frau Hutten nodded. She lifted Bébé's head and examined him. He seemed more at ease. "Don't think your little Papa and Mama are deserting you, my precious one," she told him, in deep maternal tones. "We are only going for a little while." The Professor hooked both his arms under her armpits, from the back, and hauled her up expertly, steadied her while she regained her balance, after which she could walk almost without a limp. He then carried out his own proposed measures for the care of Bébé, who appeared very little interested in them or in his surroundings.

"Ah," sighed Frau Hutten, "it is all very difficult."

"We will find ways and means," said the Professor reassuringly. Bébé was going to be a problem, though, if not a nuisance, as always, he could see. A hard thought, for which the Professor rebuked himself secretly. "Away with us before the soup is cold," he exclaimed, with the false gaiety of a guilty conscience.

The dining room was clean and well polished. There were flowers on the tables and an adequate display of fresh white napery. The waiters seemed refreshed and stimulated by the beginning of another voyage, and the famished faces of the new set of passengers wore a mollified, expectant air. The Captain was absent, but at his table Dr. Sacher greeted the guests and explained to them that it was the Captain's custom to dine on the bridge during the serious first hours of voyage. They all nodded in generous agreement and acknowledgement of the Captain's heavy task of getting them safely to sea, and all was sedate remark and easy understanding among the chosen ones: Herr Professor and Frau Hutten, Herr Rieber, Fraülein Lizzi Spöckenkieker, Frau Rittersdorf, Frau Otto Schmidt, and the presentable young man whom Mrs. Treadwell had noticed with Jenny Brown. His name was Wilhelm Freytag, he said several times over in the round of exchange of names when the company had sat down. Within three minutes Frau Rittersdorf had ascertained that he was "connected" with a German oil company in Mexico City, was married, a pity rather, and was even then in that moment on his way to Mannheim to bring back his young wife and her mother. Frau Rittersdorf also decided almost instantly that Herr Rieber bounced and chuckled rather vulgarly and was hardly up to the rest of the Captain's guests. Frau Schmidt and the Huttens were at once amiably disposed toward each other when it came out they were all teachers in German schools, the Huttens in Mexico City.

Herr Rieber, in top spirits, twinkling

roguishly at Lizzi, but decently subdued by the society in which he found himself, proposed by way of a good beginning that he might offer wine to the whole table. This was received with the best of good will by the others. The wine was brought, real Niersteiner Domtal of a good year, so hard to find in Mexico, so expensive when found, so missed by them all, so loved, the beautiful good sound white wine of Germany, fresh as flowers. They sniffed their chilled goblets, their eyes moistened and beamed upon each other. They touched brims lightly, clinking all about, spoke the kind round words of health and good fortune to each other, and drank.

Nothing, they felt, could have been more amiable, more correct, more charming, than that moment. They fell upon their splendid full-bodied German food with hot appetites. They were all going home, home at last, and in this ship they had in common for the first time the feeling that they had already set foot upon a mystic fatherland. Restored, fortified, they paused now and again to wipe their teeming mouths, nodding at each other in silence. Dr. Sacher ate with the moderation of an abstemious man who could hardly remember when he had been hungry. The guests gave him admiring glances as they ate and drank. The highest kind of German good breeding, they could see, with the dignity of his humane profession adding still more luster; and his fine scar, showing that he had gone to a great university, that he was brave and cool-headed. If he seemed a little absent, silent, that was his right, it belonged to the importance of his duties as ship's physician.



"Pig's knuckles, David Darling," said Jenny Brown, after a morsel, restoring his private particular name to David Scott for the first time in three days. His own mood was not so easy—he reflected that she probably would not become Jenny Angel to him again for several days more. "I'm boning up on German from the water taps and all the little signs about, but I find almost all the people speak English or French or both. Do you see that young man I was walking with? Over there, at the Captain's table. The one with the resolute-looking haircut. I didn't even know he was German until he told me. I wanted then to practice my German on him, but after the first sentence he couldn't bear it, plainly, and I must say, he speaks English-English, which I cannot claim. *Awfully* English—I thought perhaps he had lived in England, but no, he learned it in school in Berlin. . . . Well, my Swiss girl. Did I tell you I have that big Swiss girl in my cabin? She wears a white linen corset cover with tatting around the edges, and a jumbo corset with real whalebone in it. I'll bet you never saw one. . . . She speaks Spanish and French and English and the dialect of her native province in Switzerland which she calls Roman, or Romanche, besides German, and she's barely eighteen. But she will only speak English to me, though I certainly do as well at French as she does. I don't see an earthly chance to learn any language if this is the way it is going to be."

"If you live in foreign countries you try to pick up whatever language you need," said David. "We do the same. Look at me, even learning Russian."

"Yes, look at you," said Jenny admiringly, "even learning the grammar, from the book, a thing that would never occur to me. I can't learn grammar, that's flat, but I don't feel the need of it."

"If you could hear yourself sometimes," said David, "you'd feel the need. You say some really appalling things, in Spanish I mean."

"You look pretty as a picture in that blue shirt, darling," said Jenny. "I hope that doesn't appall you. . . . My God, I am starving. Wasn't Vera Cruz deadly this time? What came over that town? I had the tenderest

memories of the place, and now I hope I never see it again."

"It seemed as usual to me," said David.

"Ah, not to me," said Jenny. "I used to walk about there at night, after a rain, with everything washed clean, when the sweet-by-night and the jasmine were in full bloom and the colors of the plaster walls very pure. I would come on those little unexpected squares and corners and fountains, all of them composed just waiting to be painted, and none of them looking as they did in daylight. All the windows would be open and pale yellow light streaming out, with clouds of white mosquito netting over the big beds and half-dressed, half-asleep people moving about already in a dream, or sitting out on the little balconies just for the pleasure of breathing. It was beautiful and I loved it. The people were so friendly and good—everybody. And once there was a terrible glorious thunderstorm, and lightning hit the elevator shaft in my hotel about twenty feet from my room and almost knocked me out. I loved it. It was real danger and yet I was alive."

David protested this memory coldly, doubtfully. "You never told me that before," he said.

"I hope not," she said. "Wouldn't that be dull? But you never believe any memory that is pleasant, I wonder why? You must let me remember it in my own way, as beautiful at least once." After a light pause she added, "I am sure that if you had been there it would all have looked very different." She watched with clinical attention his smooth, tight-skinned face that gave absolutely no sign when he was hit.

"Who was with you, then, that it was all so delightful?"

"Nobody," she said softly. "I was there by myself and I saw it in my own way with no one to spoil it for me."

"And no boat to catch."

"No, I came off the boat from New York. Nine lovely days when I didn't know a soul on board, and spoke only to my waiter and my stewardess."

"They must have been flattered," said David Darling meanly. But it gave him no satisfaction.

Jenny straightened her knife and fork and took a sip of water. "I don't know," she told him gravely as if she were considering deeply an important question, "I really don't know whether I am going to be able to sit at this table with you the whole voyage or not. At least I am glad we have separate cabins."

"I am too," said David instantly, a cold fire in his eyes. They both fell silent then, with guarded faces, knowing by then there was no end to it, the quarrel between them was a terrible treadmill that they mounted together and tramped round and round until they were wearied out or in despair. And so senseless, always about nothing; they both knew it. He went on doggedly with his food, she took up her fork again. "I'll stop if you will," she said, at last. "How does it begin? Why? I never know."

David knew that her yielding was half fatigue, half boredom, but he was grateful for the reprieve. Besides, she had got in a good blow at him, and must feel easier. He did not forgive her, he would take her by surprise some day in turn, and watch her face turn pale; she always recognized revenge for what it was, yet admitted its barbarous justice. At least she didn't expect to be allowed to get away with murder, and he would make it his business to see that she did not. He smiled at her with real sweetness, reached out and laid his hand over hers warmly.

"Jenny Angel," he said, and instantly she felt her heart—she believed firmly that her heart could feel—melting just a little. She said, "You old thing, you—let's try to be happy. Let's not spoil our first voyage to Europe. I'll try, really David Darling, I promise—let's *try*—"

Mysteriously she seemed on the verge of tears. She took up her glass of wine and held it out to touch his. *"Salud,"* she said. *"Salud,"* said David. They were both ashamed of the evil natures they exposed in each other, and in their moments of truce both believed that the love between them was very pure and generous, it needed only to be . . . needed only to be what? Their bodies grew limp and calm, they breathed easily in the air of reconciliation. But David still knew that for himself, at least, *trying* to be happy was perhaps half their trouble. And the other half?

"To happiness, then," he said, touching her glass again.

McCarran
Lone Wolf of the Senate

Alfred Steinberg

PATRICK Anthony McCarran, a short, barrel-chested gentleman from Reno who holds the reins on about half the legislative business of Congress, is seldom seen in the company of others. Since his first day in the Senate in 1933, he has neither shared confidences with his colleagues nor joined them in conviviality. "I have been a lone wolf all my life," he is fond of saying, "and it has always paid."

This characteristic would have little importance if it were not for the fact that, though his connections with his party are almost non-existent, McCarran has risen, through his seniority, to the top level of the Senate. He is not a member of the Senate Democratic Policy Committee and his advice is never sought on party strategy. Yet he is today chairman of the powerful Senate Judiciary Committee to which more than 40 per cent of the Senate's bills are referred and which, in his own rapid listing, "controls immigration and naturalization matters, patent law, all private money claims against the government, federal court procedures, constitutional amendments, appointments of federal judges, marshals, and U. S. attorneys, and all laws which would apply to the public generally—like a national divorce law." He is also chairman of the Appropriations subcommittee "which controls the money for the Departments of State, Commerce, and Justice and the federal court system," and of the Senate "watch-dog" subcommittee on Foreign Aid to "observe, criticize, and report on the operations of ECA."

The combination of these committee chairmanships alone would present an infinite number of opportunities for McCarran to make himself felt in both domestic and foreign matters, even if he were an Administration workhorse. But since he functions as a party in opposition with all the authority of the party in power, he plays a towering political role. "The party Whip has never held any terror in his threat to me," he says with satisfaction. "I simply refuse to be told what to do."

Before the war he helped the isolationist America First Committee, but when its leaders asked him to join them openly he replied, "I can do more good by staying in the Democratic party and watching the lunatic fringe—the Roosevelt crowd." Recently his chief interest has been to check the Truman program whenever and wherever he can. Each request from the President for swift committee action receives long and careful study from Senator McCarran. The more urgent the request, the more elaborate the study.

During his ten years in Washington Alfred Steinberg has made a specialty of studying and writing about political figures, especially the more controversial ones. His articles have appeared in a number of magazines and newspapers.

The result is that McCarran has emerged as a greater threat to his party's program than the combined forces of the Dixiecrats and the Republicans, whose opinions he finds quite as distasteful to him as the Democrats'. With his fellow committee members inclined to give him his way, he is frank about his personal authority. His campaign literature baldly states: "The chairman of a committee or a subcommittee cannot always assure passage of a bill which has been referred to his group, but he can almost always kill the bill if he wishes to do so."

SENATOR McCarran is a slow-moving man of seventy-three, but his method of operation does not require a sprinter. Despite ulcers, high blood pressure, and excess weight, he is customarily behind his desk by eight in the morning and has done a mountain of work by noon, when he puts on his ten-gallon hat and strolls over to the Senate floor for the roll call. Most of his twelve-hour day is spent on the telephone, conferring with his numerous staff and committee assistants, who operate perhaps the finest intelligence service on Capitol Hill. In return he treats his forty employees to a great show of fatherliness and is not above blowing his nose sharply when they surprise him with a birthday gift. With their help he keeps informed of the plans and activities of his colleagues and often enjoys a private laugh at their efforts to camouflage their moves.

As a matter of fact, McCarran's intelligence system extends far beyond Capitol Hill. He has placed a long line of supporters in various government agencies, and in this way he keeps abreast of developments within the Administration. Where he can, he alters Truman employees to his own specifications and stakes out claims to certain functions of the Executive branch. And he is never too busy to attempt a show of authority over the agencies whose budgets he controls. Last year, for example, the State Department's appropriation was cut when Secretary Acheson refused to heed McCarran's order to change his policy toward Spain. More recently, McCarran telephoned Peyton Ford, second in authority in the Justice Department, about a young man in whose fortunes he was interested.

"Hello, Ford," he began in his hoarse telephone voice. "What about that young fellow I referred to you for a job?"

There was a long explanation from Ford.

"That's no excuse," McCarran cut in. "If you haven't got any money left to put him on, you certainly know where to come for a deficiency appropriation. Who controls your budget?"

Ford talked further.

"Two months from now will be too late," said the Senator. "Ford, put him on the first of the month. . . . That's better, Peyton. . . . Now let's make a deal. Say 'Cross my heart.' " There was a pause and McCarran chuckled. His administrative assistant clapped her hands and whooped with delight. "Did you hear the Senator make him say 'Cross my heart'?" she asked.

II

PATRICK McCarran is a man of the Old West, which, he says, "taught me to judge men by their conduct and not by their wealth. It also," he adds, "taught me to play my cards close to the chest, because no one else would look out for my hide."

The son of poor Irish immigrants, McCarran was born in Reno, Nevada, on August 8, 1876. His father was a small, mild man who had reached the United States as a stowaway at the age of fourteen; his mother was a large woman of inflexible will who worked her way as a cook across the country to the Nevada ranch where she met her husband. Shortly after the birth of their only child, Mrs. McCarran took her family to live in the Truckee River Canyon, about fourteen miles from Reno, where her husband became a sheep rancher. He eventually learned to read but never to write.

Young McCarran's childhood was one of stark loneliness. During most of it he had no playmates, and any form of amusement went against his mother's theological strictness. When he started school, at ten, he had to ride ten miles each way on a pony, and the school year lasted only until lambing season.

His first chance at independence came when his mother sent him to high school in Reno, boarding him there for "two sacks of potatoes and six bits" a week. During this period, his

high school teacher made an interesting discovery about him: he was unhappy unless she piled work on him. When she arranged for him to attend special telegraphy and shorthand schools after his regular school let out in the afternoon, he thrived.

Mrs. McCarran next enrolled her son in the University of Nevada. Here he took part in sports and met his future wife, Harriet "Birdie" Weeks, daughter of a pioneer Elko County rancher. However, even the handful of students on the campus made him uneasy and at every opportunity he went back to Truckee Canyon to tend the flock of sheep his father had given him. In his senior year, his father fell from a wagon and there was no one to do his work. McCarran went home at once, dropping his formal education for good.

The sheep flourished under his care, and his mother realized that unless she acted quickly he would remain in the stock business.

Her first step was to sell his best sheep without his knowledge; her second was to put him in a more gentlemanly occupation. Mrs. McCarran was well liked by the local politicians, and for his fine record as a ten-second man in the hundred-yard dash at college her son was put up for state assemblyman at the age of twenty-six. He won, running on both the Democratic and Silver tickets, and was sent to Carson City, the capital, to represent his constituents.

Almost immediately he began to develop his lone-wolf tactics. In those days all the union members in Nevada could have held a comfortable rally in a freight car, and there was little legislative interest in their cause. McCarran introduced a bill calling for an eight-hour day for miners and smelters; it passed; and the AFL and Railroad Brotherhoods became his lifelong supporters.

As early as 1904, he felt the itch of all local politicians to move on to Washington, but his way was blocked by the Pittman clan, the bosses of Nevada's Democratic machine. After his first setback he temporarily settled down to study Blackstone. He had heard that law was a good thing for politicians to fall back on.

At Tonopah, probably the model of the towns in today's Western films, he hung up his shingle. Life was extraordinarily cheap in that community, and McCarran acquired a certain fame, first for defending murderers and later, as deputy district attorney, for prosecuting them. In 1909, looking for safer surroundings for his family, which eventually grew to five children, he returned to Reno and began the long grind of building up a political machine. In 1912 he was elected to the Nevada Supreme Court on a non-partisan ticket, and he held the seat until 1918 when Woodrow Wilson's unpopularity in the state helped to defeat a number of Democrats.

McCarran relinquished his gavel only to discover the lucrative benefits of divorce. He made Americans happy in 1920 by helping Mary Pickford divorce Owen Moore so that she could marry Douglas Fairbanks, and it was in this case that he won an amazing assist from the Nevada courts: they upheld his contention that a person could establish residence in Nevada merely by proclaiming intention of living there.

In 1926 when Tasker L. Oddie, the Republican incumbent of one of Nevada's two senatorial seats, was up for re-election, McCarran challenged the Pittman machine and was soundly thrashed in the Democratic primary. Six years later, when Oddie's term expired again, he made another attempt. The Pittmans could find no strong candidate to oppose him that year, and he won the nomination without lifting a finger. Nevada gamblers, noted for their cold calculations, began to offer heavy odds on Oddie. It was obvious that McCarran did not have a chance. Then, late in October, the Crocker First National Bank of San Francisco called in its loans to twelve Nevada banks run by George Wingfield, a Republican National Committeeman and a close friend of Tasker Oddie's. Wingfield could not meet the demand and his banks were forced to close. A howl went up from the depositors—and from McCarran—that Tasker Oddie was somehow at fault. Even so, McCarran barely squeaked in by less than 2,000 votes, while Roosevelt carried the state by 16,000.

While other freshman Senators went fishing or rested in the winter of 1932, McCarran came to Washington. By the time Congress convened he had wheedled seats on the choice

Judiciary and Appropriations Committees from the Senate majority leader, "Uncle Joe" Robinson.

McCarran repaid Robinson three days after the session began by attacking one of the first Roosevelt bills that Robinson was rushing through the Senate—the Economy Act to cut salaries. The act passed, but within a year McCarran was able to whip up enough support to repeal it piecemeal. His opposition to other Roosevelt measures piled up in short order and the paradox of his position became clear: the longer the Administration held power, the more seniority the Senator would acquire. And with seniority comes popularity at home. In 1944, despite his record as an isolationist who had opposed selective service, aid to Finland and Britain, and Lend-Lease, McCarran rolled up his biggest majority.

III

In some ways, McCarran is a typical old-school Westerner. His concern for silver, for instance, is strictly in the Western tradition. "Silver is not a commodity," he declares with finality. "Silver is a monetary unit." As such he believes no set price is a warm enough blanket—a credo which has led him into cordial relations with Father Charles Coughlin, the Chinese Nationalist lobby for whom he proposes further loans of silver bullion to chase the Chinese Communists off the mainland, and Dictator Francisco Franco of Spain whom he champions more vociferously than does any other American. (In return for a loan of silver bullion to Spain he would like to borrow some Basque sheepherders for his Nevadan ranchers.)

He also has an old Westerner's distrust of foreigners (although this might be considered anomalous in view of his family background and although it does not hold, in McCarran's case, for Basque shepherds). Expressing his opposition to liberalizing the DP law, he once announced: "I believe I am right in safeguarding the government of the United States from a flood of undesirables from abroad." He is especially distrustful of the UN organization in New York City, which he regards as an open door for foreign spies and Communists. While he agrees that economic recovery in Europe is necessary, to accomplish this goal he advocates cutting ECA funds 50 per cent this year and then trimming 50 per cent of what remains each succeeding year. "In this way," he explains, "the final shock of cutting it off entirely won't be felt."

On the home front, he considers himself more advanced than his party: "I believe in more liberal social laws so that the toiler may have more out of his toil." As for specific Fair Deal measures, he is opposed to health insurance, federal aid to education, outright repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act, the Brannan agricultural plan, and the construction of government-owned power transmission lines.

Above all, he wants to be known as labor's friend, and he points proudly to testimonials on his wall from William Green and other labor leaders. But he adds, "I am highly thought of by the propertied interests," as indeed he is by the powerful West coast banking and utility groups. On this point he refers to himself as "the third Senator from California."

Sometimes his interpretation of himself as champion of the underdog clashes with his worship of the seniority system. When it does, seniority wins hands down. A year ago, Truman's appointment of Senator Howard McGrath as Attorney General left vacant the chairmanship of the Civil Rights subcommittee of McCarran's Judiciary Committee. McCarran immediately named Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi to fill the post. When he was questioned about this strange piece of casting, McCarran pointed to his committee chart. "Great Caesar's ghost," he exclaimed, "I know that Jim doesn't have a high regard for civil rights. But what alternative did I have? He was the ranking man on the subcommittee when the vacancy occurred, wasn't he?

While his running battle with the New and Fair Deals has occupied a major part of McCarran's abundant energies, he has nevertheless held top billing as a lawmaker. Even in the Eightieth Congress, the first Republican show since the palmy days of Hoover, he managed to come out second best among all his colleagues in the number of personally sponsored bills approved.

Of all his legislative triumphs during his

three terms, he is proudest of three efforts: he led the fight to kill Roosevelt's court-packing plan in 1937; he was responsible for the establishment of the Civil Aeronautics Authority; and he sponsored the Administrative Procedures Act of 1946, which standardized procedures in the cases where federal agencies, such as the Federal Trade Commission, act as courts as well as prosecutors.

Even if he had no committees to boss, the odds are that McCarran would be a power. Witness his almost unbelievable victory over both major parties in 1942 when Roosevelt asked Congress to pass a bill authorizing the Treasury Department to lease its horde of silver to war industries. The reason that the stored silver existed in the first place was the McCarran-promoted Silver Purchase Act of 1934. McCarran opposed Roosevelt's move and vowed to prevent its passage with a one-man filibuster—a promise that brought broad smiles to his colleagues' faces. However, when all of the other Senators left the floor while he was talking, as a show of their contempt, McCarran turned the tables on them by asking for unanimous consent to have the Senate Reading Clerk continue reading the documents he had brought for his filibuster. As the only Senator present, he readily gave himself permission and thus staged the only sitdown and silent filibuster in American history. When the Senators returned to their places, they were faced with the choice of listening to the clerk read endlessly while McCarran sat comfortably by, or making a deal with McCarran to drop the silver bill. They dropped the bill.

IV

SENATOR McCarran presents a formidable front. Both his head and torso are outsize, and he is crowned with a wavy mane of silver hair. His small blue eyes are shrewd and wary. Few people call him "Pat"; even his wife's closest friends address him as "Senator." He views all callers as potential favor-seekers, and Cabinet members and colleagues alike find themselves unconsciously adopting the attitude of a special pleader when they come to see him. Perhaps that is why he expects people to do his bidding as a matter of course. Last year he returned from Europe with a large supply of rosaries the Pope had blessed for him. By his own admission, the Pope first gaped at the pile of rosaries he had brought for the ceremony and then said, smiling, "I did not know there were so many Catholics in America."

No man is less of a compromiser than McCarran. "I never compromise with principle," he says, "but almost everything is principle to me." This bar to give-and-take constantly complicates legislative procedure. McCarran is especially difficult to deal with when he appears in the lineup of a Senate-House conference committee to iron out differences between two versions of a bill. Last year, in one such session, Representative John J. Rooney of Brooklyn lopped off a few items from the House appropriation for the State Department and then turned to McCarran, whose bill was several millions below the House version. "There," he said. "Now it's your turn to recede." McCarran looked him coldly in the eye. "I did not come here to compromise on a single thing," he replied. After three weeks of struggle, McCarran won most of his points.

He is as little a quitter as a compromiser. For years he hammered away at the Interior Department to hand over to some squatter friends of his land belonging to the Pyramid Lake Piute Indians of Nevada. Harold Ickes, then Secretary and not a man easily intimidated, refused. The affair dragged on until 1943 when the Supreme Court decided the squatters should leave the reservation. Since then McCarran has introduced a bill in each session of Congress to void the Court decision.

The same tactics were in evidence in his battle over the Displaced Persons Bill, which he successfully bottled up in his Judiciary Committee for a year before the combined efforts of both parties forced it into the open. And even after the Senate defeated him overwhelmingly on the measure by a vote of fifty-eight to fifteen, he did not give up. When it came time to name the Senate members to the conference committee, McCarran rose and blandly proposed that the conferees consist almost entirely of the small minority who were on his side. Only the alertness of a few Senators prevented this from happening.

There are two groups who might check McCarran—his constituents and his colleagues. Both are unlikely to try. As far as his constituents go, they have no complaints.

"Nothing is too good for the fine people of Nevada," McCarran proclaims emotionally, and he means what he says. Nevada paid $41 million in federal income taxes in 1948 and got in return more than $175 million in federal expenditures. Few question McCarran's part in making this possible. The state has only three politically potent interests—mining, cattle, and gambling—and none of them has ever found reason to doubt the Senator's support. By satisfying them McCarran has also given himself an open field for any other activity that strikes his fancy. Since about 97 per cent of Nevada is government land, the federal agency most directly concerned with the state is the Department of the Interior. One Secretary of the Interior described his relations with McCarran by explaining, "He used to hold committee hearings on Interior's work all over Nevada to impress his local constituents and at the same time browbeat the Department's local employees." Today McCarran carries the patronage for the entire state of Nevada in his pocket, and the Republican party considers it ridiculous to squander money against him in an election contest. Furthermore all his constituents realize that were he defeated, his replacement would land on the ground floor in Senatorial seniority and have about as much influence as a baked salmon.

McCarran's senatorial colleagues are usually too much concerned with their own pet programs to take him on. They also hesitate to cross him because he controls the confirmation of their patronage appointees as federal judges or as marshals or U. S. attorneys, and because he is a master at throwing crippling amendments into the bills of his opponents. Only when matters become completely intolerable, as they did on the DP issue, do they finally take a stand. And in the DP matter, only a handful were willing to challenge McCarran publicly until they had to. One earnest Southern Senator approached on this mission hedged by saying, "I'll vote in the showdown, but I can't come out now because then McCarran wouldn't let me run the crime-investigating subcommittee."

PRESIDENT Roosevelt made two attempts to get rid of McCarran. In 1938, when McCarran was up for re-election, Roosevelt traveled through Nevada pointedly ignoring the Senator's existence in the election contest. And in 1944 he offered McCarran a post on the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, which McCarran disdainfully rejected.

President Truman, fully aware of McCarran's moves against him, has chosen not to brawl openly with the Senator for fear of endangering still more of his program. Then, too, as a former member of the exclusive Senate club, the President knows well how that body reacts to outside pressure against one of its members, no matter what it personally thinks of that member.

McCarran, on his part, takes a dim view of the President's prerogatives. "No President is going to tell me what to do," he says firmly. "His job is to execute the laws Congress passes. It certainly is not his business to tell Congress what laws it must pass." He snorts. "Besides, you tell me what Truman's foreign policy is. I can't figure it out." If he is reminded that it was the 1948 election that carried him along the escalator of seniority to his present authority, he shakes his head. "The Fair Deal didn't win the 1948 election. The people just didn't like Dewey and his mustache."

One interesting thing about the Truman-McCarran stalemate is that both claim labor support. This is certainly true of the AFL and Railroad Brotherhoods, which stand four-square behind both. The CIO, however, left McCarran in 1944 when he condemned the government for seizing Montgomery-Ward during its fight against the unions.

Older labor leaders are especially fond of McCarran's rhetoric. He is in love with the law and he has a flair for the right nuances of legal jargon. On the Senate floor or at committee hearings, he is the picture of correctness. While he is making short shrift of his colleagues they are all "learned," "illustrious," and "able." The first time he rose in the Senate, in March 1933, he amazed his companions by attacking the Economy Act. But he softened the blow by attacking not its content, which he opposed, but the fact that it had been presented on the Senate floor without a prior examination by the Judiciary Committee. The young men he hires soon find themselves attending night law school. "It was all done so subtly," complained one, "that before I knew it I was

working all day and studying all night. And I don't even like law!"

The Senator might point out that he has as little time for relaxation as his staff. In his younger years he was an ardent outdoor man, but today his life is entirely sedentary. He cares little for social activities and attends at most one or two white- or black-tie affairs a year. He plays cards only under duress, although he is among the most articulate defenders of gambling in his own state. Since the mid-thirties when he contracted his ulcer, he has been on a baby-food diet and has given up smoking and most of his drinking.

But his lack of appetite and the pressure of his work day have not cut into his buoyancy. Once after a hectic day which exhausted his loyal staff of young people, he walked out fresher than when he had unlocked the door early in the morning. "I relax simply by changing from one problem to another," he admitted. "The more swamped I am, the better I feel."

In the closing months of the first session of the Eighty-first Congress, some of the younger Senators were discussing McCarran. One suggested that if he were stripped of his seniority, he would be insignificant. Besides, McCarran was getting old. Had Senator Russell Long of Louisiana been present, he would have disagreed. That same day he had seen the lone wolf in action. The basing-point bill covering pricing methods in the steel industry had been up for disposal, and he and Senator Richard Russell of Georgia had received McCarran's solemn promise that he would not make a move to send the bill to the conference committee before the two had had a chance to discuss it on the Senate floor. The next thing the two Senators knew, the bill was on its way to conference.

Long rose on the floor and wailed to his colleagues, "The Senator from Nevada made his motion at a time when I was not on the floor, and at a time when there was considerable commotion. At that time, when the presiding officer was attempting to obtain order, and when some other Senator was whispering into the ear of Senator Russell, the motion to send the bill to conference was made and agreed to. . . ."

Senator McCarran was unmoved. Whether he wins friends and influences people matters little to him. Secure in his hold over Nevada and in the power of his seniority, he need play ball on no team but his own.

Snow Tracks

BURKE BOYCE

These white-dark footshapes,
Linked and unlinked stitchings,
This mute, ascending climb up the ridge of winter
Would seem to find the sky,
Except we know the next ridge is as high.

There is a vanishing against the sun,
And, at the earth corner,
Closed gate and the slow deviation
Printed on solitude.

No form of the lone walker,
Or why he walked,
The thought that made him swerve just here, just so,
And pause to look—which way?—
Plodding toward the sky ridge out of sight.

After Hours

In 1931 the Ernest E. Gagnon Company of Los Angeles, California—which specializes in the parasitical forms of writing read only by other writers—published a book called *The Plot Genie,* by Wycliffe A. Hill. In all probability it is now a difficult volume to locate; my own copy came from a second-hand store that had no other, and I have never seen it advertised in the catalogues of similar shops that deal in belles-lettres. The cover of *The Plot Genie* is a livid purple, stamped with a geometric pattern of the *art* that was *nouveau* in the thirties, now rare except in surviving monuments (like New York's Chrysler building) and the short titles on movie screens announcing the main feature or the coming attraction of next Tuesday. The altogether Hollywood aspect of *The Plot Genie* (the author wrote it after receiving a stinging letter of rejection from Cecil B. DeMille) is also likely to put off many readers—that is, writers—who suppose that no contribution to literature can come from this quarter. The purpose of the book, however, is universal in scope and ambitious in extent. "In designing the Plot Robot-Genie," writes the author, "my sole aim was to provide the new and inexperienced writer with a means of injecting a plot into his story . . . ."

This Mr. Hill has done by simplifying the essentials of plot-making. "I believe," he says, "that there is a specific formula for everything that exists." Previously, according to Mr. Hill, it had been assumed by "past literary masters" that whatever occurs "in Life, or the Drama" could be classed under one of thirty-six basic dramatic situations. Mr. Hill reduces these to thirty-one, rejecting seven and adding two, and further subdivides them under six general headings. The thirty-one themes are somewhat comprehensive—rescue, misfortune, to slay a kinsman before recognition, fatal indiscretion, adultery, and the like. Mr. Hill realizes that "the ingredients necessary to a dramatic or story plot" must also include character and locale, and so to the six divisions into which all drama falls he adds three other categories for the place and the two essential people. We now have the structure of a plot, nine abstract requirements which the neophyte plot-builder must ordinarily satisfy by drawing on his own experience or imagination: (1) locale, (2) first character, (3) the beloved, (4) problem, (5) obstacle to love, (6) complication, (7) predicament, (8) crisis, and (9) climax.

One would think that at this point the writer's work had only begun, but on the contrary it is here that Mr. Hill and *The Plot Genie* take over. The major portion of the book is devoted to a listing of at least 180 possibilities under each of the nine headings; and with it comes a cardboard dial, calibrated to 180 degrees and labeled "the perfect story plotter," which may be spun nine times to produce entirely by chance a sequence of nine numbers. Mr. Hill is well aware that the nine plot elements thus selected are not of themselves a plot. He intends the writer to struggle with the problem of reconciling characters and situations chosen entirely at random. "The very fact that some strenuous mental exercise is required on your part to justify the relationship between the nine elements at hand," he writes, "is a guarantee that having accomplished this you will have a plot structure that is novel and refreshing." Sound pedagogy: learn by doing.

Mr. Hill has achieved extraordinary variety in his lists of 180 possibilities. He offers 180

each not only of "usual" but also "unusual" characters, both male and female, not to mention six independent sets of "problems." Here is a sampling, for instance, of Unusual Female Characters: mind reader, milk maid, pacifist, dietician, college dean, communist, chauffeuse, charlatan, notary public, antiques collector, psychoanalyst, linotype operator, metaphysician, and marathon dancer. With such opportunities it is mathematically impossible for the spinning dial to avoid the "novel and refreshing," as a brief glance at a representative plot will show. Mr. Hill's intention is that no possessor of the book should use it frivolously, but proceed to work out the plot in detail and eventually write the story, or script, based on it. (His own focus is on the film, but any other medium may be equally well served.) I am ashamed to say that the following plot has never progressed beyond the stage in which you now see it, but if prematurely revealed it will at least make the method clear.

After listing nine numbers, looking up the appropriate entry for each, and writing them down in order, this is what I found on my first trial run with *The Plot Genie:*

Locale: on the plains
First character: bank teller
Beloved: night club hostess
Problem: obliged to recover lost valuables opposed by duty to religion
Love obstacle: beloved distraught over threatened loss of name
Complication: deception threatens loss of fame
Predicament: duty to honor or principle stands in way of fortune
Crisis: disaster is threatened by boycott
Climax: hero forgives the enemy and lets him go unpunished

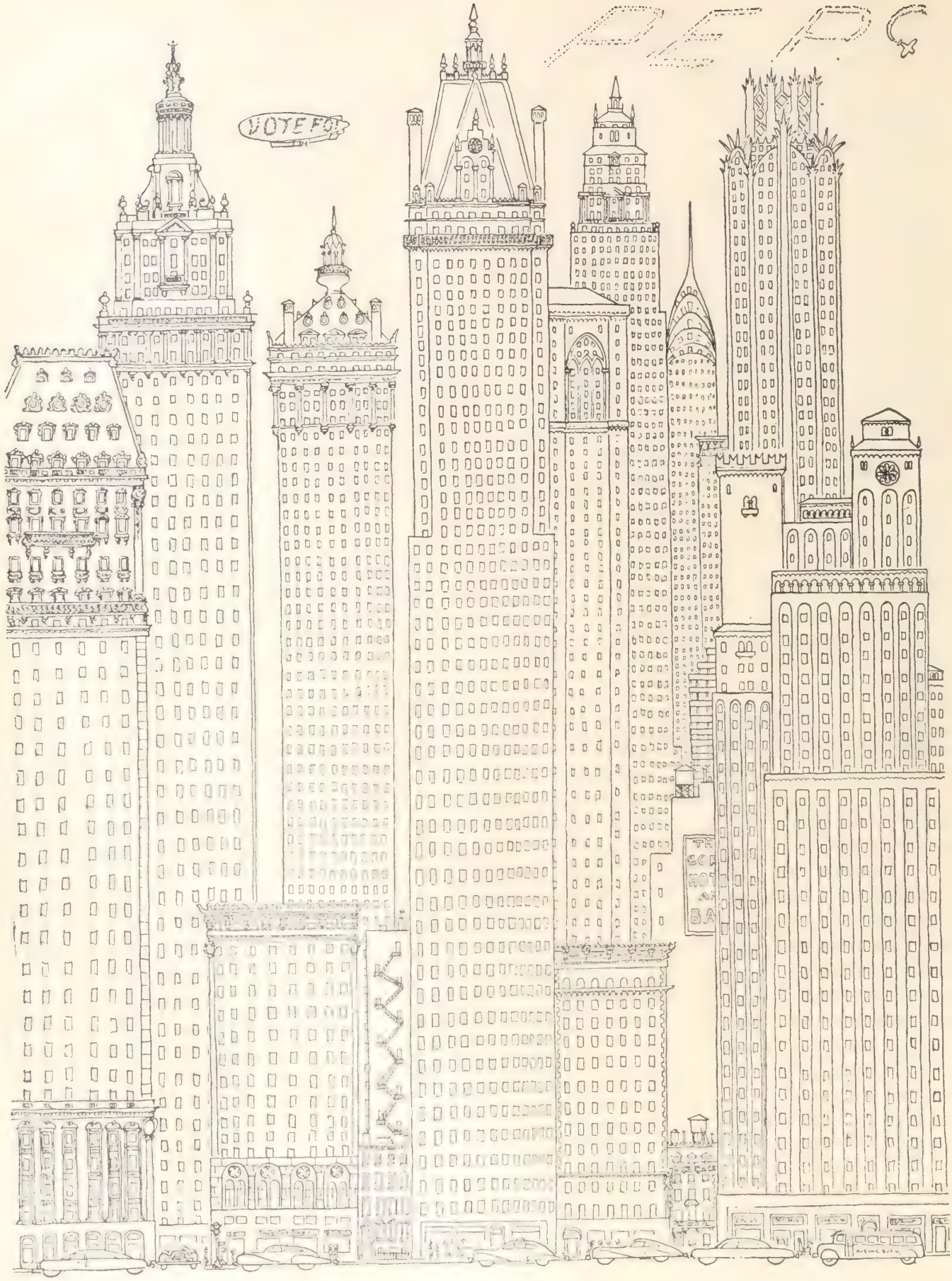
You can get some idea of the "strenuous metal exercise" Mr. Hill is talking about if you try to work these into a single story. The tonality immediately determines itself. Obviously this is a Western. The combination of bank teller and night club hostess is not quite conventional in the context, but by shifting night club to "dance hall" it can be made to do—let's say with Jimmie Stewart as the teller and the understanding clearly established that his father used to be sheriff before Brian Donlevy and the railroad lawyers ran him out of town. The "predicament" could not have been better chosen, since nothing but principle stands between a bank teller and untold riches in any event. The "complication" and "love obstacle" will also make sense, especially if we cast Marlene Dietrich as the "beloved." A number of the other plot elements, however, refuse to adapt themselves so easily. It is within the reach of imagination to have a boycott threaten disaster to Miss Dietrich's dance hall, or to have Mr. Donlevy forgiven at the end (notice that the plot contains no crimes requiring punishment under the Production Code), but on the matter of the "problem" I fell down completely. What is the religion that prevents Mr. Stewart from going after the lost valuables?

I trust that every teacher of English composition will sense the advantage of this simple device. Gone the eternal hesitation of students over what to write about, gone the dredging up of childhood memories, gone the difficult task of explaining the novelist's craft without a working model at hand. Here nothing is asked of the student in maturity and experience that he will acquire only later; here he needs only the ingenuity he now possesses and can afford to train. May I humbly suggest that *The Plot Genie* be adopted as a text in all classes in the writing of fiction? No less drastic means will save American narrative, now suffering from a dramatic predicament that might be added to Mr. Hill's list: loss of subject matter threatens loss of reason for existence.

American Landscape IV

Osbert Lancaster, whose drawings of England have appeared in this magazine, is among other things an editor of the *Architectural Review,* published in London. Last year he visited New York for the first time, and I saw him just a few days after he arrived. Like most first visitors he looked up as much as he looked straight ahead, and he seemed impressed by the tall buildings. I asked him what he thought of New York architecture. "It is not architecture at all," he said. "It is landscape." None of the buildings interested him much, but the composite effect seemed to fascinate him.

New York, it is true, is a romantic landscape (as opposed to a classical landscape)



". . . art begins above the snow line. . ."

filled with grottoes and dark corners, with Oriental nooks and towering cascades of glass. It is a landscape of illusion contrived of an architecture which is also an illusion; it is a city where, as Mr. Lancaster says, "art begins above the snow line"—alps with crowns of thorns and mosques and temples on them, as his drawing on the opposite page shows.

Perhaps we have missed a bet. Perhaps we have been looking at American architecture all wrong, building by building, when we should be looking at the landscape that lots of buildings make, at the illusions created by the structures of a great many people, each pursuing a dream of his own. The term "dream house" which we bandy about with such ease probably means the opposite of what we think it does. It does not mean a house that one dreams of living in but a house in which one lives as in a dream, where reality is made into as much of an illusion as possible. The critics who write about architecture aren't interested in the architecture of illusion, except to scoff at it.

I once saw in Hollywood (where the architecture of illusion is frankly what it is meant to be—stage setting) a building that had four façades, each in a different style of architure, and I have often wondered why this isn't the answer to the problem of the dream house. The same unreality day after day must get awfully boring. Playing at being an English squire behind a half-timbered façade may be all right for a while, but supposing the master of the house would also like to be a knight in armor? Or a Conquistador? Or a Moor? He could build a house with four façades—one Tudor, one medieval French, one Spanish mission, and one Moorish.

But compared with Onomatoöptic architecture, even this is tame, and onomatoöptic architecture exists (though, so far as I know, nobody has ever given it such a fancy name before) all over the place. The name is obviously an attempt to try to find a term for a building that is comparable to *onomatopoetic* as it applies to words. This kind of building is not so common on the East Coast as it is on the West, but it is a kind of architecture that is almost surely American in origin. I mean the buildings built to look like milk bottles because there is a milk bar in them, or coffee pots, or frozen custard boxes, or hot dogs—the architecture of the open road, the building that is at the same time an affront to landscape and part of it.

The architects have their own architecture of illusion, the architecture whose style exists only on paper—the Red Filter School of architecture. Photographers know that pictures taken with a red filter (a piece of red glass affixed to the lens) in bright sun come out with black skies and the whites of buildings very white indeed—almost a moonlight effect. I have often wondered what modern architecture would have done without the red filter. How beautiful the long white horizontals against the gleaming dark sky, how elegant the smooth converging lines of the perspectives. But in actuality the buildings never look like that, or almost never. The gleaming whites turn out to be stained and cracked plaster, the deep perspectives are nothing more than camera angles, the contrasts fade into characterless hazy walls against hazy skies. The Red Filter School of architecture is an illusion in an architect's eye, and yet the modern houses, bereft of their black skies and gleaming walls, have become part of the landscape, too.

All of these things—the landscape, the Onomatoöptic building, and the Red Filter School—are now being built into one building in New York. Was there ever such an architectural illusion as the green glass slab that is the UN building? A towering, shimmering, seemingly fragile and wholly fantastic structure that means nothing architecturally, except that it is remarkable that it exists at all and that for some people (including myself) it is beautiful. Whether it is architecture or not doesn't seem to matter. It is the Red Filter School actually taken off paper and built into steel and glass and marble against a sky which in any weather forms a dramatic background for it, and whose real perspectives are far more effective than camera angles. Its monolithic structure is an attempt to signify unity just as surely as the big wooden milk bottles signify milk or the roadside coffee pot means coffee. This is Onomatoöptic architecture with a vengeance. And what could be more fitting than that this tremendous piece of architectural illusion should be the World's dream house?

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

Serge to Faulkner to Aiken

Richard H. Rovere

Up to now, Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* has been the one unmistakable work of art in all the vast literature of life in the Soviet Union. It is a *tour de force* of chilling and spectacular insight. Remarkable as it is, however, and important as it has been for a generation that has reluctantly had to accept it as the tragic sequel to John Reed's *Ten Days that Shook the World,* it does not, in my view at least, compare in any important respect with the late Victor Serge's ***The Case of Comrade Tulayev*** (Doubleday, $3).

Like *Darkness at Noon,* Serge's novel deals with the Moscow trials. These remain, even after the thunderous events of the last decade, the most arresting aspect of the Revolution. Koestler transported us into the heart and mind of an Old Bolshevik, Rubashov, and by strength of imagination uncovered there the humanity which we knew must exist (because, after all, the trials had taken place, they were part of human history) but which were not apparent in the real, non-imaginary event. Knowing the creature of Koestler's imagination, we could begin to square the behavior of the real men—figures in recorded history, known displacers of air—who had sat in Vishinsky's courtroom with our knowledge and experience of human beings in general. Koestler made it possible for us to relate Rubashov's behavior to our own, which is what the artist always does when he creates a character. Serge does all that Koestler did and a great deal more besides. Where Koestler gave us one, Serge gives us a dozen Old Bolsheviks, as well as three or four New Bolsheviks, and finds in each his own particular humanity. Koestler gave us a clue to a mystery; Serge gives us the world in which it took place. Koestler gave us psychological insight; Serge gives love and compassion. *The Case of Comrade Tulayev* is a long, rich, populous novel, a social novel, in short, a Russian novel in a tradition that has lapsed for many decades now.

Most of Serge's leading characters are figures of some prominence in the Soviet bureaucracy or in international Communist politics. The book opens, though, in the miserable lodgings of two young men who are as undistinguished and as undistinguishable in the Moscow of 1937 as Dostoevski's Raskolnikov was in the St. Petersburg of almost a century ago. Like Raskolnikov, they are on the verge of murder, but their knowledge of this is largely subconscious; their victim's identity is unknown to them. They are good Communists at least to the extent that they hold the social order responsible for their wretchedness. But murder is in their hearts when one of them, Romachkin, acquires a Colt revolver in a black-market transaction. Providence beams on Romachkin and creates a circumstance of the sort that could not be repeated in a dozen lifetimes, an opportunity to do in Comrade Stalin, but Romachkin, who had expected nothing of such magnitude, lets it pass. He decides that he is unworthy of the weapon and gives it to his friend Kostia, who one day finds himself within shooting range of Comrade Tulayev, a high and loath-

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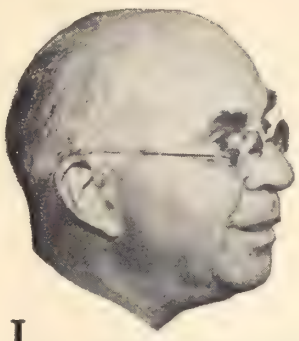
some official of the Party. Kostia shoots without hesitation and in the darkness makes an easy getaway. This is not the sort of murder for which the Soviet gumshoes are—or, in 1937, were—prepared. Kostia is never even suspected of the crime.

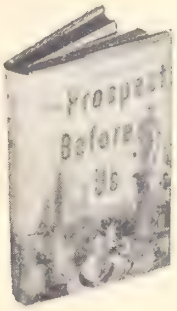
It seems probable that Serge is suggesting here a hypothesis for the assassination of Sergei Kirov, whose murder in 1936 is still a mystery in spite of the fact that many people died or were imprisoned for their alleged parts in the alleged plot. That is, he appears to be saying that Kirov may well have been murdered by a plain citizen of uncorrupted spirit who had no motive other than his abomination of Stalinist power. Be that as it may, the book is concerned not with the deed but with its aftermath. The truth about Tulayev's timely end is disposed of in the first chapter. The rest is the untruth, the round-up of suspects who were not really suspects but scapegoats. For months, only dolts and innocents in the Soviet government and its apparatus abroad live in any state but fear or on any substance but nerves. Serge takes several of those whose fear turns out to have been justified, whose nerves are to be shattered so that they can no longer be lived on, and wills them into existence. They are party bosses, police and security officials, intellectuals, military men, spies and agitators, and industrial managers. Serge gives them dimensions, affections, senses, passions, and shows them laughing when tickled, bleeding when pricked. That is to say, he fashions them into men who do not live by bread and politics alone. When he is through we know each not only as an individual personality but as an individual with his own peculiar association with Soviet power from the first point of contact to the point of involuntary severance.

It is in almost every sense an extraordinary achievement. Before I read *The Case of Comrade Tulayev,* I had some knowledge of Victor Serge's history and his gifts, but I nevertheless was wholly unprepared to entertain the notion, now firmly planted in my mind, that he might be one of the great writers of our age. This is no work of journalistic opportunism but a contemporary novel of the very highest order. The prose, in Willard Trask's painstaking translation from the French, has superb strength and flow. The internal structure of the book has classical balance and proportion; though it is a work of great intellectual complexity, its impact is clean and direct. Serge's knowledge of what is universal in character is such that he can involve even the most unwilling of us in the conduct of his most swinish characters, simultaneously provoking our contempt and our charity. I think that perhaps the greatest tribute to his accomplishment, particularly in view of his own deep involvement in Russia and its revolution, is his ability to explain to us those elements of misbegotten yet not altogether indecent hope that still survive, or appear to survive, in the Russian system and make its power for evil so much more formidable than it would otherwise be. In the actions of every man, Dr. Johnson once said, there must always be enough right to keep wrong in countenance. Wrong can be countenanced even when the element of right is an ounce of gold in a mountain of stone, but the importance of it in human affairs is out of all proportion to its actual weight. Malign, corrupt, insane though Soviet power may be, it still has in it a devilish element of truth and hope that for many people of high aspiration keeps all its wrong in countenance. "Bolsheviks," one of Serge's characters reflects, "men strangely stubborn, hard, limited, dangerous, yet some of whom had souls of unequaled richness. . . . If the worst were not also to be loved, what place would there be for Christian charity here below? If the worst were not sometimes very near the best, would they really be the worst?"

Isaac Deutscher, a man who, on his record, does not lightly bestow praise, has described *The Case of Comrade Tulayev* as "a masterpiece of world literature." I am prevented from expressing agreement principally by my feeling that no one in the non-Soviet world is in a position in 1950 A.D. to make this judgment on a book dealing with Soviet life. Since, however, I am not one of those who believe in the endurance test for literature, I do not think that the present stature of the book or its value to our generation would be any the less even if we had foreknowledge of its inability to survive beyond our time. To succor the human spirit with truth and high vision even for a moment is to do a very great deal, and that much Victor Serge's novel does.

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THE season brings several other books of varying interest about Russian history and character. Elizabeth Seeger's ***The Pageant of Russian History*** (Longmans, Green, $4.50) is a simple and simplified piece of work that covers the period up to the Revolution with considerable clarity and insight. It covers the revolutionary period up to 1945 skimpily, which is all right since her knowledge of it is third- or fourth-hand, and has a strong admixture of wartime piety. But the pre-revolutionary narrative is vigorous, intelligent, apparently well-informed. William A. Wood's ***Our Ally: The People of Russia*** (Scribner's, $3) belongs to a well-established though no longer rapidly expanding category—the reminiscences of American technicians employed in Soviet industry. An engineer and a specialist in nonferrous metals, Wood was connected with the Soviet munitions industry for most of the thirteen years between 1929 and 1942. He has told his story to a professional journalist, Myriam A. Sieve, who has made him into the salty, no-nonsense, no-politics character that is standard in these books but that may very well represent Mr. Wood in the flesh. At any rate, his book is entirely anecdotal and nonconjectural, and it gives a good deal of fresh information—Wood, for instance, claims certain knowledge of the fact that Stalin spreads the risk of assassination between himself and four men made up to look as much like him as possible—and a vivid picture of Soviet industry as sometimes inspired, sometimes infuriatingly (or, from our point of view, delightfully) inefficient organization of men. I would say offhand that Wood's expert opinion of the Soviet munitions trust in the early thirties was a good deal higher than that of contemporary analysts who did not enjoy his privilege of observing it at close range. On the other hand, his report on the effect the purges had on Soviet production in general is a good deal darker (or, from our point of view, brighter) than that of most other authorities. Of postwar Russia, he knows nothing from direct experience, but his prewar experience would suggest that a society which allows as little margin for human error as the Soviets do is unlikely in the long run to fare any better with industry than with its human values. Against this, of course, must be set the fact that Russia, because of its geographic size and its reserves of manpower, can fare very badly indeed and still maintain a great advantage over most of its potential antagonists.

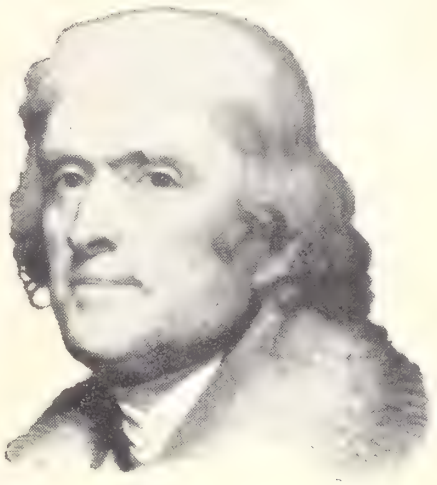
The Peoples of Great Russia (Chanticleer, $3) is the result of a curious but fruitful collaboration between Dr. John Rickman, a British physician, and Geoffrey Gorer, a British anthropologist. It is in fact two books, related chiefly by the circumstance that both deal with the Russian character, bound together, with separate comment on each by the author of the other. Dr. Rickman's contribution is a series of short sketches of Russian peasant life, which he came to know when he served with a Quaker relief mission in South Russia during the first world war. Gorer's part of the book is a unified essay on Great Russian psychology, with most of the evidence drawn from peasant child-care practices. Of Dr. Rickman's sketches it should be pointed out that they not only tell us a good deal, which is their excuse for existence, but that they are works of affecting beauty. Unpretentiously written, unpretentiously published in British medical journals, they are minor works of art—as precise in description as Dr. Rickman doubtless is in prescription and informed by a sturdy humanistic culture. Geoffrey Gorer's essay is also a pleasure to read, and it is made more pleasant than his earlier works, notably *The American People,* by its lack of the harshness and cockiness they displayed.

I FIND myself in the awkward position of disapproving of Gorer's central thesis and of the basic arrogance of the anthropologist on which the whole structure of his argument rests—despite his personal humility and his disclaimers of certitude—but at the same time much impressed and enlightened by many of his findings. The central thesis has to do with the swaddling of Russian infants in the first nine months of life. The Great Russian ideal for the first year of life is, or at least used to be, to have the baby "tightly swaddled in long strips of material, holding its legs straight and its arms down by

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the sides. . . . When swaddled, the baby is completely rigid. . . . The better the mother, the firmer the bandages. . . ." What this constricted introduction to the world, according to anthropologists, may produce in the way of a later outlook on life is easily imagined—and facilely set forth by Gorer: a frightful number of compensatory aggressions, a life of thrashing and flailing to enjoy the freedom denied in infancy; Vishinsky, Malik, *Pravda* editorials, douse-the-glims-in-West Berlin.

Well, maybe so, but how can we tell? Why do unswaddled Americans, Germans, and North Koreans behave the same way when seized by the unholy spirit of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism? And what about the fact that since the Revolution most Russians have had to abandon swaddling for lack of cloth? They haven't even had enough for ordinary diapers. Let us hope this turns the coming generation into micelike men.

But Gorer has much that is really valuable. He has found in Russian life from cradle to grave, in literature and religion and politics, evidence that many Russians esteem repentance and remorse so highly that they will stray from the path merely in order to find it again. "If you do not sin, you cannot repent," an old proverb runs. Innocence is less important than the guilt which provides the opportunity to repent. It is so delicious to repent that some may do it without having sinned at all: see *The Case of Comrade Tulayev.* The converse is scorn of the unrepentant. The Russian treatment of Tito, an excellent ally by the standards of less demanding nations, can probably be best explained by the Russian demand that he join in repentance, which he refused to do. The break between Tito and Stalin began because Stalin wished Tito to follow him the whole way and Tito was willing to take all but the last, basically unimportant step.

The People of Great Russia is richly suggestive when it gets away from the swaddling idea and seeks other explanations for Russia's "free-floating, unfocused hostility" in a world situation that is unique because the great powers would, for once in history, be willing to guarantee peace for only a modicum of sweet reasonableness. But this is a truth to which many Russians seem blind, perhaps because, as Gorer points out in one of his most illuminating passages, Russian truth has always been spelled with a capital T. That is, truth is not something one discovers sometimes by accident, sometimes by patient investigation, but a particular state of grace lived in by those brought up on Pentecostal faith, Pentecostal politics, and the Pentecostal mode of thought.

THE short story, an art form that has survived almost as many obituaries as the American theater, is a very sprightly shade this autumn. There have recently been new volumes in which are collected or selected the work of William Faulkner, William Carlos Williams, James T. Farrell, Conrad Aiken, Mary McCarthy, Irwin Shaw, Paul Bowles, Liam O'Flaherty, Louis Auchincloss, and Maurice Sandoz. Besides these, there are, of course, the perennial anthologies, ***Best American Short Stories: 1950*** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75), edited by Martha Foley, and ***Prize Stories of 1950*** (Doubleday, $3.50), edited by Herschel Brickell.

To get my bearings in the field, I started with the two anthologies and very shortly discovered that this is a poor way to start. I have often wondered why these volumes always seem to find critics in a grumpy, querulous frame of mind, and I now think I know the answer. For one thing, to tell a man that a book contains the "best" stories or the "prize" stories of the year is to put him on guard, to warn him to ready his defenses. "The best, you say? All right, I'm willing to be shown." But he really isn't, and he reads not as a man in search of literary experience but as one eager to pit his own judgment against that of the self-constituted authorities. The mood has an inevitably depreciating effect on what he reads. For another thing, reading the works of twenty or thirty authors in a single volume is like visiting a one-room museum, where paintings from many hands and from many periods are crowded together. As one moves along in these volumes, which are arranged alphabetically by authors, one finds that each succeeding story is likely to be less satisfying than the one

before it. Thus, the writers whose names begin with letters in the middle and later parts of the alphabet appear the least engaging. I found a number of people I have considerable admiration for—Edward Newhouse, J. D. Salinger, Saul Bellow, and Peter Taylor—far less impressive in these volumes than they are when encountered in the magazines they regularly publish in, and Wallace Stegner's O. Henry prize-winner, "The Blue-Winged Teal," seemed to have a much sharper cutting edge when it originally appeared in the April 1950 issue of *Harper's* than it does when labeled by a board of judges as the year's finest work of short fiction.

With the collected or selected stories, though, it is quite a different matter. Even with a writer like Irwin Shaw, whose work in ***Mixed Company*** (Random House, $3.75) is a good deal closer to the kind of thing one finds in the "prize" and "best" collections than the massive assaults on the emotions in Faulkner—***Collected Stories of William Faulkner*** (Random House, $4.75)—there is the fine single impact of a good novel. Shaw catches feeling on the wing; he takes a football player, a radio writer, a soldier, an academic mediocrity, and examines him in a piercing moment of tragedy. He doesn't draw the blood of his characters, as Faulkner almost invariably does and as Mary McCarthy sometimes does in ***Cast a Cold Eye*** (Harcourt Brace, $2.75), but he gives us a memorable series of moments in which we know we have seen the human psyche in very sharp outline. In a really good collection of short stories, the line between short and long fiction suddenly seems arbitrary and artificial. The various sections of Faulkner's collection have as little and as much unity as any of his novels. With some excision and rearrangement, Shaw's collected stories could be passed off as a panoramic novel—*Mixed Company* could stand as the title—of urban middle-class American life from the middle-thirties to the early fifties. It would be harder to sell Miss McCarthy's stories as a novel, but it can at least be said that they give the reader the feeling of being in on an investigation of domesticity and anti-domes-



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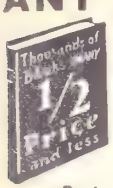
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NEW BOOKS

ticity made by a writer whose consistency is not in her viewpoint but in her ability to expose the fallacy in the very idea of viewpoint and perspective.

To find Faulkner, Irwin Shaw, and Miss McCarthy at their accustomed stands brings certain pleasure but no surprises. The one surprise I encountered in this investigation was *The Short Stories of Conrad Aiken* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $5), very few of which I had come upon before. After Faulkner, Aiken seems to me to be the most accomplished and the most powerful of the short story writers I have been reading. He deals in the tragic instance, too (is any form so wholly given over to tragedy as the short story?) and he combines a fervor and depth of spirit not very far short of Faulkner's with the gifts of controlled, precise writing that are Shaw's and Miss McCarthy's and that Aiken's admirers have, of course, found in his poetry and criticism. If Aiken has a theme, it is dissolution—the dissolution of the body, of the spirit, of love, of pride, and, finally, the dissolution of the mind in a world in which, as the narrator of "Gehenna" puts it,

> . . . proximity to madness is not a privilege of genius alone; it is the privilege and natural necessity of every consciousness from the highest to the lowest; Smith and Robinson are as precariously hung in the void as Shakespeare himself.

Aiken's world is one in which the ties that bind are forever coming loose, not because men will it so but because they cannot will it otherwise. Caught in cupidity, in cowardice, in uncharitableness, man is horrified by his own weaknesses and is only redeemed as a human being by the fact that he is horrified. This condition of the mind and spirit is what proves his membership in a higher order. In "The Last Visit," one of the most vivid stories of approaching death I have ever read, a young woman calls on a dying grandmother, displays tenderness, good taste, and compassion throughout the interview, and then is revealed to have made the visit only because it gave her a chance for an assignation with her lover. Shaken by this knowledge, she seeks the moral counsel of her lover, who merely says,

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Reprisal, by Arthur Gordon.
In the fictitious town of Hainesville, Georgia, four Negroes, two men and two women, are murdered. Two trials are held and the murderers acquitted each time. The young husband of one of the murdered women comes back to avenge his wife's death. But this is not the only "reprisal" in the book. Through the mottled criss-cross of right and wrong in such a situation Mr. Gordon weaves a most exciting and moving story in which the many credible characters suffer for the weakness or strength with which they allow themselves to participate in the affair. A native Georgian himself, the author knows so well the emotional conflicts involved in the racial problem that he never makes the mistake of simplifying them into a question of black and white, though there is never any doubt about where his sympathies lie. No resolution is achieved through all the violent action and reaction, and one feels that this is the author's deep intention. Yet reading the book to the end is a satisfying and purging experience, because every line rings true.
Simon & Schuster, $3

Women over forty come in for some unpleasant criticism in two recent and unfortunately able books. I say unfortunately able because one can't help feeling that real talent has been wasted on subjects of only peripheral importance.

The Widow, by Susan Yorke.
It is hard to look at this novel as anything more than a brilliant tour de force, an attempt to make a despicable woman into a credible character. A forty-year-old widow supposedly falls in love with a young man ten years her junior, yet their relationship seems to have nothing in it either of tenderness or even of sexual intensity. It is simply an urge for power and possession which drives the widow on till she is in control of all aspects of the young man's life, including the decision as to whom he shall marry. Needless to say, the situation boomerangs in the end, but by that time one is well past caring. Lively, and perhaps valid social commentary, but one longs for realer heroes and heroines, or even realer villains. Harcourt, Brace, $3

The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone, by Tennessee Williams.
In this first novel by the well known playwright there is another widow in her forties (wealthy this time) who becomes dependent on young Italian boys half her age to bolster her waning beauty and her need of attention. (She had been a successful though second-rate Broadway actress.) In this novel there is a lot more sex of various varieties than in *The Widow* but no more love or compassion, and the widow's search for self-knowledge seems unimportant as she seems so little worth knowing from an outsider's point of view. There is nice Roman atmosphere, there is very astute observation, and the story-telling is excellent. Plenty of art, but it isn't fun. New Directions, $2

The Backward Bride, by Aubrey Menen.
After two such dreary books it is a delight to pick up this one. A Sicilian peasant girl marries the educated and "sophisticated" nephew of Sicily's most famous bandit. The nephew at once tries to educate her, a simple but by no means naïve daughter of the Church, into his modern and rather non-sequitur world of psychology, existentialism, and birth control. The results can be imagined but the gay incidents and amusement along the way are Mr. Menen's happy and special surprises. A light touch for a light satire, beautifully carried out by the author of *The Prevalence of Witches.* Scribner's, $2.75

The Peacock, by Jon Godden.
Miss Godden always tells a wonderful story. Her first novel, *The House by the Sea,* was a breathless tale of

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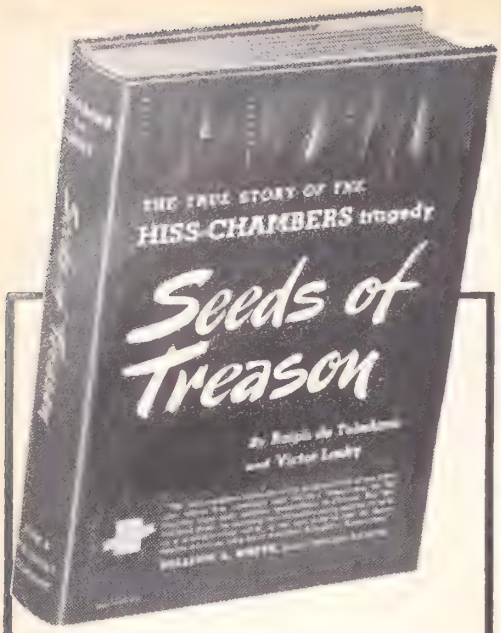
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suspense and violence. The background in this book is the exotic Indian jungle, full of tigers and elephants and the symbolic strutting peacocks, so that it is almost too easy to build up suspense and excitement. In those terms it is not so good a novel as the other. But it is wonderful reading, and the human situation and its denouement could have been just as true in a suburban backyard. Five people, four men and a woman, gather at a jungle camp to fish and hunt and try to recapture, after seven years, the magic they had known there before the war. Such efforts are doomed to failure wherever they take place and this one is no exception though the author's reasons for the failure, the mysterious charm and motivations of the woman in the case, elude this reader altogether. But the story and the jungle scenes are so exciting that one accepts the people, even if only as symbols, and rushes on to see what happens.

Rinehart, $2.75

Non-fiction

Kon-Tiki: Across the Pacific by Raft, by Thor Heyerdahl.

To one who is neither scientifically minded nor particularly fond of adventure stories, and who certainly is not interested in marine life or theories about ancient methods of travel, this book is a revelation. It is full of science, adventure, marine life, and theories of the migration of ancient tribes, but every word of it is fascinating. There is a magic in the *élan* and enthusiasm and humor of the six young Scandinavian scientists, artists, and adventurers who built themselves a primitive raft of balsa wood from the Ecuador forests and sailed 4,300 miles across the Pacific. The magic carries over into the writing so that the day-by-day accounts of the organizing of their project, the building of the raft, its launching, and its progress across the Pacific for 101 days have an intense excitement. The extraordinary experiences of the six men become the reader's own. Book of the Month, Sept. Rand McNally, $4

Belles on Their Toes, by Frank G. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey.

Another fine saga of the ebullient Gilbreth family whose earlier doings have already been chronicled in *Cheaper by the Dozen.* This book carries on the tale from the death of the father through the heroic but also hilarious times when Dr. Gilbreth (the mother) was trying to hold the family together alone through budgets, five romances, and children's ruckuses of all kinds. Book of the Month, October.

Crowell, $3

Generation on Trial: U.S.A. vs. Alger Hiss, by Alistair Cooke.

Mr. Cooke has brought together with felicitous touch the evidence, at least as much of it as appeared in court, in this most baffling of legal and political puzzles. As American correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian,* he enjoys an outlander's sense of the ridiculousness of many of the local customs in trial procedure and the journalistic treatment of accuser and accused, and he scrupulously maintains his own impartiality without evading the necessity—which everyone faces—to judge the men involved. He is especially effective in invoking the personalities in the courtroom—Lloyd Paul Stryker, Judge Goddard, Prosecutor Murphy, and a number of the minor witnesses—but he is by no means so successful with the two men whose conflicting word is the main point at issue. Alger Hiss is clearly (though I think mistakenly) characterized, but the most crucial and enigmatic figure of all moves through these pages only in gray and disembodied form. Mr. Cooke seems to avoid Whittaker Chambers, perhaps because the merest mention of Chambers raises questions which this book, though honest and informative, of necessity cannot answer. Knopf, $3.50

Two books on alcoholism come along this month to strike a sobering note before the rounds of fall festivities start.

The Other Side of the Bottle, by Dwight Anderson.

A book by an ex-alcoholic which gives besides his own history those of some of the famous alcoholics of history, and some moving stories of less famous drinkers. In other sections he describes the various new methods, groups, and places which treat

alcholism, and ways in which the individual (and his family) can help himself. He makes it a dramatic subject and writes about it simply and unaffectedly, but it is not unaffecting to the reader.

A. A. Wyn, $3

You Can Stop Drinking, by Harold Sherman.

This book is in the form of a more direct appeal to the alcholic to use methods—and the author has his own—to cure himself. It is a "how to" book: "How to Analyze Yourself," "How to Get Along With Others," "How to Solve Your Sex Problems," etc. Because it is a crusading book rather than a simple presentation-of-the-case book it will have less appeal to some readers than Mr. Anderson's book described above, but by the same token it will have more appeal to others. Each to his own cure.

Creative Age, $2.49

Book Forecast

Americana

Perhaps it is our recent preoccupation with our Centennial issue which makes us take special note of the number of new books on American subjects. Macmillan has already published the monumental ***Index of American Design*** and in November the same house will publish a distinguished book by Virgil Barker called ***American Painting*** and one by Brooks Palmer called ***The Book of American Clocks*** which will have in it illustrations from Wallace Nutting's *The Clock Book,* out of print now for several years, as well as 100 new pictures. In the same month Crown expects to publish ***Fine Points of Furniture: Early American*** by Albert Sack: Greenberg has on its list ***A Pictorial History of the American Theatre, 1900-1950,*** by Daniel Blum; and Ives Washburn announces that Robert Meyer, Jr., has written a book which "contains histories and vital statistics about more than 1,200 festivals which take place annually in the United States." It is called ***Festivals, U. S. A.*** and will be published November 17.

Famous Series

New volumes in already well known series will start appearing in November. The fourth volume of Winston Churchill's memoirs, ***The Hinge of Fate,*** is scheduled by Houghton Mifflin for publication on November 27. (It is the first Churchill volume to deal with the phase of the war in which America played a large part.) The third volume of ***FDR: His Personal Letters*** edited by his son, Elliott, will be published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce early in the month. And next year the final volume (fifth) of Van Wyck Brooks' literary history of the United States is scheduled for publication by Dutton. It deals with the years 1885-1915.

Novels for Next Year

Some old favorites are appearing on the publishers' lists for early in 1951. Houghton Mifflin is publishing ***Foxfire*** by Anya Seton and ***Three for the Road*** by Mary *(Suds in Your Eye)* Lasswell in January. Scribner's has scheduled for early spring publication a new novel by Taylor Caldwell; Rinehart announces for January a new one by Philip Wylie, as yet untitled. The Literary Guild has chosen for January Crown's ***Rivers Parting*** by Shirley Barker, author of *Peace, My Daughters;* and Charles Jackson, who wrote *The Lost Weekend,* is at work on another novel which Farrar, Straus will publish sometime next year.

Mid-Month Mysteries

Mystery fans should watch out for an anthology made up of crime stories by no less than thirty-six well known detective story writers, edited by Ellery Queen. It is called ***The Literature of Crime*** and will be published by Little, Brown on November 22. On November 15 Morrow will publish ***Dream Sinister,*** by Sturges Mason Schley.

Dictionaries

Two rather specialized dictionaries have been announced. One, ***Sea Slang of the 20th Century,*** by Wilfred Granville and Eric Partridge, will be published by the Philosophical Library in November, and the other, of special interest to those same students of Americana mentioned earlier in this column, ***A Dictionary of Americanisms,*** will be released by the University of Chicago Press early in 1951. It is edited by Mitford M. Mathews, who has been at work on it for the past five years.

International highlights

Pakistan

THE HEART OF ASIA

By Liaquat Ali Khan. The Prime Minister of a new nation writes with conviction and authority on the founding of his country, its national and international problems, and the strategic importance of Pakistan as a pivotal country in any future conflict in Asia. An appendix by Begum Liaquat Ali Kahn reveals the increasing importance of the work being done by the women of Pakistan. Preface by Walter Lippman.

Coming November 8th: $3.00

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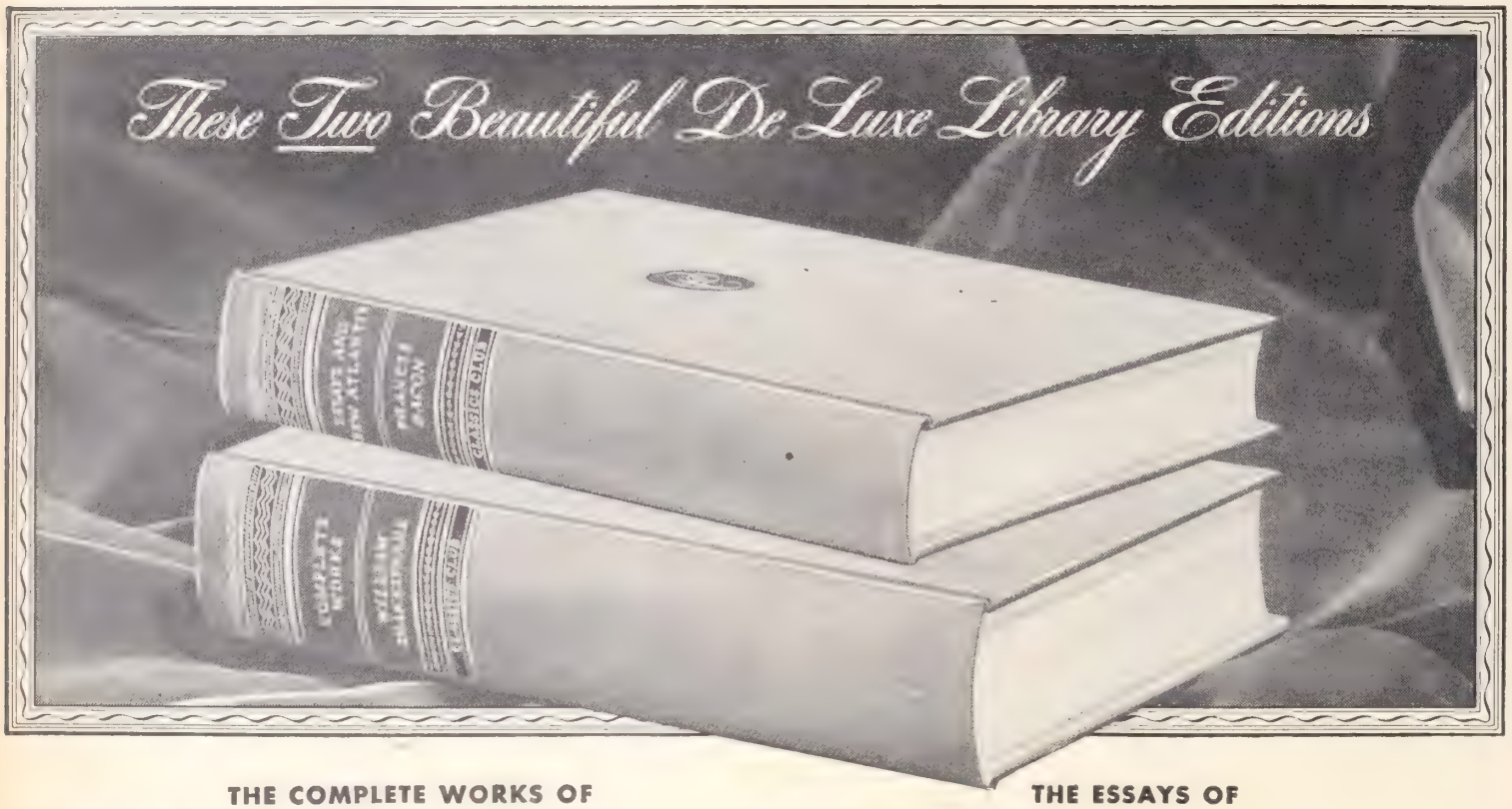
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Harper's MAGAZINE

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in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

One of the most disturbing lessons of the Korean war, for many of us, was the realization that somewhere our propaganda in the Far East had failed: that we had not persuaded part of a nation that what we were offering was preferable to the promises of the Communist party. Now Congress has voted fifty-nine million dollars to strengthen the Voice of America in foreign lands. However, as ***William H. Wells*** points out in the January issue, merely increasing and lengthening our radio programs will not provide the answer we are seeking. In "The Mumble in the Voice of America," he takes up the basic decisions we as a nation must make before we can speak with a clear and decisive tone to the other countries of the world. Here is a challenging and important discussion that goes far beyond the field of propaganda into the whole nature of our foreign policy.

Back in February 1948 we published a much commented-on story by ***Seymour Freedgood*** called "The Holy Man in Blue Sneakers." Next month we will present another less fictional but no less appealing account of the same character in "Grandma and the Hindu Monk," an article which we believe says as much about the nature of religion as any we have seen—and says it with charm and humor.

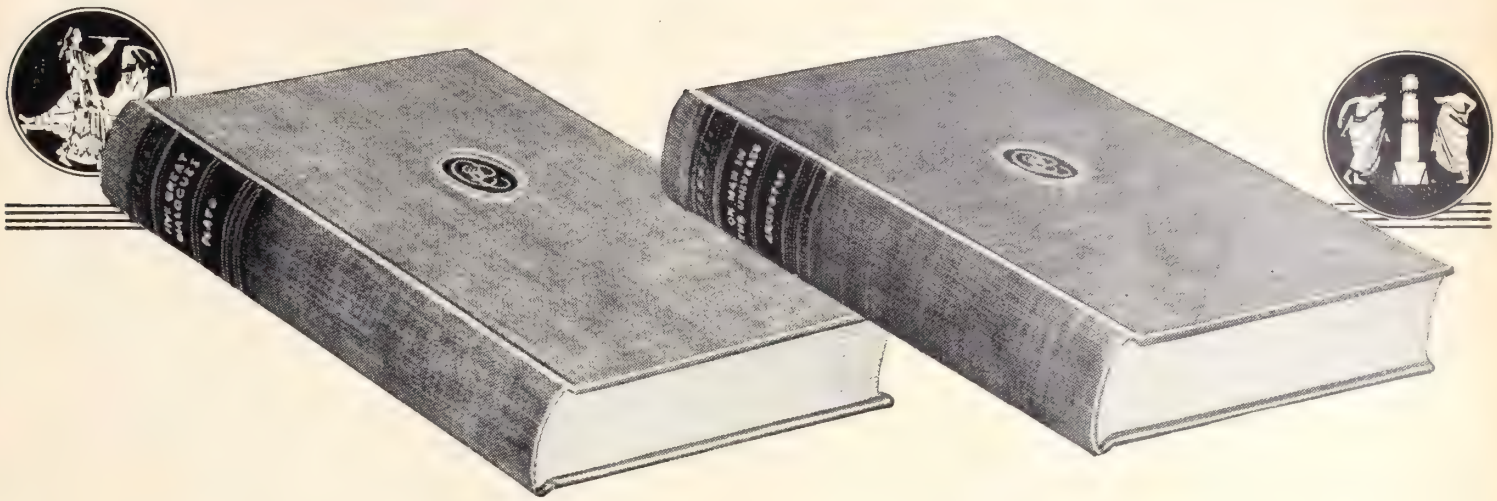
Robert L. Heilbroner paints a dark picture of our increasing industrial smoke problem, with suggestions as to what might be done about it; and ***Fred Hoyle*** in the second installment of "The Nature of the Universe" takes the reader on an exciting trip to outer space to study our own and other suns. Early in 1951 we'll also present short stories by ***Arthur Miller, Arthur Koestler, Wallace Stegner, Kay Boyle, Frank Rooney,*** and others.

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Personal & Otherwise

For more than fifty of its first hundred years *Harper's Magazine* stuck to the same basic cover design, and long after the flower-wreathed columns and the bubble-blowing, flower-scattering cupids were abandoned, they were fondly remembered by old subscribers. A few years ago, P & O encountered an elderly reader who had canceled his subscription when the cover was changed. He still read *Harper's* every month at the public library, but he refused to resubscribe until the cupids should be resurrected.

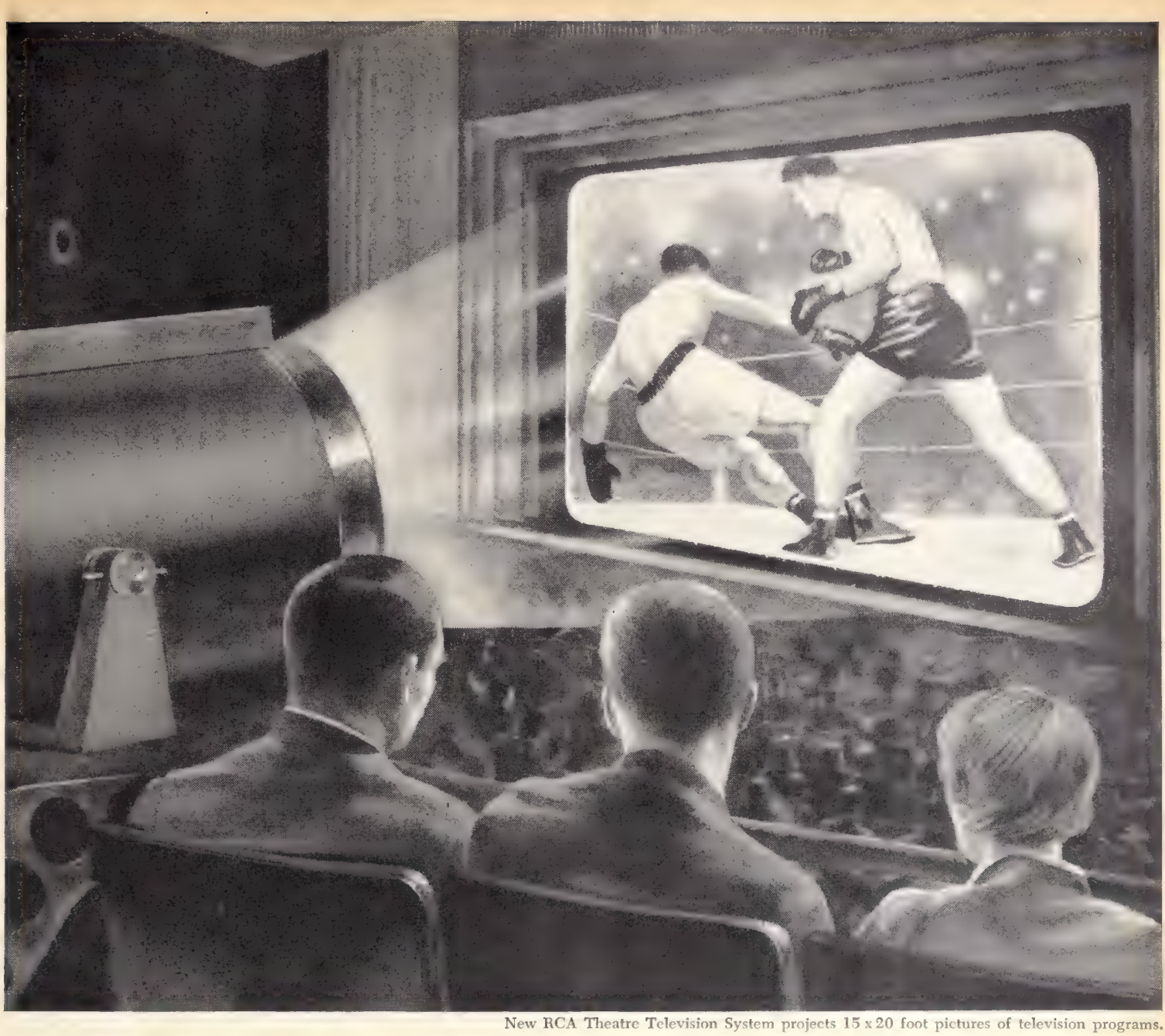
Presumably there are not many readers who feel so strongly as that about the old cover. Certainly it is not a masterpiece of design, even in the crawling-tendril Victorian tradition. But a lot of people thought of it, for many years, as the distinctive *Harper's* cover, and were attached to it on that account, if no other.

What was our amazement (and amusement), therefore, to receive a letter from Miss Amelia Harper, one of the descendants of the Harper brothers who established the magazine, enclosing the cover design of *Bentley's Miscellany* (1837) which we reproduce on page 8 along with the old *Harper's* cover (1850). Miss Harper found the *Bentley's* design among some of her father's papers, which probably came from his office in the old Harper & Brothers building on Franklin Square. Obviously the old *Harper's* cover was not quite so "distinctively" a *Harper's* design as we thought.

During its first year of publication, *Harper's,* like most of its contemporaries here and abroad, practiced the sort of transatlantic literary piracy which the publishers euphemistically described as "transferring" to its pages the best stories and articles appearing in foreign periodicals. There was no international copyright in those days, and it was only the unprecedented success of *Harper's* which later enabled the magazine to offer sizable sums to English writers for early proof-sheets of their works in order that *Harper's* could bring them out in this country before any other publisher could pirate them.

All this is well known, and forms a part of the story which the present editor told in his narrative summary of "One Hundred Years of *Harper's*" in our Centennial issue last October. But, so far as P & O has discovered, Miss Harper is the first to point out that the Magazine, whose first issue "transferred" Charles Dickens' "Lizzie Leigh" to its pages, along with several pieces from Dickens' magazine *Household Words* and several others from *Bentley's Miscellany,* of which Dickens had been the first editor (1837-1839), also "transferred" to its cover the cupids and flower-wreathed columns which George Cruikshank had designed for *Bentley's* when "Boz" Dickens began it.

The *Harper's* version of Cruikshank's thirteen-year-old design was executed by a versatile fellow named Benson J. Lossing, who not only wrote history, but also drew his own illustrations for his books and articles and engraved them on wood himself. If you look closely at the much-reduced reproduction of his design, you will observe that the only book whose title you can read in the pile under the right-hand column is the *Field Book*—in other words, Lossing's own *Pictorial Field Book of the American Revolution,* which began to be published in monthly



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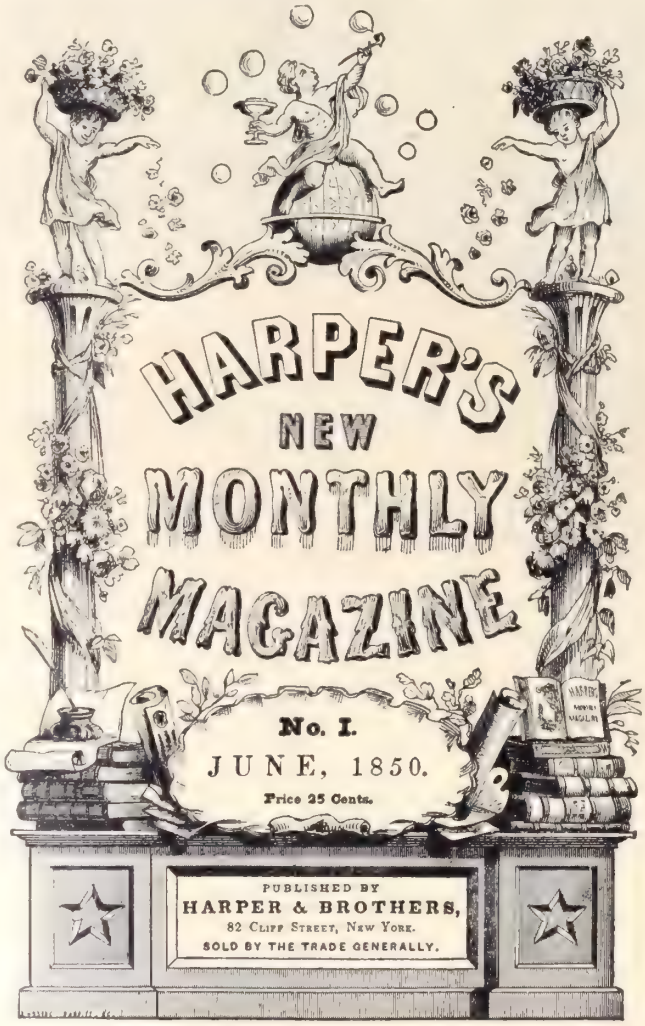
parts just about the time the Magazine was founded.

Several issues appeared before someone removed that slick little self-advertisement from Lossing's cover. But the cupids stayed with us so long that everyone forgot they were Cruikshank's and thought Lossing had given birth to them for *Harper's* own sweet sake.

Not According to Hoyle

There is no denying that Mr. ***Fred Hoyle,*** author of "The Nature of the Universe" (p. 23), is a fascinating and persuasive writer. It is easy to see why his BBC talks, and the book which grew out of them, were formidably successful in Great Britain, and we have no doubt that the series of five lucid articles which *Harper's* plans to publish—and the book which Harper & Brothers will bring out next April—will be enthusiastically read in America also. But before Mr. Hoyle lures you off into interstellar space to look back at our colorful sphere, perhaps we should ask him if his astronomy is really Zetetic.

Chances are, he doesn't know whether it is Zetetic or not. Chances are, he has never heard of the book called *Zetetic Astronomy,* subtitled: *Earth Not a Globe. An Experimental Inquiry into the True Figure of the Earth, Proving it a Plane, Without Orbital or Axial Motion, and the Only Known Material World,* which was published in Birmingham in 1849, but enlarged and revised in the third edition, London, 1881. Chances are, he never heard of the author, "Parallax" by pseudonym, who was really a Dr. Samuel Rowbotham, "author of 'Patriarchal Longevity,' and other works; and Founder of the Modern Zetetic Philosophy." Chances are, in fact, that nobody who knows anything about cosmology has bothered about the book in a long, long time. But P & O read it this summer, and became as Zetetic as all get-out.





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So he doesn't propose to let Mr. Hoyle get away with a thing.

To be Zetetic, mind you, is to throw theory to the dogs and rely intractably upon experiment and logical deduction. And if you become sufficiently Zetetic you will discover precisely what "Parallax" discovered with the aid of—among other things—a rowboat, a "young girl in short garments," and some observations made from the landing stairs of the Victoria Pier at Portsmouth in company with "several gentlemen who had attended his lectures at Gosport"; namely, that the earth is flat.

We can't begin to do justice to "Parallax's" book in this tail-end of a P & O item. Chapter by chapter he demonstrates that standing water is horizontal, that the earth does not rotate, that a plate can be "circumnavigated" as well as a globe, and that a ship's hull disappears first at sea not because the earth is round but because simple perspective works that way (as his "young girl in short garments" proves). But all we can do here is give you, as a sample, Experiment 5 in his series proving that standing water is not convex (as it would have to be if the earth were a globe).

Experiment 5 was undertaken in an attempt to settle the point once and for all. The author left London "for Downham Market Station" (he delights in these reassuring details) on Tuesday morning, April 5, 1870, and arrived at the Old Bedford Sluice Bridge on the Old Bedford Canal, about two miles from the station, at twelve o'clock.

> The atmosphere [he writes] was remarkably clear, and the sun was shining brightly on and against the western face of the bridge. On the right hand side of the arch a large notice-board was affixed (a table of tolls, &c., for navigating the canal). The lowest edge of this board was 6 feet 6 inches above the water. . . .
>
> A train of empty turf boats had just entered the canal from the River Ouse, and was about proceeding [there's a kind of Dickensian irrelevance to this] to Romsey, in Huntingdonshire. An arrangement was made with the "Captain" to place the shallowest boat the last in the train; on the lowest part of the stern of this boat a good telescope was fixed—the elevation being exactly 18 inches above the water. . . .
>
> At 1:15 P. M. the train of boats started for Welney. As the boats receded the notice-board was kept in view, and was plainly visible to the naked eye for several miles; but through the telescope it was distinctly seen throughout the whole distance of six miles. But on reaching Welney Bridge, a very shallow boat was procured, and so fixed that the telescope was brought to within 8 inches of the surface of the water; and still the bottom of the notice-board was clearly visible. The elevation of the telescope being 8 inches, the line of sight would touch the horizon, if convexity exists, at the distance of one statute mile; the square of the remaining five miles, multiplied by 8 inches, gives a curvature of 16 feet 8 inches [according to the earth-is-a-sphere fellows], so that the bottom of the notice-board—6 feet 6 inches above the water—should have been 10 feet 2 inches *below the horizon*. . . .

But of course it wasn't; it was in plain sight. And Mr. Hoyle and Mr. Einstein and Mr. Velikovsky, for that matter, may explain *that* away, if they can.

Tourists in America

It is hard to say which get the most pleasure out of it—the British who write about America or the Americans who read what they write. Certainly the game has been one of the most successful international sports for more than a century, and no one has played it better for the British team than ***D. W. Brogan,*** author of three books about the United States and of "Tourist in America" in this issue (p. 32). We sincerely hope that the fact that Mr. Brogan has recently been lecturing in Switzerland and Norway (plus the fact that his forthcoming book, *The Price of Revolution,* is about Russia) does not mean that he is abandoning our favorite subject for good.

As usual, most of what Mr. Brogan has to say about us in his present article is wise, witty, and relatively incontestible. Of course, like Britain's former champ in this sport, Lord Bryce, he has a low opinion of our mountains. (Bryce thought the Rockies and the Sierras were definitely inferior to the Alps.) Like Bryce also, he thinks one American city is much like all the others, though his way of saying it is rather more temperate than Bryce's assertion that "their monotony haunts one like a nightmare."

But Mr. Brogan likes San Francisco, which is certainly the fashionable thing to do these days. San Francisco has, indeed, become something of a fad. Any day now it is likely to emerge as the successor to mah-jongg and Hemingway in popular esteem. It is a mark of Mr. Brogan's sensitivity to the American mood that he shares the incipient enthusiasm.

In passing, and lest the San Franciscans get above themselves, it is well to remember that it was not ever thus. Back in 1883 an American traveler named Willard Glazier wrote a book about American cities in which San Francisco came off rather badly.

> The site of San Francisco [Glazier wrote] was fixed by chance. More desirable places might have been selected. . . . Owing to its location its climate is not in all respects desirable. . . . It is yet too new, and too hurriedly built, to have acquired the substantiality and grandeur of older cities.

But now, less than seventy years later, Mr. Brogan finds that the city has "a gratifying air of being *finished.*" To which the citizens of Los Angeles, missing the point, will undoubtedly say "Amen."

Accept No Substitutes

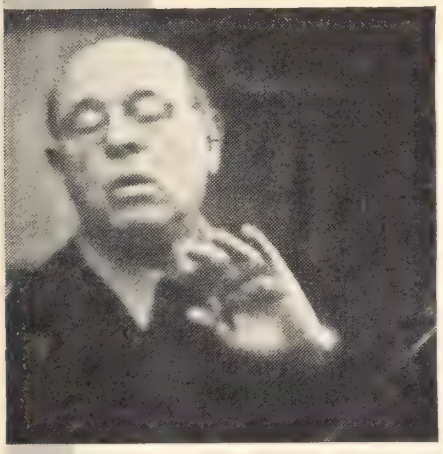
IT MAY sound heartless to say so, but one of the most tragic effects of a shooting war is to make international relations look simpler and easier than they really are. All of the complex economic, political, and psychological tensions which are the basis of our troubles can be—indeed, have to be—temporarily forgotten in our concern with the immediate life-and-death problems of strategy, tactics, and weapons. That is one reason why generals and admirals on active duty are so often unreliable in their political and diplomatic judgments. And that, too, is why we whose husbands, sons, brothers, and friends are fighting the Communists some-

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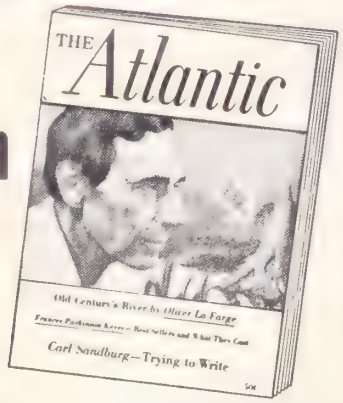
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ADDRESS_____

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times get impatient with those whose responsibility it is to see beyond the immediate objective of military victory to the even more difficult problems which must ultimately be solved if we are ever to have real peace again.

None of these problems is more important, in the long run, than the one which is raised in ***Fred M. Hechinger's*** article "American Goods Preferred" (p. 79). What Mr. Hechinger is here concerned with is the whole problem of American influence, spiritual as well as material, among the peoples of other nations.

Last May, in the course of some comments on the attempt by the Communists and the Catholic Popular Republicans in France to ban Coca-Cola, P&O tried to make the point that America cannot afford to create an image of itself in the minds of the rest of the world by propaganda broadcasts or movies-with-a-message, unless that image reinforces the more basic image which was long ago established by American things—the machines, gadgets, and clothing, the cheap watches, white bread, and cigarettes, and the movies in which these have become familiar to people in all corners of the earth.

The revolutionary democratizing impact of our material exports was first dramatically emphasized in an article called "World Revolution, American Plan" by Isabel Cary Lundberg, which *Harper's* published in December 1948. Mr. Hechinger's article not only reinforces the point Mrs. Lundberg made, but also makes clear that what we are, good and bad, is all of a piece. As such, what we are is believable, and widely believed. But if we try to make the world believe only the good, they will know we are lying. For as Mr. Hechinger concludes, Americans must recognize "that they have already been introduced to the world by the best and the worst products of their minds. It is up to them now . . . to admit with humility that the American conquest has been carried forward largely in spite of themselves."

Mr. Hechinger's piece is the outgrowth of observations and ideas collected in the course of his annual trips as a foreign correspondent, since 1947, in Britain, France, Germany, the Scandinavian countries, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the Middle East. On all these trips he was especially concerned with the problems of education (and re-education), and two of his previous *Harper's* articles ("The Battle for German Youth," February 1948, and "The Eagle Without the Swastika," January 1950) have dealt directly with those problems. He is now education editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Politics and Other Gambols

•••"Promiscuous Unbound" (p. 41) came from the green country of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where ***Max Steele*** has done most of his writing in the years since the war. There, at the University of North Carolina, he completed his A. B. degree in 1946, after interruption of his studies for three years as an enlisted man in the Army Air Forces. In the Army he had become a weather observer, by some quirk of fate and the military order, but apparently the meteorological drama failed to deflect him from his prewar bent for the literary life, which had caused him to start in on a course of playwriting when he entered the university.

With the assistance of a Saxton literary fellowship, he wrote *Debby*, a novel which won the Harper Prize Novel Contest and was published last March. *Harper's* was the first national magazine to publish a story by Max Steele ("Grandfather and the Chow Dog," August 1944).

Mr. Steele expects to study comparative literature and to work on a second novel and on a dramatization of *Debby* in Rome this winter. He was setting out on his Italian journey as we were going to press.

The little loves who decorate (if not illustrate) "Promiscuous Unbound" were drawn by ***Andy Warhol***, a New York artist who appeared in this magazine once before, just a year ago, with some pictures for John Cheever's "Vega."

•••"A Calculated Risk in Yugoslavia" (p. 47) is a quiet analysis of the chances in the game which the United States may play with Tito's Communist party and country. ***Henry C. Wolfe***, lecturer on international relations and author of

several books about Europe and Russia, has rung the bell in *Harper's* before this in taking shots at the moving targets of Eastern European politics. Some notable bull's-eyes were his forecasting of the Nazi-Soviet pact in "Europe's Secret Nightmare" in June 1939 and of the German attack on Russia in "Keep an Eye on Russia" in April 1941.

Mr. Wolfe's trips in and out of Yugoslavia in August and September of this year, which provided material for his present article, were made on one of the annual journeys which he has made since the war revisiting the countries which have been involved in the major conflicts of our times. Since 1940, when his book, *The Imperial Soviets,* came out, Mr. Wolfe had been unable to obtain a visa to enter Yugoslavia—until this year, when Tito became cordial to a critic of the USSR.

Since 1922, when he was an officer of the American Relief Administration in Samara Province, Mr. Wolfe has been frequently abroad on relief missions or simply as an observer. He was decorated by seven foreign governments before World War II—but not by any Communist regimes.

•••"Venezuela Booms" (p. 58) presents the lively details of what happens to a country when a genuine economic boom gets under way. The author ***Tharon Perkins,*** is Mrs. Milo Perkins; and her article can be read as a practical example of the principles outlined by Mr. Perkins in *Harper's* last December in an article called "What We *Can* Do Under Point Four." By moving boldly to make a Point Four program work, Mr. Perkins wrote, "We shall be working with the *citizens* of other countries to increase production and therefore the living standards of *people.*" In close working associations between producers of this nation and other nations, Mr. Perkins saw a tie that binds, and a lasting offensive against communism. At the time when that article appeared, the Perkinses were in South America on a study of "the ways in which private investment in the years ahead can contribute to people in friendly countries." "Venezuela Booms" tells something of what they saw.

Before her husband entered gov-



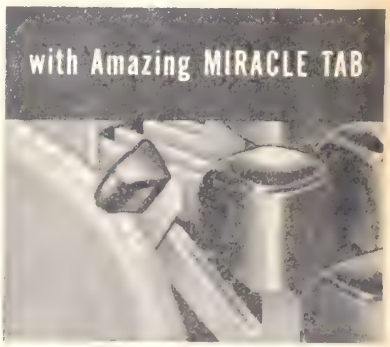
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ernment service in 1935—he became president of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation and later executive director of the Board of Economic Warfare—Mr. and Mrs. Perkins lived in Houston, Texas, where Mrs. Perkins was associated in business with her mother. Since 1944 she has worked with her husband in his management consultant business in Washington. During the years since the war, they have spent a good deal of time out of this country, and Mrs. Perkins' chief interest has centered on the impact of industrialization on the lives of the people. This is her first published article.

The pictures of Venezuela were drawn by ***Eric Godal,*** who appears for the first time in *Harper's* in this issue. Born in Berlin and educated at the Art Academy in the German capital, he worked for eleven pre-Hitler years as editorial cartoonist and illustrator for a big democratic newspaper and, in 1933, escaped without so much as a toothbrush to Czechoslovakia. Eventually, though Hitler refused him a passport, he got to the United States in 1935 and became a citizen. He has since then done magazine covers and cartoons, advertising, and worked for six years as editorial cartoonist for the New York newspaper *PM,* which folded in 1948. He visited Western Germany last summer on invitation from the Munich magazines under democratic management and he returned here with quantities of drawings and impressions. He is teaching a class at the New School for Social Research and illustrating for magazines.

And speaking of inflation (as Colin Clark speaks, in "The Danger Point in Taxes")—Mr. Godal told us a pertinent story of the inflation in Germany following the first World War. "I can say that I alone paid the amount of the U. S. national debt," he said, "two hundred billion marks—for three pounds of potatoes."

•••One of the most resounding clichés of Gobbledegook is that cheerful exhortation: "Foreign trade is a two-way street." Or something else is a two-way street: by picturing to ourselves this oddity of streets (that they run both ways), we Americans try to remind ourselves that we don't own both sides, both ends, and the middle of any thoroughfare in sight. This knowledge comes hard—perhaps it comes hard to all people—but our tough heads seem to be particularly resistant to any notion of humility. Fred M. Hechinger in this issue is trying to drive the point home in "American Goods Preferred," and if you have been softened up at all to the idea of the world as one, you must have been aware of this ubiquitous truism.

In ***Colin Clark's*** "The Danger Point in Taxes" (p. 67) we get a startling example of the fact that economic knowledge is also a two-way street. For Mr. Clark, who here smites exactly the most painful spot in our stepped up peace-and-war economy (How do we pay for it?) is, of all things, an Australian. And there is no better concrete example of the new concept of the family-of-nations than the fact that one of the top economic theoreticians of our times lives half-way round the world and "down under."

Mr. Clark is a civil servant, or to be specific, Under-Secretary of State for Labor and Industry, Director of the Bureau of Industry, and Financial Adviser to the Treasury in Queensland. He is an M. A. of Oxford and of Cambridge Universities; he worked as assistant to the late Professor Allyn Young of Harvard, collaborated on various social surveys in and about London, and has been lecturer at Cambridge and at the Universities of Melbourne, Sydney, and Western Australia. Among his numerous well-known books on economics are *The Conditions of Economic Progress* and *The Economics of 1960.* We are happy to pass along the information that his recreations are reported in the British *Who's Who* as pig-rearing, walking, and boating.

By the time you read Mr. Clark's analysis of how much we can afford to tax ourselves, the state and municipal elections will be over—with their lovely promises of higher wages for all, reduced subway fares, and lower taxes. You will be ready to sit down and cudgel your brains, if you must, to find Mr. Clark's answer. For this time, a theoretician comes up with facts and a very definite figure.

P & O

•••"The Exile" (p. 70) is the concluding installment of our series of three excerpts from the novel on which ***Katherine Anne Porter*** is at work. In "The Prisoner" she gave us a sketch focused mainly on the family of Herr and Frau Heinrich Lutz and their big obedient daughter, Elsa. Last month, she broadened the picture, with vignettes of a number of other characters aboard ship, in "Under Weigh." This month, the spotlight turns upon the Spanish Countess, seen principally through the eyes of Dr. Sacher. In these flashing scenes, a little world comes alive, and we hope that Miss Porter will soon let her readers in on the whole work, which she calls *No Safe Harbor.*

The earlier books by this Southern writer have brought critical comparisons with Hawthorne, James, Flaubert, and other great stylists. The names will remind many of you: *Flowering Judas; Noon Wine; Pale Horse, Pale Rider; The Leaning Tower.* Miss Porter is now writing in New York and will spend the spring term as guest lecturer in literature at the University of Chicago.

Bernarda Bryson made the drawings for Miss Porter's second and third stories. She has done a good deal of work for *Harper's,* but her major concern, we take it, is with being the mother of three children and the wife of Ben Shahn (see below for a word about *him*). As we recall, this is the first time that illustrations by both Shahns have appeared in one issue of *Harper's.*

•••There is no use saying anything about ***John Bartlow Martin's*** article on "The Strangest Place in Chicago" (p. 86) beyond what he himself says in the following extract from one of his letters. As for the author, he is well known to *Harper's* readers as the author of crime-in-context narratives like "The Ring and the Conscience" and "Butcher's Dozen" (both of which were included in his recently published book, *Butcher's Dozen*), and such masterful reporting jobs as "The Blast in Centralia No. 5."

The illustrator ***Ben Shahn,*** is a painter whose work may be seen at the Metropolitan in New York and in other galleries and whose murals live in a number of public buildings



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- Tampa, Fla. — Las Novedades

in New York and Washington. He has also done posters for the Office of War Information, the CIO, and other organizations.

Here is what Mr. Martin had to say about the background for the article:

> The first time I ever came upon the Mecca Building was in the late fall of 1948. I was doing legwork on the story that Harper's published (October 1949) as "Incident at Fernwood." A Negro psychiatric social worker took me into the building in the course of a tour of Negro slum housing. We visited a lot of slums then, some of them worse than the Mecca Building. In writing Fernwood I tried to include some material on Mecca but it wouldn't fit, so I discarded it. But it seemed as though I couldn't very well get the Mecca Building out of my mind. I never had seen anything like it. The day I first visited it I saw the little stooped old woman going up the stairs, and I talked to the man with the ball-peen hammer, and I stood for quite awhile, looking up at the skylight. As I say, none of this got into "Fernwood." But it stuck in my head, I guess, and more than a year later—it was early in 1950, while I was in New York on routine business—I started thinking about it hard, trying to figure out what I might be able to do about it so I could get it out of my head. I had wanted to do a story about it but I never could figure out a framework for the material. During this early 1950 trip, for several reasons, Ben Shahn was in my mind. (He had illustrated a couple of stories of mine, "Centralia" and "The Hickman Story," anyway, and I had met him a time or two.) I think he had a one-man show at the Downtown Gallery about this time I'm speaking of, and a picture he had painted as a result of the Centralia work had won a prize in Chicago; and for these and other reasons he was on my mind; and when it happened that I started to think about him and about the Mecca Building at the same time, it occurred to me that the way to write about the Mecca Building was simply to write about it as a building, together with its inhabitants.

•••"Memorandum to a Tired Bureaucrat" (p. 66) is ***James Rorty's*** fourth poem to appear in this magazine. Mr. Rorty has published a volume of verse, *Children of the Sun,* and has another ready. "Boundary" (p. 85) by ***Adrienne Cecile Rich,*** was sent to us by Professor Theodore Morrison, in whose Radcliffe class Miss Rich was a student.

The Soft Impeachment

In the town of Southborough, Massachusetts, there is a school for younger boys, the Fay School, which, since 1866, has been priding itself upon its emphasis on "scholarship, character, achievement, and self-government." Because these are lights of which P & O approves, we are chagrined to discover that our proofreaders on the school section of the Centennial issue had the superfluous wit to designate Mr. Harrison L. Reinke as Heatmaster of the Fay School. In a gentle note, Mr. Reinke denies "the soft impeachment," and, grateful for his forbearance, we hereby announce that he is truly Headmaster.

It will occur to some of our readers who, as parents or as pedagogues, must deal with "younger boys," that the function of Heatmaster—namely the disciplinarian—is one which we are all too prone these days to shirk, and many a boy suffers from the absence of a martinet, to obey or to disobey.

One of our own favorite schoolmasters of the past, Roger Ascham, who was tutor to the great Queen Elizabeth, held (as we do) that for younger children, "love is the best allurement to learning," but we note that he craved for himself, as schoolmaster, the role of allurement and assigned to parents the role of discipline. And in his book about education published in 1570, Ascham reported the following experience, which may sound like sense for 1950:

> This last summer I was in a gentleman's house, where a young child, somewhat past four year old, could in no wise frame his tongue to say a little short grace; and yet he could roundly rap out so many ugly oaths, and those of the newest fashion, as some good man of fourscore year old hath never heard named before. And that which was most detestable of all, his father and mother would laugh at it. I much doubt what comfort another day this child shall bring unto them.

P & O

Well, for the sins of omission of parents, the schoolmaster must these days pay in a waste of time and the child must pay in loss of learning. So, if Mr. Reinke is verily at times the Heatmaster (and he admits his colleagues tell him he is), we think he may well be all the better Headmaster.

New Books

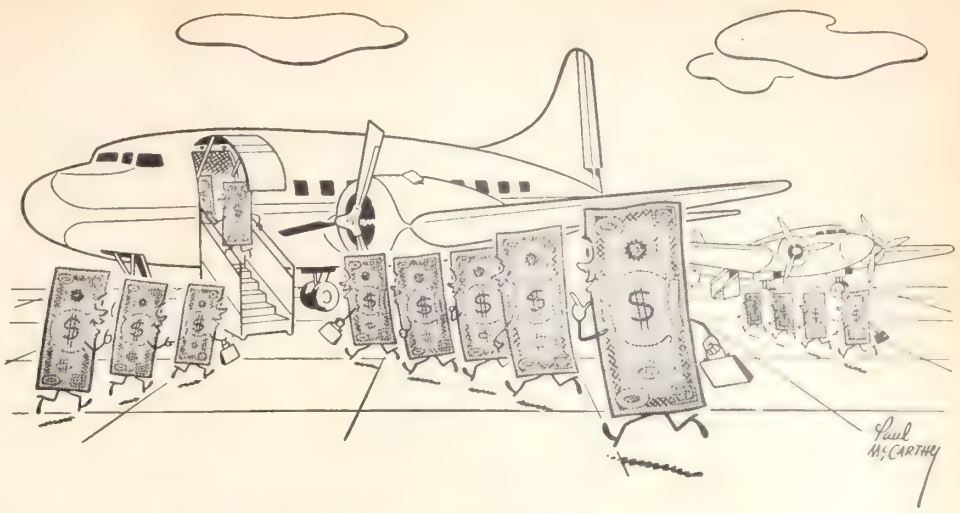
Early last summer ***Richard H. Rovere*** told us, to our dismay, that the weight of his various journalistic and other writing commitments had reached the point where he would have to give up his position as our chief book critic. We arranged with ***Charles Poore*** to step into Mr. Rovere's place, and he begins his assignment with the "New Books" (p. 102) this month.

Mr. Rovere will continue his close association with *Harper's* as a contributing editor and will, we hope, be frequently represented in other parts of the Magazine in the year to come.

Mr. Poore has been on the staff of the *New York Times* since his graduation from Yale in 1926. He became co-editor of "Books of the Times," the daily book column, in 1937, but interrupted his work there for wartime work in Washington and in the Army—Office of Facts and Figures, 1941-42; G-2 of the Western Task Force, 1942; with AFHQ in Africa, Sicily, Italy, 1942-44; with SHAEF, 1944-45; and with the State Department, 1945. He has the Croix de Guerre and an inactive commission as Major. In 1938, Scribner brought out Mr. Poore's biography of *Goya*.

Katherine Gauss Jackson continues her reviews of "Books in Brief" (p. 116), which she has been contributing since 1938. She has been a full-time editor on the staff of the Magazine since 1944.

This month the annual roundup, "Books for Children" (p. 112), is by ***Phyllis McGinley,*** who just a year ago presented in *Harper's* that controversial little paean, "Suburbia: Of Thee I Sing." Miss McGinley is the author of several volumes of light verse; she has two daughters and has been a teacher, a copy writer for an advertising agency, and a magazine editor.



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LETTERS

The First 100 Years—

To the Editors:

I have already written you one fan letter on the Centennial issue of *Harper's.* But now, having read all of it, and thought about it some more, I will simply say that I think it is the best single issue of any magazine that I have ever had the pleasure of seeing.

ROGER BUTTERFIELD
Hartwick, New York

To the Editors:

This is to offer my congratulations on the Centennial issue of *Harper's.* It's a very fine number and filled with extremely interesting articles—"One Hundred Years of *Harper's,*" "The Century," "America on the Move," etc.—all very enlightening and of a kind that makes one burn the midnight oil.

I was brought up on *Harper's* in my boyhood and have followed it every month down through the years and I well remember the thrill of cutting the wrapper and first viewing the table of contents. . . .

There is one query I wish to make—isn't the caption on DuMaurier's illustration for *Trilby* on page 83 a mistake, for according to my knowledge the figure of Whistler is the standing one in the right background, the figure with bushy hair and wearing a monocle? Your caption has him the seated figure in the background at the left. . . .

HARRISON CADY
Rockport, Mass.

In answer to Mr. Cady, the Editors present a letter from another well-informed reader, with apologies for their mistake:

To the Editors:

Congratulations on a fascinating Centennial issue. One correction from an old Whistler fan: Page 83, Jimmy Whistler is *standing* at the *right.* The guy seated at the left is undoubtedly Fautin-Latour.

HAROLD VAN DOREN
Ardmore, Pa.

To the Editors:

I've written exactly one other "letter to the editors." That one went to you in June of 1948 when you permitted Mr. Belfrage to state unchecked that Soviet foreign policy is superior to ours because it is, at least, consistent.

And here we are again. On page 260 of the Centennial issue you have permitted Thomas Mann (or his translators or editors) to say of the Russian Revolution, "If there were nothing else to inspire me with respect for it, there is still its unalterable opposition to fascism of Italian or German stripe—that callow aping of bolshevism, a pseudo-revolution without any reference to the idea of humanity and its future. No one will deny that the great Russian Revolution does have pertinence in this respect."

No one will deny either that Thomas Mann is a great man and an anti-Communist. I particularly agree with his horror that "'Once the world has acknowledged them,' legends become truth."

In a way though that's a fact. So is it not even more "pertinent" to recall the Hitler-Stalin pact? And recall who ended that pact? And scotch this terrible myth that Soviet foreign policy is consistent, while we (who have lined up the whole world on our side) are bunglers?

No, I'm not of the opinion that the red on your cover has smeared your contents. And I read all of Mann's article, which makes clear where he stands. But I am of the opinion that all this only gives added comfort to the Communists. Gleefully they see you reiterate this "unalterable" lie with all the respectable authority of Big Names. . . .

A free democratic press must of course present varied opinions, but must it vary the facts with a reiterated lie?

Oh well, no use getting excited. For Thomas Mann, at seventy-five, there's an excuse for forgetfulness. And *Harper's,* after all, is a hundred.

DAVID M. DRYFOOS
Benicia, Calif.

To the Editors:

The article by Thomas Mann was well worth the price of your Centennial issue. . . . "America on the Move" excellently portrays the high standard of illustration you have always maintained, but one of the greatest pen-and-ink artists of his time, A. B. Frost, is not represented, although he was a frequent contributor to *Harper's.* Also missing are reproductions of early work by that master illustrator, Howard Pyle. . . .

JOHN C. ROGERS
Alexandria, Va.

To the Editors:

Congratulations on a very fine piece of work—the Centennial issue of *Harper's* magazine. . . . I am sure my particular copy will become a "collector's item" since pages 33 to 48 are bound upside down and the back cover is damaged, with some oil spots scattered here and there on some of the pages. . . .

BERTHA KESSEL
Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editors:

What money we had in my boyhood we got from occasionally helping on neighboring farms. . . . I got 75¢ per day in hay harvest. Though the first $1.75 I earned went for a subscription to the *Youth's Companion* . . . I later managed to subscribe to *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* (it was fifty years old

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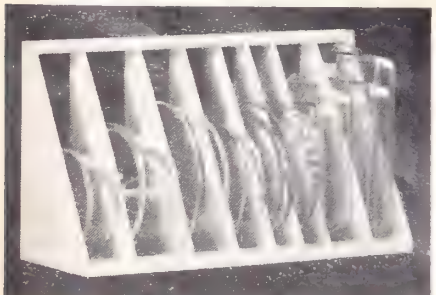
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LETTERS

then). . . . I still recall the magazine's piece *re* that great novelty, artificial ice, also an utterly fantastic (as it seemed to me) article stating solid objects were composed of moving atoms. . . . For many years I preserved a note from the editor, Henry Mills Alden, responding to an enthusiastic youthful letter. . . .

But for this day and age, the present *Harper's* is infinitely more important and preferable.

ORVIL A. WILLIAMSON
Altamont, N. Y.

Roads and Trucks—

To the Editors:

In "Our Roads Are Going to Pot" [September 1950], Myron Stearns makes a commendable effort to fill a desperate need for better highways. However, his search for a Tom, Dick, or Harry to write the check for them falls short when it ends with Harry—the Hauler. . . .

The eight million trucks Mr. Stearns refers to comprise only 18 per cent of the total vehicle population. The National Highway Users Conference shows that in 1948 the average truck traveled 10,008 miles. The mileage of all trucks and truck-trailer combinations accounted for just 18.6 of all vehicle miles. Yet truck owners paid 32 per cent of the taxes. In some states the proportion was still more lopsided. . . .

In the past twenty-odd years the states have taken $2,317,417,000 out of the pockets of car- and truck-owners and spent the money on something other than highways. That sum would have built 95,000 miles of roads at the prevailing cost of construction in the years the money was diverted. From the trucker's viewpoint this means he paid not only 32 per cent of the cost of the roads that were built, but also paid for 30,400 miles of road which were never built. . . .

JOHN J. HESSELBROCK
West Coast Fast Freight Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif.

We have received a number of other letters from officials of various trucking companies, taking exception to some of Mr. Stearns' points, and we regret that space does not permit us to publish more of them.—The Editors.

Schools and Colleges

THE schools and colleges whose announcements appear in this section all will send catalogs or further information on request. If you wish counsel on an individual problem, Harper's School Bureau will be glad to advise you from an informed and impartial viewpoint. Address Mrs. Lewis D. Bement, Director of Educational Guidance, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, 16.

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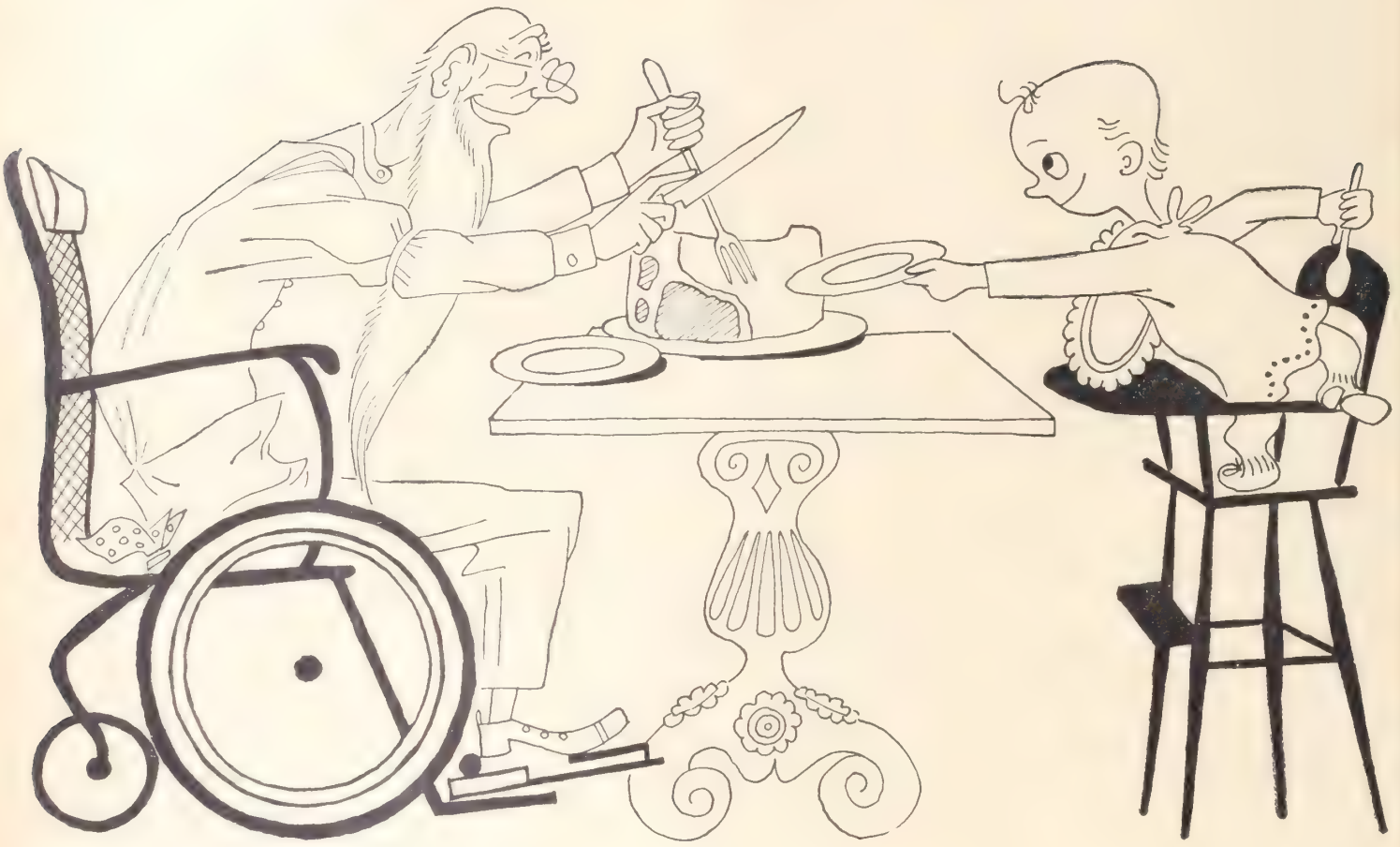
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On the other end of the age scale, very young babies are now being given healthy servings of suitably prepared meats along with their strained spinach and other foods. Although meat for babies was once unthought of, it's the accepted thing today. Babies go for it, thrive on it.

Result—millions of youngsters and millions of oldsters, once excluded from the market for meat by fallacious dietary theories, are now in there pitching with their table tools.

So, when you see the statistics that show meat packing companies to be processing enough meat to allow every person several pounds more than they got back in the nineteen twenties and thirties, please remember this: There are a lot more people these days who are *eating* it instead of standing on the sidelines drooling at it.

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MAGAZINE

The Nature of the Universe

Part I. The Earth and Nearby Space

Fred Hoyle

This is the first of a series of five articles on the new cosmology by Fred Hoyle, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and lecturer in mathematics in the University of Cambridge, who was thus characterized in a review in the Listener *in England: "Two great stars have recently departed from the field of cosmological science: Jeans and Eddington. Two younger stars are sweeping into view: Lyttleton and Hoyle. What story do the young men bring, which they may unfold to us during the next twenty years? Lyttleton has the impatient originality of new ideas, while Hoyle gives them mathematical respectability, and expounds them to listening mankind." Originally prepared as talks given on the British Broadcasting Company's "Third Program," these articles combine generally accepted findings and theories of modern cosmology with daring concepts of the author's own.*—The Editors.

> Doubt thou the stars are fire,
> Doubt thou the sun doth move,
> Doubt truth to be a liar,
> But never doubt I love.

THUS Hamlet wrote to Ophelia, appealing twice to astronomical matters in one verse. For Shakespeare lived in a day when cosmology meant much to the average man. So it is not surprising to find him using cosmological ideas and imagery, one might almost say on every possible occasion. To the Elizabethans a realization of the size of the Earth and of the nature of nearby space was exciting news; it destroyed once and for all the tight little cabbage-patch world in which man had lived throughout the medieval age.

During the following three centuries, although cosmology came to mean more to the mathematicians and astronomers, it had less and less effect on the outlook of people

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in general. But in recent times—and by recent times I mean the past fifty years or so—it has become increasingly plain that the stage is being set for the next cosmological revolution in our way of thinking. The popularity of the well-known books of Eddington and Jeans was an obvious sign of reawakening interest in the relation of man to the universe as a whole.

What I shall attempt to do in these articles is to describe the changes that have taken place in cosmology since the work of Jeans and Eddington. That is to say, to put before you the new developments of the past ten years or so. In some matters this means bringing up ideas that are either current or only two or three years old. I shall also have to discuss various issues that are still controversial. So it is important for you to realize that there is no present finality to the discussion of many of the questions that will turn up, and that future work is certain to throw more light on almost every problem.

My general plan, which it may be useful for you to know in advance, is to proceed outward from ourselves and to begin with the Earth and its immediate surroundings. Next month I shall try to describe what we know of the inner workings of the Sun and similar stars, and to discuss whether energy can be generated on the Earth by processes analogous to those occurring in the Sun. Then in the third article we move on to matters of wider scope, both in space and time; to deal with the way the stars of the Milky Way are arranged in space, and how they have originated and what their ages are. After that I shall show how the most violent explosions in nature are related to the origin of the Earth itself. In the final article we shall be concerned with the Universe as a whole, especially with its expansion and with the question of how it is created, while at the end I shall say how, in my opinion, the conclusions of the New Cosmology affect our philosophical and religious outlook.

Before starting the main astronomical discussion there are one or two further points of a general nature that I should like to cover. For a hundred years after the death of Newton a thorough inquiry into the nature of the Universe was still believed to be impossible. We know now that this belief is not correct, but throughout the eighteenth century there were apparently very good reasons for it. The astronomer is severely handicapped as compared with other scientists. He is forced into a comparatively passive role. He cannot invent his own experiments as the physicist, the chemist, or the biologist can. He cannot travel about the Universe examining the items that interest him. He cannot, for example, skin a star like an onion to see how it works inside.

Yet in spite of these obvious difficulties, progress made during the nineteenth century showed that the situation was not so hopeless as it once had seemed. And with the coming of the twentieth century the astronomical scene has changed to a degree that could hardly have been thought possible by the early investigators. Instead of our being, as it were, small boys at the holes in the circus tent struggling to get even an imperfect peep at the great show, we now see that we have really got ringside seats from which the Universe may be observed in all the majesty of its evolution. This transformation has arisen mainly from the work of the American observers, who have exploited with the greatest skill and imagination the large telescopes that can be used in their favorable climate, like the ones at Mount Wilson. Just as a blazing bonfire is to a penny candle, so is the observational progress achieved in the past few decades to the work that came before.

But observation with the telescope is not sufficient by itself. Observation tells us, for instance, that while the majority of stars are common or garden specimens like the Sun, others are so brilliant that they act as beacons shining from the depths of space. Still others, although no larger in size than the Earth, are so intensely hot at their surfaces that they emit the short wave-length radiation known as X rays instead of ordinary light and heat. Finally, at the other extreme of size some stars are so huge that if the Sun were replaced by one of them it would fill up most of the space occupied by the solar system; that is to say, the Earth would find itself lying deep inside the gigantic body of the star. But observation alone will not tell us why there are these various varieties of star nor what are the connections between them. Nor does observation tell us of its own accord how the

stars have come into being, or what their ages are, or what will ultimately happen to them. To answer these questions and many others like them we have to enter the province of theoretical astronomy.

If I were asked to define theoretical astronomy in one sentence I should say that it consists in discovering the properties of matter, partly by experiments carried out on the Earth and partly through the detailed observation of nearby space, and in then applying the results to the Universe as a whole. It may reasonably be asked whether this is a valid procedure and perhaps I had better deal with this question before we go any further. Can we expect the information obtained from one particular small region of space and over one particular small range of time to be applicable at all times throughout all space? For example, did matter in a remote star some 1,000,000,000 years ago behave in basically the same way as matter does on the Earth at the present time? Questions of this kind constitute one of the central issues of Einstein's theory of relativity. For the principle of relativity is simply a statement that our local results do indeed have universal validity. In short if relativity is correct then our general procedure in theoretical astronomy is guaranteed.

II

I SHOULD like to expand this a little even though the point I want to make may seem rather difficult. The procedure in all branches of physical science, whether in Newton's theory of gravitation, Maxwell's theory of electromagnetism, Einstein's theory of relativity, or the quantum theory, is at root the same. It consists of two steps. The first is to guess by some sort of inspiration a set of mathematical equations. The second step is to associate the symbols used in the equations with measurable physical quantities. Then the connections that are observed to occur between various physical quantities can be obtained theoretically as the solutions of the mathematical equations. This process has two important advantages. It not only makes it possible to condense an enormously complicated mass of experimental information into a few comparatively simple equations, but it also brings out new and previously unsuspected relations between the physical quantities. What Einstein's principle of relativity states is that wherever you are in the Universe, whatever your environment, the same mathematical equations will suffice to describe your observations. I hope that you will agree that this is a very powerful statement.

But is there any direct proof of the principle of relativity? Unfortunately no, for it is a characteristic of scientific method that there can be no proof of this. Then why call it the "*principle* of relativity" instead of the postulate of relativity? Here I must admit that when scientists make categorical statements, that in their nature cannot be proved, it is usual to refer to them as "laws" or "principles," perhaps only with the object of dissuading the uninitiated from asking awkward questions.

But please don't imagine that because of this the principle of relativity is simply a piece of guesswork on a par with backing a horse or making a stab at a football pool. It has been found possible, for instance, notably by Professor Dirac of Cambridge, to deduce new and important conclusions and in every case the results derived from the principle of relativity are found to agree with observation. In other words, all experience up to date shows that relativity works.

I wish I could give you some idea of the strength of such arguments. But here, as with many other issues in these discussions, it is necessary to go deeply into the mathematical investigations if their real force is to be fully appreciated, and this is just what one cannot do in a magazine article. Even so I should like to give you one example of the use of analytical thought. A very fine problem was invented in 1938 by Sir Arthur Eddington. This problem, which is not nearly so well known as it deserves to be, is specially remarkable, for although it needs considerable analytical power to solve it, yet no more actual mathematics is involved than is possessed by the average child of ten. In short it consists of reconstructing the whole of an innings in a cricket match from the score card. All that is needed is the batsmen's scores, the bowling analysis, and a few items of information such as who opened the bowling and who received the first ball. From these particulars it can be deduced who bowled every ball and what

happened—the runs scored, the wickets taken, and so on. Do try it if you are interested in such things. I am sure it will give you a very lively idea of the effectiveness of the sort of mathematical argument that underlies many of the topics I shall be considering.

III

But it is now high time that we came to the astronomy and there is clearly no better place at which to begin our survey than with the Earth. The surface of the Earth is very nearly a sphere of about 8,000 miles diameter. The inside of the Earth consists of a central core rather more than 3,000 miles in diameter, surrounded by a thick rocky shell which for the most part is more rigid than steel. The essential features of the core, which have been established through the study of earthquake waves, are these: It contains fluid, and its density is substantially higher than that of the rocks composing the shell. At present there is no general agreement on the composition of the core. What may be called the classical view is that it consists of molten metals, particularly iron. But this idea has been challenged in the past two or three years by W. H. Ramsey of Manchester, who maintains that the core consists of essentially the same rocks as the shell, the distinction between the core and the shell being not one of composition but of the physical state of the material. A decision between these two opposing opinions must be left to the future.

There is also the possibility that earlier ideas on the temperature of the Earth's interior may have to be revised. It was argued at one time, from the fact that it rapidly becomes hotter as one descends a deep mine, that the central regions of the Earth must be at a very considerable temperature, at more, say, than 3,000° C., which exceeds the boiling point of iron. Such an argument would be valid if the rise of temperature in a mine were due to an outward flow of heat from the central regions. But this is not so. The heating in a mine, and possibly also the heating that causes the outburst of a volcano, is almost wholly due to the decay of radioactive substances, which curiously enough are confined to a thin skin of surface rocks not more than about twenty miles deep. Why this should be so is a point I shall return to later. So we see that there is no direct evidence in favor of an Earth that is really hot inside. What indirect evidence there is points in the opposite direction and suggests that the center may be no warmer than a wood fire.

It would be possible for us to discuss a whole series of similar interesting topics. For instance, there is the evidence in favor of the view that the continents are of almost permanent shapes, that they looked nearly the same 1,000,000,000 years ago as they do now. Or the evidence that the circumference of the Earth has shrunk by nearly 5 per cent in the last 500,000,000 years, and how Professor Jeffreys of Cambridge has used this to explain the origin of the mountains. But it is now important that we should leave the Earth, and I say this in some sense literally, for I think that within one hundred years it may indeed be possible to leave the Earth, or at any rate for rockets containing radio-operated cameras to do so. When this does happen, astronomy is certain, I think, to make marked changes in our whole outlook on life; changes that are likely to be as far-reaching as those that followed the Copernican theory of the planetary motions.

Once a photograph of the Earth, taken from outside, is available, we shall, in an emotional sense, acquire an additional dimension. The common idea of motion is an essentially two-dimensional idea. It concerns only transportation from one place on the surface of the Earth to another. How many of us realize that but for a few miles of atmosphere above our heads we should be frozen as hard as a board every night? Apart from the petty motion of the airplane, motion upward as yet means nothing to us. But once let the possibility of outward motion become as clear to the average man at a football match as it is to the scientist in his laboratory, once let the sheer isolation of the Earth become plain to every man whatever his nationality or creed, and a new idea as powerful as any in history will be let loose. And I think this not so distant development may well be for good, as it must increasingly have the effect of exposing the futility of nationalistic strife. It is in just such a way that the New Cosmology may affect the whole organization of society.

Now what does the contemporary astronomer expect such a photograph, a color photograph, of the Earth to look like? There will be brilliant white patches where the sun's light is reflected from clouds and snowfields. The arctic and antarctic will on the whole appear brighter than the temperate zones and the tropics. There will be all shades of green, varying from the light green of young crops to the somber darkness of the great northern forests. The deserts will show a dusky red, and the oceans will appear as huge areas that look grimly black, except occasionally they will be illuminated by a blinding flash where conditions allow the Sun's light to be powerfully reflected, much as we sometimes see a brilliant shaft of sunlight reflected from the windows of a distant house. The whole spectacle of the Earth would very likely appear to an interplanetary traveler as more magnificent than any of the other planets.

IV

So much then for the Earth. Perhaps we should next take a look at our nearest neighbor, the Moon, which is a ball of rock only about an eightieth as massive as the Earth. The Moon is a satellite; that is to say, it moves along a nearly circular path around the Earth. The time required for it to go once around this path is called the lunar month, which is at present about twenty-seven days. I cannot explain in this article exactly why it should be so, but owing to the effect of the tides our satellite is getting steadily farther away from us and the lunar month is getting steadily longer. If we go back into the past the converse is true; namely, that the Moon was then nearer to us than it is now. If we worked backward in time as far as the birth of the Earth, which, as I shall show in my third article, occurred about 2,500,000,000 years ago, it is probable that the Moon was then very close to the Earth, if indeed the two were not in actual contact. During the aeons that have since elapsed the tides have not only caused the recession of the Moon, but its rotation has been gradually slowed down. It turned more and more slowly until now it keeps one face permanently toward us. No one has yet seen the opposite side of the Moon.

The Moon has no detectable atmosphere, and its surface is severely pock-marked, looking as if it has been bombarded by a host of large celestial missiles. And this is very likely just what has happened. At one time it was thought that the lunar craters were extinct volcanoes, but for the following reasons this now seems unlikely. Some of the craters are over a hundred miles across, and the big ones show almost the same structure as the small ones. Terrestrial volcanic craters, on the other hand, are only a few miles across and do not show the same uniformity of structure. Besides, it is certain that volcanic activity on the Moon is quite negligible at the present time.

Perhaps the strongest argument in favor of the bombardment theory is that the amount of material in the walls surrounding a crater can actually be estimated, and it turns out to be just the amount required to fill in the hole in the floor of the crater. But in spite of this patent clue the bombardment theory has not gained general currency among astronomers because it was thought that a crushing argument could be brought against it. There are large areas of the Moon where no craters can be found. How have all the missiles contrived to miss these areas, whereas in other places the craters are almost overlapping each other? Only the other day the way round this apparent difficulty was pointed out to me by my colleague, Gold. The fierce heating of the lunar surface rocks by day and the cooling by night must lead to an alternate contraction and expansion which causes small bits of rock to flake away from the surface. These particles of dust tend to work their way to the lower parts of the Moon where they have accumulated as gigantic drifts that cover the underlying craters. I think that this brand-new idea is almost certainly correct, because it not only overcomes the old objection, but it also explains those cases where the walls, or a portion of the walls, of a crater stick straight out of an apparently flat plain. These are simply the cases where the drift of dust is not sufficiently deep to cover the craters entirely.

I said a few moments ago that no one has as yet seen the other side of the Moon. But we might live to do so. If tonight a chunk of material the size of a mountain should strike the Moon obliquely, there is no doubt that the Moon would be set in rotation again,

and the unseen side would turn slowly toward us. As you will guess, this is not very likely to happen, but there is nothing impossible about it.

This brings me back to the Earth for a minute. The Earth must have suffered an even greater bombardment than the Moon. But with the exception of one or two recent formations, such as the famous meteor pit in Arizona, the resulting craters on the Earth have been removed through erosion by wind and water. Do missiles still strike the Earth? Well, a piece of rock, probably about the size of a house, hit Siberia in 1908 and the resulting blast is said to have felled trees over a wide area. At any moment another celestial cannonball may hit the Earth anywhere. For all we know, the whole of London may be wiped out during the next five minutes. But there is no occasion for alarm; the odds against it are very large.

V

Pride of place in our sky belongs to the Sun, not the Moon. The Sun is about 360 times further away from us than the Moon and is about 300,000 times as massive as the Earth. The Sun shines by its own light, whereas the light from the Moon, and the light that would be seen from the Earth if we could observe it from a distance, are simply reflected sunlight. I don't wish to say much about the Sun now as it forms the main topic of my next article. But there is one effect of the Sun—namely, its control over the motion of the Earth—that is so important that I feel something must be said about it, even though this means spending the next few minutes discussing the history of astronomy.

The direction of the line joining the Sun to the Earth is observed to change from day to day. Starting at a particular time, this line swings around in a plane and comes back to its original position in a year. The yearly rotation of this line can equally well be regarded as arising from a motion of the Sun around the Earth or alternatively as a motion of the Earth around the Sun. From a geometrical point of view these two pictures are equally simple. But as soon as we also consider the motions of the other planets this is no longer the case. A planet is a body, small in size compared with the Sun and near to us compared with the stars, that shines by reflected sunlight, as the Moon does. In ancient times five planets were known, other than the Earth. They were recognized from their motions on the sky, which have the effect of constantly altering their positions relative to the stars. It was found that they all lie nearly on the plane swept out in the course of the year by the line joining the Earth and the Sun, so that the whole solar system forms a sort of flat plate-like structure.

Now the paths traced on the sky by the planets are not simple like the steady circular motion of the Sun. The first attempts to explain these paths in terms of motions in space were made on the assumption that it is the Earth that is fixed and that the planets as well as the Sun move in orbits round the Earth. Although much ingenuity was displayed by such men as Eudoxus and Ptolemy, the picture they drew was complicated, and as more observational data came to hand, it became more so, until it was a thorough mess. As far as we know the first man to perceive that a far simpler description could be achieved by taking the Sun as the center of the system was Aristarchus of Samos, who lived in the third century B. C. He found it possible to explain the observations by supposing that all the planets, the Earth included, move around the Sun in essentially circular orbits of various radii. If sufficiently detailed historical records were available it would be an interesting study in prejudice to see why Aristarchus' views were ignored by his fellow Greeks. At all events they were forgotten until revived by Copernicus nearly 2,000 years later.

The conflict between the Copernican theory and the Roman Catholic Church is well known, especially the part played by Galileo. In the course of his BBC lectures on "Christianity and History" Professor Herbert Butterfield offered a mild apologia for the attitude of the Church. Much as I enjoyed Professor Butterfield's lectures, I am afraid I am out of sympathy with him on this point. I regard the statements of Galileo's opponents as exemplifying the dictum of the humorist Josh Billings, which ran something as follows: "It ain't what a man don't know as makes him a fool, but what he does know as ain't so." The case for the Copernican theory

is not that it is right or true in some absolute sense, but that it was the only point of view from which progress could have been made at that time. In short, that it had the virtue of simplicity, and this was demonstrated with great cogency and skill by Galileo.

How far Galileo was justified in advocating the Copernican theory is shown by subsequent events. Astronomy now began to advance in giant strides. Kepler found that the planets do not move exactly in circles but in nearly circular ellipses. The motion of gravitational attraction occurred to many people, including Halley, Wren, Hooke, and Newton in England. By considering the planetary orbits to be circles a quantitative formulation of gravitation was obtained. But could this formulation explain the ellipses found by Kepler? Only Newton was able to prove this, and in doing so he set the pattern for all subsequent scientific investigations. But Newton did not stop there. He went on to show that many other apparently disconnected observations—the tides, for example—could also be explained by gravitation. His work was on such a colossal scale that it is natural to find the following century and a half given over to the consolidation of his ideas. The detailed explanation, in terms of gravitation, of every detail of the planetary motions became the chief program of mathematicians and astronomers. It was Adams and Le Verrier, who closed this chapter in the history of science by using the Newtonian theory to predict the existence and the position of a new planet named, subsequent to its observational detection in 1846, Neptune.

From now on astronomy takes a different turn. The motions of the planets cease to be of chief concern. The nature of the Sun and the stars, and latterly nothing less than the whole Universe, provide the subjects to be attacked by scientists. I shall say nothing more of this here because I shall be dealing with these topics later in this series. But I should like to take a more detailed look at the planetary system now. Suppose we make a plan of how the Sun and the planets are arranged. In our plan let us represent the Sun as a ball six inches in diameter, the sort of thing you could easily hold in one hand. This, by the way, is a reduction in scale of nearly 10,000,000,000. Now how far away are the planets from our ball? Not a few feet or one or two yards, as many people seem to imagine in their subconscious picture of the solar system, but very much more. Mercury is about 7 yards away, Venus about 13 yards away, the Earth 18 yards away, Mars 27 yards, Jupiter 90 yards, Saturn 170 yards, Uranus about 350 yards, Neptune 540 yards, and Pluto 710 yards. On this scale the Earth is represented by a speck of dust and the nearest stars are about 2,000 miles away. You may wonder how the various distances in the solar system have been established. In principle the methods used are only a matter of elementary trigonometry, but in practice very intricate measurements are necessary and even then extensive calculations have to be made in order to extract the required information. The present Astronomer Royal, Sir Harold Spencer Jones, established the current values about ten years ago.

The wide spacing of the planets is even more remarkable than our plan would suggest because the biggest planets are the ones lying at great distances from the Sun. Venus is slightly smaller and Mercury and Mars appreciably smaller than the Earth. Jupiter, on the other hand, is more than three hundred times as massive as the Earth, but even so Jupiter is still much smaller than the Sun. Indeed, if the Sun were suitably divided up it would make more than a thousand bodies of the size of Jupiter. Saturn is about 95 times more massive than the Earth, Uranus about 15 times, and Neptune 17 times. The exact size of Pluto is not known, but it is certain that Pluto is small like Mercury, Mars, and Venus. The four large planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, are often referred to as the great planets, and they lie at distances from the Sun that, on our plan, exceed 90 yards. I have been insistent on getting the scale of the planetary system right, because an appreciation of the wide spacing will be of great help when later we come to consider how the planets originated.

VI

Let us leave the solar system for the present by taking a more detailed look at some of its members. Venus might be called the twin sister of the Earth, and therefore

naturally claims our attention first. Venus is not very aptly named, for she modestly hides her surface by a perpetual bank of white cloud. The nature of this cloud is a bit of a mystery. At first sight it might be thought to consist of water drops, as the clouds on Earth do. But this cannot be correct, otherwise the presence of water vapor would have been detected. So far the only gas found in the atmosphere of Venus is carbon dioxide, which is present in enormous quantities. All attempts to detect substances with cloud-forming properties similar to water have failed.

A possible solution of the problem is suggested by the work of the French astronomer, Lyot, who discovered only a few years ago that the sunlight scattered by the clouds of Venus has the characteristics of light scattered from fine white dust. The intense heating that occurs on the sunlit face of the planet must cause small particles to flake off the surface rocks just as in the case of the Moon, and it seems possible that great clouds of these particles rise upward in the carbon dioxide atmosphere in a sort of gigantic fountain and are then convected round to the dark side of the planet. If this idea is correct any future traveler to Venus will be rewarded by a fine spectacle.

There is another mystery about Venus. It takes her more than twenty days to rotate on her axis. As it seems probable that all the planets at their birth had rotation periods of about ten hours, it is interesting to ask what process has slowed down the rotation of Venus to such a marked extent. I cannot enter now into any detail beyond saying that one possibility is that the Sun exerts a huge tidal influence on the shifting drifts of dust that probably form the surface of Venus, and that the only other possibility known to me is a suggestion by Lyttleton of Cambridge, that Mercury may once have been a satellite of Venus.

The most interesting feature connected with the planet Mercury concerns its orbital motion around the Sun. The ellipse in which Mercury moves is more flattened than the orbit of any other planet, and the strange discovery made about seventy-five years ago by the famous French mathematician, Le Verrier, was that the longest axis of the ellipse is slowly turning in space. At first this was thought to be an effect due to a new planet moving in an orbit still nearer to the Sun. So sure were astronomers of the existence of this hypothetical planet, especially after their experience concerning the discovery of Neptune, that they had the name Vulcan ready to be attached to it as soon as its existence was confirmed by observation. But it is curious how rarely in science the same tactics can be repeated with success. Whereas Neptune had been detected almost immediately once the predictions of Adams and Le Verrier were made known, the observers now searched in vain for Vulcan. It is also curious that Le Verrier's failure to find a new planet in his second attempt should turn out to be of far greater scientific importance than success would have been. For success would only have added a small body to the solar system, whereas failure meant that at long last a flaw in the Newtonian theory of gravitation had been found. About forty years later the resolution of this issue was to form one of the cornerstones of Einstein's general theory of relativity.

Now let us move outward from the Earth in a direction away from the Sun. What can we expect to find on the first planet, Mars? Much very interesting information has been obtained in the past two or three years by Kuiper of the Yerkes Observatory near Chicago, who has used an ingenious new technique to show that the white polar caps of Mars are indeed composed of snow. The atmosphere contains more carbon dioxide than that of the Earth, and there may also be nitrogen. The thin clouds responsible for the haze so troublesome to the observer are probably composed of ice crystals. No oxygen can be detected, though free oxygen may once have existed on Mars in appreciable quantities. There are green markings on the surface of Mars that seem to vary from time to time. The changes in these markings may well be due to the growth and decay of plants similar to the rock lichens found on the Earth. It is not surprising that plant life on Mars should be confined to such a low form, for lichens require little moisture and they can survive at lower temperatures than the more usual terrestrial plants. Both these properties would be important requirements on Mars.

Are there also other forms of life? I do not

think any other answer can be given to this question but to say that we must wait and see.

Beyond Mars lie the great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. They are well furnished with satellites; Jupiter has at least eleven, Saturn nine, Uranus five, and Neptune two. Their atmospheres are about as different from that of the Earth as you could imagine, being composed of methane, ammonia, and probably hydrogen. An old fallacy, exposed about twenty years ago by Jeffreys, was that on account of their large sizes the surfaces of the great planets must be hot. Observation confirms Jeffreys' argument and shows that that their temperatures are indeed lower than about −150° C. Below a thin fringe of atmosphere, it is probable that in each of these planets there are thick shells of ice and solid hydrogen overlying an inner ball of rock and metal.

There are many questions that we should like to be able to answer. What is the red spot that changes so markedly from time to time in the atmosphere of Jupiter? Is it a solid of some sort floating in a sea of gas? What are the particles that form the rings of Saturn? Are they indeed small ice crystals? Do the great planets have large magnetic fields? Are the five inner satellites of Saturn really gigantic snowballs? It would be possible to go on for a long time asking this sort of question, and, interesting as their discussion might be, there would still remain the larger problem of the origin of the planets themselves. But as this issue arises again in a later article, I will make an end by asking whether the fragment of space that we have considered here has anything exceptional to distinguish it from all other parts of the Universe. Is this procession of night and day, this movement of the Earth and planets around the warming Sun, something really special, or are there lots of places where similar systems occur? When you look at the heavens, how many of the stars you see have planets encircling them and on how many of these planets might living creatures look out on a very similar scene?

To give a numerical estimate I would say that rather more than a million stars in the Milky Way possess planets on which you might live without undue discomfort. If you were suddenly transported to one of them you would no doubt find many important changes, but the changes would not be as remarkable as the similarities. And if you had been brought up from birth on another planet moving around another star you would feel the same sort of emotional attachment to it as we feel for the Earth. You would look out on the Milky Way and wonder, as we do, what proportion of the stars also have attendant planets with living creatures on them. One of the comparatively insignificant stars that you would see would be the Sun. But, even with a powerful telescope, you would not see the Earth or any of the planets of the Sun's system, for they are far too faint to be seen at immense distances. In short, you would have to infer our existence just as we have to infer yours.

[*Mr. Hoyle's second article, next month, will deal with "The Sun and the Stars."*—The Editors]

A New Deal, 1890

IN LANGUAGE that is unfortunately understood by the greater portion of the people who speak English, thousands are saying on the 1st of January—in 1890, a far-off date that it is wonderful any one has lived to see—"Let us have a new deal!" It is a natural exclamation, and does not necessarily mean any change of purpose. It always seems to a man that if he could shuffle the cards he could increase his advantages in the game of life, and, to continue the figure which needs so little explanation, it usually appears to him that he could play anybody else's hand better than his own.

—From the "Editor's Drawer," *Harper's,* January 1890.

Tourist in America

D. W. Brogan

It was shortly before the second world war that I went to the Custom House in New York to get the "sailing permit" issued to departing foreigners after proof or, at any rate, after assertion of payment of income tax. My declaration was brief; I had made no money in any form in America. "But didn't you give lectures?" "No." "Didn't you write for the papers?" "No." "Who paid your fare?" "I did." The official was polite but incredulity mixed with wonder overcame him. "Well, why did you come?" "I came to see America." For I was, in those distant days, a specimen of a class now almost vanished, the European tourist in America, the visitor who came with no higher thoughts than getting new or renewing old impressions of America.

The European tourist's view of America is one seldom reported. The sociologist's view, the lecturer's view, the actor's view, the visiting academic's view, these have been reported in articles, books, radio talks till the memory groans at the thought. I myself have performed in the role of visiting academic, journalist, author, even once or twice as a lecturer. But to be a tourist in America is to be a different being and have a different view, for the tourist makes his own itinerary, sees the things he wants to see, is free to roam, to laze, to ignore. *He has no American custodian.* And so he can, if he wills, see America with "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

Of course what the tourist, the free visitor, sees is often what the engaged visitor sees; trains, hotels, bars, natural monuments don't differ much as seen from one point of view and from the other. But they are bathed in a different light, the one is that seen by the man who is in search of "over the hills and far away" and the man who has to have thoughts, small talk, admire the local museum, or startle his hostess by saying, "Why I think your police are wonderful."

Before 1939, there were more of us than was usually realized. True, we were never numerous enough, with our guidebooks and cameras, gazing at Grant's Tomb or the Grand Canyon, to be conspicuous like the groups of Americans who at this moment are filling Rome, Paris, London, and Cambridge (England). But there we were, in ones and twos. There we are still. Not me, alas! But officials of United Nations organizations in Europe can come over with no duties at all—for part of their salary can be drawn in dollars. And I have known British officials "on mission" or doctors on academic errands who have come to New York since 1945 with the necessary tourist equipment of curiosity and excitement.

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WHAT came they forth to see? First of all what they *had* seen, the face of America. For no country's appearance has ever been so well known to all the world as that of the United States. How few (outside the Iron Curtain) have never seen Times Square or (unknowingly) downtown Los Angeles! How little advantage the traveler has, seeing a film like "On the Town" or "The Lost Weekend" over what Americans, I believe, call the "moppets" in the seats in front of him! For he may know the Bronx and the Battery, even Brooklyn, First Avenue, or the shabbier sections of the East Thirties, but they have seen the American landscape through the camera eye much more often than he has. I'm sure that a good many tourists, if they were candid, would say that they came to see if the U. S. A. was like the movies. On the whole they are disappointed if it is not—and they are not often disappointed. To see the Empire State building or Arizona or an American train; to go to a Yale–Princeton game to find out if it is like "Rackety-Rax" (alas! no); to visit Chicago and never hear a shot fired in anger; to visit Hollywood and swim in a star's pool—these are the simple pleasures or lost illusions that the home folks want to hear about. What you can't tell them is what non-Hollywood America looks like—and that is the next thing we come to see or learn to see—and see through very un-American eyes.

For a lot of us come to see and return to see "America the Beautiful." It is not that it is more beautiful than Europe; it isn't, but it is different, more different than most Americans realize. And that doesn't mean only the natural sights for which there is no European equivalent, the Grand Canyon or Niagara; it means most of America. Few parts of the United States known to me are really like any part of Europe known to me. At first sight, northern Virginia and Maryland are like bits of England, but only at first sight. Setting aside the work of men's hands, like the curious crisscross fences of some parts of Maryland—there are the soil, the trees, the vegetation. It is hardly necessary to speak of New England, bony, rocky, even in the fertile valleys rimmed in with immemorial hills of an impressive severity. Outside Philadelphia there are patches of country rather like parts of Surrey. Oregon and Washington have, in their climate if not in their flora, an English, a Devon air. But that is about all. And so it goes for France, for Italy, for the Netherlands. The great plain of the Beauce is not a bit like Iowa, even if we omit Chartres, and the rolling high plains of the Dakotas or the cut-over lands of Wisconsin fortunately don't recall, to me at least, the sandy wastes of Brandenburg.

What is the first cause of this difference? It is latitude. You are so much further south than we and at the same time you have a winter quite unlike Naples or Algiers or Seville. Hence the differences in flora, fauna, in crops, in forests. Then—this may be quite unscientific—there is the high American sky. This may be an illusion, bred by the clear American air, but there it is. The sky over New York or Boston or Chicago always seems higher than the sky over London or Paris, those gray, damp, mist-begotten, northern cities. Your brilliant summer sun, your brilliant winter sun are always a novelty to me and to other north European visitors.

It is we rather than you who notice the astonishing cloud effects this high, clear sky makes possible. I have seen clouds in Alabama, in high summer, that in their solidity, architectural magnificence, and coloring might well have provided resting places for the Olympic gods and a little later, as sundown came on, for the dying gods of Valhalla. This makes skywriting less of a speculation and less of an affront in New York than in London; it makes the heat of an Iowa day in August more crushing; and it bathes human beings and buildings in a light that, in northern Europe, we hardly see at all. It is one reason why imitations of French and English Gothic look a little strange, unnatural in New England and still more in, say, North Carolina; it is why Yale and Duke are not likely to become, with age, architectural kin of Oxford and Cambridge. Who can see Constable painting in a New Hampshire summer as he painted in East Anglia? Who can see Claude Monet painting the "butter tower" at Yale (the Harkness tower) as he painted Rouen Cathedral, or the Cleveland tower at Princeton disappearing into the mists as

> dourly, hourly showers
> water old Oxford's towers?

No, this is a clearer, harder, simpler climate, not the Thames valley or the Ile de France or the great gray plain of Holland. And to all of us, sun-starved, light-starved, it is welcome and strange. We may hold that London and Paris have the best climates of all the great cities of the world (I do), that Washington and New York have at any rate less good climates (I do), but we like a change and agree with Horace that "they change the sky but not the mind who cross the sea." Still more if they cross the ocean.

The climate affects us in other ways. We need, I think, less sleep; at any rate we get less. There is some new stimulus in the air, at any rate in the air of New York, so that in the old days, before the new Cunard pier was built and we came in around Fourteenth Street, I could truly say: "My heart leaps up when I behold Nabisco in the sky," and one of the things that made my heart rise was not the skyscrapers but that sense of being in a new world, a feeling that has always come to me in my numerous New York landfalls, from ship and plane.

II

Because we see America in a new light, we see new things, but there are, in any case, new things to see, new in any light. First there is size. Of course Europe is as big, but we don't, in fact, bring Europe with us as a standard of size. We bring Britain or France or Holland, all of them small beside the United States. The mobility of Americans never ceases to astonish us and our own mobility in America never ceases to astonish us. It is less of an effort to fly from New York to San Francisco than from London to Paris and not only because of the absence of customs, passports, and the rest, but because, almost at once, the European adjusts himself to the new scale and he makes the journey from New York to Washington with less effort of mind than the journey from Cambridge to London and, in my case, finds it easier to remember the stations. This sense of scale affects all our judgments of American scenery. It is *big*. I can't, even after reflection, think of a place in America that I could describe as *pretty* as I could describe lots of small English villages. There are many places in America that are beautiful but none that are pretty. Small things in America tend to be shabby, out of place, neglected. And American scenery scores by its scale rather than by its detail.

Take the rivers. They are, apart from magnificent oddities like the Grand Canyon, the natural beauties of America that I remember with most pleasure. It is not that size in itself is necessary to beauty. The most beautiful river in the world (the Clyde) is quite short and the Mississippi is not nearly as beautiful as the Columbia though longer. But the size of the American rivers is part of their splendor. Even as far upstream as Hanover, New Hampshire, how superb in scale is the Connecticut, at any rate by English standards! How much more magnificent is the Hudson! And how gloomily impressive, if intimidating, are the great rivers of the South Atlantic coast and the Gulf, entering the Atlantic through their great marshland mouths. They are melancholy but they are magnificent. Yet my favorite American river (after the Columbia) is the Ohio. No wonder the French called it the *"belle rivière."* On the Kentucky–Ohio border it charms again and again. I understand that it is more beautiful now than it was a hundred years ago (excluding the river towns' water fronts): the woods are better tended, the banks less muddy, the tilled fields more humanly attractive than when the whites moved into the Indians' hunting grounds. But whatever it was in Dan'l Boone's time, or Charles Dickens' time, it is magnificent now. And of course, it is not the only great and beautiful river of the Great Valley. There is the Tennessee at Chickamauga, there is the Mississippi at various places, notably in the great bend as the train from Chicago swings north to the Twin Cities. There are scores of rivers for which there is no European parallel known to me for size and splendor, though the Clyde and the Rhone and the Severn, possibly the Shannon, can compete on a lesser scale.

The mountains don't count for so much. I don't think of the United States as a mountainous country; most of it isn't. And the mountains seem to lack character. The ranges don't. The Blue Ridge, the Great Smokies, these give fine noble prospects,

but the individual peaks are not individual enough, at any rate to one whose favorite mountain agglomeration is Auvergne. The Rockies, too, seem inferior to the Alps; Pike's Peak is not Monte Rosa or the Matterhorn. The fault, no doubt, lies in the awkward fact that you look at the Rockies from places like Denver and they are too high already. It is very different looking from Milan at the *"alta moenia mundi,"* "the high ramparts of the world" that Virgil must have seen so often in his youth in what is now Lombardy. The High Sierra (what a magnificent name!) and the Cascades are another matter. I know of no end to a plane flight so stimulating and reviving as the drop into Seattle over the glaciers of Tacoma (or Rainier). And almost equally good is the sudden contrast between the dreary deserts of Nevada and the fertile plain of northern California. It is at least as striking as the drop from Switzerland to Italy.

"Kennst du das Land wo die Zitronen blüh'n" indeed! I know that this contrast is in great part the work of man's hands; that the forty-niners were not greeted with anything like the spectacle of the country round Sacramento; but there it is today.

Then, of course, there is forest; the remains of the great white pine forest of the Michigan region; the melancholy forest of the South; the patches of forest round Tahoe or other oases in the mountains; and the great unparalleled forest of the Pacific Northwest, the true *"antiqua silva"* to whose conquest Pastorius called his fellow settlers in infant Pennsylvania nearly three hundred years ago. This, with the lake country of Wisconsin and Minnesota, may be rivaled in Finland, but certainly nowhere in western Europe, where what we call forests would hardly attract the attention of even an anti-conservation congressman.

When I recollect in tranquillity the scenic pleasures that America has given me, it is a memory of great sweeping rivers, great mountain ranges (not peaks, save in New England), great forests; it is scenery done on a great scale, not worked out in detail. Where in America can you get such change in climate, dialect, geological structure, architecture, crops as in the three-hour drive from London to Bristol or the rather longer drive from Dijon to Valence?

But where in Europe can you get anything so prodigious, so unbelievable as the Grand Canyon seen from the rim, from the bottom, from the air; it is a lunar landscape, indeed. And so is the Arizona desert around it, so much more remote from our old world ideas of what nature should look like than the Sahara that is just sand and camels and palms like the Bible. What must the Spaniards have thought when they first saw this prodigious chasm? Why shouldn't it have been the edge of the world? The Cheddar Gorge, *"les Gorges du Tarn,"* these are hardly even comic beside it and, in that contrast, is, I think, the secret of the fascination things like this exercise on the European visitor.* These things were not made or altered by man, nor is the God who made them the domesticated deity of Vergil or Wordsworth. And though the Eastern states have nothing like this, nature is still raw, still resentful of the burdens imposed, seems close at hand, even in New York, where the Palisades and the Jersey marshes remind us how new Americans are in their brave new world.

But is America seen by the foreigner entirely in terms of natural "sights"? What of the America that the Americans have made and are making? It is here that the main difference between the European and the American tourist comes out. To a New Englander, the Grand Canyon may be nearly as strange as it is to an old Englander. But Denver won't be. Niagara is as out of scale to him as to someone who has only seen, say Schaffhausen or the Falls of Clyde, but Buffalo won't be really new. And he will bring to Buffalo or Denver an understanding, to Richmond or St. Louis a sympathy, that few European tourists can. For the fact must be faced: to the average European tourist, most American cities look alike and some of the places, in great cities and small, that most excite American interest leave the European visitor tepid at best. Briefly what he wants to see in America are the new things, the big things, the great mechanical triumphs of the

* I have never seen the Yosemite or the Yellowstone but I understand they make much the same impression.

American spirit. He likes them big like the rivers. He used to prefer the Chicago stockyards to Concord; he now prefers the TVA or Grand Coulee to Williamsburg. And that tends to annoy the hospitable American who drives his visitor to some well-marked relic of the Indian or Revolutionary war, to some hundred-year-old historic mansion or to some museum proud of its genuine El Greco and plausible Vermeer. The irritation is natural but unreasonable, for very few European tourists can be expected to bring to America a lively interest in local history, any violent desire to spend time in museums, enough imagination to realize that Fort Snelling is as old in its own context as Windsor or Pierrefonds and less reconstructed than either.

III

THE special position of the European tourist in America may best be illustrated, I think, by considering what it is in the American city that appeals to him most. I don't think that there is much difficulty in determining what city that is. Yes; it is San Francisco.

I don't think that I know any foreign visitor to America, with adequate grounds of comparison, who hasn't preferred San Francisco to any other great American city and to most small cities or towns. Some of the grounds are obvious enough, and are common to American and European visitors alike. There is the magnificent site; there is the celebrated though, in chilly fact, less magnificent climate; there is a romantic past; there is a romantic name; there is an amiable population; there is the remoteness on the Pacific coast away from the gray, tormented, only too familiar Atlantic. The visitors from Scranton, Paisley, Saint-Étienne, Eindhoven, Akron may feel all these things, but they feel them in very different ways. And the European visitor is attracted in San Francisco by things that American visitors, consciously at least, don't notice or appreciate.

Take the site. For a patriotic American, San Francisco Bay is the most magnificent harbor in the world, the site just what a city needs. But Sydney, Australia, and Rio de Janeiro have equally magnificent harbors, so I am told, but I have never noticed much nostalgia for Sydney among those who have been there and even less among those who have not. Rio is a little different but really not much; the Copacabana tradition has to compete with so many nearer and more romantic places of the same type and most Britons, at least, would rather see Naples and die or revisit the glimpses of the sun at Juan les Pins than go rolling down to Rio.

Cities set on hills are not numerous in America or elsewhere but there is Edinburgh; in a sense there is Athens (with the Acropolis counted as the center of the city); there is Stirling; there are a score of cities, great and small, set on a hill that cannot be hid, emblems, as Charles II said irreverently of Harrow, "of the visible church on earth." Of course some of the attraction of San Francisco is its site and the Bay. It is something to go to a cocktail party and find that the new apartment looks over the Presidio across to the battlements of Marin County; that there, below you, is the Golden Gate and that there beside you is the Pacific. You can easily feel like stout Cortes, especially if San Francisco hospitality is running at full throttle. But I can be quite content, in San Francisco, to know that the scenery is there. It was only on my last visit, one of many, that I was coerced into climbing Telegraph Hill. It was well worth the trouble and I may climb it next time, but again I may not. Anyway you can't see San Francisco lifting to heaven "her diadem of towers" from San Francisco. You get a much better view from Oakland (and a much better one into the Golden Gate from Berkeley). The waves lapping on the beach, the bridges, the city, all make a magnificent panorama, only slightly spoiled by the odors bred by the archaic drainage system of Alameda County, but as I say, we have at home plenty of what Dr. Johnson called "noble wild prospects," and, as he pointed out, the Scots who had these prospects preferred the high road to England.

The climate, the fog swirling round the Mark Hopkins, reminding one of London in an American film, the brisk winds giving the cheeks of the girls the bright colors one associates with Edinburgh; these may remind the Briton of home and the regularity of it all may remind Mediterranean visitors of their disciplined climate, but who wants to travel to be reminded of the home climate? Not even Bostonians carry patriotism as far as that.

Then the romantic past. It *is* romantic, but here, no more than in other places in America, does the past (never very far past by European standards, often not very romantic by the same standards) automatically appeal, even if its existence is suspected. And far more European visitors are likely to know of the Technicolor romance of the Southwest or the Great Plains than of the Argonauts. Even the comic incongruity of the name and the reputation of the city, which Chesterton once stressed, cannot explain the charm, for is it as incongruous as the conjunction of Hollywood and "Our Lady Queen of the Angels"? True, there may be some readers of Bret Harte among the tourists; there may be more who, like me, got their first idea of the Bay region from Jack London; but people who know neither Bret Harte nor Jack London, for whom the Argonauts were Greeks and the gold rush a Chaplin film, are still enchanted with the place. The name does help. It is more euphonious than Milwaukee, or Stockton; it doesn't present the difficulties of pronunciation of Los Angeles, it recalls to some the *Fioretti,* to others Mr. Bufano. Had the village been left with its original name of Yerba Buena (which, roughly translated, means the same as Glasgow), it might have been as unjustly neglected by seekers of the picturesque as is my ancient, native city.

There is, of course, its remote position on the Pacific, its air of being the port where come and go the ships of Javan and Gadere "with all their bravery on and tackle trim." But, in fact, more ships clear profitably for

> where the gorgeous East with richest hand
> showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold

from Liverpool and London. Melville's "Cyclades or Islands of King Solomon" ought to come to mind in Salem—or San Pedro—as easily as they do as one gazes on the docks, often not very full, that lie below the Embarcadero. Yet they don't. One does feel, looking at the ships, even if they are smart cruise ships bound (Harry Bridges permitting) for hula-hula at Waikiki, what Longfellow felt a century or more ago in Portland (Maine),

> the beauty and mystery of the ships
> and the magic of the sea.

And (a thought I hardly dare to utter) in a good many American ports, sailors scarcely seem at home; here they are always at home, back in their still snug and once rowdy harbor, as much at home as the first Argonauts in Colchis.

But it is not, I think, the romance of the port that wins one to San Francisco. It is the stability, human and material. San Francisco has a gratifying air of being *finished.* One of the charms of America is that so little is finished, that the future is always there bright and beautiful, but that means that the present is too often neither. Most American cities sprawl. I don't mean sprawl like a vast nomadic encampment in the manner of Los Angeles, but sprawl like Chicago, Cleveland, even like Manhattan; for away from the main avenues and the smart blocks, it is surprising how much of Manhattan is sprawling, down-at heel, semi-abandoned. Indeed, one could say of some regions what Whistler said of a bad picture, "It may be finished but it certainly wasn't begun." Almost alone among big American cities (quite alone among those I know and I know most), San Francisco is defined. Defined by the Bay, by the Golden Gate, by the Twin Peaks. "Across the Bay," "down the Peninsula," these common phrases give the atmosphere of this geographically beleaguered city. You can think of it standing a siege; you can think of it cut off from the surrounding country by its walls and by its sense of superiority to its surrounding boorish peasants and squires, as Athens and Florence thought of their territory. Boston, in the old days, may have looked like that, but progress has destroyed its character and the idea of the walls of Boston is a comic scene-direction in an Italian opera—though it was a reality in the year which saw the first white settlement on the site of San Francisco.

I think this stability, this possibly irritating self-centeredness, is reflected in the citizens, native-born and adopted. No city is less a victim of the booster spirit. I can't think that much sleep is lost at the news that Los Angeles is now the third city in the Union. I am not an enemy of the booster spirit; I love statistical information and have a good memory for it. I am constantly delighted to find that the old frontier art of the tall story is not

dead and reaches its finest flowering in Chamber of Commerce prediction. But it is a relief or, at least, a change to come to a city where most citizens don't seem to know or care how big they are or how much the Bureau of the Census has betrayed the truth in its latest returns.

I HASTEN to say that I am all for growth, delight in the progress of Seattle, am loyal to Minneapolis against Saint Paul, even deplore the depopulation of Manhattan. I love new waterworks, speedways, in general progress. But that is as a student of American life, not as a mere tourist. And as a mere tourist I like the city where, I constantly assert, the British consulate is the first office to open. It is the only American city known to me where it is possible, as the French say, to "*flâner,*" to drift aimlessly and amiably along the streets with a mild intention of observation and adventure. Yet, from many points of view, San Francisco is not well designed for the *flâneur.* Often it is not warm enough. Always it is not flat enough. No more than most people do I like climbing such steep and hard streets, yet I find myself doing so. Nor is it notably well provided, north of the slot anyway, with hostelries where one can rest the feet and remove the dust from the throat. Nor is it well provided with oases where one can indulge a green thought in a green shade as one can do in Central Park, Boston Common, and so on. The car park opposite the St. Francis doesn't count. But there is the air of the city and its people; the office buildings that represent not enterprise but wealth. I know America too well to be taken in by the legend of the tireless American business man with no time for lunch. He is often tireless all right, but it is at lunch that you see and hear him at his most tireless. But it is only in San Francisco that a very eminent lawyer, having been unavoidably late for lunch, decided that it would be quite pointless to go back to the office at all since I had a plane to catch at five and he would see me off. It was thus that I spent a highly agreeable afternoon at a little club whose French barman denounced Léon Blum to me, not for any of the usual reasons but on the ground that he was deputy for Narbonne *and* a teetotaler!

And it doesn't number its streets. There is Market and California, Cabrillo and Sacramento, Kearney and Sutter, Bush and Geary and Post. Some of these names I can interpret, but why Bush? I don't know and I don't care. And it is surely significant of something that the *cri de coeur* of the exiled native son, "California, here I come," makes it plain that it is to San Francisco, not to Bakersfield, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, or anywhere else that he is returning. So say all of us who are not merely not native sons, but not even ordinary Americans.

IV

IF IN addition to being a tourist you are, like me, an American historian, of course you can display genuine interest in Lexington or the text of the Constitution, but the mere tourist will probably be displaying politeness when he does. But, it may be asked, don't Americans really appreciate Westminster Abbey and Notre Dame and the Capitol (in Rome, Italy)? Of course they do, as Frenchmen and Englishmen appreciate the Forum and the Parthenon, but don't expect the same interest in their monuments from Italians or Greeks. They were there before us; we were there before you. Westminster Abbey and Magna Carta are part of American history, but the Capitol and the Constitution are not part of English history. So the European tourist won't, in fact, want to see Williamsburg instead of Hollywood, Hawthorne's Salem rather than Dreiser's Chicago. He has all the history he can swallow at home. And he has all the art. There are great museums in America, but there are more in Europe nearer at hand. When I am in Kansas City again I shall go again to the admirable William Rockhill Nelson art gallery, but I won't go to Kansas City to see the gallery. I live two hours from the National Gallery and six from the Louvre and life is short.

What the tourist wants to see more than anything else are the specifically American things. He wants to see New York and, after all, New York *is* a sight. How the Roman emperors would have admired it and copied it! Seen from the roads behind New Haven and Princeton, Yale and Princeton look like Newman's Oxford, but Manhattan, seen from New Jersey, from the bridges on the New Haven line, from the harbor, from Brooklyn, even

from Long Island City is the only thing of its kind in the world; there never was anything like it before; there will never be anything like it again. So, too, for the Pulaski Skyway, pure H. G. Wells (who wrote so admirably on New York). So for the Grand Coulee and Bonneville and Hoover Dams.

So for the magnificent American railway stations. On my first day in America in 1925 what impressed me most was not the Woolworth Building, which I duly ascended, but Grand Central, which still seems to me the most magnificent thing of its kind. (I have been in Philadelphia's new station *and* in Kansas City *and* even in the vast sprawling ranch house in Los Angeles.) And this, we should remember, is the sort of thing a lot of American tourists went abroad to see two generations ago, when American stations were quaint little sheds like that survivor in New Orleans which beats even Oxford for archaic charm. Mark Twain did his very best in *The Innocents Abroad* to do the Colosseum and Père Lachaise, but what really struck him all of a heap were the French railway stations and the tracks and the trains and the great Paris stores and indeed all that now strikes a European visitor to New York or Cleveland. We are the new innocents abroad and we want to be abroad, not in the most ingenious imitation of home.

That is why, I think, the representative American institution, comparable to the French café or the English pub, is not the saloon, bar, or tavern, but the hotel lobby. I am rather a collector of lobbies, the great, crowded, splendid ones like that of the Biltmore in Los Angeles, the old-fashioned ones in run-down hotels ("American plan") with their dingy brown leather chairs, their rockers, their spittoons, and—in small towns—the porch where the guests can sit in summer. The guests, too, the tourists in the Willard at cherry-blossom time, fathers, mothers, daughters, few sons, shivering in their spring clothes as Washington traps them with her more than female changeability. The air of dignified repose in the Palace in San Francisco, the stir in the St. Francis (so many people from *southern* California go there). New York isn't well provided with lobbies, but there are moments when the full tide of experience can be sampled in the Astor.

Of course, the American bar, saloon, tavern, or what have you, is itself worth study. Why, for instance, is it as a rule so dark? Is it a relic of speak-easy days? I don't remember them as being dark. These groggeries have many merits, but as social centers they don't compete with a café or a lobby and sooner or later the St. Francis is going to go the whole hog and run a bar round the lobby—and be universally imitated.

Then there are the trains. The old Pullmans that no European brought up on legends of American prudery can believe in till he sees one. The newer compartments, the roomettes recalling "The Pit and the Pendulum," the club cars where the best conversation is always provided by that much maligned talker, the American business man. The gadgets, the bubble-gum observation roofs, the aluminum cars and engines, these are delights.

So, too, are open-air movie theaters, drive-in restaurants, the postboxes on Canal Street, New Orleans, that you can use without leaving the car. (That pleased me more than the much exaggerated charms of the Vieux Carré, as dull to one who knows Marseilles as the Place d'Armes is to one who knows Nancy.) If you keep your eyes and ears open, there is never a dull moment. There is the free conversation of the taxi drivers; ignorant if amiable in New York, at a high level of worldly wisdom and knowledge in Washington, whose taximen are also the most honest and the most polite.

There are the long distance busses, sometimes just as much fun as they were in "It Happened One Night." There are the airports, ranging from the magnificent to the alarming, with New York's Forty-second Street air terminal establishing its easy supremacy as the worst-sited and worst-planned west of the Iron Curtain. There are the ways in which possibly intrinsically dull sports, like politics and football, are jazzed up with bands, loud-speakers, acrobats, ham actors, and lavishly pretty women, some of whom know what football and/or politics is about. There are the sky signs that, as Chesterton said, make Times Square a paradise for those who can't read. (We have possibly rivaled that in London where, in once sacred Pall Mall, a billboard now shoots soap bubbles at innocent passersby.) So many memories

throng. The Helen Hokinson ladies playing canasta in a deserted Midwest country club, while a solitary male gloomily inserts quarters in the slot machines. The magnificence of the New England fall, fully up to the advertising. The day when Lake Michigan, at Chicago, looked like the Mediterranean. The great Pacific waves pounding in at Malibu and giving that strip of the California coast a real advantage over Portofino—which can afford it. The sea food which is magnificent and Great Lakes food which isn't. The perpetual comedy of asking for a wine list in expensive "French" restaurants in New York or New Orleans. The tall corn in an Indiana summer (now, I regret to learn, not as tall as it once needed to be). Winning non-Gothic campuses like Amherst and the perfect campus, the Lawn at Charlottesville. There is the Great Salt Lake and there is the pleasure of finding, at Bismarck, North Dakota, a capitol that is not a bad copy of the big one in Washington. (A pleasure to be tasted also at Lincoln, Nebraska, and Salem, Oregon.) There is the fine empire furniture in the capitol at Montgomery and the supremely good service on the Louisville and Nashville. In fact there is endless richness and the European who *is let loose in America* and still is bored, is probably better dead anyway. But he doesn't take American culture seriously? What, no orchestras, no art shows, no pilgrimages to famous shrines? Well, no. If the shrine, like Charleston, is really beautiful and not a mere pastiche or straight imitation of Chartres or Bath, it will be appreciated. But it is not for the past but for the present and the future that the European tourist goes to America.

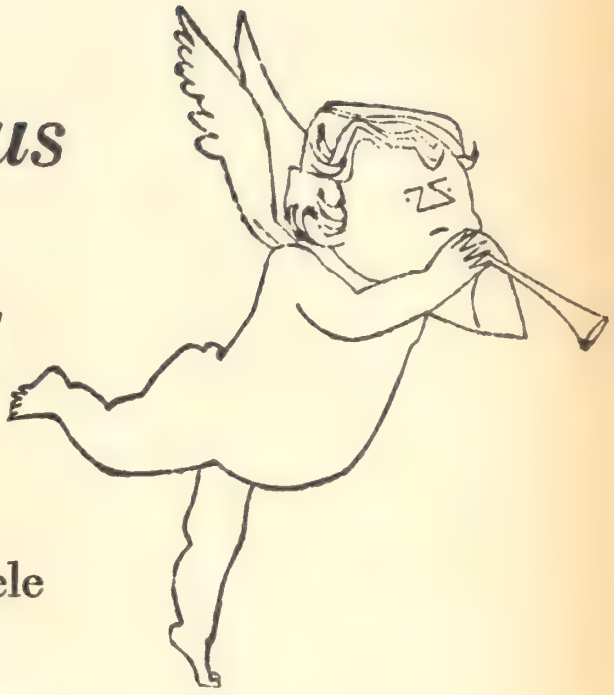
The past that he knows about is cowboys and Indians, and few and sophisticated are they who do not thrill at their first sight of a noble red man. (Mine was in a drugstore at a Western railroad station "in boughten clothes"; he didn't even say, "Wahoo," but there he was.) And no other respect to the American past? Well, there is always the Civil War. Practically every child in Britain in my childhood learned "Barbara Frietchie" by heart, so Frederick, Maryland, has its appeal. And nothing else? Well, fifty years ago, a very learned, arrogant English scholar visited Harvard and other colleges and toured the country. When he got back he was asked had he enjoyed himself? Yes, but he had missed, among so much that was new and instructive, the sense of a past heritage; the evocations that bring thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears, etc. He had, however, got it once. His train, slow and dirty, was crossing a narrow stream in Florida. Out of idle curiosity, he asked the conductor its name. "Why, that's the Swanee River." And the scholar—and gentleman—and Englishman—felt as he had felt in Caen or Rome or Athens.

Which thing is a parable.

Of course many a tourist has his own special feeling for some one spot in America. One distinguished author dashed off on pilgrimage to the home of the "Little Women"; that would not stir me. But I have felt reasonably tender emotions gazing at the sycamores of the Wabash and knowing that, close by, was the clubhouse of Sigma Chi. And I have felt much deeper emotion standing on the banks of the Mississippi at Hannibal, Missouri. But private interests of this kind apart, what we come to see is the past that all Europe has known, the Indians, Buffalo Bill. And the present, the world of the movies and of the magic makers, good and bad, the world of Danny Kaye, Los Alamos, and the automatic laundries. We would come in our thousands to see both Americas if hard times would let us.



Promiscuous Unbound



A Story by Max Steele

Drawings by Andy Warhol

"WONDER what their children will be like?" My Aunt Molly Bloom had no more than dragged her lace veil through the church door before Mrs. Oliver (of the Fat Olivers) bulldozed through the crowd and asked my grandmother. "Wonder what their children will be like?"

"Like rabbits, probably." Grandmother did not try to hide her feelings about her new son-in-law. "If I know Mr. W. R. Goatt."

Perhaps a more prophetic statement was never shouted in the South Side Baptist Church. During the next five years Aunt Molly Bloom and Mr. Goatt had five children: Matthew, Mark, Luke, John—and Little Acts who became known as "Mutt" because Matthew was the first word he tried to say and "Mutt" was what it sounded like.

They tell the story about Mutt two ways in our town. Some say he was a most unusual baby, raising their eyebrows all over the place, but then people are apt to remember more than ever happened when a tragedy finally occurs. They even quote Nurse Emmie Davis, who everybody knows is so nearsighted she hasn't even seen her own mirror in years, that Mutt as a baby was a *sight*. Well, you can't tell this long afterwards. Maybe he was. But then there are the other people, friends largely of the family, who say he was like any baby and child in the world until he met Mrs. Ludie Shaggs.

Mrs. Shaggs, to tell the truth, was a striking blonde creature—double-breasted if ever a woman was. She carried herself like a pouter-pigeon and all the children in the neighborhood bet that she had to sleep on her back to keep from feeling like she was sleeping uphill. They had visions of her, lying there prone, like a board on a seesaw, with sometimes her head stuck into the air and at other times her feet. Probably neither did, but that's what all the children reckoned. No one knew much about Mr. Shaggs except that he carried an umbrella and raised dahlias as big as derby hats and was liable to keep any football that landed in his flower-bed—which Grandmother later put a dreadful curse on. And sure enough, it has withered and died. (But then so, for that matter, has Grandmother.)

ANYWAY, it was there the afternoon B.B. Nelson punted a ball over his back fence into the Shaggs garden. Although Mr. Shaggs had never been known to speak to a child in the neighborhood, it was under-



stood that any boy caught alive in that backyard wouldn't live to remember it. Both teams went over to the wooden fence and peeped through the cracks at the football where it lay side by side with a purple dahlia almost as large. Even children could see that the flower was a prize-winner. They didn't say as much. They merely said, "Uh oh," and Sissy Burton remembered that his mother wanted him that minute. If Sissy hadn't run out the driveway they probably would have thrown him over the fence and dared him to come back without the ball. As it was they stood back, stared angrily at each other, and then at B.B. who had punted the ball. B.B. searched the ground and then the back steps where little Mutt Goatt sat, mouth open, whittling with a butcher knife.

Mutt was only five, not quite six, at the time and didn't know anything about the Shaggs. Or maybe he did know and just didn't care. You couldn't tell about Mutt. They watched him whittling and decided he was the one to send. Mr. Shaggs might have mercy on such a little boy and if he didn't—too bad. It was argued that Mutt's bite was worse than Mable's, a bulldog that was tied to the lunch stand after school each day. Unfortunately no person they knew of had ever been bitten by both, so the argument was purely theoretical.

Nevertheless, a rope was tied around Mutt's waist, and B.B. and his brother, sitting on the fence rail, lowered Mutt into the Shaggs' garden. He crouched down behind a peony bush, just as he had been coached to do, and tried to untie the rope. Finally, when he couldn't, the boys whispered through the fence: "Go on. Get the ball. We'll meet you out front."

The boys ran halfway round the block and stood in front of the Shaggs' house to wait for Mutt to come running, rope trailing, out the drive, with the football that cost, they remembered now, eighty-nine cents, almost a dollar. Five minutes passed and they were still waiting.

Thirty minutes later seven of the boys were sitting on the stone wall in front of the Shaggs', looking up the lawn at the old house. On the other side four of the boys were seated on the wooden fence staring moodily down into the garden where little Mutt had last been seen. The football was gone; but so was the beheaded dahlia.

Ten more minutes passed and the boys on the back fence began seeing signs of what must have been a struggle in the garden. At about the same time it came to all the boys on the front wall that Mr. Shaggs had bound Mutt and tossed him in the coal hopper. They joined forces at the corner, marched up the street, and bravely up the drive to the basement window. B.B. Nelson was ready to punt the glass in when they heard the clink of a spoon above. There tapping on the pane with an ice cream spoon was Mutt. Before him was a water goblet half full of lime sherbert and behind him in full bloom was Mrs. Shaggs.

LATE that afternoon, long after he had tossed the football from the Shaggs' porch to the waiting boys, Mutt came sauntering up the street, carrying the purple dahlia on the up-raised palms of his hands.

He kept the flower before his plate during supper, and his breathing which was always heavy was a rumbling sigh tonight.

"Don't breathe like that!" Aunt Molly Bloom said.

"Can't help it," Mutt said, still gazing at the gaudy purple flower which he was touching lightly with his fingertips.

"We're going to have to have his adenoids taken out," Uncle W.R. said.

"My what!" Mutt glanced up in alarm.

"Adenoids." Uncle W.R. explained what and where and why about the adenoids.

"Oh," Mutt said.

He took the flower to bed with him that night and used it as a pillow. He lay on his back, hands joined under his head, the flower under his hands. About two o'clock an

autumn storm churned through town and Aunt Molly went in to see if Mutt was covered up. He was still lying there, eyes wide, staring at the ceiling.

"Did the storm wake you?" she asked.

"What storm?" he said.

After that it was a fresh flower every day—huge dahlias: purple, dark red, white, and yellow, but mostly purple. Mutt tried to press them between the pages of his Gulliver book but the flowers were too large and fat for that, so he kept them in a wheelbarrow under the house. He could not be persuaded to throw dead flowers away and he could not be kept from running off to the Shaggs'.

"Does Mr. Shaggs know you're picking his prettiest flowers?" Aunt Molly asked. "Who gives them to you?"

"Ludie," Mutt said casually. He smiled at the flower in hand.

"Who is Ludie?"

"Her," Mutt said. "Mrs. Shaggs."

"Ludie! We'll have a little more respect out of you, young man. Now don't let me hear you say 'Ludie' again."

Mutt laughed at the flower, tossed it into the air, and caught it. He was out the door and down the street to the Shaggs' before Aunt Molly could warn him again.

It was two days later that he came home smelling of smoke. He had already been to the pantry and eaten peanut butter, but he still smelled of tobacco and smoke.

"Have you been smoking?" Uncle W.R. asked at supper.

"No," Mutt said.

Aunt Molly, sitting next to him, sniffed at the top of his head and at his ears.

"You most certainly have," she said, "or else you've been mighty close to somebody who has."

"Lu . . .," Mutt began. "Mrs. Shaggs kissed me good-by."

"Oh," Aunt Molly sighed with relief.

Uncle W.R. chuckled.

"Does Mr. Shaggs know you kiss his wife good-by?"

"Oh hell no!" Mutt said, red as the flower before his plate.

"Probably just as well," my uncle said.

It wasn't until the next morning that Aunt Molly realized Mutt had said a cuss word, and whipped him for it. He was furious. He stalked out of the house and did not return until dark. He had eaten, he said, both lunch and dinner (not dinner and supper, mind you) at the Shaggs'. He wouldn't eat anything even before he went to bed, but at three o'clock that morning they found him in the kitchen drinking black coffee. He didn't look very happy.

Aunt Molly and her husband stood there in the door and watched him.

"Are you sick?" Aunt Molly asked.

"No." Mutt rubbed his chin as though to see if he needed a shave. "Just couldn't sleep."

"W.R., something's got to be done," my aunt said.

"For instance?" her husband asked.

"Well, for one thing, he's got to stay away from that Shaggs woman."

"Promise your mother you'll stay away from Ludie Shaggs," my uncle said.

"I won't."

"You won't what?"

"I won't promise."

"Can't say as I blame you." Mr. Goatt winked, clicked his tongue, and went back to bed.

"What either of you see in that blonde hussy!" Aunt Molly was saying as she followed my uncle down the dark hall. "Poor fools."



THE iron grille gate at the end of the walk was shut and locked the next morning and Mutt was promised a whipping if he went out of the yard or even so much as touched the gate or the iron-spike pickets of the front fence. He was allowed to play on the wooden fence enclosing the backyard but warned that if he had any ideas about falling, he'd better commence planning immediately to fall in his own yard, and preferably on his feet.

That week he played in the yard, Aunt

Molly occasionally watching from various windows and his brothers reporting during the day that he was still in the yard, had not been seen out of it. Yet each night he came in with a gleam and a flower. Apparently, he was happy: he ate well, he slept well, he laughed, and he was learning to whistle. As the autumn days grew shorter, colder, more full of falling leaves, Mutt became more restless. He wandered about the front yard, cheeks puffed out, lips puckered, whistling the strangest whistle you ever heard, more like the piping of a broken kettle than anything, at times scarcely hearable, at times shrill. When a woman would pass down the street, Mutt would head for the gate and with fingers between teeth, whistle. It was disconcerting.

So disturbing in fact that Preacher Clement stopped to ask if the young man in the yard would not be more happily occupied if allowed to play with other children his own age. Of course Aunt Molly could not explain to the preacher why Mutt was being kept in; or at least she thought she couldn't, not knowing it was a public secret.

"Then at least," Preacher Clement pleaded, "can he be prevailed upon to refrain from this whistling after women. My wife has become so haunted by it she's taken to going to town by Mulberry Street, two whole blocks out of the way." Then he added painfully, "Through my instructions." He mumbled, Aunt Molly still believes, something to the effect that his wife was all he had and that he wasn't the only husband who was worried about the recent behavior of several of the ladies who had to pass this way. Whatever he meant, Aunt Molly was touched by his tone and manner. So much so that she decided to let Mutt out. But when later in the afternoon she saw Mrs. Ludie Shaggs talking to him at the front fence and even reaching through to pat him on the head (right there in open daylight, before God and all the neighbors, if you can imagine) she was so upset she almost changed her mind.



It wouldn't have made any difference what she decided because the next morning Mutt did not come down to breakfast. He was not in his bed, his room, the house, or yard.

About four o'clock Mr. Shaggs phoned and said with no more ceremony than a banker: "Where's my wife?"

Aunt Molly declared she didn't know.

"She damn well better be home before dark!" He slammed down the receiver before she could ask him if he'd seen Mutt.

At dark, my uncle answered the telephone.

"Where's my wife?" the angry voice said.

"Where's my son?" Mr. Goatt said, equally as angry because he had heard of the earlier call.

"I don't know. But I do know where he'll be if he sets foot in my house again. Or if another of my dahlias is missing!" He slammed down the receiver.

"I think that man is unhappy," my uncle said.

"You think he meant that threat?"

"Certainly. I tell you he's unhappy."

"The frost will probably take care of the flowers soon anyhow," Aunt Molly said hopefully.

"Frost won't take care of Mutt though. It's

time he's taught to be discreet, if nothing else." Fortunately he was asleep when Mutt crept in after midnight.

No one knows yet how Mr. Goatt intended teaching his son to be discreet, but the beginning did seem to be inspired simplicity. Some people say my uncle picked up the idea while he was training horses in the horse cavalry, but it doesn't make much difference now. What he did was this: he stretched a wire, strong as a cable, tight as possible, from the corner of the house to a tree near the wood fence. On this he hitched a chain leash, and to the leash a collar, and in the collar Mutt. He locked it with a little lock and took the key with him because Aunt Molly was already crying at the sight of her son on a leash. Every time little Mutt ran, the chain rattled and Aunt Molly had to cover her ears or dry her eyes. Finally she put cotton in her ears and stayed on the other side of the house.

Just before dinner, however (she had worked her way to the upstairs, where she had begun making the beds), it occurred to her, she doesn't know why, to look out the window. Sure enough, two backyards away, in the dahlia garden, Mrs. Shaggs in a red and white flowered kimono, was cutting a huge blossom. She held it first in her hair and from the upstairs window it looked like a flop-hat. She must have known how foolish it appeared because then she held it to her low neckline, between her mighty bosoms. She must have been delighted with the effect because she pinned it there, then tossed her blonde hair back over her shoulder in one quick lift of her chin.

Ten minutes later when Aunt Molly stuck her head out the window to tell Mutt to come to the back steps for his dinner, he was gone. Mrs. Shaggs was gone too. The broken leash was hanging empty from the wire.

Aunt Molly went straightway to the phone and called her husband: "W.R., she's got him. Came right into the yard and took him."

"That kid!" Uncle W.R. said proudly.

"What?" Aunt Molly Bloom was shouting.

"Real sex appeal."

"Mrs. Shaggs?"

"The kid."

"Oh." Aunt Molly sounded relieved. Then: "What are we going to do?"

"Just wait. He'll come back when he gets tired."

They waited all night and until noon the next day. At lunch Uncle W.R. said: "Maybe he's not going to get tired."

"Quit leering and finish your coffee." Aunt Molly was already taking dishes from the table.

It was then that the phone rang. Mr. Shaggs was dead. The children were already chanting the news in the street. "Dead in the bed with a bullet in his head."

All afternoon a crowd fringed the Shaggs house, peeping in at the shade-drawn windows, searching the garage, and rambling curiously in the flower garden. His car, everyone knew, was gone; his wife and her clothes, some said, were gone; and even though Aunt Molly tried to keep it a secret, someone, then everyone, knew that Mutt was gone. The death was explained in the only four possible ways: Mr. Shaggs had killed himself upon discovering his wife's elopement; Mrs. Shaggs had killed him to escape; Mutt had accidentally killed him; Mutt had killed him intentionally.

To complicate matters, Sissy Burton then began feeling guilty that he had not allowed himself to be thrown over the fence that autumn day to get the football. He confessed in the frontyard that he had done the killing. Everyone thought he was bragging and so ignored him. Then he got to feeling so guilty he was afraid they would believe him and went around declaring that he had not done the killing.

Somehow it was very casual. "After all," Preacher Clement said, "you can't take the actions of a six-year-old boy seriously." He glanced about the crowd, nervously searching for his wife in the gathering dusk. "I do hope," she was saying with a sparkling gleam in her eye, "that they find that boy before Ludie Shaggs goes very far with him."

"If you ask me," Uncle W.R. began, "she's already . . ."

"Nobody did. So shut up." Aunt Molly could not keep him from praising Mutt's accomplishments and persistence. That night they left the door open and the coffeepot on in case Mutt should sneak back. It was a restless night for the entire neighborhood. Lights in every house flashed on, burned brightly for a while, then as suddenly went off.

Toward dawn, which was cold and gray,

Ludie Shaggs drove up to her house, blew her horn to wake the two policemen who were keeping watch in the patrol car, and then went with them down to the jail. She claimed she did not know her husband was dead when she left town with Mutt. She had packed her clothes that afternoon, left Mutt in the house bathing while she went down to have the car checked. It was during that half-hour that her husband must have come home and found Mutt in the tub. According to Mrs. Shaggs, Mutt said there had been an argument through the locked bathroom door in which Mr. Shaggs threatened to kill him if he ever came in the house again. Mutt, looking for a towel, found the pistol in the bathroom linen closet, opened the door, and walked into the bedroom.

"Let me have that, sonny," Mr. Shaggs said, sitting down on the bed. Mutt, in his simple way, walked up to him and let him have it, right in the head.

"He was as calm as I'd ever seen him," Mrs. Shaggs was sobbing when Uncle W.R. appeared at the police station. "Was waiting for me on the back steps. Had dragged my suitcase out into the yard. 'The house is all locked,' he told me. I tried the back door and it was locked. I didn't know Mr. Shaggs had already come home. We left in a hurry because it was almost time for him."

"Where did you last see the boy?" Uncle W.R. asked.

"At a tavern on the other side of Atlanta, Georgia. Drinking beer with two college girls in a convertible. I'd gone to see about a cabin and when I got back there he was with these two bi . . . biddies." She sobbed. "I said, 'Come on, Mutt, we got a cabin.' He said, 'Pipe down, Grandma.' I went to the cabin and watched him from the window. The way he was carrying on with those two girls! Right there before my eyes. And them squealing and acting so damned coy. They had the radio going and that's how he knew the police were already after us. He came in and told me what I've done told you. I said, 'Let's get out of here. Florida maybe.' I was scared. 'Beat it,' he said, 'I'm sticking with them.' He jerked his thumb over his shoulder at the convertible outside. I could tell by watching him as he got back in the car that he was already far gone with one of the girls—the blonde. I started out after him. I chased them a good fifteen miles before they lost me."

The more they checked the more the police believed Mrs. Shaggs' story. The fingerprints on the gun were Mutt's, and Hank Beatty, the garage man, testified that Mrs. Shaggs was with him during that half-hour in which neighbors remembered hearing the shot. When he married Ludie a year later half the town wanted to reopen the case, but the other half wanted fervently to forget the whole affair, and more specially to forget Mutt.

As happens with the memory of most ruggedly defined and active men, a cloud of rumor sprang up around the memory of Mutt to soften the ruggedness and hide the spectacular differences. He was never heard from directly again. A tabloid claimed he was smuggled across the Mexican border in a baby carriage by a silent-movie vampire. Other people said she took him to Hollywood where he wouldn't be noticed. Some claimed it was to New York where he would be appreciated. Others claimed he was forced by a Chicago gangster to take a vow of silence and withdraw from society.

Just before the war a psychologist settled in the town and put forward the theory that Mutt never really existed, that he was merely the six-year-old in all of us, that he was the town's knowing myth. A good many people began believing the psychologist but when he went off to the war, Preacher Clement, who had objected violently to the theory, put forward the notion that perhaps the psychologist had never really existed—an idea that many people found just as attractive. Anyway, all I know is that I'm glad Mrs. Ludie Shaggs had courage enough to come back and live, knowing that people were pointing her out and talking about her, as they did and do, even to this very day.

A Calculated Risk in Yugoslavia

Henry C. Wolfe

IF, AT the time of the American reverses in South Korea last summer, you traveled from Western Europe to Yugoslavia, as I did, you would have been struck by the South Slavs' lack of tension. France, West Germany, Italy, Austria, long jittery about war, were keyed up to a high pitch by the Soviet move in Asia. In each country I was repeatedly asked, "Where will the next Korea be?" In Yugoslavia, by contrast, nobody seemed to be afraid of war or frightened by the threat of invasion. Yet for the past two years Yugoslavia has stood in greater danger of Soviet attack than any other spot in Europe, not even excepting the Western sectors of Berlin. The Yugoslavs' attitude is all the more remarkable in view of their exposed position on the frontier of the vast Soviet empire. Moreover, they have not been on cordial terms with a single one of their seven neighbors. They have had no guarantees from any country in the world, no promises of armed assistance. Despite threats, pressures, and frontier incidents, the Yugoslavs have maintained a bold, iron-nerved front toward their Cominform and Soviet enemies.

What happens in Yugoslavia is of vital significance in the East-West struggle. The Tito-Stalin break has had political reverberations throughout the Marxist world and is forcing the Western nations to make crucial policy decisions. Here in the United States we may have to make several of them.

In the Politburo's plans for world domination Yugoslavia must be taken into account geographically, politically, and militarily. As Moscow eyes the West, the land of the South Slavs offers ready access, geographically, to the Adriatic and the Mediterranean and a short cut to Trieste and the valley of the Po. As long as Tito and his colleagues are in power, the Kremlin will not have freedom of political and military action against Western Europe. In Greece, for example, we were able to terminate the civil war after Tito closed his frontier to the Greek Communist forces. As long as Tito can stand up to Stalin, the West (especially Greece and Italy) has an anti-Soviet buffer. As long as the Tito rebellion against the Kremlin continues, Stalin's hold on the Soviet satellites in Europe and Asia is not secure. Conversely, should Stalin succeed in crushing Tito, further defections within the Soviet empire are unlikely for a long time.

Some shrewd European students of Soviet empire-building believe that the Yugoslav revolt against the Kremlin saved the West in 1948. They believe that when Stalin started the Berlin blockade he was beginning a major move to gain control of Germany. Tito's rebellion, according to this reasoning, forced the Kremlin to postpone an all-out German adventure, thereby gaining time for the Western nations to prepare political and military defense against invasion. In this connection

Last summer, for the first time since 1940, when he published his book, The Imperial Soviets, *Mr. Wolfe obtained a visa to enter Yugoslavia. His balancing of the issues in American policy toward Tito is an outgrowth of his trip.*

it may be recalled that the unexpected Yugoslav defiance of Hitler in the spring of 1941 not only took the Nazis by surprise but cost them men, equipment, and time. As a consequence, some military experts maintain, the German attack on Russia was delayed for several weeks, a time lag which may have meant the difference between defeat and victory for Hitler.

II

TITO's break with Stalin was undoubtedly the most dramatic event of the international scene since World War II. The spectacle of the head of a small agricultural country about the size of Oregon defying the ruler of a colossal, powerful dictatorship was personal melodrama of the first order. The odds in population were twenty to one. It was, indeed, such a fantastic situation that many people on both sides of the Atlantic thought it was a faked quarrel. This theory was bolstered by the fact that for months after Yugoslavia was read out of the Cominform the South Slav leaders and press concentrated their attacks on Cominform officials, carefully refraining from direct criticism of Stalin. The Soviet dictator's picture still hung on many Yugoslav walls along with Tito's and Lenin's. During this period Yugoslav delegates at international conferences usually voted with the Soviet representatives. Yet all the while the Kremlin and its Cominform puppets were waging a violent political and propaganda offensive to overthrow Tito and his regime. The struggle between Stalin and Tito for control of Yugoslavia was genuine.

Although the Tito-Stalin feud broke suddenly on the world, it had been developing for four years. It began months before the end of the war, grew deeper when the Red Army entered Yugoslavia. Tito was determined to run his own show in the face of Stalin's aim to make Yugoslavia part of the monolithic Soviet empire. Unlike the Moscow-placed rulers of other Cominform states, Tito and his associates were not mere puppets; they had successfully fought the Axis armies and their political enemies inside Yugoslavia.

Major factors in the feud were the Kremlin's measures (a) to bring the Yugoslav military forces under Soviet command, and (b) to exploit Yugoslavia's economy by making the state a semi-colonial annex of the USSR. Tito bitterly resented Russian maneuvers to take Yugoslav military control out of his hands. And when the Soviets adopted Hitler's plan to make Yugoslavia an *Absatzgebiet* (raw materials preserve), Tito put up stiff resistance. He was determined to build Yugoslavia up economically, to change it from a rural country to a modern industrial state. He realized the potentialities of Yugoslav coal, iron, and water power. He wanted to exchange exports of his minerals, timber, and food for machinery, oil, and other imports, but on an equitable basis.

Although the Molotov economic bloc (the so-called Council for Economic Mutual Assistance) was heralded by the Kremlin as a project which would bring prosperity to the Cominform states, it was actually a looting stratagem. The Russians, for example, set the prices of Tito's copper exports and their tractor exports according to a ratio that would cost the Yugoslavs $28,000 for every USSR tractor. In the Molotov set-up Yugoslavia's labor and natural resources were to be exploited for the benefit of Russia. Under the circumstances the Yugoslav standard of living could not remain as high even as the Russian. Tito and his group would have none of this. The Kremlin unsuccessfully attempted an internal coup to oust Tito and replace him with a Moscow-controlled puppet. Tito reacted vigorously, jailed two leading members of his party, and cracked down hard on everybody suspected of plotting against his regime.

SOME observers set the date of the Tito-Stalin break as June 28, 1948, thirty-four years to the day after Franz Ferdinand was assassinated at Serajevo. Since that date the whole Stalinist world has carried on a propaganda war against Tito as a "fascist lunatic," a "betrayer of the working people," a "lackey of capitalism." The Kremlin has traditionally poured its fiercest invective on Communist party members who "deviate." To the Moscow radio, Communist Tito is that "insolent dwarf." *Izvestia* charges him with the heinous sin of "diversionism." *Pravda* rages that he has committed crimes against the "camp of socialism and internationalism." *Pravda* promises, moreover, that

the time is coming when Tito will have to stand trial "before the people."

Tito and his supporters fight back, of course, claiming that they are the only true Communist regime in Europe, that the Kremlin itself is "deviationist," that Stalin uses communism as an instrument of Russian imperialism, thus betraying the principles of Leninism. Belgrade furiously denounces the "bureaucratic centralism" of the USSR and the "traitorous bureaucratic caste" which rules the Soviet empire.

This is more than a battle of semantics and polemics. It is a bitter fight to reach the minds of leftists everywhere. Last May Day, for example, the Yugoslav Communist party issued a call to Marxists, leftists, and "progressives" all over the world to support Yugoslavia, the land of genuine communism, against the Kremlin's sham and perversion of Marxism-Leninism. Tito's appeals for Communist revolt against Stalin have brought some breaks in party ranks in Italy, Greece, and other countries. In Berlin, for instance, Karl Heinz Scholz and some fellow Communists founded the anti-Soviet "Free Communist party" and sent a telegram of support to Marshal Tito. To people in the Western world this incident may not have seemed important. But to the Kremlin it was a symptom of the spread of the dread plague of "deviationism."

Obviously Tito hoped that his revolt would set an example for his Cominform neighbors. Just as obviously Stalin feared that this might happen. The consequences were purges and liquidations in every Soviet satellite. In Poland Gomulka was demoted; in Hungary Rajk was hanged. Other leading Communists to suffer liquidation were Kostov in Bulgaria and Xoxe in Albania. Thousands of Communists in the Cominform countries have been demoted, imprisoned, or liquidated. There is no greater crime in Stalinist eyes than Titoism. Quite naturally the Kremlin fears the spread of Titoism in Europe and Asia. One of the prime aims of Kremlin policy, therefore, is the destruction of the Yugoslav "deviation" and those responsible for it.

As my Belgrade-bound train wound through the Slovenian mountains late last August I was not, I confess, any too comfortable in my mind. On the previous day the Paris newspapers carried excerpts from a Cominform broadcast from Budapest to Stalinists in Yugoslavia ordering them to wreck trains. This is just one example of the terrorist campaign waged by the Kremlin against Tito. "Incidents are being organized and provoked," accuses Foreign Minister Kardelj of Yugoslavia, "almost every day along our frontiers." In two years, he charges, 896 frontier incidents were staged by the Kremlin against Yugoslavia. "Groups of spies and saboteurs are being sent into our country," he declares. More than twenty centers have been formed in the Cominform countries to promote the anti-Tito sabotage and espionage program of Beria, the Kremlin's secret police head. There have been Cominform and Russian military demonstrations along the Yugoslav borders. Tito's diplomats in Cominform countries have been insulted and assaulted. Yugoslav citizens have been murdered in their homeland by Cominform agents. Romania has carried its embargo against Yugoslavia to the extent that all rail and postal relations between the two countries have been severed.

Tito's ruthless Minister of Interior, Alexander Rankovitch, and his *Udba* (secret police) have struck back effectively at their enemies. Cominform agents and spies operating in Yugoslavia are hunted down and treated roughly. "We know how to handle them!" the Yugoslav officials tell you. They fight fire with fire. Nevertheless, all the Yugoslav leaders live under great strain, in grave peril. There is the day-to-day personal danger as well as the over-all threat of invasion by Soviet and Cominform armies.

Probably the only people in Europe who could have stood up under this unremitting pressure are the Yugoslavs. They are a hardy people, turbulent and used to war. The Serbs especially are born to a tradition of arms. For five centuries they kept up a struggle against the Turkish invader. In 1914 they defied their powerful neighbor, Austria-Hungary, which was backed by Germany. Twenty-seven years later the Yugoslavs defied Hitler. After Yugoslavia's defeat, various groups held out in guerrilla warfare against the Axis occupation forces. Following the German attack on Russia, Tito and his Communist Partisans took the field against the Nazis. Before the war was over the Tito forces had tied down

some twenty-three Axis divisions. Such is the psychological background of the dictator and people who are defying the huge military empire stretching from their own borders thousands of miles eastward to the Pacific. Unlike the Czechs, who are browbeaten, the Yugoslavs have confidently defended their national interests against Soviet imperialism.

III

For all their vigor, however, the Yugoslavs must contend with two main problems, either of which may cause their defeat. One is the economic situation; the other is the military threat on their frontiers. The two are, of course, closely related; each has a powerful bearing on the other. If these problems can be solved, a new balance of power may come into being in southeastern Europe, the Yugoslav buffer may stand between Italy and the Soviet empire, and Stalin may have to delay or abandon his plans for control of Germany and Western Europe.

The economic problem seems to worry the Yugoslav leaders more than the military one. In fact they believe—over-confidently, perhaps, but sincerely—that if they can meet their desperate need for machinery, tools, building materials, and food, they can cope successfully with Soviet military pressure.

Yugoslavia's economic crisis is threefold, stemming from (1) a grandiose construction program that is bogging down for lack of building materials, (2) the Cominform economic blockade which prevents Tito from importing machinery he had contracted for, (3) a disastrous drought, believed to be the worst on record. The crisis is complicated, moreover, by the Kremlin's steady anti-Tito program inside Yugoslavia. From time to time Tito arrests Yugoslav Communist officials on charges of defeatism and collaboration with the Cominform.

As compared with conditions in the prewar era, today's Yugoslav standard of living has fallen considerably. People are shabbier, there is less to eat, the housing situation is worse. There are few consumer goods available; chocolate, coffee, and tea are unobtainable for the general public. Transportation is scarce. Life for the people is hard. Yet everywhere I went I saw evidence of the tremendous building program. Just across the Sava from Belgrade stand half-finished structures, the nucleus of Novi Beograd, which the Yugoslavs cannot complete for want of electrical equipment, plumbing supplies, glass, roofing. Examining them at close hand, I found that the foundations and framework are deteriorating in their unfinished state. Yugoslavia needs credits for machinery to speed up the output of her mines, forests, and farms. She needs increased exports to pay for more imports. There are indications that her ambitious five-year plan has outrun her ability to carry it through by her own resources.

But the gravest phase of the economic crisis is rooted in the baked, dusty fields of the country's corn- and wheat-producing areas. Starting last May there were seventy-seven consecutive days of blazing sun and heat. Peasants prayed for rain, but during this eleven-week period none fell. North of Belgrade in Yugoslavia's "bread basket," I saw stretches of parched land where every stalk of grain had been killed by the drought. Farmers are unable to meet the food quotas due the state. Food rations for city people have been cut. Prices of food on the black market are rising sharply. Yet the Yugoslav government must feed a larger urban population than in prewar days and an army estimated at nearly a half million. In some parts of the republic desperate peasants have been slaughtering their cattle. Before spring, it is predicted by observers in Belgrade, unless large-scale help is received from the outside there will be partial if not outright starvation for considerable elements of the population. Such a calamity would play directly into the hands of the Cominform. It would create a tempting background for armed intervention by the Kremlin.

IV

The military problem has been growing more serious ever since the Tito-Stalin break. There have been times when Soviet troop movements in Hungary and Romania and satellite concentrations along the Yugoslav borders have caused excitement in the embassies and legations in Belgrade. But Yugoslav military men have a high opinion of South Slav fighting ability. "We have the best army in Europe," a high Yugo-

slav official told me. "What about the Red Army?" I asked him. "The Red Army is larger," he replied. Until the Korean war broke out, most foreign observers in Belgrade agreed with the Yugoslavs that Tito's army could easily handle anything the satellites could send against it. But this view has been modified, though observers still agree with the Yugoslavs that man for man the Albanians, Romanians, and Hungarians are no match for Tito's men, that even the doughty Bulgars are not.

A first-rate fighting man is at a disadvantage if he must wage war with inferior arms; and in this respect the Cominform armies undoubtedly have a big advantage over the Yugoslavs today. If the Kremlin orders a satellite attack on Yugoslavia the invaders will, in all likelihood, be armed with modern Russian weapons, especially aircraft, tanks, and heavy artillery. Against such up-to-date arms the Yugoslavs must depend heavily on left-overs from World War II. The Yugoslavs, moreover, are confronted with the acute difficulty of getting spare parts for their Russian and Axis weapons. Yugoslav officials have assured me that they have armament plants turning out guns and munitions, but no one has claimed that these plants could keep the Yugoslav army supplied for very long in the event of war.

The Kremlin has done a thorough job of propaganda preparation for war against Yugoslavia. The Cominform radio constantly charges Tito with persecution of the Hungarian, Romanian, Bulgarian, and Albanian minorities in Yugoslavia. The Kremlin is busy trying to revive old feuds between Yugoslavia's Croats and Serbs. One of the first warnings of the Tito-Stalin break was Moscow's efforts to cause trouble in Yugoslav Macedonia. Here the Soviets agitate continuously for an "Independent Republic of Macedonia." Cominform propaganda accuses Yugoslavia of preparing to attack her Cominform neighbors, of mounting espionage and sabotage operations for the Americans, of co-operating with American intelligence and staff officers, of helping Americans establish a "network of airbases and rocket stations" on Yugoslav soil. Yugoslavia, it is charged, will be the "spearhead" of an American attack on the People's Democracies and the Soviet Union. This all adds up to a Soviet claim of "self-defense" in the event of an invasion of Yugoslavia.

If war comes, what should we expect? It seems certain that the Yugoslavs will fight. But, in the light of Tito's past strategy and tactics, it would appear extremely unlikely that he would make an all-out stand on his frontier line, pitting his poor equipment against modern Russian weapons. He would probably fight holding actions, feeling out the invader to learn what armament he was up against. His main strategy would depend on whether or not the Cominform armies he faced were reinforced by Russian troops.

The Yugoslavs are believed to have under arms today nearly a half million soldiers of about thirty divisions, backed up by almost a million reservists. These men are physically fit, highly trained fighters whose morale is good. For two years they have been indoctrinated and drilled to resist a Cominform attack. Many of the officers served with Tito during the war and entertain a deep personal loyalty to him. Until recently, important party officials, "shock workers," and army officers got the best ration cards. Moreover, the entire army personnel is under constant and minute supervision by the Communist party and Rankovitch's *Udba*. There appears to be little risk of serious defection. In the matter of military intelligence, it is believed that Tito has crack sources of information inside the Cominform lines.

In the Cominform alignment it is estimated that the Hungarians have about 75,000 troops, the Romanians about 150,000, the Bulgarians about 164,000 and the Albanians some 30,000. These numbers, it is assumed, are being augmented right along. In the event of war these armies probably would be reinforced by Polish and Czech contingents. They would certainly have large numbers of "volunteers" from Poland, Czechoslovakia, the Soviet zone of Germany. There would undoubtedly be "international brigades" recruited from all over the world. The numbers are not so important as equipment, training, and morale. In equipment the Cominform forces would be superior, but their training is probably inferior to that of the Yugoslavs. Few will argue that their morale can be compared with that of Tito's troops.

If Tito loses his lowlands north and northeast of Belgrade and his capital is occupied (Belgrade is only about forty miles from the Romanian border), it seems a certainty that he will go on fighting. On the basis of his war record he would take to the mountains. The geography of Yugoslavia would be his ally. Only about 20 per cent of the country is lowland, the rest being hilly and mountainous. About 30 per cent of the country is covered by forests. Such topography is ideal for guerrilla warfare, as Tito proved in World War II. The Wehrmacht found it possible to seize the lowlands and principal cities. They found it impossible to wipe out Tito's Partisan armies, even though the Nazis were aided by the Croatian Ustashi, Neditch's Serbian collaboration forces, Ljotitch's Fascist Zbor, and by occupying Italian, Hungarian, and Bulgarian contingents. The Yugoslavs remind you, moreover, that in five centuries the Turkish invaders were never able fully to subjugate the Montenegrins in their black mountain fastnesses.

Tito knows from experience that successful and sustained guerrilla warfare is impossible without the support of a friendly peasant population. In World War II he astutely identified his Partisan movement with a patriotic struggle against the invaders. He received considerable co-operation, therefore, from non-Communists. This time he could undoubtedly count on far greater home support. There are no important Quisling elements such as the Ustashi. It is true, of course, that the Communist party members number only about 3 per cent of the population. The overwhelming majority is composed of non-Communists, many of whom, as a matter of fact, are bitterly anti-Communist. But even the most rabid anti-Communist in Yugoslavia would prefer the Tito dictatorship to occupation by the Red Army and Cominform forces and rule by a Soviet puppet regime. If war comes, Tito unquestionably can again make a successful appeal as the Yugoslav patriot leader resisting a foreign aggressor.

In World War II Tito's Partisans were noted for their cohesion, iron discipline, and brilliant leadership. Especially in view of Tito's record as a leader and strategist, the Cominform forces and the Red Army would find it a costly operation to pursue the Titoist fighters into the mountains. Russian mechanized equipment could not be used in the rugged terrain of Serbian, Montenegrin, Bosnian, and Slovenian mountains. Nor could Russian aircraft be effective against men hidden in the forests. The Nazis found that out. And the Russian and Cominform troops would discover, as the Germans and Italians did, that every clump of trees, every mountain pass, every bridge, every dark street in a village, every peasant hut was a potential death trap.

On the other hand, Cominform forces could probably close the Yugoslav-Greek frontier; they might link up with Stalin's puppet Albania; they would likely reach the Italian border as well and occupy part of Trieste. Unless Tito's guerrillas received arms, food, and medical supplies from the outside, their ability to sustain effective counterattacks would decline and the situation inside Yugoslavia would take on the aspects of a siege. The West would then be confronted with the question of giving Tito capital aid, with all the risks such intervention would involve in the midst of a war.

With the Yugoslav situation headed toward a showdown, the West, especially the United States, is faced with a major policy decision. Granting that the entire Western world should bring its moral and political weight to bear against Soviet aggression, only the United States is in a position to furnish the Yugoslavs with effectual economic help, especially large shipments of food, and military equipment. We Americans must, therefore, make a decision about Yugoslavia, a decision that promises to prove neither easy, cheap, safe, nor sure. We are, in some measure, on the horns of a dilemma. But if we do not think this problem through in advance and make up our minds in time, we may suddenly be rushed into one of our "too little and too late" emergency moves.

Shall we give Tito economic and military aid? To be effectual, the former should be on a scale that would bolster his economy and ward off collapse and the danger of political upheavals. The military equipment should be on a large enough scale to enable Tito to discourage a Soviet attack or defend himself against one. There is something to be said on both sides.

It is argued that Tito is a Communist and an enemy of the Western world, that his country is a police state. It is further argued that he may switch sides, that we might be building up an economy that would be used against us. We are warned that Tito may be assassinated at any time, thereby allowing the Stalinists to take over. We are warned that help from America, especially in the form of military material, might be the very thing to goad the USSR into attacking Tito. We are reminded that every mine equipped with American machinery, every industrial plant built with American loans, every anti-tank gun we supply Tito might fall into Russian hands and become America's gift to Stalin. It is pointed out, moreover, that we have no arms surplus, that every gun for Tito would be a gun needed for Western Europe.

The arguments favoring help for Tito are not based on love of communism or friendship for Tito. He is, it is true, a Communist. He is the dictator of a police state. He is not guided by moral scruples but by driving ambition and an extraordinary intelligence. He does not love us. But he knows where the danger comes from. In the event of war between the United States and the Soviet Union, Tito would hardly join the Kremlin against us. He must realize that if we were defeated, the Russians would turn on him and there would be no one left to aid him. By reason of his break with Stalin, Tito has become our involuntary ally.

A rapprochement between Tito and Stalin is almost inconceivable. There is, of course, the ever-present danger that Tito may be murdered. It is reported that many attempts have been made to assassinate him. Even if he should be killed, however, I believe it is unlikely that his regime would collapse. A member of his top team—perhaps two or three—would step in and carry on. Tito and his men are certainly too far-sighted not to have a program ready for the emergency of Tito's assassination.

Those who know how the Soviet Union operates in international relations are not impressed by the theory that the Kremlin can be easily goaded into ill-advised or premature action. Stalin hates Tito. If he can destroy the "insolent dwarf," he will do it, whether deviously or directly. He is not likely to let American moves jeopardize his plans against Yugoslavia by a premature action set off by American goading. True, if we supply machinery for a Yugoslav lead mine, we may be presenting Stalin with a valuable gift if the Soviets should occupy the country. Unfortunately that argument holds also for the economic aid we have given all our friends and allies in Europe. If the Yugoslav buffer should fall, all the economic recovery that we have furthered in such countries as Greece, Italy, West Germany, France—even Britain—will be in greater danger.

As for the argument that Tito should not be supported because he is a Communist, our choice is not between Tito and a democratic government in Yugoslavia; the alternatives are Tito or Stalin. Our decision should be influenced by the answer to the question: which do we prefer, a Tito in rebellion against the Kremlin or another Iron Curtain country ruled by Stalin?

In the matter of apportioning our arms exports, necessity and realism dictate that we send them where they are most effective. In Tito's case, we would be placing them at the disposal of the most powerful army west of the Soviet Union. The weapons would be in the hands of men who could not be defeated easily or quickly. They would serve as currency to buy time for the Western world. They would implement defense of the Yugoslav buffer which helps defend the West. It is hard to see where any arms shipment could be put to more effective use today.

Aid to Tito would be a calculated risk. But to stand aside and allow Stalin to smash the Yugoslav buffer and reach Trieste may well be a risk whose catastrophic scope defies calculation.

The Easy Chair

Shop Talk

Bernard DeVoto

The big river, when we reached it at the mouth of the little one we had been following, looked pretty good to me. At our feet it flowed through willows with a confiding sibilance; the current farther out was manifest power; beyond a flood plain the bluffs of the far bank were softened by lavender mist. In so high a latitude October sunlight is sedate; a cloud bank coming up in the northwest was a token of winter and the pole. But Sam was not pleased. The water, he said, had been used too often; it was dirty. The foreground was nature being frowzy just to demonstrate that you didn't need cans and old automobile fenders to make a dump. The distance was bad composition; a grain elevator would have helped, or even a backhouse.

Sam is a novelist and, we agree, a good one. I knew that he was cold and guessed he was sulking because we would have to drive sixty miles to get dinner and all he could hope for was hard-fried Chicago cut and, for *vin du pays,* the bottle of rye in my bag. Also, the river was poor in literary associations. I could not enrich them but I explained that we were here because a hundred and ninety years ago a Frenchman had reached this confluence as his farthest west; I supplied a touch of elegance by adding that he was a representative of Louis XV. Ah, Sam said, brightening, *l'état c'est moi.* No, that's his great grandpa, I said; you must keep your tags straight, this Louis is *après moi le déluge.*

One firm support of our friendship is the ability each has to make the other feel superior. Sam justly values his awareness of my spiritual coarseness, upcountry provincialism, and lack of the artist's intuition. Even more precious to him is the conviction that I have no palate or that, if I have, my taste buds are rudimentary compared with the discriminating subtlety he brings to the food and beverages of both hemispheres. And he comforts me by his lifelong, all but absolute resistance to education: this intercontinental nomad has reached an age as advanced as mine without picking up any knowledge not usually possessed by ten-year-olds. Not that he is without intellectual curiosity or satisfactions. No studious ten-year-old could get more delight from the sudden widening of his horizons on learning what a planet is or that Tolstoy too wrote novels or why people are vaccinated. I can move him to admiration by mentioning James Watt or the Crusades or the continental divide.

Sam moved out of the wind to the shelter of a solitary cottonwood while I photographed the site, took its compass bearings, and made several pages of notes. He watched me with a professional's interest in literary methods. But he decided that this was an ungodly waste of time—drive all this distance, eat all that roadside garbage, make all those notes, and you probably won't get more than a paragraph out of it. I may not even get a sentence, I said, but now I've seen it; we ought to hire a plane and fly over it and I should have brought a sextant, or better an astrolabe. He said that, thank God, if he wanted a pine tree with the leaves off it (he was referring to the cottonwood) and fifty square miles of bad modeling in clay, he needn't stir from the desk, he could make them up. I said he unquestionably would, being known for creative economy, and he'd end with the river flowing upstream. Sam said, Nuts, the fact is you don't have to go through this on-the-spot ritual; it's just an

alibi; your heel itches as much as mine does and you'll quit work any time to drive anywhere; but your Puritan inheritance makes you pass off your fun as professional duty. I wish you had gone in for European history, he added—then we wouldn't be risking ptomaine tonight. I said that there was a notable lack of Puritans in Ogden and Genoa, where my line originated, a humble line, I would concede, as compared with the king's men, tobacco planters, and refugee counts he had creatively added to his ancestry.

THE clouds reached the sun; the river turned the color of putty and began to growl under a rising wind. Let's get out of here before the blizzard, Sam said. But he stood looking at the swift water, I saw him shudder, and he said, It's sinister—they didn't kill Louis Seize here, did they? I said, Make a note, it's Louis Quinze. Did you get that pronunciation in Ogden or Genoa? he asked. . . . In the car, he was morose. Would you want to live beside that historic water route? he demanded. I said no. Well, he said, this mania of yours must have taken you to most soundly American rivers—have you seen any you *would* want to live beside? I live beside the Charles. To call it either interesting or beautiful would be grossly libelous; the poet who once owned the land my house stands on said that in a lifetime he had been unable to decide which way it flowed; but it does all right for me. But Sam's question had urgency and I said, You mean for looks?—there's the Gunnison, or the Snake where it turns its own mountains, or the Fox after it comes out of Lake Winnebago, or I'd settle for the upper Susquehanna. Sam said he had seen no river that he wanted to see again, not the Seine or the Tagus or the Nile or the Ouse, no damn river in the world, rivers got him down.

I tried to poultice the wound I did not understand. At that, I said, I've never known what river it is where Elizabeth at last goes out to meet him in the yellow twilight that fades among the weeping birches. Very fine stuff, I said, and that river would content me, all the more so if Elizabeth would meet me with that mood on her. For the first time in my experience Sam failed to glow at an allusion to one of his books. He said, I moved the Wabash over to Brown County but that light effect was purely local—yes, and so long as you don't have to live in it, which is the best state to live in? I told him I once thought Wisconsin and later made it Idaho, but for many years it had been Vermont and I didn't have to live there. Under strong pressure he said, If you aren't satisfied with any place your peripatetic compulsion takes you to, why don't you go back where you came from? No, I'll tell you, he hurried on before I could say anything—you don't because you can't. As much as five hundred miles before you get there you have an agony in the gut; you don't know whether it's panic or an ulcer but you do know you'll be sunk for good if you cross the city limits. That's me and Brown County. I've started back from New York, Paris, Marrakech, a lot of places, but I can't make it. Tell me why, scholar. And tell me why there's no river I want to look at again.

I thought but didn't say, History has an advantage in that after a hundred and ninety years the surrogate has been inactive for a long time. I did say, Crossing Texas Cabeza de Vaca shed his skin twice a year like a snake. You don't shed yours so often but that's the principle. Brown County, Marrakech, any of those well-remembered rivers—you know you'd find them cluttered with things you've put behind you or been forced to put away. Debris of old ambitions or old hopes or old griefs or, what's worse, old asininities. The agony in the gut is a way we find of being kind to ourselves at the closing-in, when the radius shortens. It's protective; it's to make sure you won't find out that what you remember as poignancy has turned into a bum joke.

I had the headlights on now and Sam said, God! I hate autumn and I hate dusk. I said that I liked the word fall better and that nothing could be done about the autumnal since it was just our time of life, but if he'd think of dusk as the cocktail hour he would be able to bear up. But he was worrying the previous thesis. It's not shed skins, he said, I don't think it's anything more than just light effects. If you could get rid of them, or else if our trade wasn't so squalid. Don't ever get the idea your books mean anything to anyone, pal. You beat your brains out for ten years to get this Henri Quatre riverman in words and maybe with luck somebody will

pass his eyes over the result, but he won't hear what you're saying. I bleed my marrow white trying to say what the leaves did to the light beside the water, which is what everything turns on, and before I'm finished with a three-hundred-word paragraph it has had five thousand words in it, but this yap who goggles at it, he can't read it, he doesn't know how to read.

You mean he doesn't believe the twilight was yellow? I said. It was daffodil yellow, Sam said, and it was heavier than gold; it kept coming at you through the trees and up from the river till I thought my ribs would cave in. Look, I've heard that you write—don't you ever wake at 3:00 A.M. wondering if you can put down how the towers never moved in the lake at dusk or just that blackness late at night with the maple tops bending under the sudden rain, and half-crazy because you can't remember where the maples or the towers were? (Sycamores probably in Brown County, I thought.) I never do find out, Sam said heavily, I've got to but I never do—it's some place where I felt at home and sure once, it was a good place to be, but where was it?—I've got to get back there but you know there's no way to go. At 3:00 A.M. it's clear I couldn't go if I did know a way—but I can get it said and if I do maybe I'll come around the bend and be at home. Then there's that bay. . . . Here Sam snorted so contemptuously that I decided it was only 50 per cent histrionic. That's the writing life for you, he said. Here we are for no reason that makes sense in a scrofulous prairie, a long way from dinner and a wolf howling because he's even hungrier than I am—so I have to start gabbing about that bay.

It wasn't a prairie and the wolf was a ranch dog but I let it ride, being quite clear that there are no bays in Brown County. When he didn't go on, I said, What bay? He said, Do you suppose I'd have this bur in my hair if I knew where it is or how you get there? All I know is I keep running on it, or it's been going along with me for quite a while, or I wake up and sure enough there it is. It's wider than you'd think and there are hills on the far side. On this side it's a beach so long that there isn't any end. Just sand, and empty. You can't hear anything and it's so close to dark that you can barely see the hills. The sky is gray, the beach is gray, the water is gray, you can just make out that the hills are gray—all of them, darker than slate. So you practice the same trade I do, it says—well, bring your Louis Philippe *coureur de bois* and his two-fathom birch canoe and his Indians to this beach and see if you can get down how it feels, for I can't.

Are there bell buoys or channel lights in the bay, Sam? I asked. That only made him explode: All right, don't be a writer, be a yap—I tell you about all the heartbreak there is and you want to know if the Coast Guard is on the job. Listen, there isn't anything at all, it's a world full of nothing. There *is* a cloud, a big one; it's still darker gray than the sky and the water. It's half the sky wide where it comes up from beyond the hills but it narrows to a point aimed straight at the center of the beach. It's a desolation, it's emptiness in monotone. Nobody is there or ever was. I'm not there except to feel that I've found a big gray nothing that's like a hole in time. The feel is: forever. The feel is: silence and aloneness. . . Well, there you've got it, Sam said. It's a light effect.

And dignified at that, I thought. Though I have been talking with writers most of my life, I seldom know the right thing to say to one. They bleed on from wounds healed long ago, which began by seeming mortal but turned out to need only a Band-Aid or five pages of type. I couldn't bring life or grace to his beach for him. Ebb tide or river flowing in the dusk, the snow that sets in after dark, the falling of the wind—tact required me not to say that they didn't matter much. So I said, I'm sure you'll get most of it said, and very well. As a devoted reader of your stuff I'll be watching for it, and as one who knows your thrift I'll expect to see it several times.

Hell, Sam said, don't let it bother you, it's nothing but a light effect. . . . So is a mirage, I thought, so is witch's fire, but the knowledge that that's all it is never kept anyone from chasing it into the desert or the swamp. A hundred years after the fifteenth Louis' *voyageurs* first reached these parts the burly Americans got here too. They had an adjective for the badly wounded animal, they said it had been "gutshot," and isn't it interesting that he spoke of an agony in the gut? The

trivial scratch that proves fatal, and it hurts no less for being a fictitious scratch invented for a literary end. . . . Sam went on, No, I won't get it said. I've taken all the beating I intend to; I won't even try any more. Only, I wish I knew why I come to and find that it has been going along with me, or why when the clock in the steeple strikes three I wake up with that gray water in my mind. It is coming to a place you used to know by heart, a place that meant everything, but now you don't recognize any part of it and you wonder where it was. Pretty silly at that, for it's just a trick of light.

Sam, I said, I've never seen any intelligent reason for writing books except that a man wants to. . . . Oh, he said, you're one of the enviable and triumphant, you know your books do you great credit, you're well pleased?—how gratifying. . . . Make it that I've sensibly raised the threshold of my indifference to mediocrity, I said. Furthermore, I can tell you what to do about your gray desolation. There must be driftwood on that beach; pile some of it up and get a different light effect with a match. Better still, cut that scene short and go into one you've done so well so often. You know, harmony and accord, the attuned spirits, serenity in some quiet room. It's in the city and there's a single table lamp that leaves the faces in shadow, and change the gray to blue evening coming up outside the windows, and the sounds of traffic are diminishing. Or it's a shack in the wilds and a gale is blowing that river against the bank, but within all is peace, for roof and fire hold off the storm and this is the strength of shared emotion. You just need a second character, an old friend or a new girl. You'll have to make up the quiet room and the shared peace but you've always found that easy, and you made up this fortunate isle whose name you have forgotten. . . . I turned on the car heater and said, This is a snug enclosed space too, not much different from a quiet room or a stormbound shack; if you'll be literary you'll get the light effect and feel how harmonious things are. That also will be made up but there's the solid fact that you can warm your shins at the heater and your hands too, if not your heart. But I agree that it would be injudicious to go back to Brown County.

It's our lousy trade, he said. Here we are, a couple of old crocks, two word-floggers on an errand without meaning, out in what must be God's country for who else would want it, driving in the dark toward nowhere worth getting to. So I tell you a couple of dime-store daydreams and you come right back with some almost negotiable platitudes. If that's the best we've got, we ought to shut up, except writers are the people who won't shut up. . . . You're doing fine, I said—in no time at all you've made it a usable symbol which I'm sure your public will admire. That's what learned people call the philosophy of the porch and it's very sound. It shakes down to a single aphorism: don't kid yourself but it's more comfortable that way, go ahead.

I expected Sam to rise to a literary allusion but he didn't. Instead he weakened his own definition by falling silent. You can make good time on the north country roads and I drove fast, since I could do nothing to medicine his trifling hurt. While the headlights reached across the plain he settled into a reverie that had yellow twilight in it, blue evening outside the windows, the river he could not bear to see again, and gray cloud and water in a desolation so painful he must not speak its name. I wondered if he named it to himself. Probably not, for an ignominy truth may have is that sometimes it is too unimportant to be borne. If a fineness seems to increase our stature an inch or two, we aren't comfortable till we've cut ourselves back to life-size by denying it. A line by a better writer rose in my mind, the one which speaks of the lies men tell themselves to cheat despair. I was going to quote it to Sam but just then a glow appeared ahead of us on the edge of the known world.

There's a light effect, I said; we'll be there in ten minutes and it means dinner.

Won't be worth eating, Sam said.



Venezuela Booms

Tharon Perkins

Drawings by Eric Godal

Last winter my husband and I were fortunate enough to see Venezuela as few people can. Thanks to the kindness of friends of ours down there we had a chance to spend two months traveling all over that fabulous land, by car, by boat, by Jeep, by freight plane, and even by bulldozer; and to soak up as much varied information about it as two wide-eyed people could. We crossed the Andes on the route Bolívar took with his armies; we flew south of the Orinoco to see the iron mines; we drove in dust fourteen inches deep in the llanos, the great plains of the interior.

We saw huge farms where the most modern machinery has been put to work, with the advice of scientists, to increase the food production of the country. We saw innumerable little *conucos*—those tiny farms where a family tries to eke out an existence on poor land with antiquated tools. We saw the amazing oil fields stretching out into Lake Maracaibo, and others in the lovely hill country of eastern Venezuela. We visited schools and universities and hospitals. We went from five in the morning till late at night, and every minute of every day we felt more and more like Alice in Wonderland.

To say that Venezuela is booming is a pale understatement. It recognized the advantage of a Point Four program years before President Truman ever spoke of it. This has made the nation a show piece of what American funds and American technology can do where foreign capital is welcomed, where there are exciting investment opportunities, and where the lush tax revenues from foreign-owned enterprises are used by an intelligent government to change the face of the nation. Even before the death of the dictator Juan Vicente Gómez in 1935, Venezuela began welcoming foreign development of her extraordinary natural resources. These include not only her oil reserves, the source of her greatest wealth, but also astonishingly rich deposits of iron ore, to say nothing of gold, diamonds, and unexploited sources of radioactive materials. As a result Venezuelan cities and villages are

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growing like the frontier towns of our old West—except that their new building is being done not with rough pine, but with structural steel and concrete.

Everywhere we went we saw new construction—and good construction—and still more construction. The Venezuelan government is putting on a huge public works program, and it's going on in the tiniest pueblos as well as in the larger towns. Private industry has put hundreds of millions of dollars into various developments, and even more are planned. Venezuelan capital as well as American capital is at work. The pace of it takes your breath. Gasoline consumption in Venezuela, for example, has gone up 40 per cent *a year* since 1945, while we have had an increase of less than 5 per cent a year in our country. Indeed, the danger is that she may go too far too fast; that too many things will be built from the top down rather than from the bottom up.

TEN per cent of Venezuela's four and a half million people live in Caracas. The lovely capital lies in a valley where the climate is like perpetual spring. You're aware of the beauty, but it's the building boom that hits you in the eye. The old Spanish town of pale pink weathered stone is giving way to a twentieth-century city of ultramodern, sleek-lined buildings of glass brick and concrete. The ancient narrow streets are being torn up and replaced with broad boulevards to meet today's traffic needs. The water system—inadequate for the city's rapid growth—is being enlarged. From our hotel window we could count nearly a hundred new buildings under construction. Hotels, apartment houses, warehouses and stores, homes and theaters are all being built at a fantastic rate.

In spite of soaring real estate costs—which are much higher than our own—new residential additions in Caracas are coming into being almost overnight. Old sugar plantations are being surveyed for still more ambitious suburban areas on the outskirts of the city. On our visit to one of these plantations, which is still being operated as such, we were told that although a sum which seemed fabulous to us had been offered to the owners, they were not selling yet—because they expected to get double the amount for it within two years. ("Shades of the Florida boom!" said we. But our friends reminded us that Florida spreads all over the lot while the flat land in the valley of Caracas is limited by mountains on all sides.)

One of the finest slum-clearance projects in all South America is El Silencio in the center of Caracas. Several years ago this area was one of the worst slums in the city. The filth, disease, and lack of sanitation bred all the problems that go with such places in all countries. But with the clearing of old buildings, the widening of streets, the installation of sanitation, and the building of modern housing units, this area has been turned into a showplace.

The largest single building project in Caracas is the new university being built by the government. The twenty-eight buildings will take several years to complete but the medical center—including a hospital of 1,250 beds—is nearly finished. The total cost of University City will be around $50 million.

THE boom-town activity is most conspicuous in Caracas—but the whole country has the fever. We traveled by car from Caracas, past Maracay, Lake Valencia, Barquisimeto, and Mérida, and then over the mountains to San Cristóbal near the Colombian border—an unbelievably beautiful trip. The highway we followed over the Andes, a twisting, tortuous road, is the only artery of commerce between the coast and San Cristóbal—except for planes. So thousands of trucks carry over it all the freight for the interior of the country. There are few places where there is room to pass, but the driver of the truck ahead always pulls over to allow you to go on when he reaches one of those wider places where passing is possible. He does this with a friendly greeting even though it means that he must eat your dust. This courtesy of the road is one of the pleasantest things about the Andes.

At one point we were held up by a landslide and had to wait about fifteen minutes until the road was cleared. During our short wait at least a hundred trucks filled with steel girders, iron pipes, cement, and other construction materials had joined the line in waiting. This dramatized the volume of traffic in my mind. The road is steep, with hairpin turns and one sharp switch-back above another, straight up the face of the mountains. In places trucks have to go forward eight

inches, back six, and then forward another eight inches before a turn can finally be made. And all with no guards at the edge of the precipice! But all day long the loads crawl like ants and their cargoes are changing the face of the country.

Every truck has its whimsical motto, which is usually painted on the front bumper. For example, "To fight is my desire," "Patience—life is like this," and "Without money, there's no love."

All along the way we marveled at the scope of the work being done. Workers' houses financed by the government were under construction; modern airports and public roads to help solve the transportation problems were being built. At the ports, harbor development was taking place. Each town of any size had its new school buildings. When several communities were near one another a central school had been built to serve them all —as in our own consolidated school districts.

The larger cities had fine new hospitals and the tiny pueblos had modern clinics. In many towns People's Restaurants, where a subsidized meal could be had for thirty cents, had been built. The main streets were being paved, several fine bridges had just been completed, and in every town new homes and stores were going up by the score.

On the eastern side of the country, the seaport of Puerto la Cruz is having a boom just as amazing as the one in the Andes. Friends of ours who went there with us had not been there in more than a year. Between their visits, Puerto la Cruz had turned its streets from mudholes into macadam. The town has large new warehouses, some of the nicest stores we saw anywhere, many new homes, and a new country club. Part of this growth is due to the new refinery of the Mene Grande Oil Company and the fact that Puerto la Cruz is the port for the eastern oil fields.

Typical of the country is the feeling of those who live there that in twenty years Puerto la Cruz will be bigger than Maracaibo, now the second largest Venezuelan city. Some friends of ours who live in Caracas had bought a piece of land in Puerto la Cruz just two years ago. They had sold half of it the week before we arrived at 600 per cent profit —and were holding the balance for a "speculative" profit! Get in on the boom, boys—if there is any land left to buy!

However, the most phenomenal of all the boom towns is Punto Fijo in western Venezuela. Five years ago it was a tiny fishing village. Today it is flanked by a Creole refinery on one side and a Shell refinery on the other, and has grown into a town of 10,000. Some of the streets are paved, there are four hotels (one with a roof garden), and there are shops where practically anything can be bought from tractors to olives stuffed with almonds.

The grocery stores are a study in contrasts. Many of them are mud huts with dirt floors, but just inside the doors you see the most modern white enameled refrigerated show cases. And in the showcases are great bunches of grapes from California, frozen milk from Miami at $1.00 a quart, apples from Wenatchee, Washington, at thirty cents a piece, and a full line of Birds Eye frozen foods.

Both Ford and General Motors have large new agencies there. Three airlines serve the area and traffic is heavy—although this particular airport is still undeveloped and consists largely of a string of barbed wire around the runway and an official goat-chaser who dashes out to scare the goats away when a plane is coming in.

II

Oil—the largest single industry in the country—made Punto Fijo, as it has made many another town in Venezuela. Oil was found in the jungles of eastern Venezuela as well as under the waters of Lake Maracaibo in the west. There are fields in the heat of the llanos, too, and now oil prospecting is going forward in the untamed country close to the savage Motilone Indians near the Colombian border. Each test well is costly; even one can cost upward of a million dollars. And many times, after great cost and months of work, only a dry hole is produced.

But Lake Maracaibo was not one of the disappointments. It turned out to be one of the richest fields in the world. Oil was first found on the shores of the lake. Geologists believed that there were also deposits under the lake, but ways had to be developed to drill under water. Engineers were set to work on the many difficulties, new equipment was

designed and built, drilling barges were constructed, and a whole new phase of oil production began. Today, from thousands of wells oil flows into pipelines on the bottom of Lake Maracaibo and into the pumping stations on the shores. And around the lake whole cities and towns have been developed.

We saw only the end results of this extraordinary achievement—thousands of wells and the comfortable camps at each field, with all the facilities of modern living. Since I knew little about the technical difficulties, it seemed to me that the *only* part of the oil business in Venezuela which was relatively simple was the actual production of oil itself. It was the running of the cities in connection with oil that seemed to produce the problems.

It would be very nice if oil were discovered at places convenient to cities that already exist. But oil, like most minerals, is seldom found close to Main Street. It usually manages to get itself located in some wholly inconvenient spot in a completely inaccessible area. And the problems thereby produced are many. Each oil company not only has had to build pipelines, refineries, pumping stations, machine shops, warehouses, and docks, but also has had to build a whole new city near each oil field before it could even begin to do business in Venezuela! Whether it started in the middle of the jungle or the center of a desert, it had to do thousands of things for itself that few other businesses ever have to think about.

Imagine the Chase National Bank, or Chrysler, or any other concern in our own country having to provide a house for each employee, an education for the children, hospitals and medical care for the entire family, paved streets, garbage collection, and a sewerage system, stores where food can be bought (much of it below cost), power plants to supply electricity, water systems with pure water, laundries and ice plants—and even amusement centers with baseball diamonds, movies, and club houses for dancing and billiards. And last but not least, pay salaries, a two months' bonus at Christmas time for every worker, and dismissal pay for those laid off so high that many workmen actually plead with their bosses to fire them!

This is what the oil companies have had to do. And an oil company district manager or area superintendent has to *run* this civilization after he has built it. And run the oil business too. Any man who has done this could come back to the States and manage one of our own metropolitan areas in a breeze. (Communities looking for city managers, take note.)

THE development of another of Venezuela's great natural resources is just beginning. Iron ore of a very high quality has been found in several places south of the Orinoco. When we were there, Bethlehem Steel was expected to start shipping ore from its concession near San Félix during this year; but the larger U. S. Steel concession, fifty miles away, was just beginning development work and actual production is still several years away. Bethlehem Steel has already invested about $45 million in its concession while U. S. Steel plans to spend several hundred million before actual operations.

We were invited to see the Bethlehem project while we were in the oil fields in the eastern part of the country. We flew from a modern airport at the lovely old city of Maturín on what the Taca pilots call the "jungle run." There were four passengers and tons of freight. We were to make four stops on the way to San Félix. Each time the plane stopped, a big door on the back of the fuselage was opened and out came GE refrigerators, baby chicks, celery, lettuce, hothouse grapes, and fighting cocks. Then we took on



freight for the next "whistle stop" where the performance was repeated. The airlines in Venezuela are a combination of commuters' trains and trucks.

We made our last stop before San Félix at Barrancas, where we had our first glimpse of the Orinoco. The llanos all the way from Temblador had been flat as a plate, green with grass that we were told lacked nourishment for even the few scattered cattle that we saw. But suddenly, all the world was water with little green wooded islands floating in it—and we saw the great delta of the river. Twenty-eight streams flow out of the Orinoco near this point, and the view from the air was breath-taking.

Just south of the Orinoco lie the iron mines of Venezuela. They are the most incongruous things imaginable. On the *tops* of mountains, not even covered with a film of dust, lie millions of tons of ore, huge black rocks so heavy that one the size of your hand is no small load. And growing on the rocks, by the millions, are pale pink orchids! It is a gay, gossamer bit of foolishness to see these fragile flowers clinging to the heavy ore that is the foundation of modern civilization. Venezuela *is* a never-never land.

These ore deposits are among the richest in the world today, and are of enormous importance to the United States, since the richer deposits in our own Mesabi range will be nearly depleted in ten years. We need the ore in peacetime for our vast productive machine, and in time of war it could spell the difference between victory and defeat for us. The Venezuelans welcome us as customers for this treasure of theirs, and with us are showing how to make partnership capitalism work to the mutual benefit of both countries.

Like the oil companies, Bethlehem Steel must build and run a civilization. It had to build a road from San Félix to the mine and a railroad for bringing the ore to the river for shipment to the United States. All the materials for the roads, for the railroad, and for houses and schools, had to be brought nearly two hundred miles up the Orinoco by barge.

The enormous machinery, the generators, the cranes, the ore crushers, and the fantastic loading belt that looks like a prehistoric monster of incredible size were brought up the same way—piece by piece—and reassembled on the spot. The fact that all this is still in the building stage probably makes it more impressive than it will seem in three or four years. By then the city will be finished, the schools will be operating, homes will be occupied, the streets will be paved, and gardens will be planted—and no doubt there will be movies on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights. But today there is all the rawness of a new thing that is not yet finished. To see a whole civilization growing up from scratch—to be there while it is going on—is to understand the magnitude of the undertaking as it can't be understood if all one sees is the final result.

American capital in Venezuela is not limited to our oil companies and our steel corporations. General Electric does an enormous business there, for as Venezuela rushes along the road to modernization, quick freezers and washing machines and radios keep pace. In Maracay there is a beautiful new textile mill built with American capital now turning out cotton and rayon cloth. General Motors has an assembly plant in the same place. General Tire has a factory for making tires and tubes, and Sears, Roebuck has just opened another of its South American stores in Caracas. Otis Elevator has a vigorous sales and service agency in Venezuela—and so it goes.

One of the most interesting experiments in investment is being run by the Venezuelan Basic Economy Corporation. This is the name of the over-all corporation managed by Nelson Rockefeller and his associates. It is supplied with capital primarily from three sources—the Rockefellers themselves, the oil companies in Venezuela, and the Venezuelan government. Over fifteen million dollars has already been put into this work.

Since the primary purpose of the undertaking is to lower the cost of living in Venezuela, all the various enterprises are tied to food production or some phase of its distribution. This is not a philanthropic adventure. It is an effort to lower the cost of food by using the best farm production methods and modern industrial and merchandising techniques, and finally to make a profit in the doing of it! When one of the enterprises has proven itself sound, VBEC hopes to sell it to Venezuelan capital and start another needed venture.

It is too early yet to know just how successful all the experiments will be. But there are already some significant successes. The fish plant at Puerto la Cruz is supplying fresh frozen fish by refrigerated truck to Caracas and the oil fields of eastern Venezuela. A cattle ranch is flying fresh meat into Maracaibo; a milk plant at Valencia is selling pure pasteurized milk to an ever-increasing market at a fair price; and a wonderful supermarket has been opened at Maracaibo. The milk plant and the supermarket have already attracted Venezuelan capital and are now partnership undertakings.

It is not only in the field of capital investment that our business relationships are happy ones. In 1949 Venezuela sold us some 300 million dollars' worth of goods —chiefly fuel oil for homes and power plants.

But American sales to Venezuela ran nearly $600 million during the same period. Powdered milk alone came to nearly $25 million. Del Monte canned goods are on every grocery shelf and Coca-Cola, "well iced," can be bought at every crossroad. Manhattan shirts and Caterpillar tractors, penicillin and Kleenex, cameras and toothpastes; cars, trucks, and fresh eggs, raw cotton, potatoes, and bulldozers--all these things and more the Venezuelans need and buy from us. They are customers well worth wooing.

Venezuelan capital has not stood still during this period of expansion either. Her wide-awake business men are aware of the growing opportunities and are aggressively meeting the challenge. Several cement plants have been built and so have factories to make the concrete blocks so widely used in construction throughout the country. Local business men make soap and they bottle Coca-Cola. They run textile mills and several tile factories. They make crackers and they make cattle feed. They refine sugar and they make rum. As local business expands, even more foreign capital will want to go into the country—on the theory that "them as has, gits"; that the more developed a nation is, the more further development is possible.



III

One day early in our Venezuelan visit we were driving along a country road when we saw, in a one-room mud hut by the roadside, something that gleamed oddly white. It did not take us long to discover that in Venezuela thousands of such homes have a similar treasure—a shining electric refrigerator. And since power is seldom available in rural areas, a generator is also part of the equipment. We even found one enterprising fellow in a village who had bought an extra-sized generator and was furnishing power to a dozen of his neighbors—thus starting a private utility business!

In a country where technology has come with a bang, where the superimposition of the twentieth century on the sixteenth is commonplace, it is not strange that electric refrigerators have come before power lines. What is strange is that they have come before sufficient perishable food is available to make full use of the refrigeration.

But four hundred years cannot be spanned as easily in terms of human beings as they can in terms of mechanical equipment. The human problems which must be faced when industrialism overtakes a land at such break-neck speed are tremendously difficult.

Take for example the technical training of Venezuelans. In the States the machine age has come gradually, and skilled mechanics, electricians, and plumbers have grown up with it. Any small town in our country has one or more garages run by local people who understand the inside of a car, and our rural communities have shops where farm machinery can be put in order when a breakdown occurs. The repair of anything—from lawn mowers to radios—is a matter of common knowledge. This isn't yet true in Venezuela, and the breakdown and discarding of machines that still have years of use in them are accordingly common.

When the oil companies first started in Venezuela they had to staff their operations with Americans versed in all phases of the oil business. But they immediately began to set up training programs for Venezuelans—not an easy task in a land where feudal ideas were not wholly dead. Manual work is still considered demeaning in some areas, and the ambition of every boy who has had six grades of schooling is to get a white-collar job and sit at a desk, even if this means less pay than he could get as a skilled mechanic. But the training programs have continued through the years, with the result that by 1949 only 7 per cent of Creole Oil's employees were North Americans; Venezuelans were holding many of the most advanced technical positions, and they were moving into top management.



We got an exciting glimpse of what this meant in training-from-the-ground-up when we saw a training program at Creole's crude oil stabilization plant at Jusepín. This plant, like the "cat-cracker" refineries in our own country, is no simple setup. Oil flows through miles of pipe at different temperatures and at different pressures. What goes on in those pipes is understood only by graduate technicians. The actual operation of the plant is controlled from a big dial room where the charts on the faces of the dials tell their story to the initiates.

The management of Creole believed that Venezuelan boys could be trained to run that plant by themselves. So eighty boys were selected from among the employees who had had six grades of school only. It was explained to them that they faced a tough assignment, with classes after work on their own time and examinations every two weeks. They were told that they would have to study basic chemistry and physics—hard sledding for a sixth grader in any country. They responded with enthusiasm, the course was completed, and today the plant is run wholly by Venezuelan boys in their twenties.

Given opportunity and training, the Venezuelan youth can learn fast. We saw another demonstration of this fact at a tractor training school run jointly by the Venezuelan government and a group of Rockefeller people, where men were being instructed in the use of tractors and corn-pickers, and were taking courses in how to take a machine apart and put it together again. But scores of additional training schools of this sort are needed throughout the country. For the shortage of skilled personnel is severe. The distance from the burro age to the age of internal combustion is a long one for a whole nation to take at one stride.

Likewise it is easier to build schools and hospitals than to train teachers and doctors and nurses. Yet here too the progress has been extraordinary. At the time of the death of Gómez the public school system was deplorable. Now Venezuela has some 6,500 schools

with an enrollment of some 400,000 children (with, believe it or not, in most schools, a school lunch program which provides a well balanced meal for each child). There are normal schools for training the teachers, and there are three universities. We were told that Venezuela now has 10,000 university students, roughly a third of whom are studying in the United States and Canada. A great agricultural college is being completed at Maracay; adult courses in "Alfabetismo"—reading and writing—are now available in many areas; and so rapidly are women coming out from behind the grilled windows that at the modern school of dentistry at the old University of Mérida we found that a good 50 per cent of the students were girls!



IV

Some of the problems that Venezuela faces today seem well-nigh insoluble. Food production, for instance, is wholly inadequate; and so much remains to be learned about diversified agriculture in the tropics that while it is theoretically possible for the country substantially to feed itself within the next fifteen or twenty years, the difficulties that stand in the way are prodigious.

However, heroic efforts are currently being made by the Venezuelan government to increase agricultural production. In characteristic fashion the Corporacion de Fomento is putting vast sums of money and great imagination into huge corn and rice farms. Inducements of sizable loans at low interest rates are being made to individuals who will go into cattle ranching, poultry raising, or general farming. A policy of planned immigration of 5,000 farm families a year from Europe not only promises more food but a future "melting pot" such as we have known in our own country to our great benefit.

In the agricultural field again, Americans are helping. In addition to two large farms and a cattle ranch which VBEC is operating, there is a non-profit branch of the Rockefeller group, called the American International Association, which has gone into partnership with the Venezuelan government in setting up the Consejo Bienestar Rural—Council for Rural Welfare—known as CBR for short. CBR is staffed with trained agriculturalists and home economists, whose job is to help farmers and their families to make the most expert use of the land and machinery at their disposal. But the work ahead is long.

Better grasses must be found for the llanos soils to encourage the cattle business. Drainage in many areas presents heartbreaking problems. Farm-to-market roads are another essential. Reforestation and soil conservation must be undertaken, and years of research will be needed in the fields of soil chemistry, weed control, and proper fertilization.

More agricultural experiment stations must be set up to deal with these long-range problems. But painstaking research which extends over many years is not the sort of work that appeals to the average Venezuelan temperament. It is tedious work and prodigious effort has to be put out before any results are seen. The Venezuelan likes to have a vision, make a plan, spend the money, and see a miracle. And why not? After all, Rome *has* been built in a day in Venezuela. The willingness to accept the old adage that "great oaks from little acorns grow" may be one of the greatest difficulties our Venezuelan friends have to face as they start along the road to agricultural self-sufficiency.

The acute shortage of pure water and of sanitary facilities in many parts of the country presents another grave handicap. Such health problems as can be met by headlong attack the Venezuelan government has coped with energetically and successfully; for instance it

has practically wiped out that scourge of the tropics, malaria, by spraying nearly every house in the country repeatedly with DDT. (As each house was sprayed, the government crews stenciled a number on it near the door; today, in the smaller towns where there are no street numbers, you will be told that so-and-so lives at "DDT such-and-such a number"—giving the stencil number of the house.) But the shortage of water in many parts of the country, and the widespread pollution of streams and wells offer problems that can be solved only by endless and multiple effort—which has only just begun.

EVEN so, what Venezuela has accomplished in fifteen years is a miracle. If the progress has been very uneven—if bleak poverty and great riches still exist side by side—nevertheless Venezuela has become, in all probability, the fastest-developing country in the whole world.

It has done this largely by welcoming American capital on terms fully advantageous to itself. Venezuela gets about half the net profits of the oil companies operating there. As a result it has made more money for its own people out of American private investment than any other country in Latin America. The country has virtually no internal or external debt; it has put on its terrific boom out of current income.

The partnership between our two countries has been mutually profitable. We have learned to work together. There are many areas where this collaboration can go much further, particularly in the field of technical assistance. Venezuela wants to expand; wants further diversity in her industry; does not want grants, but believes in working with us on a basis of equality. Given political stability and a world free from world war, there are almost no limits to the heights Venezuela can climb.

Memorandum to a Tired Bureaucrat

JAMES RORTY

THIS, Procurator, is the answer to your question:
Twenty centuries of lies, yet still this truth
Falls white at the year's turn on the embers of a world
That will not die, not while the valiant candles gleam
Even from the cellars of the broken, blind
Cities that attest your Caesar's power, where now
The ragged carolers trudge and sing . . .

How common is this truth, humble as earth,
Lovely as light, wide as the uncurtained air;
Deny it, scrub like a surgeon, yet you'll not
Destroy the unsubstantial bond that men betray,
Yet live by still, as on that sorrowful night
When the centurions marched in the glare of the torches,
And the cock crew, and women wailed in the orange grove.

(See now, O Governor, how patiently this truth
Fastens the strings of packages by which
Denver's plenty answers Berlin's dearth,
Caesar is flouted and man set free.)

Now that the file is closed, will you not hear
The answer that you would not then abide?
These are mysteries not in your manual, powers
Greater and more durable than your sad imperium.

The Danger Point in Taxes

Colin Clark

How high can taxes rise without economic trouble? The question is timely. People have always grumbled about taxes, but during the past three or four decades—as a result of two hot wars and the high defense costs of the cold war, to say nothing of the gradually rising expense of government services of many sorts—most of us have watched our taxes climb to such unprecedented heights that we must have sincerely wondered what the effective limit was; and in the United States today, with new war costs mounting and new tax increases being debated, the question presses with special urgency. Is there a discoverable point where the burden of taxes becomes insupportable—or supportable only by such dubious means as inflation?

We have learned, from the experience of many countries, what happens when taxes mount too high. Many people don't find it worth their while to work hard and efficiently. Production doesn't expand as fast as it should. There is a shortage of goods, followed by an inflationary rise in prices. The government then usually makes a countermove—attempting by price controls, wage controls, and rationing to "suppress" the inflation that is developing, hoping that in due course production and the real national income will grow enough to carry the burden without controls. But this, experience shows, usually takes too long; and there is then a quick escape into uncontrolled inflation—which benefits some people, but does great harm to the great majority, including especially those lower-paid wage-earners who generally keep their savings in the form of money rather than real property.

All this is familiar to us as a sequence of events that has been repeated over and over again in the experience of many countries. Yet the part that excessively high taxes play in causing inflation is still not fully appreciated. It is very widely understood that if a government incurs very heavy expenditures, and these are *not* covered by taxation, and the government runs at a deficit, the automatic result will be an inflationary trend. It is not so generally understood that if a government incurs very heavy expenditures, and these *are* covered by taxation, so that the budget is balanced, the trend—while it may be deflationary for a time—will in the long run be toward inflation if the rate of taxation is too high to be borne. "The long run," in this case, is probably a period of two or three years, though this may depend on the nature of the emergency; in wartime it may be longer.

The question I am raising is, *how high is too high?* What is the danger point? How much of the national income can be taken in taxes before this uncomfortable sequence of events gets under way? Can we, by reviewing the experience of various nations during the

Mr. Clark's articles and books on economic theory, including The Conditions of Economic Progress *and* The Economics of 1960, *have made him one of the foremost economists since Keynes. He is in the civil service of Australia.*

past quarter-century, fix the point where the danger signals begin to fly? I believe we can.

THE foundations of our knowledge on this subject were laid by Lord Keynes in a flash of brilliant insight in 1922. In that year, it may be remembered, inflation was proceeding apace in France and the exchange rate of the franc was falling rapidly. French official opinion hoped to bring it back to its 1914 parity by "restoring the balance of trade," and the first step toward this objective was to have been the military occupation of the Ruhr coal field. Meanwhile the French press was claiming that British and American "speculation" was the cause of the falling exchange rate. Keynes' insight, however, told him that the French inflation would continue. In attempting to pay a high rate of interest on a huge mass of national debt (*rentes*), the Finance Minister was imposing an intolerable burden of public expenditure, amounting to 34 per cent of the current national income.

Keynes remarked, "The level of the franc is going to be settled in the long run, not by speculation or the balance of trade, or even the outcome of the Ruhr adventure, but by the proportion of his earned income which the French taxpayer will permit to be taken from him to pay the claims of the French *rentier* [bondholder]."

In other words, inflation was the only way out of the financial impasse. And the inflation continued rapidly. Prices increased much faster than government expenditure and by 1926 the latter was only a little over 20 per cent of the national income. Then the inflation was checked and a measure of deflation followed. From 1927 onward prices were stabilized. But the interesting thing is that this period of economic and political stability was reached *with the level of government expenditure almost exactly 25 per cent of the national income.* (Lord Keynes commented in 1928: "The French budget balances with the burden of the *rentes* on the taxpayer bearable at the present level.")

A second relevant prophecy in the period between World War I and World War II also concerned French finances. It was made in 1934 by the Swedish economist, Professor Bertil Ohlin. He pointed out that French public expenditure by that date had again become such an excessive proportion of the national income (nearly 34 per cent) that further devaluation of the franc was unavoidable. The devaluation which he predicted actually occurred in 1936 and French prices went on rising until 1938, by which time the proportion of government expenditure to national income had again been reduced almost exactly to 25 per cent.

During the nineteen-twenties there were moderate deflations in Britain and Italy and a severe deflation in Norway. Each was carried to the point where it raised the proportion of taxation to national income somewhere between 23 and 25 per cent, beyond which it was not carried further. This demonstrates my point in reverse, so to speak.

During the period 1934-35 I prepared a Fabian pamphlet which examined in detail all the taxes then in force in the United Kingdom, estimating by rough common-sense methods the maximum additional revenue which could be obtained from them. (In making this study, I assumed that the British economy was brought to full employment, out of the heavy unemployment then prevailing.) The interesting thing is that the conclusion reached by this method was also that the maximum feasible taxation was almost exactly 25 per cent of the national income.

Although this evidence is far from conclusive it certainly suggests that *the critical level of taxation beyond which inflationary forces come into play (and deflationary forces suffer a political check) is around 25 per cent of the national income.*

II

IN 1944 I wrote for the *Economic Journal* an article—eventually published in December 1945—in which I put forward the figure of 25 per cent as the measure of taxable capacity. Lord Keynes, who was editing the *Journal,* wrote me in May 1944 that "in Great Britain after the war I should guess that your figure of 25 per cent as the maximum tolerable proportion of taxation may be exceedingly near to the truth," and added that he would not be at all surprised if postwar experience confirmed it.

Now what has been the actual history of the matter since the end of World War II? In the United States, taxation did not pass the

critical limit until 1943, and even in the worst years of the war it rose no higher than 29 per cent of the national income. Suppressed inflation (rationing and price controls) ended in 1946; whereupon open inflation continued at a moderate rate until 1948, bringing taxes down to almost exactly the 25 per cent level.

In a number of countries open inflation was in full swing before the war actually ended. Belgium avoided excessive debt and other burdens on the budget and was fortunate in escaping serious damage to her productive capacity. Her price level by 1946 had risen three- or four-fold above prewar and this rise sufficed to reduce the burden of government expenditure to 22 per cent of the national income. At this point price stabilization became possible. In France at the same time, however, government expenditure was one-third of the national income and inflation continued rapidly. It went on to the end of 1948, when a price level twenty times prewar was reached. At that point the budget could be balanced at some 25 per cent of the national income.

In Italy inflation proceeded more rapidly, to over fifty times the prewar price level in 1947, when it was suddenly checked. The budget is now balanced with public expenditure at 22 per cent of national income, plus 7 per cent of national income in social insurance charges (the incidence of which is uncertain).

In Japan there was a hundred-fold inflation up to 1949, when prices were stabilized. Taxation is now 30 per cent of the national income; but our rule is not violated, for some measure of rationing and price control has continued to be necessary. No doubt the authorities expect that in the next year or so a rapid rise in production, without any further rise in prices being necessary, will raise the national income and thereby lower the tax ratio considerably.

Countries suffering severe suppressed inflation are Britain, Norway, and perhaps the Netherlands. Sweden has moderate suppressed inflation. Australia and New Zealand have suppressed inflation now in the process of becoming open. What are the significant facts about them?

Britain started the war with a figure of 26 per cent (including social insurance) of national income going to taxes. The figure rose to 42 per cent in 1945. There was a slight reduction in the next two years and then the figure started rising again to the appalling level of 43.7 per cent for 1949, well above the highest wartime ratio. Although Britain has made a great show of decontrolling a certain number of minor items, the main mass of controls is as rigid as ever, particularly over housing and most articles of food. Last year's devaluation is unlikely to make much difference because it has not been allowed to raise British wages and prices except to a minor decree. It seems inevitable that Britain's suppressed inflation, after a longer or shorter interval, will break out into open inflation, probably on a catastrophic scale. (Incidentally Hugh Dalton who, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, had a lot to do with boosting British tax rates up to current levels, thought my proposed tax rate of 25 per cent of the national income was far too high when I put it forward in the prewar Fabian pamphlet mentioned above. It seemed to him a dangerously radical proposal. After the war he set a 40 per cent figure. When I criticized it, he accused me of being a dangerous reactionary!)

The Netherlands figure is now 30 per cent. In Norway, which also suffers severe suppressed inflation, a ratio of some 40 per cent prevails. Sweden, which has a mild form of suppressed inflation, has a ratio of just over 25 per cent. Australia and New Zealand are also at about the 25 per cent level and are today emerging from suppressed into open inflation.

All these facts seem to support the conclusion—which is further reinforced by the recent experience of Finland, Switzerland, and Denmark—that the safe political and economic limit of taxation is somewhere near 25 per cent of the national income. In this figure all forms of taxation are included: direct and indirect, federal, state, and local. The figure doesn't tell what proportion of your *individual* income can legitimately be taken in taxation; it simply indicates how large a proportion of the *national* income can safely be taken. If the experience of the nineteen-forties, on top of that of the twenties and thirties, doesn't convince you that the 25 per cent figure is pretty nearly correct, then I don't know what will.

The Exile

Katherine Anne Porter

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson



THERE was a noticeable commotion at the Cuban students' table. The boys rose from their chairs and bowed in the direction of the door and one of them said, *"Viva!"* explosively. The woman who came in made them a formal little bow, very old-fashioned and learned in courtesy, then followed the waiter to a small table where she sat with her back to the students. They sat down again exchanging odd, malicious glances, wiping away smiles under their napkins.

She was perhaps fifty years old and she had been a fine beauty not so long ago. Her face was smooth and wax-colored, her small round mouth was painted bright red, the small, clever-looking black eyes were sketched in with long dark blue smudges, her lightly tinted reddish hair was cut short and curled around her forehead and ears. She was slender except for a lazy little belly, and her clothes were very expensive looking; shabby as they were, they were still much too elegant for her present occasions. She wore enormous pearls in her ears, around her throat, on two fingers of her left hand. On her right she wore a large light-colored flawed emerald. These hands, very narrow, fine, heavily veined, and old looking, were in constant movement. Thumbs turned in lightly to the palm, the hands moved aimlessly from the edge of the table to her lap, they clasped and unclasped themselves, spread themselves flat in the air, closed, shook slightly, went to her hair, to the bosom of her gown, as if by a life of their own separate from the will of the woman herself, who sat quite still otherwise, her features a little rigid, bending to read the lunch card beside her plate.

Everybody in the ship's dining room turned to stare at her.

"BUT where," inquired Frau Rittersdorf of the Captain, *"where* does she come from? No one saw her come on board," she said, anxiously, looking around the table, "at least, none of *us.*"

"And no wonder," said the Captain. "That lady—she is a Spanish Countess—was brought on board quietly, hours before the other passengers, by two police officers who attempted at once to escort her to the steerage, under

"The Exile" concludes this series of three episodes from Miss Porter's novel-in-progress, No Safe Harbor. *The setting is a German transatlantic liner; the date, 1931. The most recent book by Katherine Anne Porter is* The Leaning Tower.

the impression that I was going to put her in chains for the voyage, or at least confine her to a cabin. I could not treat a lady so, no matter what she had done," said the Captain, and his eyes rested gently upon the Countess; indeed they feasted themselves upon that personage, a real member of the nobility, a species seen all too rarely on his modest decks.

"Her hands," exclaimed Lizzi, "what is she doing with them?"

"She is in a highly wrought state of nervousness," said Dr. Sacher. "She will feel better shortly." His glance and tone were drily professional.

"A little on the faded side," said Herr Rieber, and instantly repented his tactlessness when seven pairs of eyes fastened upon him in rebuke.

"She is not young, true," said Dr. Sacher, "and her troubles are rather complicated."

"Would I not be a dupe," asked the Captain, glancing sharply from face to face, "to take the Latin-American politicals seriously? I was told she is a dangerous revolutionist, an international spy, that she carries messages from one hotbed of rebellion to another, that she incites to riot, you would hardly believe all the nonsense. My own opinion is, she is one of these idle rich ladies who like excitement, who get into mischief without knowing what they do; and she has got her fingers badly burnt.

"Well, this experience will teach her a lesson, it is not for us to add to her penalties. She is only going to Tenerife, in any case. That is not so bad, and in the meantime, I wish her a pleasant voyage."

"Those students who greeted her with such apparent respect," remarked Herr Professor Hutten thoughtfully, "resemble very little the revolutionary type as I have learned to recognize it in Mexico. I should have said they are the lamentably over-indulged sons of well-to-do parents who have not taken their parental duties very seriously. It is a type all too prevalent in Mexico, indeed, in all the Americas. One of our problems," he said, "was to protect our German youth from their influence in our schools. I am happy to say, relying on the infallible combination of German character and German methods of discipline, we enjoyed a modest success."

"I had never imagined a revolutionist wearing such pearls," said Frau Rittersdorf, "if indeed they are real, which is doubtful."

"When such a lady wears pearls," said little Frau Otto Schmidt respectfully, "I think we may be confident they are real."

"The students," said the Captain to Herr Professor Hutten, heading off this dangerous feminine diversion of the topic, "are on their way to complete their studies in Montpellier, since the University in Cuba has been closed over their heads. Something to do with the general disturbances there. It is all disorder of a most senseless kind, naturally, and should have been put down without hesitation long ago, with every necessary severity. As for revolutionists, they are a species of animal I am not acquainted with; I leave them to those whose business it is to deal with them." Leaning his head low over his plate, ducking up and down rhythmically, he began to swallow soup.

The subject seemed closed, satisfactorily, on exactly the right note.





JENNY, who felt refreshed and good tempered after her nap, told David what she knew about the Countess, and was surprised at the look of lively admiration on his face as he watched the lady, who had become rather calmer and was peering nearsightedly into her salad. "Who told you all this?" he asked, unable to believe anything Jenny said, however entertaining it might be.

"Wilhelm Freytag, this morning while we were walking around deck," said Jenny.

"Is it a habit by now?" asked David.

"This is only the second morning," said Jenny. "I wish you'd look at the Spanish company, aren't they weird?" For some reason she could not admit the human existence of the Spanish company. They seemed to her to be life-sized dolls dancing gracefully at the ends of strings, going through a perpetual pantomime of mock emotion. Their frowning faces, their gestures of anger, ill humor, contempt, all seemed too far-fetched and rehearsed to be probable; she did not believe that any of it proceeded from living organisms.

They had hardly removed their several gazes from the Countess since she appeared, and their eyes were charged with staring, bitter resentment. They nudged each other and whispered, their mouths sullen, and as they ate, or turned their heads, their eyes moved and maintained their gaze.

"If they're planning to rob her," said Jenny, "they will give themselves away long before the deed. That fellow they call Pepe hasn't taken his eyes off her necklace once. And I really can't blame him. Look, David Darling, isn't it superb?"

"It seems all right," said David, "but they could be beads from the ten-cent store and I wouldn't know."

"You might at least admit they are beautiful."

"I'm not sure I think so," said David. "I'm too blinded with prejudice against the kind of person who can afford to wear pearls."

"It's handsome of you to concede that much," said Jenny. "It is really handsome of you."

"I'd perhaps like her better if I knew they weren't real," said David.

"Yes, darling, I know, that is just the kind of fellow you are," said Jenny, with sudden gaiety, "but me, I am a more ample nature. I can love you with your prejudices and real pearls both, you'll be shocked to hear." She smiled at him, he watched the smile change her face altogether for the better, and smiled back at her lovingly. They seemed beautiful to each other and a pleasant silence came over them.

DR. SACHER, stolling about the deck after lunch, paused to glance at the horse races, set up for the first time, and was indignant when he saw that, in spite of his express orders, the boy with the floating kidney had been put again at the job of moving the toy animals along the track. A small number of passengers were sitting about comfortably, their faces smoothed and at ease, eyelids relaxed behind dark glasses, enjoying the sunlight and the sea air, but the boy sweated as he stooped and rose, straightening his lame back slowly, stooping again, with dark lines around his pale gray mouth, his eyes strained. The other boy was tough and able, but he kept his eyes down as if he were ashamed of his childish occupation. Further along, Dr. Sacher saw the tall shrill girl and the little fat man playing Ping-pong violently, and several persons were splashing about in the small canvas swimming tank set up on the lower deck. On the port side Dr.

Sacher stepped carefully around a game of shuffleboard, without observing the players, but nodding in their direction; and saw at the same time, almost without seeing, Ric and Rac, the two Spanish children, beguiling the ship's cat, a fine tiger tom, with back-strokings and ticklings under his chin. The cat arched, his face full of sophisticated pleasure, and allowed himself to be picked up between them.

He was heavy, loose, ungainly, and in his sensual trance he did not grasp the nature of their intentions toward him until it was almost too late. With sharpened faces and urgent hands, Ric and Rac lifted him to the rail and tried to push him overboard. He stiffened, dug his fore-claws into the rail, braced and clawed fiercely with his hind feet; his back went into a bow, his tail became a wild plume. Silently, desperately, he fought with all his weapons, but they were not enough. Dr. Sacher fairly leaped forward and seized the children back from the rail. They brought the cat with them in their rush; he fell out of their clutches and tore his way across deck. The children stared upward at Dr. Sacher, their arms, striped with long bleeding scratches, going suddenly limp in his hands.

Dr. Sacher, holding them firmly but with practiced gentleness, examined the depths of their eyes for a moment with a twinge of dismay at their blind, unwinking malignance, their cold slyness—not beasts, though, but human creatures. Oh, yes, human, more's the pity, thought the Doctor, loosening his hold.

Instantly they wriggled free, their fierce little faces exactly alike turning toward each other with their instinctive look of complicity. They ran, their thin legs jutting at the knees, their tangled hair flying. He supposed they should have at least iodine on those scratches, but he felt they would probably do as well without it.

He sat down carefully in the nearest deck chair, breathing as lightly and deliberately as he could, holding himself together with intent stillness. He had a very ordinary kind of heart trouble and might drop dead at any moment. He felt his pulse softly with two fingers, but he knew the count already; he knew exactly what was happening, what always did happen at the slightest shock or sudden movement: he had been over this rather dull case so often in the past few years there was nothing new to say or think, above all, nothing new to be done.

He had always tried to avoid diagnosing and treating himself, he made a habit of consulting doctors he believed more able than he, he wished to believe in their procedures in his case, but he had not really needed to be told what his trouble was. In the end, there was nothing in medical science to relate in his mind what he knew about himself as physician and what he felt about himself as a man in danger of death from one moment to the next. He sat with the fated calm of a man caught in a thunderstorm in an open space, rather humorously and bitterly counting on a mathematical scale of chance he knew to be mythical. At last, cautiously, he felt in his inside pocket and brought out the small phial of crystal drops.

The thing he could never explain to himself was this: knowing about himself such a simple daylight fact, with his orderly plan to live as long as he could on whatever terms he could make with his disease, he had endangered his life to save the life of a cat, a kind of animal he disliked by temperament; he was devoted to dogs. Given a moment for reflection, would he have leaped so and risked the stopping of his heart to save even—even his wife? He had never been required to face that emergency, and the question was an absurdity, of course. Of course. The answer was clear, it had been settled long ago, or so he hoped. He smiled inwardly, with a composed face, at the thought of the cat, that supposedly most astute and self-possessed of all animals, being seduced within an inch of his life by a tickling of his nerve ends, the pleasant crackle of his own electricity along the fur of his spine. Nothing in his celebrated instincts had warned him that those stroking hands were willing to give him a moment of his private pleasure so that they might the more easily seize him by the scruff for their own satisfaction.

Perhaps that should not be surprising, it happened to others besides cats. He had spent the best years of his life—after all, how

else would he have spent them?—patching up, for mysterious reasons of his own, the deceived, the foolhardy, the willfully blinded, the lover of suffering, and the most deadly of them all, the one who knew what he was doing and what he was bringing upon himself, and yet could not resist for anything one more fling at his favorite hot thrill of the flesh—drink, drugs, sex—whatever his particular concupiscence might be, though it might be his own death.

His own death, or my own death, I know it is of no importance, the doctor told himself, especially my own if I have made my peace with it; he touched his wrist again with two fingers and waited. He longed so deeply to live, merely to breathe, to move in his familiar body, to stay safely within himself, a place he knew as home, he could not control the warm wave of excitement which ran all through him, as if he had drunk hot spiced wine. "My God," he said, and fixed his eyes attentively on the deep waves of the sea, turning upon each other endlessly, without thought, without feeling, moved by a power they obeyed in universal harmony, "My God, my God!"

Dr. Sacher believed in God, finally, in a particularly forthright, Bavarian Catholic way, and having spoken the Name, he closed his eyes, gave himself over, and became soothed and quiet. Deliberately he removed his fingers from his pulse, ignored the beat of his heart upon his eardrums, and for a few minutes his whole being reconciled itself almost completely to the idea of death, despising briefly, but with satisfaction, the cowardice of the flesh. He realized then that the drops were working, as they had before, as they might again and again; that the attack, a light one, was passing over; he had escaped once more. He opened his eyes and crossed himself unobtrusively, noticing at the same instant an arresting scene.

ABOUT twenty feet away the Countess was talking to a young sailor. He was a very attractive-looking fellow, with a fine show of manly muscles in shoulders and arms, his cap sitting forward over an ingenuous sunburned face with a broad mouth and slightly snubbed nose. He stood perfectly straight, hands at his sides as if at attention before an officer, but his head was inclined away, and he looked steadily past the Countess except for one or two quick, uneasy glances at her. His back was to the rail, he was almost touching it, and the Countess stood before him, talking very intently but slowly, spreading her arms now and then as if she would bar his way. Her thumbs were turned in flat to her flattened palms, which moved in a monotonous beat; her eyes were like agates, and she swayed from side to side, stretching her neck, trying to make the boy look her in the face. His head turned from her, far to one side and then in a slow swing back again, but nodding as if in agreement, full of shame and confusion. The Countess suddenly patted him on the arm, at which he leaped as if an electric wire-end had touched him. His hand flew to his cap in automatic salute, he stepped past her and seized his bucket and brush, making off in a long stride, his face and ears a burning red, leaving the Countess standing. After a moment she walked slowly in the same direction, her neck and spine very straight, her hands clenched into fists at her sides.

Dr. Sacher, finding himself of at least three minds in the matter, that is, simple human curiosity, an unwilling admiration for the woman who struck him as unusually beautiful, and that professional interest which had become second nature in him, rose and followed her at a good distance, keeping the appearance of being on a casual promenade.

WITHIN the next hour, the Doctor had seen enough to make him very thoughtful. Wherever she saw a man alone, any sort of man so he was young, the doctor observed with a good deal of moral disapproval, whether sailor or officer or passenger, she backed him into a corner or against a wall or rail, and somehow managed to pin him there, standing before him talking in that intimate way, as if she were imparting some agonizing secret. The effect on the several different men was astonishingly similar. They began with polite listening expressions which deepened rapidly to surprise, pained embarrassment, then to utter restlessness. Their faces would freeze in strange smiles, their eyes would begin roaming in search of a way out. At last in some pause, or suddenly as if signaled from afar, they would break away, no matter how.

Dr. Sacher never came near enough to hear what she was saying, but her gestures shocked him deeply, modest man that he was. She stroked her own breast and thigh, patted the face of her listener, laid her hand upon his heart. Yet the expression of her face was grief-stricken, her words seemed grave and hopeless. "Perhaps I am not young enough to attract her eye," thought Dr. Sacher a little acidly. "I am no doubt much too far from the cradle for her," but he decided deliberately to put himself in her path. He had a powerful sense of time and its effects on the human organism, and he felt that man owed it to his dignity to live with philosophy within the limitations of his own time in the world.

All other considerations aside, there was something scandalous and perverse in older persons, especially women, who at best showed symptoms of innate perversity, turning back to youth for sexual satisfactions: unnatural parents devouring their own young—a species of incest, to put a severe word upon it. . . . Well, he would see. It was obvious the woman suffered from some form of acute nervous disorder; she should not be traveling alone, her situation as prisoner proved her irresponsibility, and she must be friendless indeed. That was the first, most dreadful effect of even a mild mental affliction, even a simple "breakdown"—the loss of human love and sympathy, the literal alienation from the common life of one's fellow-creatures. Madness, he considered, having never separated the practice of medical science from his theological beliefs, was the temporary triumph of evil in the human soul; he had never seen mania assume any but ignoble shapes. Let science do what it might, there was a mystery beyond fathoming in the human soul except in the light of divine revelation; at the bottom of life there was an unanswerable riddle, and it is just there, concluded Dr. Sacher, his softened eyes still observing the Countess, where man leaves off, that God begins.

THE Countess disappeared, walking rather faster, around the upper end of the deck, and Dr. Sacher turned through the bar and emerged on the opposite side intending to approach her slowly. But three of the Cuban students left their shuffleboard at the sight of her, and swarmed about her. She put on a new air for them, gentle, graceful, indulgent. They fell in step with her and with each other, and fairly outdid themselves in attentiveness to her. She was talking as they passed Dr. Sacher, and he caught a few words in her frail, complaining voice: "Hunted like beasts, my children, my children, my lovely ones, and they ran away to sleep in the woods. And I could only wait and suffer, suffer and wait—I could not lift a hand for them—" Her hands flew up and described a whirling ring around her head. "But they were right to revolt, they were right, my sons, even if they die for it, even if I must be in exile. . . ."

The students put on faces of exaggerated respect and melancholy, and she smiled at them blindly with frowning brows. One of the students fell back a pace and boldly, impudently, he winked at Dr. Sacher and swiftly tapped his forehead with a forefinger. He got in return a stare of such stony severity it abashed him somewhat and he made haste to catch up with his group. Dr. Sacher looked at his watch and decided to lie down quietly for the rest of the afternoon.

Lizzi Spöckenkieker and Herr Rieber were having a very fast game of Ping-pong, which had begun lightly and at once developed into a duel. They smashed the little ball back and forth over the net, crack, pop, pop, crack, their strokes speeding up shorter, faster, their faces darkening with blood, until both silently, grimly struck like automatons. It was a matter of life or death to win and they were smiling no longer. The Countess, with the three students who were singing *"La Cucaracha,"* bore down upon them suddenly, at Lizzi's back, sailing by without a pause. Lizzi faltered, her eyes flashed aside, she missed, and the ball bounced after the retreating feet.

"Ah, shame!" she screamed, and running around the table she cracked the triumphant Herr Rieber over his bald head with her little paddle. "Ah, I should never have missed if that crazy woman and those crazy boys—they, they—oh, why must such things always happen to me?"

Herr Rieber ducked his head. Indulgently he soothed her: "Come now, even the best of us must lose sometime; let's not mind so much, it is only a game."

"You can talk!" cried Lizzi, lifting her

paddle again. Deftly he seized her wrist, brought her hand down to his mouth, and printed a large juicy kiss upon it. "There now," he said, "what a quick hand it is and it shall be much quicker the next time. Don't mind not winning from me, I am the Ping-pong champion of the *Sportsverein* in Mexico City."

"I can believe it," said Lizzi, calming down a little. "I am not used to losing at this game."

Herr Rieber instantly twinkled with immense meanings. "At what game do you lose?" Lizzi shook his arm.

"If you talk like that I shall leave you," she threatened, tossing her head like an unmanageable mare. "No, I shan't listen to such things or answer them."

"Clever girl," cried Herr Rieber, "nothing escapes you. Now suppose we take a little swim, unless of course you want to beat me *again,*" he said with infinite slyness, "at Ping-pong or any game at all?" He squeezed her arm with such warmth that Lizzi blushed.

"No, let's swim," she said, her voice rising, "we must have a race."

At six o'clock a steward brought Dr. Sacher a message from the Countess, saying she was ill and must see him at once. A stewardess, waiting outside her door, knocked rather loudly when she saw the Doctor approaching, and moved as if to follow him in.

"You may go, thank you," said the Countess to the stewardess in a sharp, quiet voice, and the woman backed out at once, closing the door. The air of the cabin was thick with cigarette smoke, a mixture of heavy perfumes, and ether. Expensive-looking, badly worn luggage was spread about open, with shoes, evening wraps, improbable looking hats, wrinkled soiled fine gloves, and pale-colored unbotanical flowers made of crumpled silk and velvet tumbling out on all sides in a confusion past ordinary remedy. The Countess was in bed, a faded pink satin bedgown falling off her shoulders, barely veiled in thin violet stuff. She sat up staring, opened her mouth without speaking, her clasped hands snapped apart and flew backward, forward, backward again, and she gasped at last, "You must help me; I believe I am going to die."

Dr. Sacher summoned his calmest and most reassuring air, laid his palm on her forehead as if she were a child, and said, "I don't think so, at least not just yet."

She bowed her head upon her raised knees and broke into a kind of sobbing, a crying complaining voice full of inarticulate words, but, Dr. Sacher observed, without tears. He sat beside her and began to remove various contrivances from the black instrument case he carried. She stopped crying and peered into its depths with instant curiosity. He took advantage of this silence to ask her some plain necessary questions about her bodily functions and she answered sensibly and plainly. When he asked her to take off her bedgown and lower her nightdress over her shoulders and back, she simply looked at him with a provocative flicker in her black eyes, and began to smile; she sat quite still, smiling, while he removed them himself. She lifted her arms to help him with the sleeves, but that was all.

He counted her pulse and listened to her heart and lungs, setting his ear to her breast and shoulder blades, noting her long thin delicate bones. He flashed small white lights into her eyes, and took her blood pressure. He caused her to breathe deeply and say oh and ah several times. He tapped her ribs front and back rather sharply with two fingers, kneaded her stomach in careful exploration, fetching a slight sigh from her. "Clench your fist, please," he told her, and took some blood from the thin blue vein of her arm. Her dilated eyes gradually became calmer, she lay back at last with hands and shoulders flat, gazing at him as if she were hypnotized rather pleasurably, and said in an entirely changed voice, "All these charming attentions are making me deliciously sleepy, dear Doctor. Perhaps I only needed a human touch after all those military police. They are very heavy-handed."

She breathed out lightly with her mouth open, and the smell of ether on her breath was very strong. The Doctor sniffed several times and leaned towards her concealing his moral disgust at his discovery.

"You don't need stimulants," he said, gravely, taking back one of her wrists and holding it lightly, "nor narcotics, either. Whatever you need," he said, his forehead

gathering a frown, "it is not ether. Why do you waste my time calling for me? So far as I am able to see, you are not ill at all," he told her; "you are in enviably good condition, organically quite sound. How old are you?"

"Old enough as you can see," she said. "Much too old."

"Perhaps fifty?"

"When you guess so well," she said, "you deserve to be told you are right. Fifty, then."

"That does not seem so great an age to me now," said Dr. Sacher, "I should be pleased enough to be fifty again."

"Ah, I would not be a day younger for anything," she said. "Believe me, there is not one day of my dreadful life . . . or so I think now. What shall I do? Where shall I go? What is to become of me? I am exiled," she told him, "my husband is dead . . . my husband is dead," she said again, sitting up, "thank God, but my two sons, my children, they are fugitive somewhere, here, now, while we are talking, my sons . . . where do they sleep at night, who befriends them, who gives them food, where are they—when shall I ever see them again? My house was burned too," she went on in a lifeless voice as if she were reading a dull page aloud, "and my servants ran away, picking up things as they went—silver, money, clothes, anything—whatever they had coveted; they scattered out of the gates like cattle. Every face I saw then was the face of someone who no longer looked at me as if I were a human being. . . ." Her hands began to dance, her lips drew back over her teeth, she struggled to sit up again and knocked the instrument case to the floor.

"WAIT," said Dr. Sacher. He rose, picked up the black case, and began to prepare a small hypodermic needle. She became silent at once and watched him with her air of easily distracted attention. "This for tonight," he explained, "only. And you must not take any more ether. Where do you keep it? I shall take it away with me."

She motioned toward one of the sprawling pieces of luggage. "It is all there somewhere."

He pinched up the flesh of her arm, and at the slight stab of the needle she shuddered and said, "Ah, how delicious. How I love drugs, any kind of drug, I adore them all. You should praise me a little, because I do not, ever, take all the kinds of drug I should like. It would be so easy, so easy—"

She dropped back among the pillows, and Dr. Sacher rummaged carefully among her things, bringing up a flask of ether.

"Is this all?" he asked. "I expect you to tell me the truth."

She prolonged her silence, waiting to be cajoled, but he said nothing more. He went over to the wash basin and emptied the flask. The fumes rose in his face and he coughed. "You have taken too many drugs of one kind and another," he told her, "say what you please."

"Don't scold," she said, "you have not told me what is to become of me, with or without them."

"With your good health," said Dr. Sacher, "I could wish you a little settled income and some reconciliation with society. And nothing more could happen."

"How dull," she said blankly.

"Maybe," said Dr. Sacher, "for one of such specialized tastes."

"It is the difference between you and me," she said. "It was not I who quarreled with society, but my sons . . . it was my sons who turned me out on this world. . . . Look, I have such good health, as you say. No income at all. A prisoner on her way to exile. . . . No doubt you have money in the bank, entire freedom, and your health is not so good. How right am I?"

"Right enough," said Dr. Sacher, sitting beside her again. "Where is the rest of the ether?"

"You can see how useless it will be for you to give me good advice," she said, stroking his hand that lay on his knee near her. "But don't stop giving it. Don't go away. I love your good advice, I love to hear you scold and see you frown at me, as if you cared what happened to me. I should like being dull for a little while. I promise to stop taking ether, at least for this voyage. I do this for you, not for myself, I know I will begin again afterward. . . . I tried everything, anything at all, in the end ether seemed best. A lovely excitement without pain . . . have you ever taken it?"

"No."

"You must try it sometime," she said, in a drowned voice. "The other flask is in the red leather dressing case."

"It is time for you to sleep," said Dr. Sacher, and he laid her hand back at her side. "I shall send the stewardess, and I shall see you again tomorrow."

"What is this heavenly drug I have now?" she asked, her eyes closing. She smiled deeply and frowned. "I don't recognize it. Is it something new?"

Dr. Sacher gave a short laugh, at which she opened her eyes and gave him a delighted look. "Do you expect me to tell you?" he asked.

"Very well, I must try to guess, or maybe you will give it to me again . . . I adore you," she said, "you are such a preposterous good moral dull ridiculous man, but charming, charming!"

She closed her eyes, lifted both hands and slowly stroked her small breasts upward, and her expression, especially about the mouth, quite startled Dr. Sacher. He shook her shoulder with careful violence.

"Look at me," he said sternly, "stop that nonsense!" Her hands fell back and her face turned to one side; he could see she was falling asleep. He gathered up his black case in silence, stopped himself from saying, "Good night," abruptly, and opened the door.

The dank air of the passageway struck upon him as a fresh breeze after the fetid sweetness and rot of the cabin. He instructed the waiting stewardess and returned to his own quarters, feeling unpleasantly exhausted and freshly apprehensive about his own condition. He lay down and began to invite sleep, darkness, silence, the little truce of God between living and dying; he put out of his mind, with deliberate intention to forget forever, the last words of that abandoned lost creature; nettles, poisoned barbs, fishhooks, her words—the terrible malignance of the devil-possessed, the soul alienated from its kind.



American Goods Preferred

Fred M. Hechinger

Late in 1947, just before the Russians pushed their visa curtain up to the western border of their German occupation zone, I disregarded the cautious warnings of my friends and drove "across the line" to Schönefeld, the Soviet military airport near Berlin. On the field there were about a dozen Red air force planes, just in the process of having their wings scrubbed in most homely fashion by a flock of Russian army girls. To my naïve surprise I identified every one of the aircraft as an American-made transport carrier, sovietized only by means of a coat of war paint.

Half an hour later a shiny American DC-3 of the Polish airline took us on our eastbound flight to Warsaw. With a good box luncheon the hostess proudly offered *Amerikansk* cigarettes. She regretted—and the Polish passengers did so visibly and audibly, too—that there was no American coffee aboard.

A year later, in September 1948, I stood among the weeping, heart-broken crowd which lined Wenceslas Square ten-deep to pay mourning tribute to President Eduard Benes on his last ride through Prague. The official propaganda line had been gratingly and persistently anti-American for many months. No historical fact had been left unturned to wipe out the once-powerful American influence in Czechoslovakia. The very meaning of the word "American" varied only between "imperialist aggression" and "capitalist decadence." But when the flag-covered coffin passed through the armed ranks of the Workers' Militia, I was struck by the irony of seeing it pulled by an American-made artillery truck. All the howitzers which followed were U. S. models, too. They formed the guard of honor.

If these are instances of American influence, the American traveler soon becomes accustomed to being pursued by them across oceans and continents. From the proud announcements of the Scandinavian airline's purchase of another batch of new American DC-6 liners to the sleek and powerful Detroit cars on every European highway, American domination of the technical and industrial scene today is virtually unchallenged. The anti-Americans and the local nationalists in many countries speak out loudly against that domination (calling it "imperialism" if they are Communists and "foreign intrusion" if they are rightists). But a few weeks spent in the Eastern People's Democracies suffice to show that the tirades have their humorous aspect. When the Czech Skoda works presented their postwar passenger cars, they proved to be miniature imitations of late American models. Pictures of Russian bigwigs alighting from what seemed to be a new Packard in Moscow caused raised eye-

Mr. Hechinger discovered the impact of American goods and ideas abroad during the years 1947-1950 when he was a roving correspondent, covering most of the countries of Europe and the Middle East. He is now education editor of the Herald Tribune.

brows until it was made known that the Kremlin Specials were Russian cars made in the image of the capitalist example.

When I asked a cabinet minister in Norway whether there was any truth in the usual Communist accusation that American tobacco companies were forcing their products on ERP countries, he said with a smile: "It isn't true, of course. But even if it were so, we would have no trouble selling them to Russia and her satellites—and getting paid for them in dollars." I found it easy to believe him; for one of our most friendly and informative conferences with a firmly believing Communist minister in Warsaw had followed immediately after we had successfully negotiated with his secretary for a pot of boiling water and proceeded to brew a round of that American miracle: instant coffee.

All these are, of course, only by-products of the real and more fundamental American influences. They are no more than the equivalent of the spices, the silks, the wines, and the spirits which accompanied the spread of the Egyptian, the Judaic, the Greek, Roman, Christian, and British eras. But they are nevertheless the outward indications that, for better or for worse, America has come of age as a new link in the chain of civilizations. To many Americans, barely awakened from pioneer preoccupation and comfortably smug isolationism, this comes as a surprise; on others it acts as a new wine acts on the unschooled drinker, making them strut, swagger, boast, and misbehave across continents in a trance of undigested power; to still others it appears as a challenging responsibility and a serious trust, somewhat puzzling and awesome—a little like a tide which carries them, almost against their will.

Our setbacks last summer in Korea (and other similarly tragic and disheartening events may have taken place elsewhere before these lines have been printed) brought with them the understandable temptation to shrug off the whole story of American influence abroad, even of American technical leadership. Superficially a case might be made for the argument that even American industrial greatness was only a shiny bubble of air-filled soap which burst into nothingness at the first prick by the pin of Russian reality. The American tank knocked out by a heavier Soviet tank makes the Packard-type car at the Kremlin gates seem like an insignificant whim. The immediate consternation over a lost battle suddenly causes some—and among them some of the most vociferous former prophets of America's infallible bigness—to rush headlong into the gloom of seeing in a lost skirmish the end of a civilization.

Actually there is much in recent history to prove the superficiality of that view. It is certain, for instance, that Japan could never have attacked the United States in 1941, much less brought this country close to decisive military defeat, without first imitating every step of the American industrial process. It is still agreed among most observers of the Communist advance through China that the early stages of that "civil war" were won largely with American tanks.

It is true that the very fact of the giant American output of comfort-assuring consumer goods inevitably lays this country open to stinging initial defeat by an opponent who is willing and able to harness imitated American mass-production methods (and, indeed, American scrap metal) to total war production. But that proves little, if anything, of waning American influence.

The truth is rather that it was the flashlight and the wrist watch and the jeep and the American G.I.'s general affluence and easy-going lack of respect for classes, ranks, titles, or feudal privileges during and after the war, which set off revolutionary aspirations to a better life in many parts of the world. That it was the Soviet propagandist who then jumped on the bandwagon and tried, unhappily with too much success, to take over the reins of that revolution is ultimately beside the point; a counterfeit coin, no matter how much it may momentarily buy, can neither disprove the value of the good currency it imitates nor set up a permanent value of its own.

It is because the real and potential power of American ideas and thought can be defeated only by our own lack of faith in them or by corruption of those ideas through our own exaggerated reliance on physical bigness and the invincibility of the American machine alone that I have recorded in these pages the traces of American influence—good and bad, superficial and sincere, ridiculous

and inspiring—as I have found them abroad.

Bitter wits have made the slogan of "Coca-colonization" an international bon mot; but the hostility of the wisecrack became less convincing when, late in 1948, a smiling Russian corporal of the international patrol in Vienna could be seen happily mixing a large "Coke" with ice cream as the guest of his American colleague in the local snack bar. The dollar does, of course, speak with an insistent and not always ingratiating voice (as did the talent, the guilder, and the pound before it). But those, at home and abroad, who think that American money and what it can buy—Marshall aid, loans, arms assistance, investments, relief—are the only, or even the predominant, Voice of America, have sadly misjudged what is happening. The truth is that—in spite of ourselves rather than through direct and conscious action—a new and real American culture has begun to take hold of European minds and ways on every level, from the lowest lowbrows to the loftiest intellectuals.

To get a superficial sampling and introduction, sit for half an hour in one of Stockholm's sidewalk cafés and watch the fashions, make-up, and bearing of the passing parade of Swedish women. Some of the expensive models may still hail from Paris; but the Hollywood stamp has come to be the pattern, and the woman shown in the American movie or fashion magazine is the idol to be imitated. Fortunately as well as characteristically, the American pattern can be imitated at unusually low cost; for it is a mass-pattern, and its rapid reproduction has been perfected in the garment districts west of New York's Fifth Avenue.

One evening I stood on the sidelines of the huge, gay, and light-studded dance hall of Tivoli, Copenhagen's inimitable amusement park. The non-stop band played the wildest of American jazz. The crooner's Danish accent only served to emphasize his borrowing of American techniques from Crosby to Sinatra. On the crowded floor exuberant couples followed the American idiom of jitterbug.

An elderly British couple looked sadly on the dancers—the fast-moving, loud-colored novelty sports jackets and slacks and the fast-chewing, frantically "American" jaws.

"American influence," said the Englishman and shook his head in disapproval. But he had overlooked the fact that only a few hundred yards away, in the neatly dignified Tivoli concert hall, the orchestra was playing a program of Gershwin's music to an enchanted audience. When apparently exaggerated applause greeted a medley from "Porgy and Bess," a Danish friend explained that the American folk opera had come to be something like a resistance hymn in Nazi-occupied Denmark. Ever since the evening when, after the grimly boastful routine broadcast of the German army's usual victory communiqué, the secret Danish underground radio had cheerfully cut in with a significant "It Ain't Necessarily So," the American composer had been as full of meaning in Scandinavia as the Churchillian V-sign on Europe's walls.

My stay in Israel last year was too brief to add Hebrew to my inadequate stock of languages. But by the time I left Haifa airport I could read Rita Hayworth's and Humphrey Bogart's names in the native script. They had looked down on me from the majority of neighborhood movies.

Hollywood—whether you like it or not—has conquered the world. It has come to be an American agent in the best and in the worst way. Many foreign producers may be turning out works of greater art and more subtle value; but Hollywood has grasped the need for mass-entertainment on all levels of intelligence and literacy, from Westerns and slapstick farces to such triumphs as "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "The Snake Pit." It is at least significant that J. Arthur Rank, who has turned out so many superb films in the British tradition, found it necessary to imitate (unsuccessfully, to be sure) the American extravaganza technique in his "Caesar and Cleopatra." But I thought I could understand his reasons when a cockney girl, heavily made up "American-style," approached me while I was waiting in a London movie queue. "This is a Yank flick?" she asked, and when I informed her that it was a British film she told her escort that the American movie next door would be "ever so much more glamorous."

When I was in Prague, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" was playing to record audi-

ences at the Kino Sevastopol. Also represented in the Czech capital during the same week were Abbott and Costello and Errol Flynn's "Robin Hood," and they were doing brisk business behind the Iron Curtain, indicating perhaps that the lowbrow American film contains something which a considerable number of people want but which the theorists in the People's Democratic ministries of culture refuse to offer.

II

At the same time, American exporters seem gradually to be growing up to the greatness which the coming of age of their country has prematurely thrust upon them. In late 1947 I found myself in the embarrassing spot of seeing my America represented at the Czech international film festivals by a showing of "Mrs. Miniver," that stickily romantic American interpretation of wartime life among what Hollywood thought to be the British middle class. But last year's American contribution to the same occasion at Marianske Lasne was "Johnny Belinda." When the lights went on after the screening, the Eastern critics were reported highly enthusiastic, and it matters little that their party-line reviews on the following day condemned the American product with loyal hostility.

The Hollywood "musical" has swept across continents as a new dramatic medium of entertainment, imitated here and there in helpless and rather frustrating eagerness by foreign studios, but never produced with real success anywhere east of California. Many Europeans scoff at the Hollywood product and speak with nostalgia of the great operettas of old Vienna and Budapest; but the fact is that there the expensive plush seats of the theaters were for the fortunate few, while the glitter, melody, and fun of the "musical" offers entertainment and, perhaps, escape where it is more urgently needed and where it had not before been furnished. That fact is as bitter for the Eastern ministries of information and popular enlightenment as it is for the Western highbrows who regard the musicals as "popular trash"; actually, of course, the record runs in Europe of "Oklahoma!" and "Annie Get Your Gun" have long given the people's own verdict.

In Warsaw I sat in conference with Professor Stanislav Helsztynski, head of the English department at the University of Warsaw. Confirming the forward march of American literary influence, he told me that in 1947—for the first time in Poland's history—the university had established a department of American literature in addition to the traditional British chair. He himself had translated many American writings, including Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*, and had compiled a collection of American poetry. The catch was that our State Department at the time had told the professor that no money was available to furnish him with the basic books needed to conduct the course. This was not surprising; for there had been frequent outcries in Congress against wasting taxpayers' money on the export of "cultural stuff" and even the Voice of America had been subject to some pretty boisterous questioning along similar lines. Undoubtedly there were many isolation-minded Americans who, themselves unable to understand and appreciate the new wealth of American culture, glanced with suspicion at any attempt to export it and saw in such schemes the sinister hand of subversion. (Among our Polish professor's requests, incidentally, there were such subversive items as Walt Whitman, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Vernon L. Parrington.) To the American traveler it then became quite apparent that American letters had spread despite ourselves rather than because of any scheme of cultural "domination."

Their influence today is far-reaching. Whether you browse through Stockman's vast department store in Helsinki or the countless bookshops in Oslo; whether you look for titles in Vienna, Munich, Paris, London, or Tel Aviv, you find the shelves populated with Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, Dos Passos, Dreiser, Mencken, Steinbeck, and Thomas Wolfe—to mention just a few. Louis Bromfield and Pearl Buck are at least as popular in Copenhagen, Berlin, and Warsaw as they ever have been in New York and San Francisco. To American highbrows it comes as something of a shock to be told over and over again that *Gone with the Wind* is a great American classic.

Today again the inherent power of American letters abroad may perversely be judged

by the violence with which the Communist censors of Eastern Europe periodically try to stamp out "infiltration" by American literary spokesmen. Steinbeck, Hemingway, and Dos Passos—none of them beloved by American right-wingers—have long been added to the list of American "reactionaries" which is compiled by the little men with blue pencils. The irony of that procedure became ridiculously obvious when a Prague shop, knowing the attraction of the American label, advertised one of Howard Fast's books as by "that outstanding American writer who is persecuted in his own country for his anti-fascist doctrine." But the pay-off was probably a book review of a new edition of Tolstoi in the official Communist paper in Vienna which used in its subhead a favorable comment made on the same volume in the *New Yorker*.

American drama has swept across the international stages to succeed Ibsen, Chekhov, Hauptmann, and the drawing-room comedies of the Noel Coward period. It was at least interesting that shortly after Israel had attained statehood one of the first and highly successful imports into Haifa was a Hebrew translation of "You Can't Take It with You." When Czech friends last year invited me to the grand opening of "Native Son," they probably thought of it as an anti-American production, highlighting the Negro's plight. But they forgot that every dramatic epoch has thrived on the convulsive issues of its society rather than on its pretended perfection; and ironically the Czech cultural chaperones seemed unaware that they were simply permitting American art—it happened to be tragedy and written by a Negro artist—to sweep over Czechoslovakia just as it had swept over America and Western Europe (despite some of the obvious objections by a considerable part of "conservative" America).

When the airlift transported me to Berlin at the height of the blockade, the area of common ground between America and Russia could have been compressed into the space covered by the chalk-line which divided East and West on Potsdamer Platz. But at that very moment six American plays were being performed in German translation in the Russian zone with the approval of the Soviet authorities. They were "Biography," "Three Men on a Horse," "The Adding Machine," "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Awake and Sing," and "Deep Are the Roots." Only the last two could be labeled as "political," and even there the point had to be generously stretched.

Germany today is consumed with as much self-centered nationalism and as many anti-foreign resentments as at any previous time in history. German intellectuals speak with scorn and disdain of American immaturity and half-baked barbarism. But every playbill in Germany today is full of translated American titles, and theater audiences are enthusiastic. Thornton Wilder has made a total conquest; William Saroyan has become a household item; Maxwell Anderson, Robert Sherwood, Elmer Rice, and Clifford Odets by now are international rather than American names. Greta Garbo is at least as well remembered for her portrayal of O'Neill's Anna Christie as for Tolstoi's Anna Karenina.

An American tourist can keep up with Dick Tracy and any number of other comic strips by scanning European newspapers anywhere from Paris to Stockholm, provided that he can read the particular translation of the caption "balloons." In Warsaw the capitalistic cartoon itself was, of course, spurned; but the Polish press had evolved its own strips and utilized the American technique skillfully.

The internationalizing of the American comics is, of course, only a surface indication of the all-round impact of American-type journalism with its best and its worst features everywhere. The American newspaper has become a model, and the American product itself is on the newsstands of every country in which the censors admit it. The European edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* by now is almost a legend of good journalism, studied by editors everywhere. Even while it was banned from Czech shops, I found a copy of its latest editions on practically every desk in Prague's Foreign Office.

The mass-media of *Life, Time, Newsweek,* and the *Reader's Digest* have crossed every national barrier, legally or secretly. When they disappeared from the stands in Prague, they showed up prominently in the black market, and attendance figures at the U. S. Information Library, where for a time they

could still be seen legally, shot up by thousands. It was an open secret that even clerks of the nearby Czech information office sneaked across the street to read them during lunch hour. The Ministry of Information itself paid a left-handed compliment to American pictorial skill and honest reporting when it illustrated its slick anti-American propaganda magazine of 1948 almost exclusively with photographs from *Life* and *Look*. From the German news magazine *Der Spiegel* (the *Mirror*) to the British *Picture Post* and countless Scandinavian fashion and movie magazines, the American format and technique have become the pattern, just as "American type" is a powerful advertising slogan in the West and a powerful black market attraction in the East.

After a group of Finnish student leaders in Helsinki had complained bitterly over the scarcity of direct contact with young Americans, caused to some extent by the mistaken belief that Finland is "behind the Iron Curtain," they carefully unlocked a cabinet in their own special library. Unquestionably what they were going to show me was part of the inner sanctum of treasured possessions, and a moment later they unwrapped a very incomplete set of an ancient year of *Harper's*. A little later, after the scholarly formality had worn off, they proudly added another cherished item of their meager collection, a well-worn copy of *Esquire*.

III

EUROPEAN highbrows often complain that the American influence is cheaply commercial, materialistic, vulgar. Their theme is frequently reinforced by a blustering, blundering, and ignorant American tourist, sometimes of congressional rank. They forget, however, that the by-products of previous civilizations had their tinny side, too. Greek tragedians were followed by inferior dilettantes; Roman statesmen were trailed by the small, self-seeking politicians; the age of Shakespeare was surrounded by very questionable burlesque (some of it contributed by the master himself). All eras had their carpet-baggers and loud-mouthed hucksters, and American genius has unfortunately perfected their techniques, too. But Judaism survived the golden calf, Christianity had its Inquisition, and the Roman scholars made their contribution despite the Roman legions' misbehavior while acting as military government in the occupied territories.

The trouble, of course, is to a considerable degree with us Americans ourselves. We have not yet understood how pervasive is our national influence in non-material ways. Witness, for instance, such a fact as that there are nearly 30,000 foreign students at some 1,110 American colleges and universities, with tens of thousands more on the waiting list. We have come a long way from the days when only European schooling could offer an American student the final gown of academic respectability; and that truth never struck me more forcibly than when I saw an admiring group of European dentists watch a handful of American colleagues in action at Hamburg where they had volunteered to administer a refresher course for displaced persons. Moreover, there is hardly a European country which has not, since the end of the war, studied the details of free American mass-education and included some of its features in its own school reform plans. When I looked at the new Czech school it was plain that the American pattern had been used extensively. Although the Communists called the reform their own, it seemed a little silly to deny the American influence on such widely advertised "novelties" as student councils and open-house days for parents.

I might worry more seriously over Israel's apparent dependence on Czech arms had not the Israeli government asked for the appointment of a mission of American educators to advise the new state on the development of a public school system. In fact, as long as the University of Moscow gives no competition to American colleges in terms of international student exchanges all news of the end of the American phase in the cycle of civilizations seems greatly exaggerated.

The American trend toward general education, in contrast to the often narrowly academic and professional training of the Central European tradition, has invaded many European schools. The fight against such liberalizing influences continues under the banner of defense against American mass-production barbarism. But the results of that rear-guard

action are often painful, and a liberal German professor at a once-leading institution, where many Americans used to get their academic polish, said sadly: "Today we have the best university of the nineteenth century."

THE argument will go on for a long time: which is the symbol of American influence—the radio commercial and the hand-painted tie, or the American novel and the Bill of Rights? The material indications are inevitably more tangible and therefore an obvious cause for resentment. The American phenomenon will probably remain puzzling and hateful to the rulers of the Kremlin and to the reactionaries in Western Europe, and to both for the same reason: that it makes its appeal to the mass of the people. In its vast vitality, genius, and vulgarity American influence is concerned with the same problems of humanity as other civilizations have been; but the American "influence" takes more of humanity into its confidence and does not pretend to turn up its nose when some of humanity likes cheesecake, musicals, chromium plumbing, and the comics. Unquestionably Robert Frost will outlive Dick Tracy; but the fact remains that right now more people are looking for Dick Tracy, and that fact automatically colors American influence abroad.

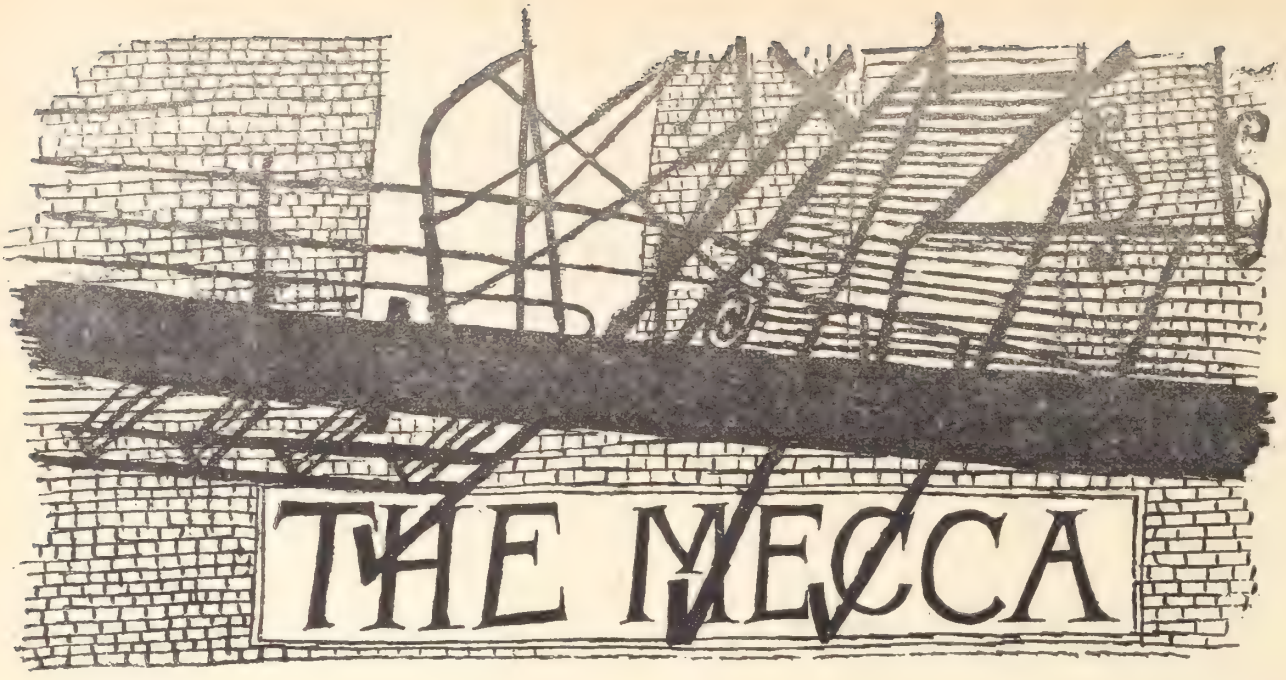
A serious responsibility, however, rests upon each individual American. This, more than ever, is the time for us to be humble and self-critical. The Poles have never forgotten the arrival of a committee of American Congressmen at Warsaw and their declared purpose of appraising the country in the course of about twenty-four hours, and this gesture of haughty stupidity has probably done quite as much harm as many a carefully planned propaganda campaign from Moscow. Nor is the American influence consolidated by tourists like the comfortable New York matron who loudly proclaimed in the lobby of a London hotel: "I am quite prepared to rough it with the English, but I *did* think that I might at least expect a room with bath." (I later heard a very similar "complaint" voiced as disastrously by a group of Jewish Americans who were "inspecting" Tel Aviv while Israel was still engaged in its active war for survival.)

Nor will the problem be solved by a studied American effort based on the canned theory of winning friends and influencing people. The need is rather for Americans to recognize that we have already been introduced to the world by the best and the worst products of our minds. It is up to us now to acknowledge that new acquaintance humbly and to admit with humility that the American "conquest" has been carried forward largely in spite of ourselves. And our recent realization that the American machine and what is so obnoxiously called "know-how" are not our most invincible force ought to confirm us in such humility.

Boundary

ADRIENNE CECILE RICH

WHAT has happened here will do
To bite the living world in two,
Half for me and half for you.
Here at last I fix a line
Severing the world's design
Too small to hold both yours and **mine.**
There's enormity in a hair
Enough to teach men not to share
Narrow confines of a sphere,
But put an ocean or a fence
Between two opposite intents.
A hair will span the difference.



The Strangest Place in Chicago

John Bartlow Martin

Pictorial Comment by Ben Shahn

From the Chicago Loop, where sunlight off the lakefront strikes the shining towers, State Street runs straight south, wide, busy with streetcars and heavy trucks. Quickly the buildings get shabby—little stores selling auto parts, a junkyard crammed with rusting wreckage. The city is harsh: concrete streets, brick building walls, black steel viaducts. Beyond 22nd Street the faces of the people are black. This is the South Side Negro section. Here the street is quieter, the sun is hazy and dirty and pale, the sky is a network of trolley wires. Across an expanse of new-turned earth stretches a new public housing project, with a playyard for the children, and at 32nd Street begins the new campus of the Illinois Institute of Technology, sleek brick-and-glass buildings surrounded by new trees and new grass. And just beyond the Institute rises a great gray hulk of brick, four stories high, topped by an ungainly smokestack, ancient and enormous, filling half the block north of 34th Street between State and Dearborn. It is the Mecca Building.

Let us note its setting. Across State Street are a cleaning shop, a barber shop, a grocery, the Railroad Men's Social Club, McClain's Hair Goods, a Bar-B-Q, the office of H. Young the Icer, the Church of God & Saints of Christ in an old storefront. An old man pulls a handcart filled with junk across an empty lot. From a deep hole tunneled under the sidewalk emerges the head of a little Negro

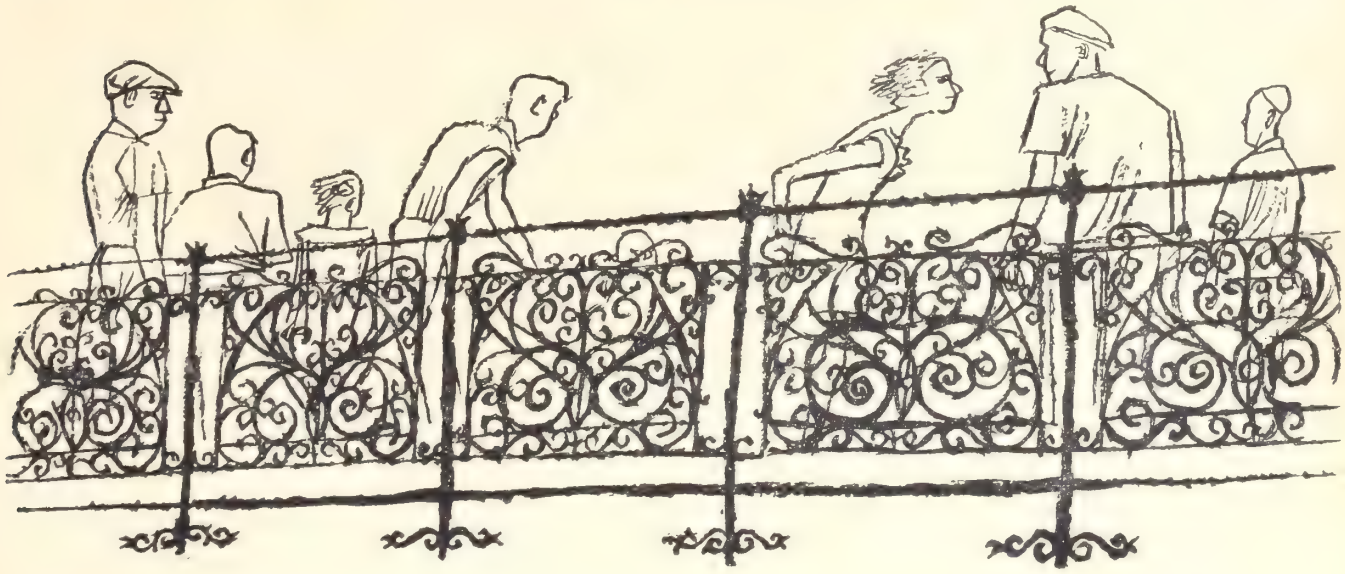
The Mecca belongs in the remarkable series of social studies which Mr. Martin has written for Harper's, *from "The Blast in Centralia No. 5" to "Incident at Fernwood." He is, moreover, the author of* Butcher's Dozen, *a book about murder.*

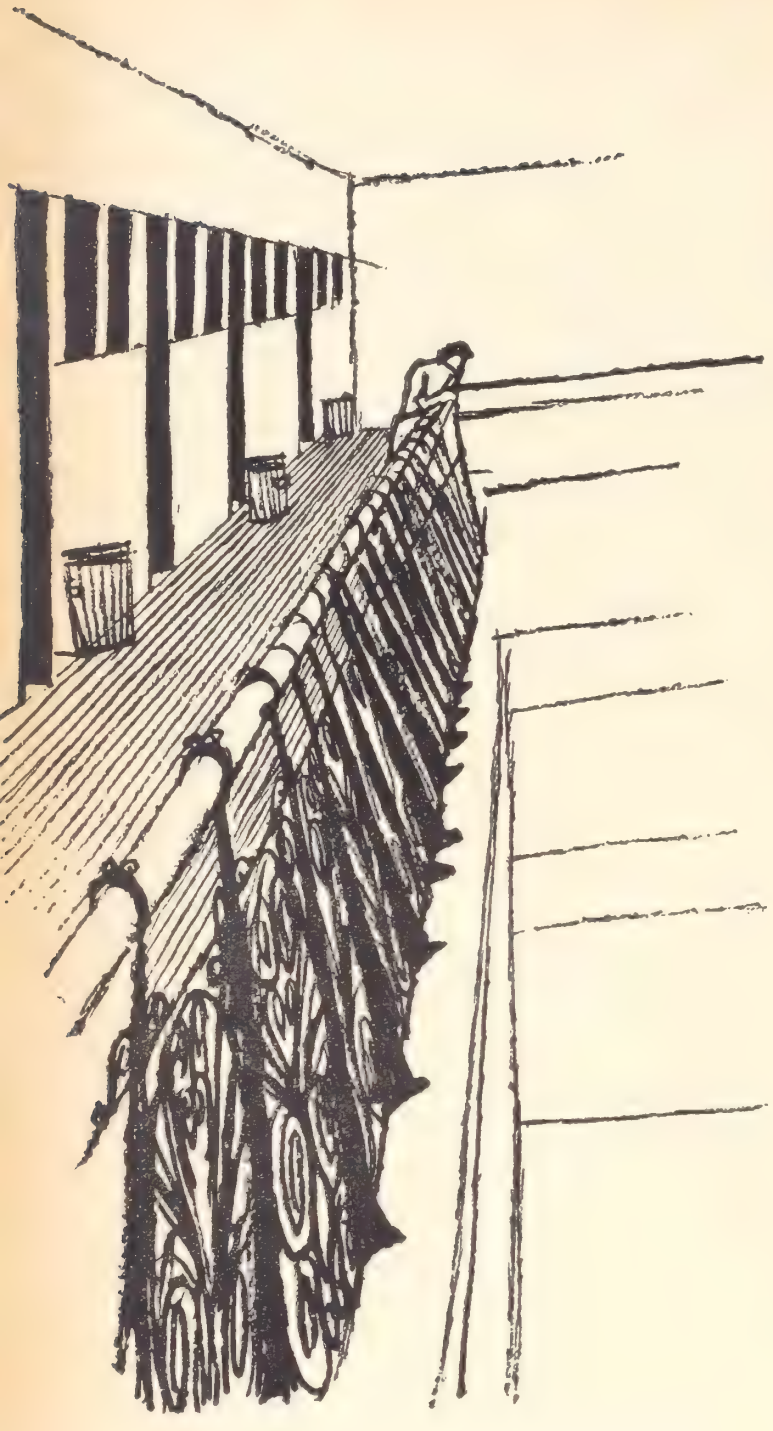
boy, playing. The sidewalk is cracked and broken. Nearby are rickety wooden tenements.

The Mecca Building is U-shaped. The dirt courtyard is littered with newspapers and tin cans, milk cartons and broken glass. Pigeons roost on a car on blocks. A skinny white dog huddles in a doorway. Iron fire escapes run up the building's face and ladders reach from them to the roof. There are four main entrances, two on Dearborn and two on State Street. At each is a gray stone threshold and over each is carved "The Mecca." The Mecca was constructed as an apartment building in 1891, a splendid palace, a showplace of Chicago. Today it is still an apartment building and a showplace but of a very different sort. It has become one of the most remarkable Negro slum exhibits in the world. Let us pass through the arched doorway of the Mecca; let us see what the Mecca looks like inside, see who the people in it are and how they live, whence they came and why they stay.

INSIDE, a powerful odor assails the visitor at once, musty, heavy, a smell compounded of urine and stale cooking and of age, not necessarily an unpleasant odor but a close powerful one, which, like that of marijuana, once smelled is never forgotten. The stone slab step is hollowed. The lower part of the walls of the vestibule once was covered with marble but now the marble has been stripped away in ragged patches, revealing naked brick and mortar. It is dark here. Ahead stretches a corridor; it is like a tunnel, it seems endless and it is indeed a block long, running all the way to the Dearborn Street entrance; down its whole length hang only five light bulbs, glowing feebly in the gloom. Tan paint is peeling from the wall, the doors of apartments open into the corridor. This is the base of the U in the U-shaped building.

The arms of the U are identical. They are great halls, each lit by a skylight four stories overhead which, because of the dirt that has accumulated on the glass through years of neglect, admits the kind of unreal light found underseas. This light slants down in great long angling shafts filled with floating dust, shifting as the sun moves across the sky, falling in fitful patches on the floor. Around the walls run three balconies guarded by ornate wrought-iron grillwork, and off these balconies open the doors to the apartments, like tiers of cells in a prison cellblock. The floor in the center of the well is of hardwood, splintered now, and beneath the balconies it is of tile, broken in many places. A janitor with a wheelbarrow is slowly patching the tile with concrete; his shovel makes a rasping, scraping sound. From somewhere in the building comes always the sound of distant human voices—women talking, a baby squalling, children screaming, men muttering, no words distinguishable. Spittle splats flatly on the tile floor, falling from a great height, spat by a man or a woman standing on an upper balcony. All day long people stand at the balconies, leaning on the wrought-iron railings with hands clasped out over them, gazing out at other people facing them across the well in silence, gazing down at the floor far below, spitting, small human figures in a vast place,





two or three on each of the four floors, occasionally calling back and forth to one another but most of the time just standing silent. The building is never entirely quiet, not even very late at night, since so many people live here; but it is so vast that it seems quiet, even amid uproar.

In the center on the ground floor is a long narrow bank of mailboxes, tarnished brass, 176 of them. One has thirteen names on it, including seven different family names, indicating that thirteen adults expecting mail occupy that particular apartment. Late in the morning the postman comes, a man in blue. Three tenants wait respectfully at the side while he distributes the mail. On the balcony above, two men leaning on the railing watch him critically: "He'll never get it all done doing it one at a time," and, "He's a new man." At last he finishes, and tenants emerge from their apartments to get their mail. From a high balcony a toddler throws a chunk of broken tile; it bounces on the floor by the mailboxes. A stooped old woman wearing a black sweater and black shawl, only her hair and her eyeballs white, moves slowly and painfully in the shadows beneath the balcony, keeping close to the wall as long as possible, touching it with bony fingers, and only leaving it when she must to venture across the open floor to the mailbox; gets her mail, then retreats along the wall to the stairs, where a man steps aside, saying kindly, "You come down to see what you got, didn't you?" and she says, in a gasping voice, "I'm going take my good time," then begins to ascend, pulling herself up by the railing, first her right foot up one step, then the left slowly after it, her body bent so low that her face almost touches the next step, stopping at the landing to rest and stare at the peeling walls with watery, half-blind eyes. Near the mailboxes three children are jumping rope, using a doubled rope, two boys swinging the two long strands in sweeping arcs while a girl rocks to and fro at one side to get into the rhythm before jumping in. Children ride battered tricycles across the floor, safe here from the traffic of the streets. On a balcony children are playing store, using a cardboard box. One of them throws a fistful of paper over the railing and it flutters down: policy slips, there must be a policy station here.

The wind blows in off Dearborn Street and a young woman neat in black enters, walking a leashed dog and humming a hymn. Somewhere a child is crying over and over, "Mummy, Mummy." In the long dark corridor a dog is nosing at garbage from an upset garbage can. From somewhere comes a clatter, perhaps of a falling garbage-can lid, and the high mad cackling laughter of an old man. A very young child standing on the third floor balcony urinates through the ornate iron grillwork and the urine falls to the ground floor far below and a woman calls

to him, "Don't you do that, you got no right to do that, I'm going to tell your mother." The ice man comes wearing a leather protector on his shoulder and back, carrying a cake of ice that gleams whitely against his black face and hat. A woman calls from the third floor, "Bring fifty pounds to 304½," and he plods to the stairs.

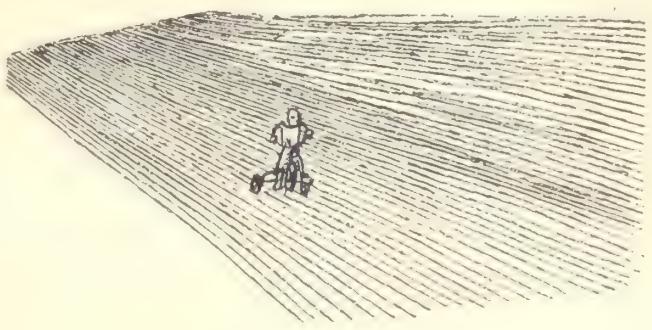
In the shadows against a pillar marked with match-strikes leans a man, his shirt-collar buttoned but without a necktie, his hat-brim slanting low over his scarred face, a cigarette slanting from his mouth; he is just standing there watching. How many people live here? He laughs. "I don't know." Two thousand? "Oh, more than that. There's 176 apartments and some of 'em's got seven rooms and they're all full." A heavy round-faced man in a long white apron holding a ball-peen hammer approaches: "You are visiting some of the historic sites of the city? You found one all right. If it don't fall in on you while you're lookin'." How many people live here? "That," he says, "is a mystery. You'll find them sleeping in bathtubs, sleeping in the kitchen under the sink, anywhere they can sleep." Nobody, in truth, knows how many people inhabit the Mecca Building. The janitor, Jimmy Sanders, estimates 2,300; the Democratic precinct captain, William Patrick Fitzgerald, who has lived here eighteen years, estimates 1,400; the owner doesn't know. All the inhabitants except one woman are Negroes. The Mecca Building contains more people than most Chicago precincts; indeed, it constitutes a precinct in itself, the 27th Precinct of the 2nd Ward.

II

On the third floor an old woman stands by the railing, a towel wound round her head, a big gold ring on her finger. Watching dispassionately as children run in from school for lunch, their screams ringing piercingly through the building, she says judiciously, "That size runs to roller skates," and then, "When I first came here they used to control the children. White people hadn't been gone so long, 1917 it was. They used to have a policeman here nights, you could hear a needle drop. Now they's shooting here five times a night. Them young men and the young girls is the worst. I'd move out tonight if they'd find me a house. I moved out for a while once but I came back to have company, my daughter lives here and my granddaughter was born here," and she turns and shuffles into her flat.

In the flat, wallpaper hangs from the walls in great sheets. Clean newspapers are spread on the floor. Over the dresser are some artificial flowers, and a transparent plastic wrapper covers the bed. The sideboard, radio, and table are cluttered with family photographs. Mottoes and pictures hang on the walls, a picture of Jesus Christ and a crucifix put out by a liquor store, a plaque, "My Help cometh from the Lord," and also secular shrines: a large frame holding the pictures of Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass flanked by Booker T. Washington, Paul Laurence Dunbar, W. E. B. DuBois, and other race leaders. And a framed faded campaign picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt. She calls Lincoln "Abraham." She was born in Alabama. She is bent and stooped, aged. She says, "I live here all by myself, me and my Lord," and then, as her visitor departs, she touches his arm and says gently. "Do you know anything about that man we call Jesus, do you know him personally, you ought to get in touch with him." Outside her door a teen-age boy is standing at the balcony railing, trying to spit clear across to the other side.

In the long first-floor corridor the janitor passes, Jimmy, a short squat man in a leather cap and jacket, ambling along with a Yankee drill in his hand. "I'm the maintenance man," he says. "I do a little of everything—work a little, fight a little, sleep a little, play a little." Right now he is accompanying the rent collector, a white man, a wiry Scot named John. "I go around with him," Jimmy says, shifting the stub of his dead cigar to the other corner of his mouth, "because the young fellas in the building think he's got money with him." About a year ago the





young fellows robbed an insurance collector of $17. The rent collector, John, says, "I lost all my hair fighting with these people," and laughs. Actually, he has little trouble collecting rents, which are cheap. His troubles are of a different sort: he and Jimmy fight a hopeless rearguard action against decay and vandalism. "Last night they shot out the light bulbs," says Jimmy. "And the windows—in the last year I bet I put in over two hundred windows. They break 'em fast as you put 'em in." Who does it? "Outsiders, most of it. And the kids here. The kids gets to playin' and throwin' at one another and first thing you know they break the glass. There's nothin' you can do about it. You can't kill one 'cause he broke the glass."

As the rent collector walks along, a woman calls from the third-floor balcony, "Hold your head up, John, John, hold your head up, I want to talk to you," but John plods on, grinning secretly. A sign by the basement stairs reads, "Put All Complaints in Mail Box." Near the State Street entrance another janitor has temporarily left his job of cementing a broken place in the floor and is stooping over at an apartment door, digging with a knife at something in the door. He gets it out: a bullet. "That's a thirty-eight," he says, turning it over in his hand, shiny and twisted. Then, to a woman who has come to the door, "They try to shoot you out last night?" She laughs. "Yeh, try to kill me. Like shootin' rabbits in a swamp down yonder." He says, "They was really shootin' here last night. Some of 'em shootin' for fun, some of 'em fightin'. That's every night around here. Couple of 'em got shot the other night." Any ever killed? "Oh, yes, one got killed summer before last up there in that corner," pointing upward. Why? "I don't know."

Down the stairs comes a man on crutches, his left leg off above the knee, his pants leg pinned up, coming down the steps, the crutch and his good leg visible first, then the man, thin, wearing white pants and a brown coat and hat; he walks diagonally past the mailboxes to the grocery, pausing to adjust his pipe.

High on the fourth west gallery, close up under the skylight, the balcony seems narrow. Two boys wrestle on it, and one falls heavily against the iron railing, which trembles but holds firm. It is four stories down to the ground floor; nobody ever heard of a child falling. An old woman is sweeping the floor. High up here at the north end a dozen young men and women are congregated, well-dressed, two of the men off to one side leaning idle on the railing and peering sullenly down, the others close together, laughing, fooling around with each other, the girls in tight white sweaters, the young men in snap-brim hats and suitcoats over sweaters.

III

At the south end in the corner, as in all the corners, a dark narrow passageway angles back from the balcony, and at its end is apartment 417½, the three-room apartment of Mrs. Corene Laury Griffin. It is one of the neatest in the building. Christmas cards dangle from a string looped along one wall. Mrs. Griffin, a small woman with a wrinkled forehead that makes her look always worried, is at home today and so is her mother, as usual. Mr. Griffin, a construction worker, is out hunting a job.

Mrs. Griffin, who wears her hair drawn

tightly back and who speaks in a soft fluent voice, laughing often and rather loudly, was born May 5, 1900, in Edward, Mississippi, where her parents "had their own place." She was the youngest of six children. Her father sold the farm at Edward and died on a rented farm at Shelby and her mother took the children to Pine Bluff, Arkansas—"We thought we'd move away, after people die, you know, you want to go some place." The other children left or died; Corene stayed with her mother in Pine Bluff. "They had berry farms there, we used to pick cotton, we had all kinds of different work, my mother and I did laundry work for people." Her mother's parents had been slaves in Virginia. "Yeah, we have done some kind of work, me and her," and she nods toward her mother, a large woman of eighty-nine now rocking in the sunlight by the window, a shawl around her shoulders, a white lace cap on her head. "I been working since my father died when I was fourteen. Work all that time, taking care of my mother. Till 1929, when the work went down, I did day work all over Chicago since 1920."

In 1924 she and her mother moved into this apartment, No. 417½, and they have been here ever since. At first they paid $42.50 a month; they pay only $20 now; "but at that time it was kep' up, it was decorated every year, the halls was decorated too, it was beautiful, it had the fishpond downstairs and everything, and the stores were lovely. Since then it's just gone down and down, that's what makes you so tired, you don't have nothin'. The building isn't in such bad condition. Only they haven't done anything to it in twenty years. People came in and carried the marble off the walls and carried it out and sold it." Her cheekbones are high, her face a little pinched. "We did everything to keep it together 'cause we had to have some place to live. There isn't no place else. Once I put up a five dollar deposit on a place, didn't get the place, like to never got the deposit back. *Some* people. I got tired of going out lookin' for places, spend all that carfare, couldn't find nothin', I just settled down here and try to fix this up to be comfortable. I've got my mother here, she's sick, she's old, can't walk up and down stairs, she can't hardly walk at all, only creep around the house."

Mrs. Griffin is sitting in an upholstered chair. The Mecca Building noise—squalling babies, fighting children, unidentified crashes—is but dimly audible. "I don't know what we're gonna do. What I just can't stand is the big boys that come here shooting, terrorize the place. We don't even have the landlord's telephone where he live. When we call the police station they tell us, 'We're not the people to see, you want to get your landlord.' How'm I going to get the landlord, I don't have his telephone?"

She straightened a doily on a chair. "Yeh,





we livin' in a dangerous condition but still we have to stay here. We get out and scrub the hall, they get back and tear it right back up, tear out the walls, everything. I've always lived decent—*till now*. I don't know why people don't be decent, if people can't be decent the world can't run. It's pitiful. But they just want you to go along, don't have nothin', don't do nothin', don't be nothin', don't know nothin', just be here, then they satisfied at you. I think that's a terrible world." Why has she stayed here so long? "At first, it was good heat. And when I went out to work, she," nodding toward her mother, "she was surrounded with people, I wasn't afraid to leave her, everything'd be all right when I come home. I stayed till the Depression—and then I wasn't able to move. And after the Depression, I couldn't find no place. Wasn't able to buy nothin'. I wanted to get a flat with a back porch so she could sit out in the sun."

Outside, an old woman leaning over the railing muses, "Alabama—the best place in the world. Ain't nobody gonna bother you if you don't go messin' 'round with white folks." She is watching for the rat man; he is in the building on his regular visit. Somewhere a telephone is ringing. The day must be ending; the skylight darkens.

IV

High on the fourth floor dwells George Kinchlow, an old man. He is seventy-seven. He is sitting on a daybed in the dark. Saving electricity. He rises, a frail white-haired little man in cracked cheap slippers, and turns on a small dangling light for his visitor. The living room is nine feet by six. Against faded wallpaper hang publicity photographs of Irene Castle and of Velez and Yolanda and an old gold-framed photograph of a little boy in a sailor suit, his son. Clothing, rumpled and dirty, hangs on the chairbacks. Kinchlow apologizes for the way things look. "I been sick with high blood pressure, can't do much. That's why I got this towel around my neck to keep warmed up. Sometimes I sit in front by the window." The window is in the bedroom; it offers a view of the trolley wires on State Street and, in the distance, a dim grayness, perhaps Lake Michigan, far away. On the walls are more fan pictures and also pictures of the Pope and Franklin D. Roosevelt. On a dresser stand family photos and over the bed is a figure of Christ on a crucifix beneath a picture of the Boswell sisters.

Kinchlow was a porter all his working days. He left Indianapolis because "my hopes died out." He married, moved into this flat in 1915, and stayed. They raised their son here. The son has proved a disappointment to Kinchlow. "He does very little work of no kind." Mrs. Kinchlow died, "different ailments, locked bowels, the doctor said can't do nothin', they took her to county hospital and that night they called me up and told me she had died."

On the wall above the daybed are a picture of an Indian on a horse, and a cloth motto, "Father and Son." The steam in the radiator hisses; the apartment is hot but Kinchlow wraps the towel more closely about his thin throat. His fingers are long and skinny. Does he like living in the Mecca Building now? "God no! There ain't nothing here to like. But it's been awful hard to get a flat. Even hard to find a room. So, I just stuck on anyhow. It gets worse all the time. And for one thing, if there was flats to rent, my money's too thin. I only get the old-age assistance and that was cut last month—they chopped $4 off of that, I was getting $62. I was already livin'

from hand to mouth, I didn't dare to buy myself a pair of pants or I'd be good and hungry for a few days before that next month come around. When they cut that, they said the cost of living come down. I wonder O my God, on what? 'Cause all kinds of staple foods that you've got to have, they've got me so I'm scared to go into a butcher shop and order a decent piece of meat, oh my, it's terrible high." He gets his check monthly. "My check day is for tomorrow, get my little $58, go pay $20 rent right away, I wouldn't take no chances on getting held up or being wild or nothing, I take it right over. Or send my son over with it. Then starts my hustling and scrabbling for another month. I have to be awful careful how I buy. I used to go downtown to Goldblatt's and Hillman's, buy my stuff on Saturday, I could get it so much cheaper, half-way decent roast of beef. Then the carfare went up to fifteen cents and I walked. I enjoyed it, too. But since I gotten old it look like walkin' is mean to me."

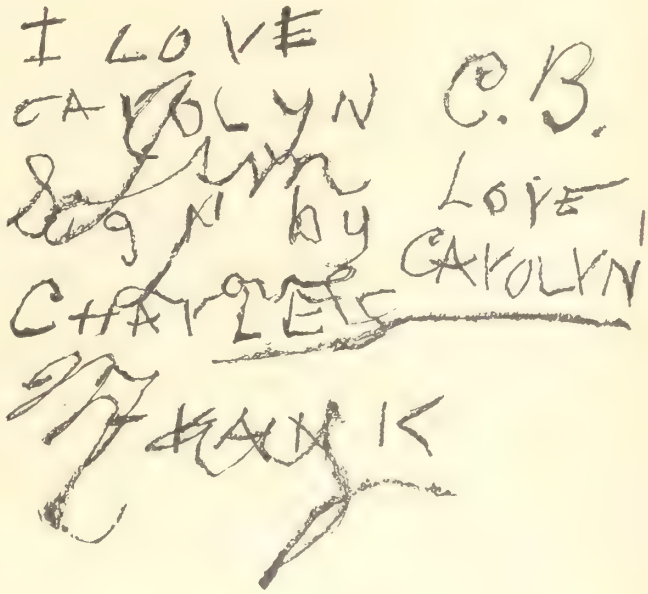
Presently he shuffles out to the tiny kitchen. "Supper last night," and he touches a pot of spareribs and lima beans on the stove, "it won't be throwed out, warm it up, *eat it,* all I can do is just look at those nice chops and roasts."

Now near dusk, the fourth-floor balcony is wrapped in gloom, and young men congregate, lounging, smoking cigarettes, they are not talking; and down on the ground floor beneath the balcony a wiry girl of twelve wrestles with a smaller, prettier girl in a new blue snowsuit, throwing her to the floor, rolling over and over with her in the dirt by the fresh cement the janitor poured. And whooping from the darkness in the far recess of the well comes a rushing crowd of boys and girls, flowing past the iceman, who is still at work, and the din grows louder, screams and cries, loud thumps and thunderous footsteps as the crowd swirls on around the corner into the dark then back, ten children, perhaps ten or twelve years old, armed with spears and bows and arrows, running, screaming, whooping. A man says, "That's all day. And all night too." They are dark leaning shadows racing around a pillar; they have upset and plundered a garbage can and now they throw applecores and onions at each other across the well, the air is filled with flying applecores and onions, and a boy of sixteen armed with a whiskey bottle chases a girl on roller skates, at whom another boy shoots an arrow.

In a corner a small child sits on the floor, playing a mouth organ, and a boy about ten with a long-bladed knife lurks behind a post. Near the doorway two boys of nine or ten detach themselves from the rest and fight, fight in earnest, biting, kicking, hitting, swearing, then silently fighting, not talking, just breathing heavily, until a man comes in off the street and stops them, a tenant with a briefcase home from the office, taking one boy with him as he ascends into the upper reaches of the building.

V

When the Mecca Building was constructed it was considered one of the largest and finest apartment buildings in Chicago if not in America. It catered (almost needless to say) to a white clientele. But after 1900 the Negro migration to Chicago forced the black belt to expand, and by 1912 the Mecca Building was the home of the Negro elite—doctors, lawyers, business men.



A woman who lives there still, Mrs. Florence Clayton, arrived in 1916, and she remembers, "There were carpets on the stairs and halls. There were goldfish in the fountain. On the first floor there were lounge chairs and outdoors we had a flower garden and beautiful trees and green grass, you could

go out there, oh, it was lovely. The courtyard was all fenced in and there was a lovely walk through the flowers."

The building started to deteriorate during the 1917-18 war. So did the whole neighborhood. Booming war industries pulled thousands of Negroes to Chicago. The luckier ones abandoned the region of 35th and State to the poor and the wicked. The black-and-tans where Chicago jazz flowered were right here. Jimmy, the janitor, recalls, "There were lots of fights and cuttings. Building was full of prostitutes. I saw a man throw a prostitute over the third floor railing—from the third floor to the first floor. Didn't hurt her much. She only weighed ninety pounds, kind of light. Finally one of the pimps killed the building watchman. Did it over a woman. And she wasn't even living with him." Jimmy pushes his leather cap back off his forehead. "That about ended it, though. They got a new watchman and he was a killer. He was just a little man but he had great big eyes and he'd shoot you with either hand. He had a cemetery of his own before he died. He only killed nine people—between the basement here and that wire fence. The building got kind of decent after that—families, working people."



And then the Depression came along, and the wicked left, and almost none but the poor remained. The Depression was awful in the black belt. About 1932 the bottom fell out. One woman who lived here then recalls, "The building was partly empty. One lady told me she was sitting down on the curb and the police passed and it was cold and they asked her what was the matter and she said she'd been set out and they told her to come on in here and the first flat she'd find, sit down. They carried her to court later but they didn't make her get out, they couldn't, people had no work to do then. It was always warm and nice in here during the Depression."

The Depression accounts for the presence today of the building's only white tenant, a heavy, soft-faced, white-haired woman of sixty-six. "I'd been a housekeeper at a hotel and one of my maids, a colored girl, she was married to a white doctor and they lived here in the Mecca Building. I couldn't find a job, I just got stuck, I couldn't make it, and they took me in." Some of the Mecca inhabitants who moved in while they were on relief are now earning good money in the steel mills or on Pullman cars and one or two earn upward of $5,000 a year, but they are imprisoned here by the scarcity of dwellings for Negroes. A few of the long-time tenants remain by choice, oddly proud of the building. A few earn money by living there—they sublet rooms in their apartments for as much as $12 a week. The janitor Jimmy says, "Every day people come in, many as ten or twelve a day, lookin' for a place, they been walkin' the street, lookin' for some place to go, say, 'Janitor, if you can get me an apartment in here I'll give you $100,' but there ain't none."

THERE are several women's clubs in the building, such as the Old-Age Pensioners Club and the Twelve Tribes. Fitzgerald, the Democratic precinct captain, has been elected sweetheart of these. Fitzgerald, a neat, well-dressed, youngish man, has said, "If there's a weddin' I'm there, if there's a death I'm there, if there's a birth I'm there. I had a baby born in my car a while back, trying to get the mother to the hospital." Fitzgerald is a court bailiff by day. The Mecca precinct has voted Democratic since 1932. Like the other tenants, Fitzgerald

worries about the children. "In summertime the police chase them off the street. One day I come home and the police had backed up a wagon ready to take a whole load to the station for standing in front of the building. I had to put a stop to it. I had three ball clubs last summer and got uniforms for 'em all."

In a vacant store on the ground floor is the Mecca Center, for children. Nobody knows how many children are being raised in the Mecca Building but most people guess five hundred, and now at 4:30 P.M. on a Thursday fifteen of the five hundred are in the Mecca Center. The Center is a big square bare room, a dais at one side, a great clutter of dusty newspapers behind a desk, a piano and a windup Victrola against one wall, a tom-tom and Indian heads in the display window. Two older boys are playing Ping-pong and at a small table two younger ones are playing checkers but the rest of the younger ones, probably from nine to twelve years old, are chasing each other around the room, snapping cap-guns at each other, and soon the checker game stops and all thirteen of the younger ones are chasing each other, climbing over tables and chairs, leaping through the air onto each others' backs, screaming wildly; the Ping-pong players, older, proceed with their game, each with an arm outstretched to fend off the littler kids, occasionally pausing to take a cut at a near one's head; a dozen chairs stacked against a wall collapse as a boy's body crashes into them. A man in a hat is standing in a corner watching, saying vaguely, "She was supposed to come and be a musical program but I ain't seen her come in."

On the wall is a program schedule allotting various hours of the week to such activities as "Teen-Age Club," "Children's Story-Telling Hour," "Parents' Club Meeting." Right now, it is "Children's Game Period." The man watching says sharply, "You—let that Victrola alone," to a boy climbing onto it in order to leap onto another boy's back. A woman arrives bustling in. "I teach music and dramatics and folk dancing. I have about sixty enrolled. From six to eight we have singing and at nine physical culture and clubs." She is taking off her gloves, as unmindful of the children as they are of her; the children are growing more serious in their play, the temper has changed, ugliness has crept in, they battle silently, not laughing or screaming,



only panting hard. The man is making plans to take some of them to the circus.

IN ONE apartment in the building a woman and her husband are raising nine children, raising them in one room. This summer afternoon she is sitting in a chair by the door of the one room, her baby on the bed, evidently asleep but looking dead it is so thin and still, and the mother is saying, "It is hot at night, at night you burn up. My husband and I sleep in the bed. The kids sleep on the cot." The nine kids. They are from nine months to fifteen years in age. The room is eight feet by eleven. In it are one bed, one davenport, one radio, one light bulb, one picture, two straight wood chairs, one wicker table (on which stand a seashell, a jar of deodorant, and a can of face powder), one calendar. Back of the bed is a closet curtained with a rag. One necktie hangs on a nail in the wall. The plaster is broken. Her husband earns $45 a week as a machine operator. They pay $6 a week for this room. They have lived in this room four years.

The mother is twenty-nine years old.



When she and her husband first came to Chicago they lived in one room on Wentworth Avenue, then in three rooms on Prairie Avenue until "the lady sold the building," then in five rooms elsewhere on Prairie Avenue again "till the lady sold the building," then in four rooms elsewhere on Prairie "till the man sold the building," then here. They came here on August 6, 1946. "My husband knew the man that had this apartment so he let us have a place in it that same evening. We were out on the street." They can find no other place to live. "I looked so much that I'm just disgusted about it. They say you're a citizen of Chicago and on votin' day they're right up to your door to vote. My husband, he wrote to the Mayor of Chicago and everyone else and I don't see no results," and she rises and fumbles behind a curtain on the window ledge and finds two letters. She is young, quick-moving, pretty; her teeth flash and she wears big gold earrings and she appears about the age of her oldest daughter, fifteen, who now comes in and stands in the doorway looking reproachful. One letter is a long form letter from the Chicago Housing Authority:

"Dear Friend,

". . . The housing projects now in operation have such lengthy waiting lists that no additional applications are being taken at this time. . . ." The other is a personal letter from a Housing Authority official: "Mayor Kennelly has referred to us for reply your letter of March 2, concerning your need for adequate housing. We are very sorry."

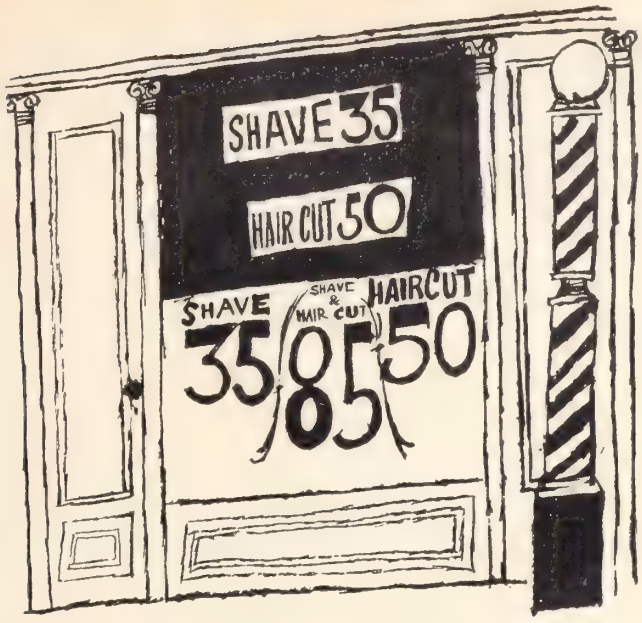
"All this stuff's just a racket," says the mother of nine. "They ain't doing nothing about it. Makes me sick." She hitches her chair around to face the wall. "After all, my husband works and makes an honest livin' and he do support his family the best that a workin' man can. His children do get clothes, the onliest kick that they can have is that they don't have no place to live. And that's not his fault." The baby on the bed stirs a little, then lies still again.

VI

Until 1941 the Mecca Building was owned by a New York estate. The janitor Jimmy only once saw a representative of the estate. In 1941 the estate sold the Mecca to its next-door neighbor, the Illinois Institute of Technology. The Institute bought the building for only one purpose: to tear it down. The Institute was expanding its campus in accordance with a neat plan integrated with the neat plans of numerous other agencies for clearing the South Side slums. It wanted to replace the Mecca Building with a laboratory. But its plans ran head-on into an important need of the people who dwelt in the Mecca Building, the need for a place to live.

For nine years it has tried to evict them, taking them to court and warning them the Mecca is a firetrap. Thus far the tenants have managed to generate enough political pressure to stay. Recently, when the Institute again started eviction proceedings, State Senator C. C. Wimbish, a lawyer who has represented the tenants in court, said, "If they try to put these people out, they'll have a race riot down there on State Street and I intend to make it as tense as possible. Any roof is better than no roof."

It is quiet in the building on a summer morning, quiet as a tomb. Spit falls flatly on the ground floor, spat by a silent watcher



high on the balcony, and in a dark corner recess on the topmost floor a young girl, pretty, wearing a tight white sweater, strains against a young man leaning on the wall. An old man in blue pajamas, his eyes wild and staring, his body very thin, totters along, clutching at the railing, saying in a high, cracked voice, to a visitor, "Call me a telephone number please, mister, will you call me a telephone number," but a large woman steps from a doorway and shakes her head at the visitor, making circling motions beside her temple, and moves to take the old man's arm, and seeing her he starts, as though to run, then weeps, and she leads him away. A puff of blue smoke hangs in the dead air on the second balcony where a man is leaning on the railing, smoking. A janitor collects garbage in a cart that rumbles on the broken tile like a tumbril. Everything echoes in the halls, voices are hard to comprehend, are confused with distant sounds.

A visitor twists the bell on Mrs. Griffin's apartment and she calls, "Who is it?" then unfastens the chain. Her mother is sitting by the window in the sun, as always. Mrs. Griffin says that when she got the most recent notice to vacate, she went house-hunting: "I found a place to buy at a real estate office way up on the North Side but no other colored people live right there, and I don't want to get bombed on," as indeed many Chicago Negroes have been when they tried to leave the black belt. She goes over beside her mother, who is rocking. "I think this housing situation is terrible, it's all politics, that's all. I'm not mad at the school. It's their property, we know that. I'm mad 'cause all this politics. Put 'em in office and they didn't did nothin'. They build streets and superhighways and recreation – not houses. They should turn that money loose and stop it—people has got to have some place to live. They gonna do *anything* if they don't."

She laughs, but does not sound amused: "They say they gonna place us somewhere. *Place* us! I don't wanta be placed anywhere myself. They might place me in some mudhole somewhere and I never did live in that," and she laughs again. Her mother mutters something. "I don't know what they going to do with us. After all, there's no use in pushing us around from one place to another, that's no way to live." And then, after a pause, "It's all so mean."

Her mother, rocking, has started muttering steadily; she is looking out the window, her head in its white lace cap bobbing gently up and down. What is Mrs. Griffin going to do?

"I don't know. I'll have to have a place for my mother. I couldn't tell you what I'm going to do, to save my neck." Her mother, rocking, begins to mutter louder, but her words are not intelligible, it is just a human voice, muttering, and it is impossible to tell whether in anger or in joy, it is only sound.



After Hours

A FRIEND of mine who has a child in a New York private school of some eminence and Progressive proclivities has just had *her* after hours problem solved for her. A notice addressed to "The Parents of the Seventh and Eighth Grades" has arrived telling her, in effect, to mind her manners, for this is a Progressive school which, it appears, believes in the disciplining of parents whatever its technique with their children may be. It is rather more of an edict than a notice, and it sets forth what this particular school says it "expects" parents to do about entertaining their children. It is written in a sharp tone (perhaps of desperation) saying: ". . . the teachers in the school work hard to provide an environment which is simple, creative, and conducive to the needs of growing boys and girls," and then implies that the parents go and spoil it all.

Schools somehow get the idea that nobody else has any sense about children and that nobody else really cares. My friend, however, thinks that the regulations which have been handed to her might make equal sense if applied to parties for adults. They are:

> (1) Parties should be kept simple in tone and accouterments, and expensive show and any trace of sophistication should be avoided.
>
> (2) Parties should be given only on Fridays and Saturdays, never on weekdays or Sundays.
>
> (3) A host and hostess should *always* be present for children's parties. This role of chaperonage should not be delegated to a maid or other employee.
>
> (4) A Seventh Grade party should never end later than 9:30 P.M.; Eighth Grade never later than 10:00 P.M.
>
> (5) Parents should call for their children at the specified time indicated for the end of the party.

Item one, for example, would enormously cut down on the liquor bill, and item two would eliminate the darkest aspects of Mondays. Item three seems less revolutionary. My friend has always thought that it is nicer to go to a party when the host and/or hostess is there, and she thinks that most people feel the same way. Item number four might be reworded to read:

> A Second-Rate party should never end later than 9:30 P.M.; First-Rate never later than 10:00 P.M.

As for the final item, if anybody could devise a method for getting people to go home at the time specified for the end of a party, he would make a very great contribution to civilization.

It is possible, however, that the school has a plan for this too. Any day now a notice may arrive telling Seventh and Eighth Grade parents what time they have to go to bed.

Flitter, Flocking, Bump-up, and Goop

SOMETIME today a group of sixteen or eighteen "sentiment writers," I was told by a representative of the Hallmark greeting card company in New York, will sit in group conference in Kansas City and haggle over the messages that will appear in greeting cards a couple of years from now. The sentiments will be projected on a screen, and the authors will hear their work criticized by their colleagues. Words and phrases will be disputed, delicacies will be observed, and

innuendoes polished. Goop will be avoided. Goop is the greeting-card trade term for sentiment that is too sentimental even for a greeting-card author. The sentiment writers meet daily to discuss the honey from their pens.

Somewhere else in the same building, fifty artists will be designing a line of Christmas cards for 1952. This fifty, I am told, constitute the largest staff of commercial artists gathered together in one place outside of the Walt Disney studios in Hollywood. They work about two years ahead, but during the Christmas season they devote themselves to Christmas cards because of the spirit in the air. They evidently design valentines in February, Easter cards in the spring, and Halloween cards in the autumn. At this time of year they will be considering the advisability of flitter, flocking, and bump-up. Flitter is the chopped up cellophane that is used on cards to simulate the glitter of snow. Flocking evidently has some kinship to the old-fashioned flock wallpapers, but in the greeting-card business it is used to give texture to the fur on animals. Bump-up merely means embossing.

An august group known as the "O.K. Committee" decides which pieces of art shall be used on the three or four thousand new cards put out each year by Hallmark. The designs range from Art (the work of what Hallmark calls "gallery" artists) to art, or that which is run up in the Hallmark shop by salaried employees. A "gallery" artist is, by Hallmark's standards, meant to raise the level of public taste, or to quote a press release of theirs: "Greeting cards are one of the most effective avenues for placing fine art before the public at large, and more and more the public taste for fine art is increasing." This has a somewhat familiar ring, as anyone who has read the Centennial issue of *Harper's* is aware. People have been saying things just like that about the improvement of public taste for a century.

What the public really likes, however, seems to be something else again, if volume of sales is any indication. The conventional holly wreaths, bells, lighted candles, and poinsettias are put up by Hallmark in a box which they quite frankly call the "Popular" selection. Cathedrals do well, and religious scenes, and the favorite colors are still green and red at Christmas time. Art or no art.

HALLMARK is going round with a great big feather in its cap, a feather with a cigar in its mouth. They have perpetrated what, I am told, is known in the trade (or at least at Hallmark's) as the "Churchill coup." This year they are publishing a couple of million Christmas cards reproducing paintings by the Honorable Winston Churchill, who wrote a book last year called *Painting as a Pastime*. "We merely made him an offer," Mr. Hall of Hallmark says, "which he graciously accepted." Mr. Churchill is considered by the Hallmark company as a "gallery" artist along with his contemporary, Grandma Moses, whose pictures they also sell as Christmas cards.

If you care at all about the trend in greeting cards you will be interested (and perhaps dismayed) to know that the so-called humorous cards are on the increase, except for the Christmas season. Hallmark also makes lace valentines that sell as high as ten dollars apiece, and the general direction of valentine design is toward the old-fashioned types with plenty of froufrou and what a girl in the New York showroom called "love doves." Here is a statistic which may have more significance for the life insurance companies than for the greeting-card business, but last year Hallmark sold 360,000 golden anniversary cards. Another statistic: the "average family of three" (why three?) sends seventy-five greeting cards a year. And just one more item: "secret pal" cards go out at the rate of 130,000,000 a year. If you have never heard of a secret pal card, as I hadn't, you now will. This is a device used by clubs. Once a year the members' names are put in a hat (from the size of the operation it must be a cement mixer) and each member draws a name. During the course of the year he sends a card on each suitable occasion to the name he has drawn. The last card of the year is signed, thereby divulging the name of the secret pal. Get it? Mr. Hall, of Hallmark, has issued a statement to the effect that he has never met a "secret pal," but he apparently loves them all just the same.

I was unable to get from the representatives of Hallmark any figures on the sales of individual cards. They just don't want to talk about that, on the theory that everyone likes to think that he sends a card that nobody else is going to send. If, however, your mail

is graced with a bit of winter landscape or a hunt with hounds and men in pink coats painted by Churchill you'll know that this is a pleasure you share with practically all mankind.

Pink in the Flesh

Beyond the Sunnyside yards, the subway to the United Nations General Assembly runs out to Flushing, Long Island, through the Great Swamp of Queens, a shallow lake of houses and apartments that sprout television aerials like dead branches. Willet's Boulevard is the stop; expanded to handle the World's Fair crowds a decade ago, it must once have shown a touch of ceremony, but now the wide wooden ramp over the IRT maintenance shops is rotting and the point of an umbrella bites into it at each swing. Small boys with stones have done as ill by the glass brick of the Long Island Railroad Station at the right.

On the day the Assembly opened, depending on which meteorologist you consulted, there was either mist high in the atmosphere or smoke in the air swept down from a forest fire in Canada—reducing the sun to a shiny copper penny and casting a haze that made the park-ground seem English and manorial, as though the square box of the New York City Building in the distance might turn out at a closer look to be Georgian rather than WPA Federal in style. But the illusion was incomplete. The concrete of the avenue approaches weaves and buckles with neglect, for the main attraction—marked with high fluttering flags and drawing clusters of people down converging paths across the park—is elsewhere. At Gate Five, the public entrance, channelized by gray sawhorses ("Police Line—Do Not Pass"), the miscellaneous seekers merge, come to watch history.

Inside the big top, the City's housing of a world carnival seems at first too utilitarian—fluorescent light and bare cinder-block walls, overlit and underdecorated—but the assembly hall itself is dark and rich with color. Here too there is haze, set off by the lights that rise and fall at the whim of TV technicians, located above and to the sides in a double gallery behind tilted blue glass. The dark velvet hangings that frame a buff-and-blue polar projection map of the earth are parted at the right for a television camera, and two heads, and a winking eye of red light. Those of us who are classified as "public" (lucky enough to have wangled tickets, or to have been brought by a friend, as I was) are under the press gallery at the rear, fiddling with earphones (*"Prière de ne pas emporter les appareils hors de la salle"*) and undergoing briefing by the ushers, who explain that there is still doubt whether Mr. Vishinsky will be able to get here in time from the boat now docking ("and if you have any other questions . . .").

Almost alone in the center of the floor, Mrs. Roosevelt, early, tall, and limber, stands by her desk and receives, one by one, a queue of varying nationalities, sexes, sizes. As the delegates assemble, the pace quickens—more photographers: movie (right elbows rising in a uniform gesture as they wind their cameras) and still (climbing over desks and delegates after better angles). Mr. Bevin plows his way in, detonating a string of flash bulbs behind him. A voice says "Jessup," and there he is, seated at the left in the front row of seats for the friends of delegates. Between the U.S. and U.K. desks a dense group is surmounted by the head and shoulders of Dean Acheson. "Isn't it odd," my colleague remarks, "how famous people look so pink when you see them in the flesh?" A commotion at the entrance draws not only photographers but the Secretary of State. Vishinsky has arrived.

President Romulo posed with the gavel four or five times for the cameramen before rapping it officially and opening the session—"once for real and twice for the newsreels," as a college humorist remarked when Wellesley girls threw him in Paradise Pond for winning their hoop race. The meeting promptly got down to business when Sir Benegal Norsing Rau of India, in a voice that seems exhausted by the possibility that history can go on any longer, introduced a motion to admit the Chinese Communists. The speeches that followed were of numerous degrees of relevance, differing by the extent to which the speakers resisted the compelling urge to repeat their own previous statements. The Chinese delegate—Nationalist, that is—had difficulty with his "l's," causing him to refer to the evil deeds of one "Hitrer" and to describe the North Korean attack, and indeed

it was, as a "fragrant violation" of UN authority. Mr. Acheson spoke extempore, resting his hands easily on the podium and looking from side to side as though the prospect pleased him. My own fears at the time were that he was being too magisterial, telling the delegates to vote now on the Indian resolution but to "vote it *down,*" saying "down" in the tone you might use to a dachshund. Mr. Acheson was obviously right, which is not always popular, and I could not believe at first that the Parliament of Man could be so addressed with such success. But he told them what to do and toward the end of the afternoon they went and did it.

Mr. Vishinsky, on the other hand, did not get much for his pains and promptness. He made two speeches, really warming up in the second and needling Mr. Acheson on points that might be germane to the issue in your living room or in other hands but here were for effect only and won no free games. Mr. Vishinsky, and I wish some newspaper had prepared me for this, is very funny. He is the star performer of the show, and a marvel of lung capacity and endurance in any league. When he stops, he stops dead, and picking up again quickly accelerates to the same clip as before. Listening to the Ukrainian delegate, and to the Polish delegate, a week later when I came back to have a look at another session, I thought their mouthing of the Party clichés both obscene and frightening. Mr. Vishinsky is above this, though I don't know why he should be, since I couldn't help thinking of him as the man who prosecuted Bukharin at the Moscow trials, a thumbscrew with a mouth. But the fact remains that he is a very engaging fellow, and the hall is dismal without him.

At this later session the language of abuse was French, with a Polish intonation in unfortunate contrast with the purring accents of the new president (Entezam of Iran), in whose mouth margarine would melt and who rolled out *"la séance est ouverte"* as though he were saying *"M'sieux, 'dames, les jeux sont faits."* At one point in the exposition of American sins and Soviet virtues it befell the distinguished gentleman from Poland to deplore the fact that the Secretary General (who was seated a few feet behind his head) should have allowed the name of the UN to be dragged into the Korean war. Mr. Lie was reading, and as the speaker turned to level this blow at him direct he did not even lift his eyes from the page.

One suspects that a channel on Mr. Lie's earphones is tuned to WQXR, or that he wishes it were, for he cannot avail himself as freely as the delegates of the privilege of staying away during the dull stretches. I should guess that during this speech the hall was about a third full. At a rough count at least ten sovereign nations had no representation whatever (true, the Security Council was meeting at the same time), and seated for one country was a young lady I know for a fact not to be native to the land in question. The press gallery was virtually empty, so that this time a monthly magazine could commandeer a seat.

Words, of course, pour out of this chamber at a rate far beyond the interest of any reporter in keeping up with them. President Romulo, in his opening address, had expressed the conviction that "mankind will hang upon the words we say here," but he added the qualifying hope that the Assembly would cease to be the "international debating society" it had been called in the past. Not many words were hung upon while I was there. Copies of the next several speeches to come were usually available, and there was little reason for the press to attend the public reading, though near my seat were three Slavic types I prefer to believe were representatives of Tass (one of them slept soundly throughout). Some envious journalist had scratched a complaint on the wall of the washroom of the Press bar. "Eight cents a word to Russia. Phooey!" Perhaps the television camera has made it unnecessary to measure the worth of the Assembly in the words that come out of it, the price put on them, or the size of the audience that comes to hear them. More people are there than you think. Out of deference to his international reputation, I refrained from adding to another washroom inscription the usual UN French translation. It would have been, *"Kilroy y était."*

—*Mr. Harper*

NEW BOOKS

Between the Cocktail Party and the Gondola

Charles Poore

THE year began at a cocktail party and ended in a gondola. If you look back at 1950's books and see only the tall peaks of talk over T. S. Eliot's play of mystic pieties and Ernest Hemingway's novel of realistic improprieties, it may seem so, at any rate. For here was one of the century's literary mandarins brooding over life in Mayfair. And there was that other Leading Influence, keening for death in Venice. Yet the year has held a great deal more than those tired bullfights with oblivion. There have been deeper and richer books (John Hersey's *The Wall,* I think, is an outstanding example) that will live longer into days ahead when posterity has forgotten how diligently Mr. Eliot tolled the bell for Celia, how eloquently Mr. Hemingway's ostentatiously scarred Colonel Cantwell was persuaded to recall the war's wasteland.

The year has been a normal one at least in that there have been bad biographies, poems, novels, and so forth, in fair abundance. But the wonder is that so many authors have written so well in the face of our time's fashionable despair. And in this Toynbeean age of trouble there has been a surprising amount of gaiety.

True, one of the youngest and freshest writers of the year is that rake and rascal, tuft-hunter, name-dropper, genius, James Boswell, whose journal, in excerpt, *Harper's* published last month. His ***London Journal, 1762-1763*** (McGraw-Hill, $5) was scribbled when he was twenty-two. The world has had almost two centuries in which to learn to laugh indulgently—in the blandly patronizing way we still regard the greatest of biographers—at what, to Boswell, were tremendous trials, triumphs, and tribulations. It also had to wait that long until the new diary duly turned up in that apparently inexhaustible hoard known as the Boswell Papers—from which Colonel Ralph Isham and his far-flung paper-chasers in Ireland, Scotland (and other fields perhaps still uncharted) pluck wonderful plums for Yale, McGraw-Hill, and Harry Scherman. Indeed, it's getting harder and harder to pick up your morning paper without reading that Isham's Irregulars have just liberated another vast batch of stuff-and-sense that Boswell thriftlessly consigned to immortality.

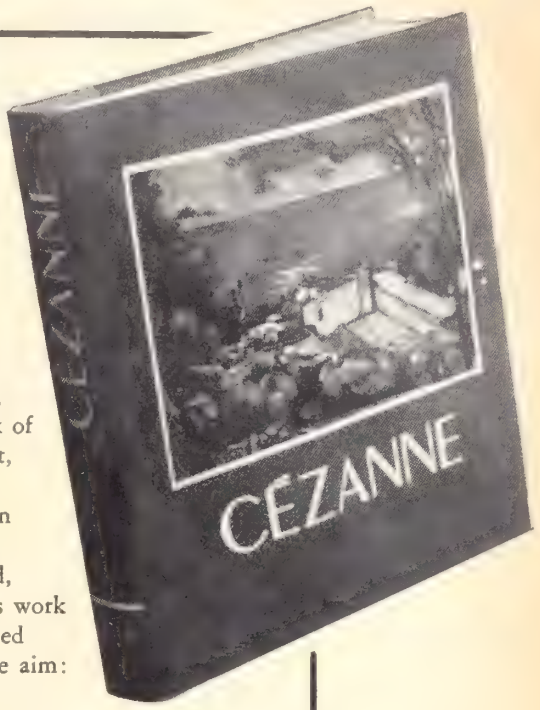
The lavish sums of money that are bandied about when Boswell's manuscripts are mentioned today would have been immensely welcome to him when he was writing this London journal, a fugitive from the law his stern father wanted him to study, briskly lusting, instead, for fame and women and a commission in King George III's Guards. If he lent a few guineas to a pretty and disastrously complaisant actress (a lady known here as Louisa, who is due for posthumous celebrity), why, he had to go on short rations for a while. The exhausting business of keeping up with lords and ladies who might help him get into uniform and the dramatic and literary celebrities who might help him get into print, was also far from inexpensive.

On the day he ended his intrigue with Louisa he called on David Garrick. Louisa

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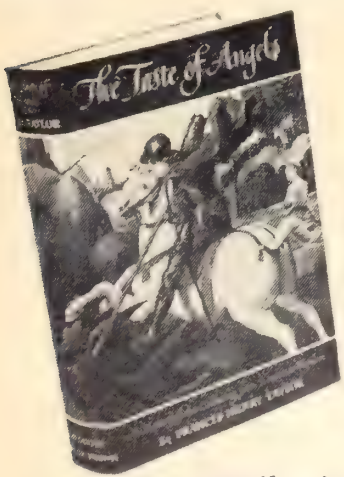
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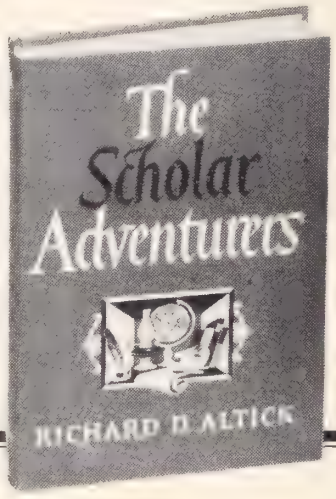
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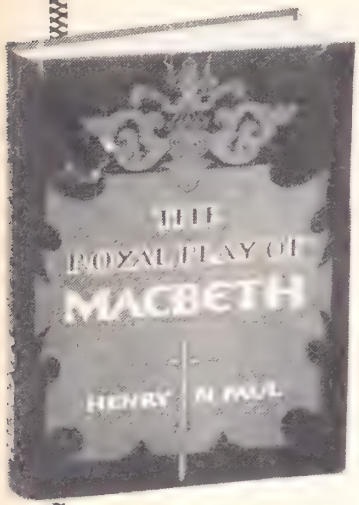
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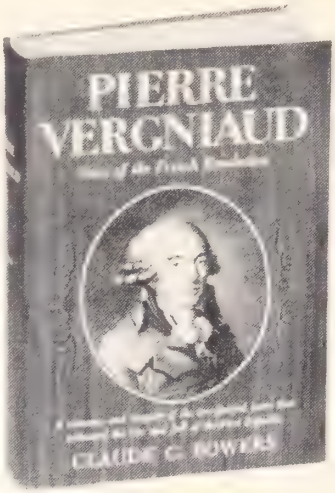
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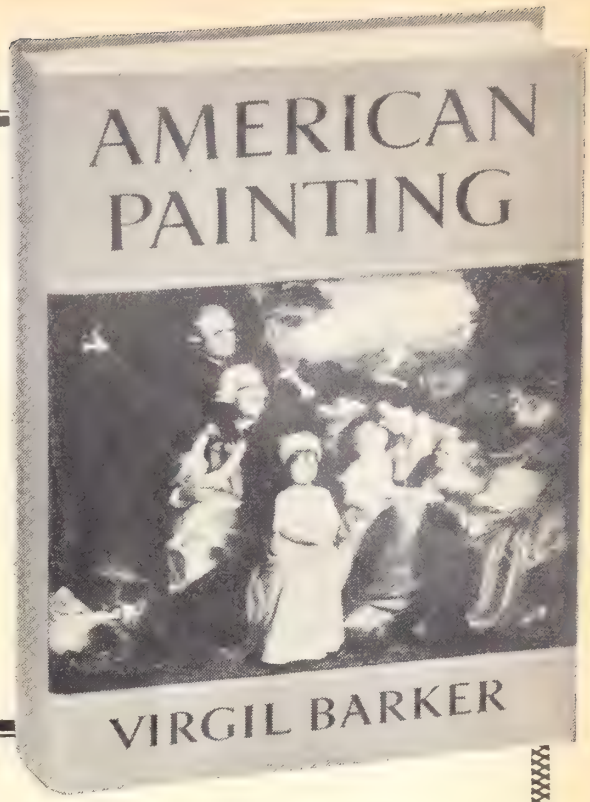
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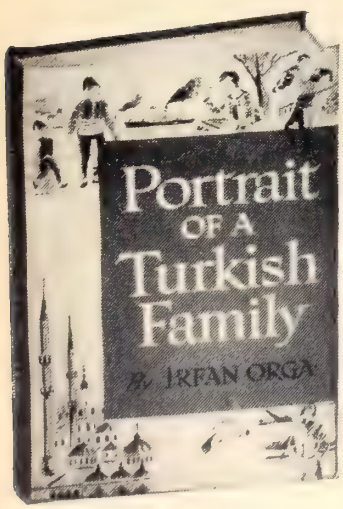
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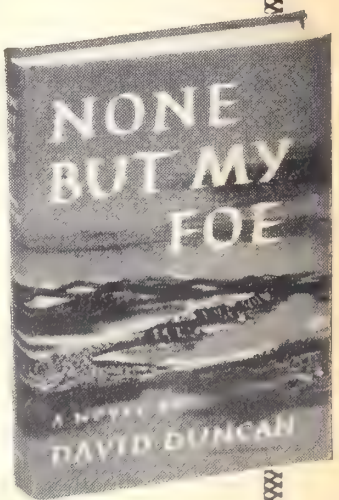


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said: "I hope, Sir, you will give me leave to inquire after your health." Boswell said: "Madam, I fancy it will be needless for some weeks." Garrick said: "Sir, you will be a very great man." Afterward, writing it all down in his journal, Boswell reflected: "I sometimes indulge noble reveries of having a regiment, of getting into Parliament, making a figure, and becoming a man of consequence in the state. But these are checked by dispiriting reflections on my melancholy temper and imbecility of mind. Yet I may probably become sounder and stronger as I grow up. Heaven knows. I am resigned. I trust to Providence." That's James Boswell.

His earliest meetings with Dr. Johnson are set down here. But, all things considered, can you think of anything more anticlimactic? After all, we've long since had quite a few lavish inklings that Boswell and Johnson really did know each other. For the sake of readers who may not have read last month's *Harper's*, let me quote the start, dated Monday, 16 May, 1763: "I drank tea at Davies's in Russell Street, and about seven came in the great Mr. Samuel Johnson, whom I have so long wished to see. Mr. Davis introduced me to him. As I knew his mortal antipathy at the Scotch, I cried to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.' However, he said, 'From Scotland.' 'Mr. Johnson,' said I, 'indeed I come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' 'Sir,' replied he, 'that, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.' " Tchk, tchk!

It is more interesting, now, to read his talks with people of spectacularly lower degree; people he met in taverns, pits, alleyways, theaters, boudoirs, public ceremonies, and coffee houses. It is more engrossing to follow Boswell through the highways and byways of London and his love affairs. The candor of his revelations is sometimes deplorable when you remember that the journal was really written for other eyes to read—but always remarkable when you see how skillfully it was written. The distinguished editor of these to-be-continued papers, Professor Frederick A. Pottle of Yale—where Chauncey Brewster Tinker all but enrolled young Boswell as a contemporary undergraduate—says that Boswell's journal stands between Pepys' and Rousseau's poles. It is a just observation, and it almost disposes of our haunting sense that Pepys is really incomparably better, by raising the disturbing specter of Rousseau. If all comparisons are odious, in other words, the odiouser Rousseau will help make you forget Pepys. Then, putting them both out of mind, you can enjoy the pages of Boswell. He was a shameless speculator in the widely held shares of kiss-and-tell, and perhaps this may have a certain mild, oblique influence in disseminating modern knowledge of historic old eighteenth-century England. Who knows?

Yet to say so would be as graceless as it would be to say of a Napoleonic brandy that, in addition to its many other distinguished attributes, it was dependably intoxicating. In fact, it is the sort of consideration that would only occur to a baldly forthright fellow like Eric Hodgins' Mr. Blandings, that Job of Rockefeller Plaza, who is the hapless hero of ***Blandings' Way*** (Simon & Schuster, $3). For among his many problems as an advertising man, dream-house builder, and do-gooder, is the austere challenge of persuading millions of Americans to buy copious quantities of something called Old Supine. A Blend. But since he cannot even hint at Old Supine's prime, triumphant function, he must devote himself to dreaming up telling thrusts about its aroma, flavor, body, color, and bouquet. Very, very frustrating.

This, of course, is only one of the many minor or major worries that make Mr. Blandings so symbolic. In years to come, if civilization decides not to go to hell in a triton-filled handbasket, Mr. Blandings may well be studied as an archetype of the harassed and heroic mid-century American man of good will. For his story is the story of the liberal who tries to practice liberalism with liberality—and gets called a crackpot for his pains. It is the story of the city man who searches for his lost rustic heritage on expensively manicured supersuburban acres. It is the story of the successful huckster who thinks he might be happier if he could just write Something Worth While. It is the story of the aggressively modern parent whose children turn out to be three times as modern—and ten times as aggressive.

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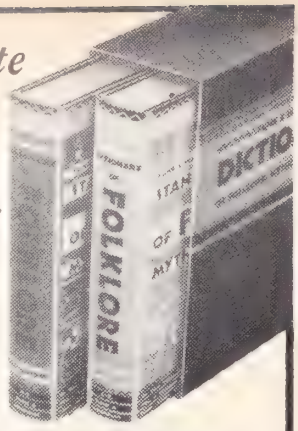
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own individual way of making money"—and finds there's not enough money in that. Mr. Blandings, come to think of it, is also, in Eric Hodgins' portrait of him, really Old Supine himself. And the writing is also a blend; a blend of Sinclair Lewis, P. G. Wodehouse, and John Marquand. But the flavor and coloring are his own.

MR. BLANDINGS is looking for salvation. As is the Empress Helena of Evelyn Waugh's new novel. In ***Helena*** (Little, Brown, $2.75) Mr. Waugh has taken a tremendous subject and treated it with a maddeningly arch-and-earnest sort of hortatory frivolity. The general effect is rather like the spectacle of a jocose revivalist in white tie and tails. The blend, here, seems to combine, in a volatile mixture, elements of John Erskine's *The Private Life of Helen of Troy,* George Bernard Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra,* the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* and the Evelyn Waugh who wrote *Brideshead Revisited.* There are some traces of the Evelyn Waugh who wrote *Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies;* but none of the genius he showed in *A Handful of Dust* and *Put Out More Flags.*

Helena, mother of Constantine, was converted to Christianity in the fourth century. It is traditional that she was born in Britain and that on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem she found the wood of the True Cross. In Mr. Waugh's double-barreled shot at the current vogue for historical novels and for religious novels as well, Helena is presented as a sort of early Whig matron, very British, very keen on huntin' and horses. "Where the authorities are doubtful," Mr. Waugh explains, "I have often chosen the picturesque in place of the plausible." One could wish he had chosen as clearly between piety and wit. And stuck to piety, say, when tempted to put down the Disneyish Old King Cole sequence, or such a weak effort as Constantine's remark about the capital he planned to build: "It will make a sublime port." For we expect better things of a man who can also write: " 'Perhaps,' said the slave, 'we are all immortal.' 'Perhaps,' said the princess, 'we are all slaves.' " Or: "Of Troy itself there is nothing left but poetry."

Once in a while, Helena really comes to life, as when she asks "Why will no one ever talk plain sense to me? Am I too stupid? It is all I have ever asked, all my life, a straight answer to a straight question; and I never get one." Imprisoned in Mr. Waugh's elaborate wrought irony, though, she generally seems neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empress.

MR. WAUGH's Helena might have been an early member of the great English clan Joyce Cary evokes in his dedication for ***A Fearful Joy*** (Harper's, $3): "To David and Rachel Cecil." But in the Britannic link all connection between the two novels ends, for Mr. Waugh seems to be retreating into the Obsessional School of contemporary English writing, backing sedately, as it were, toward the musty and mystical, while Mr. Cary is still heading the parade of the lyrical and lusty. In fact, since George Orwell's untimely death earlier this year, Mr. Cary has stood out, with increasing prominence, beside that other fine Ireland-haunted novelist, Elizabeth Bowen, as a main hope of the United Kingdom's sadly waning bid for supremacy in the modern novel.

In *A Fearful Joy* he has furloughed, for the time being, his most famous tellurians, Sara Monday and Gulley Jimson, and brought out another pair of rousing reprobates, Tabitha Baskett and Dick Bonser, to sin and sport and revel down the Victorian, Edwardian, and Georgian decades in a typically Caryan charade. The English reader, I suspect, takes Mr. Cary's rich and redolent novels these days to assuage an intellectual vitamin deficiency incurred during the grim war years. Like Noel Coward's "Cavalcade" after the first world war, they are reminders that

> The meteor flag of England
> Shall yet terrific burn,
> Till danger's troubled night depart,
> And the star of peace return.

Tabitha has a fatal weakness for morality. It is a glittering contrapuntal foible to encounter in one of Mr. Cary's leading characters. It helps mightily to dramatize her tempestuous adventures as the scapegrace Bonser's mistress and as the

wife or companion of duller and worthier men. Her most violent lapses into respectability, however, never really slow her triumphant progress through England's low joints and high places. The one thing that is always predictable about her is her unpredictability.

Her seduction by Bonser is obviously preordained; her seduction of the reader is predestined. As a duly raffish descendant of Clarissa and Becky Sharp, she knows what's expected of her, so she plays up, plays up, and plays the game. It's not exactly Richardson, it's scarcely Thackerayan. But it's cricket.

MR. CARY gives his readers what they want. In ***Burning Bright*** (Viking, $2.50), John Steinbeck's people seem to be trying variations on Sidney Howard's well-remembered play of the nineteen-twenties, "They Knew What They Wanted," enlarging the theme to cosmic proportions, and, in deeply moving lines that carry an eloquent sincerity, making it completely their own. The story concerns a barren man who desperately wants a son; his young and ardent and intricately loyal wife; a friend who serves as chorus; a younger man who serves as stud. "Don't you think I have some feeling for my own blood?" Victor, the younger man, hitherto sedulously made to appear usefully unworthy, says, at the climax. "Do you think," he asks Saul's young bride, "I want to be used like a stud animal for the comfort of Joe Saul? Is that fair? He gets everything, and I get put back in the corral." And Mordeen, the girl wife, whose name assonantly recalls Miss Winsor's Shireen, says: "You got what you wanted. You got what you can understand."

Obviously, the threat of a deadly parody by one of the *New Yorker's* three merciless musketeers, White, Thurber, and Wolcott Gibbs, hangs heavily over Mr. Steinbeck's story. He hasn't exactly mitigated the peril by presenting his four fundamental characters as circus acrobats in the story's first scene; farmers, in the second; seafarers, in the third. But it is a measure of Mr. Steinbeck's stature as one of the best writers we have in the world today that he obviously hasn't given a thought or a hoot to that.

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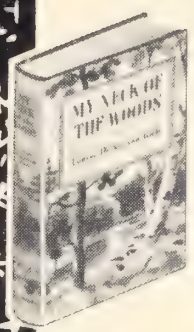


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Once again—as in *Of Mice and Men* and *The Moon Is Down*—he has told his story in the form of a play that can be read as a novel or a novel that can be staged as a play, "simply by lifting out the dialogue." There's nothing wrong with that, you might think, as an idea. But there's nothing strikingly right, it must be added, about the present example, either, which merely demonstrates, if it demonstrates anything, that each form of art has its limitations, as well as its advantages, and doubling the one also doubles the other. Now if Mr. Steinbeck could just find a way to double the advantages of combining play and novel, while halving the limitations, we'd be happy to hail him as a new Aristotle. Meantime, his experiment merely reminds us that people once thought it would be easy to make a play into a movie by just training cameras on the stage. And then thought of better—or, at any rate, other—ways to do it.

All humanity, as usual, is embraced in Mr. Steinbeck's new novel, and all humanity (as usual) sometimes seems a little more than he can handle. Yet we always admire him for trying. It is somehow fair, in *Burning Bright,* for a character to speak of "Our dear race, born without courage but very brave, born with a flickering intelligence and yet with beauty in its hands." But if anyone else tried that Whitman pitch (any one else but Carl Sandburg?) it might be appalling.

THERE is a gulf between the American writers of Steinbeck's generation and the writers of Scott Fitzgerald's generation. It is very narrow. But it is very deep. You might say that Fitzgerald's school hoped to be patricians, while Steinbeck's wanted to be proletarians. And you know that neither group really got what it wanted.

That conflict between the generations—or, more precisely, between older and younger brothers—provides some of the drama and melodrama Budd Schulberg tirelessly buckets into his new novel, ***The Disenchanted*** (Random House, $3.50), a tragedy deeper than the bumbling people around the central character seem to know. The central character is based on Scott Fitzgerald. If you have any doubt of that, you might possibly dispel it by comparing passages in *The Disenchanted* with passages in a memoir of Scott Fitzgerald that Mr. Schulberg wrote for the *New Republic* in March 1941. In the *New Republic,* for example, Mr. Schulberg wrote: "One day several years ago my producer called me in, said he was throwing out my script and putting a new writer on with me. When he told me who it was, I was dumfounded. 'F. Scott Fitzgerald,' I said. 'I thought he was dead.' 'If he is,' cracked the producer, 'he must be the first ghost who ever got $1,500 a week.'" In *The Disenchanted,* a producer asks a young writer called Shep Stearns whether he'd like to work with an author called Manley Halliday, and Shep says: "Work with Halliday! Are you kidding? He's dead, isn't he?" and the producer says: "He's in the next room reading your script." Art, making up for life's unfairness, does not throw out the script, and Halliday is getting $2,000 a week, not $1,500, for working on Shep's valentine to college life.

In his memoir Mr. Schulberg spoke of going to Dartmouth with Fitzgerald to work on a collegiate picture. In his novel, Shep and Halliday go to a New England college called Webster (Didn't Daniel Webster say Dartmouth is a small college, but there are those who love it?) to work on Shep's carnival script. They occupy an attic room in an inn, much like the attic room Mr. Schulberg mentions in his memoir. And there some of the last stages of Halliday's infinitely detailed decline and fall are played out.

As you read *The Disenchanted* you sometimes have the feeling that you are seeing Scott Fitzgerald's *The Crack-Up* being built up into a supercolossal production in Technicolor. There is much more here—the gaudy Paris wartime revels, for instance—than you could ever find in Scott Fitzgerald's true story. And also, of course, much less. In a book of such tremendous drive and impact, there's little room for subtleties. But Fitzgerald was magnificently subtle in his incantations. His first book, *This Side of Paradise,* somehow completely rebuilt the prosaic Princeton of his time into the magic casements and dreaming spires of the

Oxford that Compton Mackenzie had created in *Sinister Street*.

After that, Scott Fitzgerald proceeded to gauze the world of the nineteen-twenties with that same thin-gold enchantment. He did that so wonderfully well, in fact, that thousands upon thousands of otherwise fairly sensible people still believe the nineteen-twenties were a time of perpetual glitter and gaiety, mad with gilded youth prancing through perpetual revels. As a matter of record, of course, they were nothing of the sort, though it was fun to be alive, and to know, without stopping to think about it, that you were going to be alive for a long and cheerful interval.

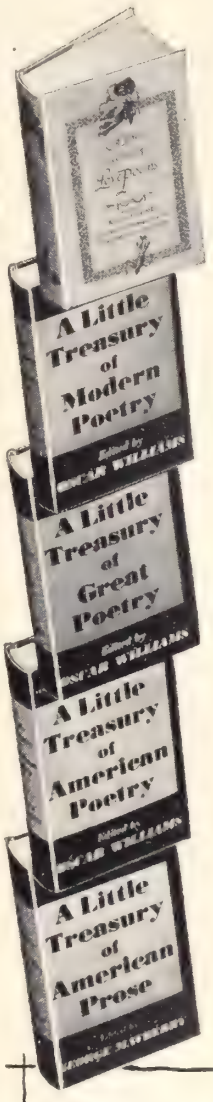
Well, as an able and remarkably forceful novelist, Mr. Schulberg has every right to use his material in any way he pleases. He goes too far, it seems to me, when he lets Shep suggest to Halliday, at one of their foggy, frantic story conferences, that they make the plot of their script include a supposedly mock marriage that suddenly turns out to have been a true one. For that, after all, is the main point of one of Scott Fitzgerald's best stories, "The Camel's Back," and even a fictional character called Halliday would recognize it. Nevertheless, if Mr. T. S. Eliot and his copyright holders will permit me to say so, *The Disenchanted* is a book to compel the imagination many days. It will trouble your midnights and your noon's repose until you have finished—and survived it.

You remember when Russell Lynes, in *Harper's*, set the world rocking last year with his suavely stinging and hilarious division of the people you know—and are—into Lowbrows, Middlebrows, and Highbrows? You remember the charts in *Life* that pinned your life to charts? Well, Mr. Lynes has bull's-eyed humanity again with ***Snobs: A Guidebook to Your Friends, Your Enemies, Your Colleagues, and Yourself*** (Harper, $1), the most socking Christmas stocking present of the season. Mr. Lynes is apparently the mildest mannered man that ever unstuffed shirts or cut a gloat, as those who read the sample of the book last month will know. But he is cheerfully remorseless, pushing Sex Snobs, A-Place-in-the-Country

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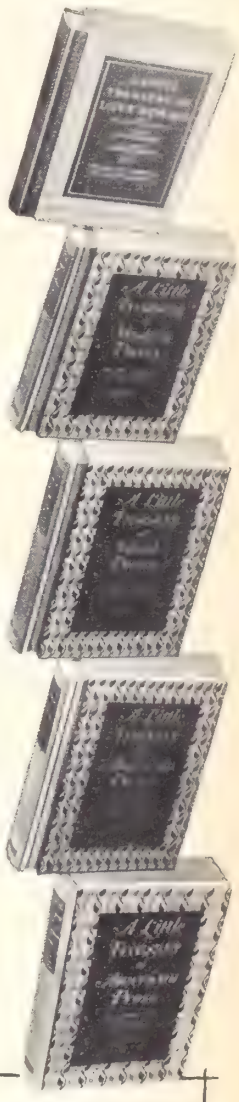
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Snobs, Popularity Snobs, Sensual Snobs, Taste Snobs, Anti-Snob Snobs (where's the "I went to an Ivy League college" snob, which means: "Although it wasn't Yale, Harvard, or Princeton"?) along a concourse of byway- and highway-snobbery. And, his illustrator, Robert Osborn, a gifted linesman of destiny, also views all pointing-with-pride with alarm. In a final, sensational double-exposure, they suggest that you may not be wholly free from traces of snobbery yourself, believe it or not.

That triumphant work of art of the nineteenth century, the British Ego, was built on cartoons in *Punch;* the fitfully soaring and rambunctious American Ego of the twentieth century is kept in line by cartoonists such as Osborn, Steinberg, Price, Petty, Arno, Darrow, and the creators of two new books that stir far from innocent merriment, Helen E. Hokinson's ***The Ladies, God Bless 'em!*** (Dutton, $2.75) and Chas—*not* Charles, please—Addams' ***Monster Rally*** (Simon & Schuster, $2.95). You will find, I think, that the contrast between the two books, though outwardly spectacular, is really only superficial. Their common aim is sorcery, and, if Mr. Addams has to use two-headed monsters and nursery demons to achieve his effects, why, Miss Hokinson's pictures are just as devastating at showing the devouring dowager in all her fell felicity.

Would anyone care to claim that there is anything more demonic about Mr. Addams' dear, depraved little tots playing earnestly with a miniature guillotine or burying a parent durably in sand, than there is about the Hokinsonian children's party where the early stages of murder are being carried out on an enthusiastic scale? Is there a more disquieting commentary, in Mr. Addams' portfolio, on the wrinkles of violence not yet completely ironed out of our civilization, than the Hokinson lady at the toy counter saying firmly: "One small Buck Rogers twenty-fifth-century gun, please"? Or, for that matter, in any other book in any category, published in 1950, between Mr. Hemingway's spirituous gondola ride and Mr. Eliot's spiritual cocktail party?

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Frankly Sentimental, by Phyllis McGinley

THIS little essay could as easily be entitled "Frankly Partisan" for it concerns juvenile literature and on that subject I hold strong if unsupported opinions. Under stress of Christmas they grow firmer still.

This is the time of year when the flood of children's books rises highest, engulfing the book review sections of Sunday newspapers, washing over the bookshop counters so that even the historical novels are dampened down, lapping at the solid embankments of the comics. Like the ubiquitous wreath, like the needle-shedding tree, this interest in stories for children is a symbol of the season.

And like the tree and the holly spray, the good stories will be sentimental. The good ones have always been sentimental. I say this with full knowledge that it is a kind of heresy frowned on by child psychologists, progressive educators, many a librarian. It was only last spring that I realized how the dogma of realism had closed in around our young.

Somewhat to my surprise, I found myself one member of a jury gathered to hand out awards to juveniles published daringly in the spring instead of the customary fall. My fellow judges and I had agreed on two books quite readily but on the third there was discussion which terminated abruptly when a strong-minded jurist said flatly, "I will not vote for it. It's sentimental."

She gave no other reason for its damnation. It was an engaging book—well written, peopled amusingly with sprightly characters, and it concerned itself with flesh and blood people instead of the more usual elephants or rabbits or chipmunks. Simply, it was sentimental. And I found myself marshaling arguments all the way home on the commuting train that evening—arguments I had been too flabbergasted to invent at the time of trial. What on earth is wrong with sentiment? I asked myself. "How now, Madam," I kept saying to the lady, in my imagina-

tion, "Hoity-toity and pray tell! On what meat must these, our children feed, that they should grow so dry?"

No sentiment? Then where is the savor of living? And what becomes of the specialist's dictum that children should know their own world? Sentiment means (according to my dictionary) "refined and tender emotion; emotional reflection or meditation; appeal to the tender emotions in literature or art." And sentimental is the adjective contrived from that noun. By a fault of language, it is also the adjective contrived from "sentimentality" but even so, where is the harm? I believe with Chesterton that the meanest fear is the fear of sentimentality. That fear has robbed us recently of much that is warm and true in reading, and also of much that is realistic. For life itself bursts with emotion. It is chock full of bravery and goodness and high thinking. It is also full of wickedness and cruelty and frustration and greed. All those things belong in the books but I prefer that my children should see the first three getting the upper hand at the end of the story. It may not be the whole picture but, even in the world, virtue is now and then triumphant, and who are we to discourage a younger generation from the battle?

It is the fear of the sentimental, I hold, that makes reading aloud to children from many current books such a dull task. I have only two criteria by which to judge a juvenile (you recollect I warned you that this was an article frankly partisan): it should be capable of being read without pain by a literate adult; and it should contain genuine emotion.

I HAVE in my day of nursery attendance drudged through many a little tome high on the list of "approved reading" and found it dreary going indeed. Those books had all the standard virtues. They concerned real children doing real things like going to school and washing their teeth and making maple sugar (why do so many juvenile authors, I wonder, live on farms in New England and grow sugar maples?) and taking expeditions to dairies and zoos. They were informational about tadpoles or fire engines or symphony orchestras or correct racial relationships. Their

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vocabularies suited the age-levels for which they were designed. But they were about as full of sentiment as a mail-order catalogue and I found myself hideously bored. It was with enormous satisfaction and relief that I found my own young, when they began reading to themselves, preferring the old sentimental dog-eared volumes I feared they might resent.

Do you remember *Beautiful Joe,* for instance? I loved it devotedly as a child and so did my daughters at the same age. Do you recall *The Racketty-Packetty House*? *The Secret Garden*? *Little Saint Elizabeth*? Dripping with sentiment as they are, these are the books taken to bed by little girls still—or even by little boys for all I know. *The Five Little Peppers* still holds them. So does *A Dog of Flanders* and *Rab* and *Captain January* and those wonderful sentimental poems like "Horatius at the Bridge." *The Wizard of Oz,* I admit, has kept its faithful admirers for several decades and that has more fantasy than emotion but one must remember the exception.

Elsie Dinsmore, which I tried out on them as an experiment, was rejected as thoroughly as I once rejected it. For there is no sentiment in Elsie any more than there is in the Raggedy Anne series which I found so trying. There is only priggishness of a high and stupifying order.

Consider the almost-classics, the ones that delight children and please even Boards of Education. Few of them lack sentiment and most of them wade knee-deep in old-fashioned virtues like stiff upper lips and obedience and devotion to a cause and unselfishness and loving kindness. The villains are constantly getting their come-uppance and the little heroes and heroines are wining out continually over tremendous odds. They are sentimental as all get-out. They even have Morals sometimes not at all well disguised.

Call the roll of them. If you prefer the late-Victorian ethics that took the place of piety for so long, there is *The Jungle Book* of blessed memory. If you admire simple courage, there is always *Treasure Island.* If you enjoy watching modest worth triumphing over egotism, dip into *The Wind in the Willows.* And if you like a good cry, on occasion, curl up with anything at all by Hans Christian Andersen, the very dean and exemplar of sentiment. Dickens we will take for granted—he made a profession of emotion, as Frances Hodgson Burnett did on a somewhat different scale. And speaking of Mrs. Burnett brings me to a quarrel I have with her publishers.

I've mentioned *Racketty-Packetty House,* one of the most charming doll-house stories ever written. That is still in print in its original format. But where are the others in that same series that were my special favorites when I was eight or nine? There were *Winnie and the Rocks, The Cozy Lion,* and *The Spring Cleaning,* all between small bright-blue covers and all illustrated by Harrison Cady. Why have they been allowed to lapse from the shelves like that other childhood delight, *Granny's Wonderful Chair* by the blind Irishwoman, Frances Brown? Sentimental little numbers, every one of them, and dear to my heart.

But how fares sentiment in the newer books—the ones that stand a fair chance of being remembered by my children as devoutly as I remember *The Jungle Book*? Here I must speak with dubious authority for my household is well past the age of being read to and I come to grips more and more seldom with what is new in juvenalia. Still, there is, I know, *Mary Poppins,* which seems dateless. And there are *Stuart Little* and *Lassie Come Home* and Thurber's *Many Moons* and Mr. Milne's several volumes (although when one comes to think of it, those aren't exactly new, *are* they?) and perhaps *Ferdinand,* all of which appear to be headed for a long, well-read life. With the exception of *Lassie* these are books woven of the most charming nonsense but they are also books filled with sentiment. Some of them, like the Milne items, almost overflow with it and have been known to leave a somewhat cloying taste upon the tongue. But the hungry generations, rather than treading them down, keep hugging them closer and I am happy to see it.

I realize, of course, that I am oversimplifying. Sentiment is not the only ingredient of a good juvenile—a few get along without it entirely. There is almost none in the old fairy



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HARPER'S MAGAZINE
HARPER & BROTHERS (a Corporation)
FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN, *Editor*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1950.

W. STANLEY RULON, Notary Public
[SEAL]
(My commission expires March 30, 1952.)

tales, the folk stories—for sentiment is characteristic of sophisticated man. Primitive people, like children also, love violence. Or they love what is uncomplicatedly comic like someone's tripping on the ice or being hit in the face with a custard. More erudite essayists than I have explained why, up to a certain age, *Alice* is not enjoyed by the average child. Such unsentimental tales as *Gulliver's Travels* or *Robinson Crusoe* can amuse them well and they miss the savage undertones of each. And at the very lowest age-levels there is no better book that I can think of than *Little Black Sambo,* which is no more sentimental than *The Way of All Flesh.*

But after babyhood they reach out for the smiles-and-tears. They want still their talking dogs, their horses, their whimsical giraffes, but they want them with allegedly human characteristics, they want them loyal and full of courage and good manners. It explains the popularity of the Black Stallion series and why children have taken over such books written originally for adults as *My Friend Flicka* and *The Yearling.* (Although a capable prose style might account for a good deal, too.) It is why the dolls in Rumer Godden's book, *The Doll House,* seem so much more endearing than the featureless toys in many a book with a more suitable vocabulary.

This is a cold and cloud-filled world we live in now. The winds are shrill and sharp and keep blowing out the fires we light with such hope. We need warmth if we are to survive this terrifying winter, and particularly our children need it. There is a kind of warmth and shelter in sentiment, even literary sentiment, which helps keep the fagots burning on our hearths.

I do not know what books will heap the counters this Christmas. Certainly they will be a pleasure to look at, for the physical content of juveniles has improved miraculously since the first quarter of the century. Printers and artists have combined forces to make a work of art out of many a trivial story. I trust the writers are working as conscientiously. And I hope that among the how-to-do books, among the books that teach a child how to go to sleep or how to tie his shoes or assist him to choose a career, an avocation, or a parent, among the adventure stories and horse stories and socially-conscious stories, there will be a few that reek with emotion as flagrantly as, say, that plum pudding of sentiment, *A Christmas Carol.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The World My Wilderness, by Rose Macaulay.
Barbary Deniston, daughter of a British divorcée remarried to a Frenchman, was brought up under the *maquis* code. To lie, to steal, to endure torture, to kill if necessary, were part of her seventeen-year-old morality. When she is sent to London after the war to visit her upright, utterly good, utterly conventional lawyer father, she quickly finds and joins her own kind—the deserters, the spivs, the outlaws—living in the ruined, bombed-out city around St. Paul's. What this brilliant novelist and essayist manages to show—in a story of great tenderness and intensity and in a prose of the rarest excellence and style—is that the whole world, since the war, is in danger of slipping into the way of the *maquis:* that the wilderness, moral as well as physical, is at our gates. "The *maquis* is within us; we take our wilderness where we go." A very, very beautiful book.
Little, Brown, $3

The Sign of Jonah, by Nancy Hale. The author of the best-selling *The Prodigal Women* has written another very different (and much better) novel that still might go under the same title. It is the story of three women, two sisters and a cousin, and their attempt to adjust themselves to the modern, urban society into which they are thrown. One loses herself in alcohol and finds herself again through analysis. Another loses her soul to love because it is an abject and not a proud love. And the third, the heroine of the book, having produced a bastard child, married and been divorced twice, having had a brilliant career as playwright and editor of a woman's

magazine, finally returns to good works and morality as a field for her enormous vitality and power. "From now on it was going to be chic to be moral." It sounds fantastic and in a sense it is, because these aren't ordinary women. Their common grandfather was both saint and tyrant, a Northerner who took his family South to live among, and educate, the Negroes. His influence is felt through the long, absorbing story well after his death. And at one level the book is a study of the disaster that such well-meaning reformers spread around them. It is also a commentary on our current social mores, and, in connection with the girl who is saved by analysis, a very moving defense of Jung *vs.* Freud. It is not a brilliantly written book, but it is permeated by a mature and compassionate wisdom. Scribners, $3.50

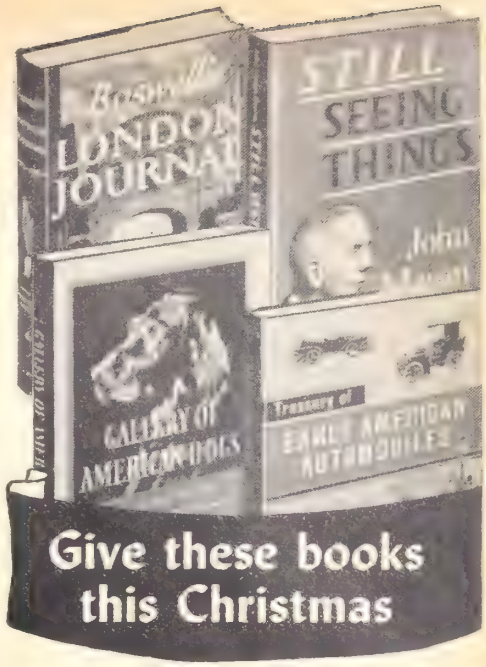
Who Is My Neighbor? by Nigel Balchin.
There have been several worthy novels on the plight—and responsibility—of the scientist in these security-conscious days. Merle Colby wrote one about Washington a year or two ago called *The Big Secret.* Michael Amrine wrote another and shortened it to *Secret.* But Mr. Balchin makes them both seem like unreadable treatises. His novel takes the same problem, in England, and takes it very seriously. Indeed it illuminates it in all its bewildering complexity. But it is also expertly written, very exciting, amusing as a good evening at the theater, and, what with the beautiful young laboratory assistant, as romantic as can be. The "message" comes through because one sees the problems as those of people one loves. There's not a dull page in it. Take a few quotes at random. About physicists and the bomb: "The nineteenth-century biologists had all the fun of thinking they'd finished off God, and now the physicists are busy finishing off civilization and feeling hell's own chaps about it." About scientific dress: "He was just in a transition stage between the well-groomed and unkempt schools of physics, and wore an excellently cut suit over an old sports shirt and a distressing knitted wool tie." About having one's work declared top secret: "And carry passes and have a bobby at the door with a revolver and pass things by hand, and use scrambler 'phones and take turns at night duty, and never never take sweets from strangers." The difference between this book and its predecessors is much greater than the difference between Washington and London. Houghton Mifflin, $3

Tomato Cain, by Nigel Kneale.
Readers of *Harper's* need only a reminder of the stories which have appeared in the magazine to tell them what the flavor of this collection is. We published "The Putting Away of Uncle Quaggin" and "Oh, Mirror, Mirror" in the June issue and "Minuke" and "Curphey's Follower" in September. The same prickly, spine-tingling humor, and similar joyful and outlandish situations appear in his other stories.
Knopf, $3

Non-Fiction

The Country Wife, by Dorothy Van Doren.
Anyone who has ever lived in the city and had a house in the country will smile with recognition at every page of this book. It is fun from the very first chapter, which describes the cheerful confusion of packing the car for the summer take-off. (How can things so agonizing to participate in be so funny to read about?) There are equally amusing chapters on various summer pleasures and vicissitudes (including one horrific guest weekend), a description of the unreasoning fear that comes to one spending a few days—and nights—alone in an empty house, and a most pleasant concluding chapter on the coming of spring after a winter's sabbatical leave in the country. A very charming, happy-making book. Sloane, $3

The Story of My Psychoanalysis, by John Knight.
A brilliant scientist, a Jew, naturally under an assumed name, makes a remarkably complete and moving disclosure of his analysis from beginning to end. It involves, in a sense, writing his autobiography as well as explaining his fears and his obsession about anti-Semitism. He hides nothing of his attitudes, from his



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